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A Complete Edition of the Poets of GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Fifth.

Containing

Milton, Cowley, Waller, Butler & Denham.

LONDON:

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

Containing

PARADISE LOST
PARADISE REGAINED,
SAMSON AGONISTIS,
COMUS,
L'ALLEGRO,
IL PENSEROSO,
ARCADES,
LYCEDAS,
POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,
SONNETS,
PSALMS,
ELEGIES,
ODES, &c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpast;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go:
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

DRYDEN.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1792.

THE LIFE OF MILTON.

The Family of Milton was deſcended from the Proprietors of Milton near Thame in Oxfordſhire, one of whom forfeited his eſtate in the times of York and Lancaſter.

The Grandfather of the Poet, a zealous Papiſt, diſinherited his ſon John for having renounced the Religion of his Anceſtors; who, in conſequence, had recourſe for his ſupport to the profeſſion of a Scrivener, in which he was ſo ſucceſsful, that he was enabled to retire from buſineſs on a competent eſtate. He married a Lady of the name of Caſton, of Welſh deſcent, by whom he had iſſue, John the Poet, Chriſtopher bred to the law, (afterwards knighted and made a Judge by James II.), and Anne, married to Edward Phillips, who enjoyed a lucrative poſt in the Crown Office.

John Milton was born in London at his father's houſe in Bread Street, December 9th 1608. He was firſt inſtructed by private tuition, under the care of Thomas Young a Clergyman, whoſe attention and capacity were celebrated by his pupil in an elegant Latin Elegy, written in his 12th year.

He was then ſent to St. Paul's School, from whence, in his 16th year, he was removed to Chriſt's College, Cambridge.

During his reſidence in the Univerſity, he compoſed moſt of his Latin Poems, in a ſtile exquiſitely imitative of the beſt models of antiquity. Milton is ſaid to be the firſt Engliſhman who wrote Latin verſe with claſſical elegance.

On leaving the Univerſity, after having taken out his degree of Maſter of Arts, in 1632, he returned to his father, then reſiding at Horton in Buckinghamſhire, where he purſued his ſtudies with unparallelled aſſiduity and ſucceſs. They did not however ſo entirely abſorb his attention as not to afford him time to produce the Maſque of Comus, a Work adorned with all the ornaments of diction; where alluſions, images, and beautiful epithets, embelliſh every period with laviſh decoration: For though it is a Drama, too much in the Epic ſtile to pleaſe on the ſtage, yet, in whatever light it is viewed, whether as a ſeries of Lines, a Maſque, or a Poem, it can be conſidered as inferior only to Paradiſe Loſt.

His next production was Lycidas; a Poem no leſs beautiful of its kind than the laſt, being a Monody on the death of his friend Edward King, ſon of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland, who was loſt in his paſſage to that country.

Milton having now remained with his father for about five years, on the death of his mother, obtained the liberty which he ſo ardently deſired, to travel. He left England in 1638, went firſt to Paris, where he viſited the celebrated Grotius, and from thence haſted into Italy, whoſe language and literature he had ſtudied with uncommon diligence. There he was received with marked attention by the learned and the great; for, notwithſtanding the undiſſembled openneſs of his political and religious opinions, he was introduced to a muſical entertainment by Cardinal Barberini (afterwards Pope Urban the VIII.) in perſon, who waited for him at the door, and led him by the hand into the Aſſembly. From Rome he went to Naples, where he was received with no leſs reſpect by Manſo, Marquis of Villa, who had been before the Patron of Taſſo; after which, he viſited the reſt of Italy, careſſed and honoured by every one conſpicuous for high rank or diſtinguiſhed abilities. Among the laſt was the great Galilæo, whom he did not omit to viſit, although at that time a priſoner in the Inquiſition, for having taught the annual and diurnal motions of the earth.

After having ſpent two years in his travels, which were deſigned to be extended to Sicily and Greece, on hearing of the troubles in his native country, he haſted home, judging it criminal to remain indifferent, or to indulge in amuſements, while his countrymen were contending for their liberties.

On his return, he took a houſe in Alderſgate Street, where he ſuperintended the education of his nephew by his ſiſter, and alſo received other young gentlemen to be boarded and inſtructed.

In his 35th year, he married Mary the daughter of Richard Powel, Eſq; but a ſeparation, or rather deſertion on the wife's part, took place in a month after the ceremony. On her refuſing to return, in defiance of repeated requiſitions, Milton was ſo provoked, that he was induced to publiſh ſeveral Treatiſes on the doctrine of Divorce; and alſo to pay his addreſſes to a young lady of great wit and beauty. A reconciliation was the conſequence; for his wife, in an unexpected interview, throwing herſelf at his feet, implored and obtained forgiveneſs. Impreſſed with this event, he is ſaid to have conceived the pathetic ſcene in Paradiſe Loſt, in which Eve addreſſeth herſelf to Adam for pardon and peace.

From this period to the reſtoration, our Author was ſo deeply engaged in the controverſies of the times, that he found no leiſure for polite learning. The Allegro and Penſeroſo however appeared in a collection of Latin and Engliſh Poems publiſhed in 1645. Theſe delightful pieces are undoubtedly the two beſt deſcriptive poems that ever were written. Had he left no other monuments but Comus, Lycidas, and this matchleſs pair, yet would they alone be ſufficient to render his name immortal. They were however little noticed on their publication, and remained for near a century diſregarded, or at leaſt ſcarcely known, while his Polemical Tracts, now only in their titles remembered, made their Author's fortune, and ſpread his fame over Europe. Of theſe, the moſt celebrated is his *Defenſio pro Populo Anglicano*, in anſwer to Salmaſius, Profeſſor of Polite Learning at Leyden, who was employed by Charles II. when in exile, to write the *Defenſio Regis*. Milton's piece was ſo ſevere, and ſo much admired, that it is ſaid to have killed his antagoniſt with vexation. For this Tract, he was rewarded with a thouſand pounds, a ſum twenty times greater than he made by all his poetical works put together! and was alſo promoted to be Latin Secretary to the Protector. But for his intellectual acquiſitions he paid dear; a *gutta ſerena* for ſome time affected his ſight, and he now became totally blind. At this period too, he loſt his wife in child-bed, who left him three daughters. He ſoon, however, married again, Catharine daughter of a Captain Woodcock; but ſhe alſo died in child-bed, within a year after they were married.

On the Reſtoration, he was obliged to quit his houſe, together with his employment, and to ſecrete himſelf in an obſcure abode in Bartholomew Cloſe. His friends had ſome difficulty to prevent him from being excepted in the act of oblivion; to lull reſearch, and to gain time, they uſed the expedient of a mock funeral. By the act of oblivion he was at length freed from danger; his Polemical writings only were burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

From Bartholomew Cloſe he removed to Jewrio Street, and married a third wife, Elizabeth Minſtur, of a gentleman's family in Cheſhire.

He was now in his 52d year, blind, infirm, and poor; for he loſt his paternal property by the civil wars, and his acquired by the Reſtoration. But neither his infirmities, nor the viciſſitudes of Fortune, could depreſs the vigour of his mind, or prevent him from executing a deſign he had long conceived, of writing an Heroic Poem.

The great work of Paradiſe Loſt was finiſhed in 1665, at Chalfont in Bucks, where the Author had taken refuge from the plague, and publiſhed in 1667, when he returned to London. He ſold the copy to Samuel Simmons for Five Pounds in hand, Five Pounds more when 1300 ſhould be ſold, and the ſame ſum on the publication of the ſecond and third Editions, for each edition. Of this agreement Milton received in all Fifteen Pounds; and his widow afterwards ſold her claims for Eight.

Such was the firſt reception of a Work that conſtitutes the glory and boaſt of Engliſh Literature;—a Work that, notwithſtanding the ſeverity of criticiſm, may be ranked among the nobleſt efforts of human genius; for though in variety of character and choice of ſubject, it may yield to ſome, yet in grandeur and ſublimity it is confeſſedly ſuperior to all. The meaſure of this Divine Poem is blank verſe; between which and rhyme there are endleſs diſputes for pre-eminence: but ſurely the eſſential qualities of Poetry can no more depend on either, than thoſe of a man on the faſhion of his clothes.

Doctor Johnſon, who could not endure blank verſe, yet confeſſes, that "He could not prevail on "himſelf to wiſh that Milton had been a rhymer."

Paradiſe Loſt, however, is not without faults; perfection in this life is unattainable. The attempt of the Author to give language and ſentiments to the Deity, is where he ſeems to have moſt

failed in the execution: But in ſuch an attempt, what mortal could have ſucceeded? Other exceptions it has alſo endured in paſſing the fiery ordeal of Dr. Johnſon's criticiſm, who ſeems to have extended his abſurd diſlike of the man to his writings. Yet every reader capable of reliſhing true Poetry will agree with him in concluding, "That this Work is not the greateſt of Heroic Poems, "only becauſe it is not the firſt."

Three years after the publication of Paradiſe Loſt, the author publiſhed Sampſon Agoniſtes, a Tragedy, in the pureſt ſtile of the Greek Drama, and Paradiſe Regained, which he is ſaid to have preferred to his great work, but in which preference he remains alone.

Paradiſe Regained hath ſuffered much in the compariſon; it is obſcured by the ſplendour of Paradiſe Loſt, as the luſtre of the morning ſtar is abſorbed in the meridian blaze; but had any other than Milton been the author, it would have claimed and received univerſal praiſe.

Our great author, now quite worn out with the gout, paid the debt of nature on the 10th of November 1674, in his 66th year, at his houſe in Bunhill-Fields, and was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate; his funeral was ſplendidly and numerouſly attended. He left 1500l. to his family; a proof, notwithſtanding his great loſſes, that he never was in indigence.

A ſmall monument, with his buſt, has been erected, not long ſince, to his memory, in Weſtminſter Abbey.

Milton, in ſtature, did not exceed the middle ſize, but was formed with perfect ſymmetry, and was, moreover, in his youth, eminently beautiful; of which many portraits yet to be ſeen, as well as the following epigram of the Marquis of Villa, are inconteſtible proofs:

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, ſi Pietas ſic;
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus ipſe fores.

Which (omitting the exception of his religion) may be thus rendered:

So perfect thou, in mind, in form and face;
Thou'rt not of Engliſh, but Angelic race.

Of his habits—he was abſtemious in his diet, and naturally diſliked all ſtrong liquors: In his youth he ſtudied late, but afterwards reverſed his hours. His amuſements conſiſted in the converſation of his friends, and in muſic, in which he was a proficient. After he became blind, he was aſſiſted in his ſtudies by his daughters, whom he taught to read Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, without their underſtanding any of them; and for tranſcribing, he employed any caſual acquaintance.

His literature was great; he was a perfect maſter of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spaniſh; of the Engliſh Poets, he preferred Spencer, Shakeſpeare and Cowley. His political principles were republican, and his theological opinions tended to Arminianiſm. His deportment was erect, open; affable; his converſation eaſy, cheerful, and inſtructive; his wit, on all occaſions, at command, facetious, grave, or ſatirical, as the ſubject required; his judgment juſt and penetrating; his apprehenſion quick; his memory tenacious of what he read; his reading only not ſo extenſive as his genius, for that was univerſal. With ſo many accompliſhments, not to have faults and misfortunes to be laid in the balance, with the fame and felicity of writing Paradiſe Loſt, would have been too great a portion for humanity.

IN

PARADISUM AMISSAM

SUMMI POETÆ

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

Qui legis Amiſſam Paradiſum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid niſi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, et fines continet iſte liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terræque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum,
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomuſque ſpecus:
Quæque colunt terras, potumque et Tartara cæca,
Quæque colunt ſummi lucida regna poli:
Et quodcunque ullis concluſum eſt finibus uſquam,
Et ſine fine Chaos, et ſine fine Deus:
Et ſine fine magis, ſi quid magis eſt ſine fine,
In Chriſto erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui ſperaret quis crederet eſſe futura?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britanna legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, et quanta prælia dira tuba!
Cœleſtes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!
Et quæ cœleſtes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in æthereis tollit ſe Lucifer armis!
Atque ipſo græditur vix Michaele minor!
Quantis, et quam funeſtis concurritur iris,
Dum ferus hic ſtellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulſos montes ſeu tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali deſuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui ſe parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnæ non ſupereſſe ſuæ.
At ſimul in cœlis Meſſiæ inſignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
Horendumque rotæ ſtrident, et ſæva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitura rauco
Admiſtis flammis inſonuere polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,
Et caſſis dextris irrita tela cadunt;
Ad pœnas fugiunt, et ceu foret Orcus aſylum,
Infernis certant condere ſe tenebris.
Cedite Romani ſcriptores, cedite Graii,
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit annus.
Hæc quicunque leget tantum cecinisſe putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW. M. D.

ON PARADISE LOST.

When I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
In ſlender book his vaſt deſign unfold,
Meſſiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument
Held me a while miſdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I ſaw him ſtrong)
The ſacred truths to fable and old ſong;
(So Sampſon grop'd the temple's poſts in ſpite)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his ſight.
Yet as I read, ſtill growing leſs ſevere,
I lik'd his project, the ſucceſs did fear,
Through that wide field how he his way ſhould find,
O'er which lame faith leads underſtanding blind;
Leſt he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was eaſy he ſhould render vain.
Or if a work ſo infinite he ſpann'd,
Jealous I was, that ſome leſs ſkilful hand
(Such as diſquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence preſume the whole creation's day
To change in ſcenes, and ſhew it in a play.
Pardon me, mighty poet! nor deſpiſe
My cauſeleſs, yet not impious, ſurmiſe.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a ſhare.
Thou haſt not miſs'd one thought that could be fit
And all that was improper doſt omit;
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.
That majeſty which through thy work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane:
And things divine thou treat'st of in ſuch ſtate
As them preſerves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us ſeize,
Thou ſing'ſt with ſo much gravity and eaſe;
And above human flight does ſoar aloft;
With plume ſo ſtrong, ſo equal, and ſo ſoft;
The bird nam'd from that paradiſe you ſing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where couldſt thou words of ſuch a compaſs find?
Whence furniſh ſuch a vaſt expanſe of mind?
Juſt heaven thee, like Tireſias, to requite,
Rewards with propheſy thy loſs of ſight.
Well might'ſt thou ſcorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own ſenſe ſecure;
While the Town-Bays writes all the while and ſpells,
And like a pack-horſe tires without his bells:
There fancies, like our buſhy points, appear,
The poets tag them, we for faſhion wear.
I too, tranſported by the mode, commend,
And while I meant to praiſe thee, muſt offend.
Thy verſe, created, like thy theme, ſublime,
In number, weight, and meaſure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVEL.

THE VERSE.

THE measure is Engliſh heroic verſe without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no neceſſary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verſe, in longer works eſpecially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to ſet off wretched matter and lame metre; grac'd indeed ſince by the uſe of ſome famous modern poets, carried away by cuſtom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and conſtraint, to expreſs many things otherwiſe, and for the moſt part, worſe than elſe they would have expreſſed them. Not without cauſe, therefore, ſome both Italian and Spaniſh poets of prime note, have rejected rhyme both in longer and ſhorter works, as have alſo long ſince our beſt Engliſh tragedies, as a thing of itſelf, to all judicious ears, trivial, and of no true muſical delight; which conſiſts only in apt numbers, fit quantity of ſyllables, and the ſenſe variouſly drawn out from one verſe into another, not in the jingling ſound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect, then, of rhyme, ſo little is to be taken for a defect, though it may ſeem ſo perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be eſteemed an example ſet, the firſt in Engliſh, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troubleſome and modern bondage of rhyming.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

This Firſt Book propoſes, firſt in brief, the whole ſubject, Man's diſobedience, and the loſs thereupon of Paradiſe wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cauſe of his fall, the ſerpent or rather Satan in the ſerpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his ſide many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action paſs'd over, the Poem haſtes into the midſt of things, preſenting Satan with his angels now falling into hell, deſcrib'd here, not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be ſuppoſed as yet not made, certainly not yet accurs'd), but in a place of utter darkneſs, fitlieſt call'd Chaos: here Satan, with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-ſtruck and aſtoniſh'd, after a certain ſpace, recover as from confuſion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miſerable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the ſame manner confounded: they riſe; their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To theſe Satan directs his ſpeech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them, laſtly, of a new world, and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven; for that angels were long before this viſible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his aſſociates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan riſes, ſuddenly built, out of the deep: the infernal peers there ſit in council.

Of man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loſs of Eden, till one greater Man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing heav'nly Muſe, that on the ſecret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire
That ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
In the beginning, how the heav'ns and earth
Roſe out of chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Faſt by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that doſt prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for thou know'ſt; thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and, with mighty wings outſpread,
Dove-like ſatſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raiſe and ſupport;
That to the height of this great argument
I may aſſert eternal providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to men.
Say firſt, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell, ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy ſtate,
Favour'd of Heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and tranſgreſs his will,
For one reſtraint, lords of the world beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal ſerpent; he it was, whoſe guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had caſt him out from heav'n, with all his hoſt
Of rebel angels, by whoſe aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in glory above his peers,
He truſted to have equall'd the Moſt High,

If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim,
Againſt the throne and monarchy of God
Raiſ'd impious war in heav'n and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the ſpace that meaſures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulf
Confounded, though immortal: but his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay,
Mixt with obdurate pride and ſteadfaſt hate:
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The diſmal ſituation waſte and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all ſides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible,
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe,
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning ſulphur unconſum'd:
Such place eternal Juſtice had prepar'd
For thoſe rebellious, here their priſon ordain'd
In utter darkneſs, and their portion ſet
As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n
As from the centre thrice to th' utmoſt pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire,
He ſoon diſcerns, and welt'ring by his ſide
One next himſelf in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Paleſtine, and nam'd
Beelzebub. To whom th' arch-enemy,
And thence in heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid ſilence, thus began:

If thou beeſt he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Cloth'd with tranſcendent brightneſs didſt outſhine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counſels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterpriſe,
Join'd with me once, now miſery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou ſeeſt
From what height fall'n, ſo much the ſtronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of thoſe dire arms? yet not for thoſe,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can elſe inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward luſtre, that fix'd mind,
And high diſdain from ſenſe of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightieſt raiſ'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of ſpirits arm'd,
That durſt diſlike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmoſt pow'r with adverſe pow'r oppoſ'd
In dubious battle on the plains of Heav'n,
And ſhook his throne. What though the field be loſt?
All is not loſt; th' unconquerable will,
And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield,
And what is elſe, not to be overcome?
That glory never ſhall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and ſue for grace
With ſuppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm ſo late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy, and ſhame beneath
This downfal; ſince by fate the ſtrength of gods
And this empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event,
In arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc'd,
We may with more ſucceſsful hope reſolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyrany of heav'n.

So ſpake the apoſtate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep deſpair;
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold compeer:

O Prince! O Chief of many throned powers,
That led th' imbattl'd ſeraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearleſs, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high ſupremacy,
Whether upheld by ſtrength, or chance, or fate,
Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us heaven, and all this mighty hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heav'nly eſſences
Can periſh: for the mind and ſpirit remains
Invincible, and vigour ſoon returns,
Though all our glory's extinct, and happy ſtate
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs miſery.
But what if he our Conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, ſince no leſs
Than ſuch could have o'erpow'r'd ſuch force as ours)
Have left us thus our ſpirit and ſtrength entire
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains,
That we may ſo ſuffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier ſervice as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his buſineſs be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſh'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal puniſhment?
Whereto with ſpeedy words th' arch-fiend reply'd:

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miſerable,
Doing or ſuffering: but of this be ſure,
To do ought good never will be our taſk,
But ever to do ill our ſole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we reſiſt. If then his providence
Out of our evil ſeek to bring forth good,
Our labour muſt be to pervert that end,
And out of good ſtill to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and diſturb
His inmoſt counſels from their deſtin'd aim.
But ſee the angry Victor hath recall'd
His miniſters of vengeance and purſuit

Back to the gates of heav'n : the ſulph'rous hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling ; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs deep.
Let us not ſlip th' occaſion, whether ſcorn,
Or ſatiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seeſt thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The ſeat of deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful ? thither let us tend
From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves ;
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there,
And re-aſſembling our afflicted powers,
Conſult how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our enemy, our own loſs how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what reſolution from deſpair.

Thus Satan, talking to his neareſt mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareus or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarſus held, or that ſea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugeſt that ſwim th' ocean ſtream :
Him haply ſlumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd ſkiff,
Deeming ſome iſland, oft, as ſeamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his ſcaly rind
Moors by his ſide under the lee, while night
Inveſts the ſea, and wiſhed morn delays :
So ſtretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had riſ'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhewn
On Man by him ſeduc'd ; but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature ; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and
In billows, leave i' th' midſt a horrid vale. [roll'd
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky air
That felt unuſual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire ;
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thundering Ætna, whoſe combuſtible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoke : ſuch reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſt feet. Him followed his next mate,
Both glorying to have ſcap'd the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſuff'rance of ſupernal Power.

Is this the region, this the ſoil, the clime,
Said then the loſt Arch-angel, this the ſeat
That we muſt change for Heav'n, this mournful
For that celeſtial light ? Be it ſo, ſince he [gloom
Who now is Sov'reign, can diſpoſe and bid
What ſhall be right : fartheſt from him is beſt,
Whom reaſon hath equall'd, force hath made ſu-
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields [preme
Where joy forever dwells : Hail Horrors, hail
Infernal World, and thou profoundeſt Hell
Receive thy new poſſeſſor ; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itſelf
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs than he
Whom thunder hath made greater ? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free ; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :
Here we may reign ſecure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell :
Better to reign in Hell than ſerve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' aſſociates and copartners of our loſs,
Lie thus aſtoniſh'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy manſion, or once more,
With rallied arms, to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heav'n, or what more loſt in hell ?

So Satan ſpake, and him Beelzebub
Thus anſwer'd : Leader of thoſe armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd
If once they hear that voice, their livelieſt pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard ſo oft
In worſt extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it rag'd, in all aſſaults
Their fureſt ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
New courage, and revive ; though now they lie
Grovelling and proſtrate on yon lake of fire,
As we e'er while, aſtounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious height.

He ſcarce had ceaſ'd, when the ſuperior Fiend
Was moving tow'rd the ſhore ; his pond'rous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt ; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
Through optic glaſs the Tuſcan artiſt views
At evening from the top of Feſole,
Or in Valdarno, to deſcry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her ſpotty globe.
His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the maſt
Of ſome great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marle, not like thoſe ſteps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him ſore beſides, vaulted with fire ;
Nathleſs he ſo endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed ſea he ſtood, and call'd

His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
In Valambroſa, where th' Etrurian ſhades
High over-arch'd embow'r; or ſcatter'd ſedge
Aſlote, when with fierce winds Orien arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-ſea coaſt, whoſe waves o'er-
Buſiris and his Memphian chivalry, [threw
While with perfidious hatred they purſued
The ſojourners of Goſhen, who beheld
From the ſafe ſhore their floating carcaſes
And broken chariot wheels: ſo thick beſtrown
Abject and loſt lay theſe, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell reſounded. Princes, Potentates, [loſt,
Warriors, th' flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſeize
Eternal ſpirits; or have you choſen this place,
After the toil of battle, to repoſe
Your wearied virtue, for the eaſe you find
To ſlumber here, as in the vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject poſture have you ſworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and ſeraph rolling in the flood
With ſcatter'd arms and enſigns, till anon
His ſwift purſuers from heav'n gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Tranſfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fallen! [ſprung
They heard, and were abaſh'd, and up they
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouſe and beſtir themſelves e'er well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they ſoon obey'd,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's ſon, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coaſt, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locuſts, warping on the eaſtern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberleſs were thoſe bad angels ſeen,
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding fires;
Till, at a ſignal giv'n, th' uplifted ſpear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their courſe, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimſtone, and ſill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to paſs
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barb'rous ſons
Came like a deluge on the South, and ſpread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian ſands.
Forthwith from every ſquadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haſte, where ſtood
Their great Commander; godlike ſhapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And powers that erſt in Heaven ſat on thrones;
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and raz'd
By their rebellion from the books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the ſons of Eve
Got them new names, till wandring o'er the earth,
Through God's high ſuff'rance for the trial of man,
By falſities and lies the greateſt part
Of mankind they corrupted to forſake
God their Creator, and th' inviſible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muſe, their names then known, who firſt, who
laſt,
Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great Emp'ror's call, as next in worth
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous crowd ſtood yet aloof.
The chief were thoſe who from the pit of Hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix
Their ſeats long after next the ſeat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durſt abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the cherubim; yea often plac'd
Within his ſanctuary itſelf their ſhrines,
Abominations; and with curſed things
His holy rites and ſolemn feaſts profan'd,
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.
Firſt Moloch, horrid king, beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parent's tears,
Though for the noiſe of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that paſs'd through
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite [fire
Worſhip'd in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Baſan, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt Arnon. Nor content with ſuch
Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right againſt the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleaſant valley of Himmon, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next Chemos, th' obſcene dread of Moab's ſons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of ſouthmoſt Abarim; in Heſebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma, clad with vines,
And Eleale to th' Aſphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Iſrael in Sittim on their march from Nile
To do him wanton rites, which coſt them woe.
Yet thence his luſtful orgies he enlarg'd
Ev'n to that hill of ſcandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide; luſt hard by hate;
Till good Joſiah drove them thence to Hell.
With theſe came they, who from the bord'ring
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts [flood
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Aſhtaroth, thoſe male,
Theſe feminine. For ſpirits, when they pleaſe,
Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompounded is their eſſence pure,
Not ty'd or manacl'd with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
Like cumb'rous fleſh; but in what ſhape they chooſe
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,

Can execute their airy purpoſes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For thoſe the race of Iſrael oft forſook
Their living ſtrength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To beſtial Gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, ſunk before the ſpear
Of deſpicable foes. With theſe in troop
Came Aſhtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Aſtarte, Queen of Heav'n, with creſcent horns;
To whoſe bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and ſongs;
In Sion alſo not unſung, where ſtood
Her temple on th' offenſive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whoſe heart, though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatreſſes, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whoſe annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damſels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a ſummer's day;
While ſmooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded; the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when by the viſion led
His eye ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earneſt, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunſel edge,
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his worſhippers:
Dagon his name, ſea-monſter, upward man
And downward fiſh: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coaſt
Of Paleſtine, in Gath and Aſcalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whoſe delightful ſeat
Was fair Damaſcus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid ſtreams.
He alſo againſt the houſe of God was bold:
A leper once he loſt, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his ſottiſh conqu'ror, whom he drew
God's altar to diſparage and diſplace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the Gods
Whom he had vanquiſh'd. After theſe appear'd
A crew, who, under names of old renown,
Oſiris, Iſis, Orus and their train,
With monſt'rous ſhapes and ſorceries abus'd
Fanatic Egypt and her prieſts, to ſeek
Their wand'ring gods diſguis'd in brutiſh forms
Rather than human. Nor did Iſrael 'ſcape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that ſin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah, who in one night when he paſs'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one ſtroke
Both her firſt-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came laſt, than whom a ſp'rit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more groſs to love
Vice for itſelf: to him no temple ſtood
Or altar ſmok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the prieſt
Turns Atheiſt, as did Eli's ſons, who fill'd
With luſt and violence the houſe of God?
In courts and palaces he alſo reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noiſe
Of riot aſcends above their loftieſt towers,
And injury and outrage: and when Night
Darkens the ſtreets, then wander forth the ſons
Of Belial, flown with inſolence and wine.
Witneſs the ſtreets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hoſpitable door
Expos'd a matron to avoid worſe rape.
Theſe were the prime in order and in might;
The reſt were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' Ionian gods of Javan's iſſue held
Gods, yet confeſſed later than Heav'n and Earth,
Their boaſted parents: Titan, Heav'n's firſt-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright ſeiz'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's ſon like meaſure found;
So Jove uſurping reign'd: theſe firſt in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the ſnowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their higheſt heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Heſperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmoſt iſles.
All theſe and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcaſt and dampt, yet ſuch wherein appear'd
Obſcure ſome glimpſe of joy, to 'ave found their chief
Not in deſpair, to 'ave found themſelves not loſt
In loſs itſelf; which on his countenance caſt
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not ſubſtance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and diſpell'd their fears.
Then ſtrait commands, that at the warlike ſound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty ſtandard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering ſtaff unfurl'd
Th' imperial enſign, which full high advanc'd
Shone like a meteor ſtreaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luſtre rich emblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial ſounds:
At which the univerſal hoſt up ſent
A ſhout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were ſeen
Ten thouſand banners riſe into the air
With orient colours waving: with them roſe
A foreſt huge of ſpears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ferried ſhields in thick array
Of depth immeaſurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and ſoft recorders; ſuch as rais'd
To height of nobleſt temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and inſtead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and ſwage
With ſolemn touches troubled thoughts, and chaſe
Anguiſh and doubt, and fear, and ſorrow, and pain,

From mortal or immortal winds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought
Mov'd on in ſilence to ſoft pipes that charm'd
Their painful ſteps o'er the burnt ſoil; and now
Advanc'd in view, they ſtand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guiſe
Of warriors old with order'd ſpear and ſhield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impoſe; he through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion, views their order due,
Their viſages and ſtature, as of gods;
Their number laſt he ſums. And now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
Glories: for never ſince created man
Met ſuch embodied force, as nam'd with theſe
Could merit more than that ſmall infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each ſide
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what reſounds
In fable or romance of Uther's ſon,
Begirt with Britiſh and Armoric knights;
And all who ſince, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jouſted in Aſpramont or Montalban,
Damaſco, or Marocco, or Trebiſond,
Or whom Biſerta ſent from Afric's ſhore,
When Charlemain, with all his peerage, fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far theſe beyond
Compare of mortal proweſs, yet obſerv'd
Their dread Commander: he above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet loſt
All her original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than Arch-angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory obſcur'd; as when the ſun new riſen
Looks through the horizontal miſty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipſe diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' Arch-angel; but his face
Deep ſcars of thunder had entrenched, and Care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under-brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſiderate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliſs) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of ſpirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal ſplendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful, how they ſtood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
Hath ſcath'd the foreſt oaks, or mountain pines,
With ſinged top their ſtately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blaſted heath. He now prepar'd
To ſpeak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half incloſe him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he eſſay'd, and thrice in ſpite of ſcorn,
Tears ſuch as angels weep, burſt forth: at laſt
Words, interwove with ſighs, found out their way.

O myriads of immortal Sp'rits! O Powers
Matchleſs! but with th' Almighty, and that ſtrife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place teſtifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind
Foreſeeing or preſaging, from the depth
Of knowledge paſt or preſent, could have fear'd,
How ſuch united force of gods, how ſuch
As ſtood like theſe, could ever know repulſe?
For who can yet believe, though after loſs,
That all theſe puiſſant legions, whoſe exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, ſhall fail to re-aſcend,
Self-raiſed, and repoſſeſſes their native ſeat?
For me be witneſs, all the hoſt of heaven,
If counſels different, or danger ſhunn'd
By me, have loſt our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one ſecure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute
Conſent or cuſtom, and his regal ſtate
Put forth at full; but ſtill his ſtrength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains
To work in cloſe deſign, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no leſs
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in Heav'n, that he e'er long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the ſons of Heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:
For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial ſp'rits in bondage, nor th' abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature: peace is deſpair'd,
For who can think ſubmiſſion? War then, war,
Open or underſtood, muſt be reſolv'd.

He ſpake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
Againſt the Higheſt, and fierce with graſped arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war
Hurling defiance tow'rd the vault of heav'n.

There ſtood a hill not far, whoſe griſly top
Belch'd fire and rolling ſmoke; the reſt entire
Shone with a gloſſy ſcurf, undoubted ſign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of ſulphur. Thither wing'd with ſpeed
A numerous brigade haſten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers, with ſpade and pick-axe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or caſt a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the leaſt erected ſp'rit that fell
From Heav'n, for ev'n in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine, or holy elſe enjoy'd
In viſion beatific: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth

For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily out-done
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil,
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Sev'ring each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross;
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells,
By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height, and strait the doors
Opening their brazen folds, discover wide
Within her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendent by subtile magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naptha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
And some the Architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptre'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes, whom the supreme king,
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos th' Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
T' have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent,
With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.
Mean while the winged heralds by command
Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates,
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and dance
Intent with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal sp'rits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave, sat
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

The conſultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: ſome adviſe it, others diſſuade. A third propoſal is preferr'd, mentioned before by Satan, to ſearch the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal or not much inferior to themſelves, about this time to be created: their doubt who ſhall be ſent on this difficult ſearch: Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage, is honour'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the reſt betake them ſeveral ways, and to ſeveral employments, as their inclinations led them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He paſſes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them ſhut, and who ſat there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and diſcover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he paſſes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the ſight of this new world which he ſought.

High on a throne of royal ſtate, which far
Outſhone the wealth of Ormos and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous eaſt with richeſt hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high, inſatiate to purſue
Vain war with heav'n, and, by ſucceſs untaught,
His proud imaginations thus diſplay'd,
Pow'rs and dominions, deities of Heav'n,
For ſince no deep within her gulph can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppreſs'd and fall'n
I give not heav'n for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial virtues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate.
Me though juſt right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n
Did firſt create your leader, next free choice,
With what beſides, in counſel or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loſs,
Thus far at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſh'd in a ſafe and unenvied throne,
Yielded with full conſent. The happier ſtate
In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes
Foremoſt to ſtand againſt the thund'rer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greateſt ſhare
Of endleſs pain? where there is then no good
For which to ſtrive, no ſtriſe can grow up there
From faction; for none ſure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none whoſe portion is ſo ſmall
Of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our juſt inheritance of old,
Surer to proſper than proſperity
Could have aſſur'd us; and by what beſt way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can adviſe may ſpeak.
He ceaſ'd; and next him Moloch, ſceptre'd king,
Stood up, the ſtrongeſt and the fierceſt ſpirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by deſpair:
His truſt was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in ſtrength, and rather than be leſs
Car'd not to be at all; with that care loſt
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worſe
He reck'd not, and theſe words thereafter ſpake.
My ſentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boaſt not: them let thoſe
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
Millions that ſtand in arms, and longing wait
The ſignal to aſcend, ſit ling'ring here
Heav'ns fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark oppobrious den of ſhame,

The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the tort'rer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels, and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But, perhaps,
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear,
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, con-
In this abhorred deep to utter woe; [demn'd
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us, without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being:
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel,
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low,
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:

I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? the towers of heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulst'd, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure,
To be no more; sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, and pursu'd and struck
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What, if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awak'd, should blow them into seven-fold-rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what, if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprievd,
Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile

With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? he from heav'n's
All these our motions vain sees and derides; [height
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven,
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains and these torments? better these than worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd,
Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or, inur'd, not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,
Besides what hope the never-ending flight [change
Of future days may bring, what chance, what
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe. [garb,

Thus Belial, with words cloth'd in reason's
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake:

Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield
To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heav'n's bound, unless heav'n's Lord su-
We overpow'r? Suppose he should relent, [preme
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own,
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse
We can create, in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd, [sire
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar,
Must'ring their rage, and heav'n resembles hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heav n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires
As soft as now severe; our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men o erwatch d, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them: and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heav'n.
Which, when Beelzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front ingraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone
Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake:

Thrones and imperial pow'rs, offspring of
Ethereal virtues; or these titles now [Heav'n,
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be call'd
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless, while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath
doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat

Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, tho' thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb reserv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heav'n.
What! sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what peace will be given
To us inslav'd, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqu'ror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need,
With dangerous expedition, to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What, if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heav'n
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd MAN, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the gods, and, by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endu'd, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset, either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd head-long to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attemping, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view [arms
Of those bright confines, whence with neighb'ring
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter heav'n; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of heav'n's fair light
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires, [send
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,
Over the vast abrubt, e'er he arrive
The happy isle; what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in their suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies.
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His looks suspense, awaiting who appear'd,
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and
In others count'nance read his own dismay, [each
Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime
Of those heav'n-warring champions, could be
So hardy as to proffer or accept [found
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchial pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd, thus spake:
O progeny of heav'n! empyreal thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seiz'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way,
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round,
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape, into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers!
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd

With splendor, arm'd with power, if ought pro-
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape [pos'd
Of difficulty or danger could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers,
Terror of Heav'n, tho' fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me. Thus saying, rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd;
And so refus'd, might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute [they
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'rds him they
With awful reverence prone; and as a god [bend
Extol him equal to the High'st in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heav'n's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewel sweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men, devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, tho' under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.
The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
Alone the antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme,
And godlike imitated state; him round
A globe of fiery seraphim inclos'd
With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets' regal sound the great result:
Tow'rds the four winds four speedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy
By herald's voice explain'd; the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat
rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wand'ring, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him, perplex'd where he may likliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields.
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form,
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their
spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp,
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that Fate
Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when sp'rits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argu'd, then
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdur'd breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march along the banks

Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorr'd Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud,
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; or else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither, by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink:
But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror, guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands,
With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.

Mean while the adverfary' of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of high'st design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply stemming nightly tow'rd the pole. So seem'd
Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were
Three iron, three of adamantine rock, [brass,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Volumnious and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within, unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these,
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart: what seem'd his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving, onward came as fast
With horrid strides: Hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd;
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his son except
Created thing nought valued he or shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began:

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with sp'rits of heav'n.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd:
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he
Who first broke peace in heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons
Conjur'd against the high'st, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with sp'rits of heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here, and scorn,
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So ſpake the griſly Terror, and in ſhape,
So ſpeaking and ſo threat'ning, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other ſide,
Incenſ'd with indignation, Satan ſtood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Opiuchus huge
In the Arctic ſky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No ſecond ſtroke, intent, and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caſpian, then ſtand front to front
Hov'ring a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, ſo match'd they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the ſnaky ſorcereſs that ſat
Faſt by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Riſ'n, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.

O father, what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd
Againſt thy only ſon? What fury, O ſon!
Poſſeſſes thee to bend that mortal dart
Againſt thy father's head? and know'ſt for whom;
For him who ſits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls Juſtice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both.

She ſpake, and her words the helliſh peſt
Forbore. Then theſe to her Satan return'd.

So ſtrange the outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal, firſt met, thou call'ſt
Me Father, and that phantaſm call'ſt my Son;
I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable than him and thee.

T' whom thus the portreſs of Hell gate reply'd:
Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
In heav'n, when at th' aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the ſeraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt Heav'n's King,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpriſ'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwum
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth, till on the left ſide opening wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a goddeſs arm'd
Out of thy head I ſprung: amazement ſeiz'd
All th' hoſt of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At firſt, and call'd me Sin, and for a ſign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The moſt averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyſelf in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becam'ſt enamour'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt
With me in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Meanwhile war aroſe,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could elſe?) to our almighty Foe
Clear victory, to our part loſs and rout
Through all the empyrean, down they fell,
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heav'n down
Into this deep, and in the general fall
I alſo; at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
Theſe gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my op'ning. Penſive here I ſat
Alone, but long I ſat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At laſt this odious offſpring whom thou ſeeſt,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth iſſued, brandiſhing his fatal dart
Made to deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded Death.
I fled, but he purſued (though more, it ſeems,
Inflam'd with luſt than rage) and ſwifter far,
Me overtook his mother, all diſmay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendering with me, of that rape begot
Theſe yelling monſters, that with ceaſeleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſaw'ſt, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me; for when they liſt, into the womb
That bred them, they return and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repaſt; then burſting forth
Afreſh, with conſcious terrors vex me round,
That reſt or intermiſſion none I find.
Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits
Grim Death, my ſon and foe, who ſets them on,
And me his parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morſel, and his bane,
Whenever that ſhall be; ſo Fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in thoſe bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can reſiſt.

She finiſh'd; and the ſubtle Fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder; and thus anſwer'd ſmooth:
Dear daughter, ſince thou claim'ſt me for thy ſire,
And my fair ſon here ſhow'ſt me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then ſweet, now ſad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforeſeen, unthought of; know,
I come no enemy, but to ſet free
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly hoſt
Of ſpirits that in our juſt pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand ſole, and one for all
Myſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread [menſe
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void im-

To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, e'er now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the pourlieus of Heaven, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Lest Heav'n, surcharg'd with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils: be this or ought
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd
With odors; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey.
He ceas'd; for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, and bless his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates: against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above,
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author; thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And tow'rds the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock, with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a hanner'd host
Underspread ensigns marching might pass through,
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean without bound, [height,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestor of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastry, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrenae's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines, bent to raze
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares,
Fluttering his pinions vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd, on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length an universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted, to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss

Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bord'ring on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron'd
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Damogorgo: Rumour next, and Chance,
And tumult and Confusion, all embroil'd,
And Discord, with a thousand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus: Ye powers
And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course;
Directed no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway,
(Which is my present journey) and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With fault'ring speech and visage incompos'd,
Answer'd. I know thee, Stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late [thrown.
Made head against Heaven's King, though over-
I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted Deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils
Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night; first Hell
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far:
So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain.
He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply;
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd,
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expance, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosporus betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;
But he once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,
From Hell continued reaching th' utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the sp'rits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by special grace.
But now, at last, the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her utmost works a broken foe
With tumult less and with less hostile din,
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
Of living saphir, once his native seat;
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a curs'd hour he hies.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

God ſitting on his throne, ſees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created: ſhews him to the Son, who ſat at his right hand; foretells the ſucceſs of Satan in perverting Mankind; clears his own Juſtice and wiſdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withſtood his Tempter; yet declares his purpoſe of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him ſeduced. The ſon of God renders praiſes to his Father for the manifeſtation of his gracious purpoſe towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the ſatisfaction of divine Juſtice; Man hath offended the majeſty of God by aſpiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny devoted to death, muſt die, unleſs ſome one can be found ſufficient to anſwer for his offence, and undergo his puniſhment. The Son of God freely offers himſelf a ranſome for Man: The Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermoſt orb; where, wandering, he firſt finds a place, ſince call'd the Limbo of Vanity; what perſons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, deſcrib'd aſcending by ſtairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his paſſage thence to the orb of the ſun! he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but firſt changes himſelf into the ſhape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous deſire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God hath plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights firſt on Mount Niphates.

Hail holy Light, offspring of heav'n firſt-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam,
May I expreſs thee' unblam'd? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate.
Or hear'ſt thou rather, pure ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe fountain who ſhall tell? before the ſun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs infinite.
Thee I reviſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre.
I ſung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to re-aſcend,
Though hard and rare: thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop ſerene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander where the Muſes haunt,
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tireſias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird

Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of Knowledge fair
Preſented with a univerſal blank
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and raiſ'd,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou, celeſtial Light,
Shine inward, and the Mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all miſt from thence
Purge and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.
Now had th' almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he ſits
High-thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the ſanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as ſtars, and from his ſight receiv'd
Beatitude paſt utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory ſat,
His only ſon; on earth he firſt beheld
Our two firſt Parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
In bliſsful ſolitude he then ſurvey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coaſting the wall of Heav'n on this ſide Night
In the dun air ſublime, and ready now
To ſtoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outſide of this world, that ſeem'd
Firm land emboſom'd, without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his proſpect high,
Wherein paſt, preſent, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only ſon foreſeeing ſpake:
Only begotten Son, ſeeſt thou what rage
Tranſports our adverſary? whom no bounds
Preſcrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyſs'
Wide interrupt can hold; ſo bent he ſeems
On deſperate revenge, that ſhall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all reſtraint broke looſe, he wingshis way
Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created world.
And Man there plac'd, with purpoſe to aſſay
If him by force he can deſtroy, or worſe,
By ſome falſe guile pervert; and ſhall pervert,
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And eaſily tranſgreſs the ſole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: ſo will fall,
He and his faithleſs progeny: Whoſe fault?
Whoſe but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him juſt and right,
Sufficient to have ſtood, tho' free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal powers [fail'd;
And ſp'rits, both them who ſtood, and them who
Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n ſincere
Of true allegiance, conſtant faith or love,
Where only what they needs muſt do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praiſe could they receive?
What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid,
When will and reaſon (reaſon alſo 's choice)
Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoil'd,
Made paſſive both, had ſerv'd Neceſſity,
Not me? They, therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can juſtly accuſe
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predeſtination over-rul'd
Their will diſpos'd by abſolute decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themſelves decreed
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without leaſt impulſe or ſhadow of fate,
Or ought by me immutably foreſeen,
They treſpaſs, authors to themſelves in all
Both what they judg'd, and what they chooſe; for ſo
I form'd them free, and free they muſt remain
Till they inthrall themſelves; I elſe muſt change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themſelves ordain'd their fall.
The firſt ſort by their own ſuggeſtion fell,
Self-tempted, ſelf-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd
By th' other firſt: Man, therefore, ſhall find grace,
The other none: in mercy' and in juſtice both,
Through Heav'n and earth, ſo ſhall my glory' excel,
But mercy firſt and laſt ſhall brighteſt ſhine.
Thus, while God ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the bleſſed ſp'rits elect
Senſe of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was ſeen
Moſt glorious; in him all his father ſhone
Subſtantially expreſs'd; and in his face
Divine compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without meaſure grace,
Which utt'ring, thus he to his father ſpake:
O Father! gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy ſov'reign ſentence, that Man ſhould find grace;
For which both Heav'n and earth ſhall high extol
Thy praiſes, with th' innumerable ſound
Of hymns and ſacred ſongs, wherewith thy throne
Incompaſſ'd ſhall reſound thee ever bleſt.
For ſhould Man finally be loſt, ſhould Man,
Thy creature late ſo lov'd, thy youngeſt ſon,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgeſt only right.
Or ſhall the Adverſary thus obtain
His end, and fruſtrate thine? ſhall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodneſs bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accompliſh'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyſelf
Aboliſh thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou haſt made?
So ſhould thy goodneſs and thy greatneſs both

Be queſtion'd and blaſphem'd without defence.
To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my ſoul hath chief delight,
Son of my boſom, Son who art alone
My word, my wiſdom, and effectual might,
All haſt thou ſpoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpoſe hath decreed:
Man ſhall not quite be loſt, but ſav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchſaf'd; once more I will renew
His lapſed powers, though forfeit and inthrall'd
By ſin to foul exorbitant deſires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he ſhall ſtand
On even ground againſt his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fallen condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance; and to none but me.
Some I have choſen of peculiar grace
Elect above the reſt; ſo is my will:
The reſt ſhall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their ſinful ſtate, and to appeaſe betimes
Th' incenſed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their ſenſes dark,
What may ſuffice, and ſoften ſtony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To pray'r repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with ſincere intent,
Mine ear ſhall not be ſlow, mine eye not ſhut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire conſcience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they ſhall attain,
And to the end perſiſting, ſafe arrive.
This my long ſufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and ſcorn, ſhall never taſte;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may ſtumble on and deeper fall;
And none but ſuch from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; Man diſobeying,
Diſloyal breaks his fealty, and ſins
Againſt the high ſupremacy of Heaven,
Affecting God-head, and ſo loſing all,
To expiate his treaſon hath nought left,
But to deſtruction ſacred and devote,
He with his whole poſterity muſt die,
Die he or juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid ſatisfaction, death for death.
Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where ſhall we find ſuch love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and juſt th' unjuſt to ſave;
Dwells in all Heaven charity ſo dear?
He aſk'd; but all the heav'nly choir ſtood mute,
And ſilence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron or interceſſor none appear'd,
Much leſs that durſt upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ranſome ſet.
And now without redemption all mankind
Muſt have been loſt, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulneſs dwells of love divine,
His deareſt mediation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is paſt, Man ſhall find grace;
And ſhall grace not find means, that finds her way
The ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought?
Happy for Man, ſo coming; he her aid
Can never ſeek, once dead in ſins and loſt;
Atonement for himſelf or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man; I for his ſake will leave
Thy boſom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die
Well pleas'd; on me let death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomy pow'r I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſh'd; thou haſt given me to poſſeſs
Life in myſelf for ever; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due.
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathſome grave
His prey, nor ſuffer my unſpotted ſoul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted ſpoil;
Death his death's wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortal ſting diſarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and ſhew
The pow'rs of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven ſhalt look down and ſmile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
Death laſt, and with his carcaſe glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter Heav'n long abſent, and return,
Father, to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd
And reconcilement; wrath ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aſpect
Silent yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only ſhone
Filial obedience: as a ſacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration ſeiz'd [tend,
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither
Wond'ring; but ſoon the Almighty thus reply'd.
O thou in Heav'n and Earth, the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
My ſole complacence! well thou knoweſt how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the leaſt,
Though laſt created; that for him I ſpare
Thee from my boſom and right hand, to ſave,
By loſing thee a while, the whole race loſt.
Thou therefore, whom thou only canſt redeem,
Their nature alſo to thy nature join;
And be thyſelf Man among men on earth,
Made fleſh, when time ſhall be, of virgin ſeed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's ſon.
As in him periſh all men, ſo in thee,
As from a ſecond root, ſhall be reſtor'd
As many as are reſtor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his ſons; thy merit
Imputed ſhall abſolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee tranſplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So man, as is moſt juſt,

Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying rise, and rising, with him raise,
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright, Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal king; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee as head supreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce;
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou attended gloriously from Heaven
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need;
God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions: lowly reverend
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of
Heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream;
With these that never fade the Spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with
beams,
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Empurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony, they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; the Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory' abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heav'n of Heav'ns, and all the Pow'rs therein
By thee created, and by thee drew down
Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on Man: Him through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pity' inclin'd,
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bless wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For Man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found less than Divine
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth; and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while, upon the firm opacious globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd
From Chaos and th' inroad of darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off

It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threat ning storms
Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
Tho' distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture, on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeaning kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'rds the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend
Walk d up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place
Living or lifeless to be found was none;
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aereal vapours flew
Of all things transitory' and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All th' unaccomplish d works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, tho' then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he who, to be deem'd
A god, leapt fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leapt into the sea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friers
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;
And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd;
They pass the planets sev'n, and pass the fix'd,
And that cryStalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd;
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air; then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers tost,
And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled and untrod.
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste
His travel'd steps: far distant he descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heav'n a structure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heaven.
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to heav'n sometimes
Viewless, and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd,
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after times
Over mount Sion, and, tho' that were large,
Over the Promis'd Land, to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneos, the fount of Jordan's flood
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were fet
To darkness such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair
That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven gate
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:

Such wonder seiz'd, tho' after Heaven seen,
The Sp'rit malign, but much more envy seiz'd,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of Night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Downright into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds:
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to inquire: above them all
The golden sun in splendor likest Heaven
Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude,) where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they, as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, tow'rds his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or stone,
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing ir'n with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or crysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that, which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound,
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his naked form.
What wonder then if fields, and regions, here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chimic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazzled: far and wide his eye commands,
For sight no obstacle found here, or shade,
But all sun-shine; as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' Æquator; as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and th' air
(No where so clear) sharpen'd his visual ray
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid:
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circl'd his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,
Lay waving round: on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To paradise, the happy seat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger, or delay:
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd.
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkl'd with gold:
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard, the angel bright,
E'er he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear; and strait was known
Th' arch-angel Uriel, one of the sev'n
Who in God's presence nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heav'ns, or down to the earth
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts,
Uriel! for thou of those sev'n spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont His great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend:
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain; and as his eye,
To visit oft this new creation round,
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour; him, for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim
Alone this wand'ring: brightest Seraph! tell,
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration, him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
World, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him, and all things, as is meet,
The universal maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest Hell; and, to repair that loss,

Created this new happy race of men,
To ſerve him better: wiſe are all his ways!
So ſpake the falſe diſſembler unperceiv'd;
For neither Man nor Angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only evil that wâlks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, through heaven and earth:
And oft though wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſeems) which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though regent of the ſun, and held
The ſharpeſt ſighted ſpirit of all in heav'n:
Who to the fraudulent impoſtor foul,
In his uprightneſs anſwer thus return'd.
Fair Angel! thy deſire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great work-maſter, leads to no exceſs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praiſe
The more it ſeems exceſs, that led thee hither
From thy impyreal manſion thus alone,
To witneſs with thine eyes what ſome perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only in Heav'n:
For wonderful indeed are all His works!
Pleaſant to know, and worthieſt to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight.
But, what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wiſdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their cauſes deep?
I ſaw when at His word the formleſs maſs,
This world's material mould, came to a heap;
Confuſion heard His voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd:
Till at His ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,
Light ſhone, and order from diſorder ſprung.
Swift to their ſeveral quarters haſted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire,
And this ethereal quinteſſence of Heav'n
Flew upward, ſpirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to ſtars,
Numberleſs, as thou ſeeſt, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his courſe;
The reſt in circuit walls this univerſe.
Look downward on that globe whoſe hither ſide
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, ſhines:
That place is earth, the ſeat of Man; that light
His day, which elſe, as th' other hemiſphere,
Night would invade; but there the neighbouring moon
(So call that oppoſite fair ſtar) her aid
Timely interpoſes, and her monthly round
Still ending, ſtill renewing through mid heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills, and empties, to enlighten th' earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That ſpot to which I point is Paradiſe,
Adam's abode, thoſe lofty ſhades his bow'r;
Thy way thou can'ſt not miſs, me mine requires.
Thus ſaid, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low
(As to ſuperior ſpirits is wont in heav'n,
Where honour due, and reverence none neglects)
Took leave, and tow'rd the coaſt of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, ſped with hop'd ſucceſs,
Throws his ſteep flight in many an airy wheel;
Nor ſtaid, till on Niphates' top he lights.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

Satan, now in proſpect of Eden, and nigh the place where he muſt now attempt the bold enterpriſe which he undertook alone againſt God and Man, falls into many doubts with himſelf, and many paſſions, fear, envy, and deſpair: but at length confirms himſelf in evil, journeys on to Paradiſe, whoſe outward proſpect and ſituation is deſcribed, overleaps the bounds, ſits in the ſhape of a cormorant on the tree of Life, as higheſt in the garden, to look about him. The garden deſcribed; Satan's firſt ſight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy ſtate, but with reſolution to work their fall; overhears their diſcourſe; thence gathers that the tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by ſeducing them to tranſgreſs: then leaves them a while to know farther of their ſtate by ſome other means. Meanwhile Uriel deſcending on a ſun beam warns Gabriel (who had in charge the gate of Paradiſe) that ſome evil ſpirit had eſcaped the Deep, and paſt at noon by his ſphere in the ſhape of a good Angel down to Paradiſe, diſcovered afterwards by his furious geſtures in the mount: Gabriel promiſes to find him e'er morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve diſcourſe of going to their reſt: their bower deſcribed; their evening worſhip. Gabriel drawing forth his hands of night watch to walk the round of Paradiſe, appoints two ſtrong Angels to Adam's bower, leſt the evil ſpirit ſhould be there doing ſome harm to Adam or Eve ſleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom queſtion'd, he ſcornfully anſwers, prepares reſiſtance, but, hinder'd by a ſign from heav'n, flies out of Paradiſe.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who ſaw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to ſecond rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Wo to th' inhabitants on earth! that now,
While time was, our firſt parents had been warn'd
The coming of their ſecret foe, and 'ſcap'd,
Happily, ſo 'ſcap'd his mortal ſnare: for now
Satan, now firſt inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter e'er th accuſer of mankind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loſs
Of that firſt battle, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his ſpeed, tho' bold,
Far off and fearleſs, nor with cauſe to boaſt,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breaſt,
And like a deviliſh engine back recoils
Upon himſelf; horror and doubt diſtract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom ſtir
The Hell within him; for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One ſtep no more than from himſelf can fly
By change of place: now conſcience wakes deſpair
That ſlumber'd, wakes the bittter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what muſt be,
Worſe; of worſe deeds, worſe ſuffering muſt enſue.
Sometimes tow'rds Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleaſant, his griev'd look he fixes ſad;
Sometime tow'rds Heaven and the full-blazing
Which now ſat high in his meridian tower: [ſun,
Then much revolving, thus in ſighs began:
O thou that with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;

Till pride and worſe ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'n's matchleſs King;
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high
I ſdeign'd ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me high'ſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burdenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe,
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd,
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burden then?
O had his pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior Angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet, why not? ſome other Power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me, tho' mean,
Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Thou hadſt; whom haſt thou then, or what, t' accuſe,
But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myſelf am Hell;
And in the loweſt deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I ſuffer ſeems a Heaven.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the Sp'rits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and ſceptre high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery; ſuch joy ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would height recall high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep;
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold inſtead
Of us out-caſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorſe: all good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man e'er long, and this new world, ſhall know.
Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale ire, envy, and deſpair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd viſage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from ſuch diſtempers ſoul
Are ever clear. Whereof he ſoon aware,
Each perturbation, ſmooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud, and was the firſt
That practis'd falſehood under faintly ſhew
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whoſe eye purſued him down
The way he went, and on th' Aſſyrian mount
Saw him diſfigur'd, more than could befal
Spirit of happy ſort: his geſtures fierce
He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he ſuppos'd, all unobſerv'd, unſeen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her incloſure green,
As with a rural mound, the champion head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, grotteſque and wild,
Acceſs deny'd; and over head up grew
Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene; and as the ranks aſcend
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradiſe up ſprung:
Which to our general ſire gave proſpect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt trees, loaden with faireſt fruit,
Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd:
On which the ſun more glad impreſs'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath ſhow'rd the earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd
That landſkip: And of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. As when to them who ſail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are paſt
Mozambic, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
Sabean odours from the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the bleſt; with ſuch delay [league,
Well pleas'd they ſlack their courſe, and many a
Cheer'd with the grateful ſmell, old Ocean ſmiles:
So entertain'd thoſe odorous ſweets the Fiend

Who came their bane, though with them better
Than Aſmodëus with the fiſhy fume [pleas'd
That drove him, tho' enamour'd, from the ſpouſe
Of Tobit's ſon, and with a vengeance ſent
From Media poſt to Egypt, there faſt bound.
Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage hill
Satan had journey'd on, penſive and ſlow;
But further way found none, ſo thick intwin'd,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of ſhrubs and tangling buſhes had perplex'd
All path of man or beaſt that paſs'd that way:
One gate there only was, and that look'd eaſt,
On th' other ſide: which, when th' arch-felon ſaw,
Due entrance he diſdain'd, and in contempt,
At one ſlight bound high over-leap'd all bound
Of hill or higheſt wall, and ſheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to ſeek new haunt for prey,
Watching where ſhepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cots amid the fields ſecure,
Leaps o'er the fence with eaſe into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to unhord the caſh
Of ſome rich burgher, whoſe ſubſtantial doors,
Croſs-barr'd and bolted faſt, fear no aſſault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this firſt grand thief into God's fold;
So ſince into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree, and higheſt there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but ſat deviſing death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For proſpect, what, well us'd, had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts beſt things
To worſt abuſe, or to their meaneſt uſe.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
To all delight of human ſenſe expos'd
In narrow room, Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A Heav'n on Earth: for bliſsful Paradiſe
Of God the garden was, by him in th' eaſt
Of Eden planted; Eden ſtretch'd her line
From Auran eaſtward to the royal towers
Of Great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the ſons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telaſſar: in this pleaſant ſoil
His far more pleaſant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of nobleſt kind, for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambroſial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge grew faſt by,
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but through the ſhaggy hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirſt up drawn,
Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the ſteep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darkſome paſſage now appears,
And now divided into four main ſtreams,
Runs diverſe, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that ſaphir fount the criſped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and ſands of gold
With mazy error under pendent ſhades,
Ran nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradiſe, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuſe on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning ſun firſt warmly ſmote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd ſhade
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs: Thus was this place
A happy rural ſeat of various view;
Groves whoſe rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others, whoſe fruit burniſhed with golden rind
Hung amiable, Heſperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taſte.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd:
Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
Of ſome irriguous valley ſpread her ſtore:
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the roſe.
Another ſide, umbrageous grots, and caves
Of cool receſs, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the ſlope hills, diſperſ'd or in a lake,
(That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her cryſtal mirror holds) unite their ſtreams.
The birds their choir apply: airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the ſmell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while univerſal Pan,
Knit with the Graces, and the Hours, in dance
Led on th' eternal ſpring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proſerpine gathering flow'rs,
Herſelf a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd; which coſt Ceres all that pain
To ſeek her through the world: nor that ſweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inſpir'd
Caſtalian ſpring, might with this Paradiſe
Of Eden ſtrive: nor that Nyſian iſle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
(Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove)
Hid Amalthea, and her florid ſon
Young Bacchus, from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye:
Nor where Abaſſin Kings their iſſue guard,
Mount Amara (though this by ſome ſuppoſ'd
True Paradiſe) under the Æthiop Line
By Nilus head, incloſ'd with ſhining rock,
A whole day's journey high; but wide remote
From this Aſſyrian garden: where the fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to ſight, and ſtrange.
Two of far nobler ſhape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect! with native honour clad
In naked majeſty, ſeem'd lords of all:
And worthy ſeem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker ſhon,

Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure;
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd:
For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For ſoftneſs ſhe, and ſweet attractive grace;
He, for God only; ſhe for God in him.
His fair large front, and eye ſublime, declar'd
Abſolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſtring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:
She as a veil, down to the ſlender waiſt
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore,
Diſhevel'd; but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway;
And by her yielded, by him beſt receiv'd:
Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of nature's works: honour diſhonourable!
Sin-bred! how have ye troubl'd all mankind
With ſhews inſtead, mere ſhews of ſeeming pure;
And baniſh'd from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicity, and ſpotleſs innocence?
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhun'd the ſight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill.
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the loveliеſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons; the faireſt of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of ſhade, that on a green
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh fountain ſide
They ſat them down; and after no more toil
Of their ſweet gard'ning labour than ſuffic'd
To recommend cool zephyr, and made eaſe
More eaſy, wholeſome thirſt and appetite
More grateful, to their ſupport fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſat recline
On the ſoft downy bank damaſk'd with flowers:
The ſavoury pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirſted ſcoop the brimming ſtream;
Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beſeems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them friſking play'd
All beaſts of th' earth, ſince wild, and of all chaſe
In wood or wilderneſs, foreſt or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe probeſcis; cloſe the ſerpent fly
Inſinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the graſs
Couch'd, and now fill'd with paſture, gazing ſat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the ſun
Declin'd was haſting now with prone carreer
To th' ocean iſles, and in th' aſcending ſcale
Of Heavn the ſtars that uſher evening roſe:
When Satan, ſtill in gaze, as firſt he ſtood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd ſpeech recover'd ſad.

O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold
Into our room of bliſs thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould; earth-born perhaps,
Not ſpirits; yet to heav'nly ſpirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts purſue
With wonder, and could love, ſo lively ſhines
In them divine reſemblance, and ſuch grace
The hand that form'd 'em on their ſhape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair! ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches; when all theſe delights
Will vaniſh, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taſte is now of joy:
Happy! but for ſo happy ill ſecur'd
Long to continue; and this high ſeat your heav'n,
Ill-fenc'd for heav'n, to keep out ſuch a foe
As now is enter'd: yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I ſeek,
And mutual amity, ſo ſtrait, ſo cloſe,
That I with you muſt dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not pleaſe,
Like this fair paradiſe, your ſenſe; yet ſuch
Accept, your maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give: hell ſhall unfold,
To entertain you two, her wideſt gates,
And ſend forth all her kings: there will be room,
(Not like theſe narrow limits,) to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd,
And ſhould I at your harmleſs innocence
Melt, (as I do) yet public reaſon juſt,
Honour, and empire, with revenge inlarg'd,
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do, what elſe (though damn'd) I ſhould abhor.

So ſpake the fiend; and with neceſſity,
(The tyrant's plea) excuſ'd his deviliſh deeds:
Then from his lofty ſtand on that high tree,
Down he alights among the ſportful herd
Of thoſe four footed kinds; himſelf now one,
Now other, as their ſhape ſerv'd beſt his end
Nearer to view his prey, and un-eſpy'd,
To mark what of their ſtate he more might learn,
By word, or action mark'd: about them round,
A lion now he ſtalks with fiery glare;
Then, as a tiger, who by chance hath ſpy'd,
In ſome purlieu, two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches cloſe, then riſing changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who choſe his ground,
Whence ruſhing, he might ſureſt ſeize them both,
Grip'd in each paw: when Adam, firſt of men,
To firſt of women, Eve, thus moving ſpeech,
Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner, and ſole part all theſe joys!
Dearer thyſelf than all! needs muſt the pow'r
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of His good
As liberal and free, as infinite,
That raiſ'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
In all this happineſs, who at His hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need: He! who requires
From us no other ſervice than to keep

This one, this eafy charge, of all the trees
In Paradife, that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'ſt,
God hath pronounc'd it death to taſte that tree,
The only ſign of our obedience left
Among ſo many ſigns of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that poſſeſs
Earth, air, and ſea. Then let us not think hard
One eaſy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave ſo large to all things elſe, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praiſe him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful taſk,
To prune theſe growing plants, and tend theſe flowers,
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right:
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thyſelf canſt no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found myſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was; whence thither brought, and how:
Not diſtant far from thence a murm'ring ſound
Of waters iſſued from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd;
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon, with anſw'ring looks
Of ſympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me; What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair Creature, is thyſelf;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces, he
Whoſe image thou art; him thou ſhalt enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth watry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return, fair Eve;
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee being, I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart,
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;
Part of my ſoul I ſeek thee, and thee claim
My other half; with that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.
So ſpake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt father; half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms
Smil'd with ſuperior love, as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles, when he impregns the clouds
That ſhed May flow'rs; and preſs'd her matron lip
With kiſſes pure: aſide the Devil turn'd
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them aſkance, and to himſelf thus plain'd.
Sight hateful, ſight tormenting! thus theſe two
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, ſhall enjoy their fill
Of bliſs on bliſs; while I to Hell am thruſt,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce deſire,
Among our other torments not the leaſt,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs it ſeems;
One fatal tree there ſtands, of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taſte: Knowledge forbidden?
Suſpicious, reaſonleſs. Why ſhould their Lord
Envy them that? can it be ſin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only ſtand
By ignorance? is that their happy ſtate,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation led whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With mere deſire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with deſign
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods: aſpiring to be ſuch,
They taſte and die: what likelier can enſue?
But firſt with narrow ſearch I muſt walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unſpy'd;
A chance, but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring Spirit of Heav'n by fountain ſide,
Or in thick ſhade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while you may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleaſures, for long woes are to ſucceed.
So ſaying, his proud ſtep he ſcornful turn'd,
But with ſly circumſpection, and began
Through wood, through waſte, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Mean while in utmoſt longitude, where Heav'n
With earth and ocean meets, the ſetting ſun
Slowly deſcended, and with right aſpect
Againſt the caſtern gate of Paradiſe
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaſter, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conſpicuous far, winding with one aſcent

Acceſſible from earth, one entrance high;
The reſt was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it roſe, impoſſible to climb.
Betwixt theſe rocky pillars Gabriel ſat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercif'd heroic games
Th' unarm'd youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celeſtial armoury, ſhields, helms, and ſpears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a ſun beam, ſwift as a ſhooting ſtar
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impreſs the air, and ſhews the mariner
From what point of his compaſs to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haſte.

Gabriel, to thee thy courſe by lot hath given
Charge and ſtrict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at height of noon came to my ſphere
A ſpirit, zealous, as he ſeem'd, to know,
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's lateſt image: I deſcrib'd his way
Bent all on ſpeed, and mark'd his airy gate;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he firſt lighted, ſoon diſcern'd his looks
Alien from Heav'n, with paſſions foul obſcur'd:
Mine eye purſued him ſtill, but under ſhade
Loſt ſight of him: one of the baniſh'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raiſe
New troubles; him thy care muſt be to find.

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect ſight,
Amid the ſun's bright circle where thou ſitſt,
See far and wide: in at this gate none paſs
The vigilance here plac'd, but ſuch as come
Well known from Heav'n; and ſince meridian hour
No creature thence: if Spirit of other ſort,
So minded, have o'er-leap'd this earthy bounds
On purpoſe, hard thou knoweſt it to exclude
Spiritual ſubſtance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of theſe walks,
In whatſoever ſhape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'ſt, by morrow dawning I ſhall know.

So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whoſe point now rais'd
Bore him ſlope downward to the ſun now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how ſwift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this leſs volubil earth,
By ſhorter flight to th' eaſt, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his weſtern throne attend.
Now came ſtill evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her ſober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleaſ'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living ſaphirs; Heſperus, that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon
Riſing in clouded majeſty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair Conſort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to reſt,
Mind us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
Labour and reſt, as day and night to men
Succeſſive; and the timely dew of ſleep
Now falling with ſoft ſlumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways,
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow e'er freſh morning ſtreak the eaſt
With freſh approach of light, we muſt be riſen,
And at our pleaſant labour to reform
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,
That lie beſtrown unſightly and unſmooth,
Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe;
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us reſt.

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd.
My Author and Diſpoſer, what thou bidſt
Unargued I obey; ſo God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happieſt knowledge and her praiſe.
With thee converſing, I forget all time;
All ſeaſons and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of Heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.
But wherefore all night long ſhine theſe? for whom
This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?

To whom our general anceſtor reply'd.
Daughter of God and Man, accompliſh'd Eve,
Theſe have their courſe to finiſh round the earth,
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Miniſtring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
Leſt total darkneſs ſhould by night regain
Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In nature and all things, which theſe ſoft fires
Not only inlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
Their ſtellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive

Perfection from the ſun's more potent ray.
Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none, [praiſe:
That Heav'n would want ſpectators, God want
Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep:
All theſe with ceaſeleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the ſteep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to others note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful bow'r; it was a place
Chos'n by the ſovran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to Man's delightful uſe; the roof
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous buſhy ſhrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roſes, and jeſſamin,
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and
Moſaic; underfoot the violet, [wrought
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with
Of coſtlieſt emblem: other creature here, [ſtone
Beaſt, bird, inſect; or worm, durſt enter none;
Such was their awe of Man. In ſhadier bower
More ſacred and ſequeſter'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never ſlept, nor Nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in cloſe receſs
With flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs
Eſpouſed Eve deck'd firſt her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan ſung,
What day the genial Angel to our ſire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In ſad event, when to th' unwiſer ſon
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, ſhe inſnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
And ſtarry pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou haſt promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
As when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.
This ſaid unanimous, and other rites
Obſerving none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes beſt, into their inmoſt bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
Theſe troubleſome diſguiſes which we wear,
Strait ſide by ſide were laid; nor turn'd I ween
Adam from his fair ſpouſe, nor Eve the rites
Myſterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites auſterely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to ſome, leaves free to all.
Our maker bids increaſe; who bids abſtain
But our deſtroyer, foe to God and Man?
Hail wedded love, myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offſpring, ſole propriety
In paradiſe of all things common elſe.
By thee adult'rous luſt was driv'n from men
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt and pure
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
Far be it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holieſt place,
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets,
Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte pronounc'd,
Preſent, or paſt, as ſaints and patriarchs us'd.
Here love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd,
Caſual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight ball,
Or ſerenate, which the ſtarved lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.
Theſe lull'd by nightingales embracing ſlept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Show'rd roſes which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Bleſt pair; and O yet happieſt, if ye ſeek
No happier ſtate, and know to know no more.
Now had night meaſur'd with her ſhadowy cone
Half way up hill this vaſt ſublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth iſſuing at th' accuſtom'd hour ſtood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade,
When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus ſpake:
Uzziel, half theſe draw off, and coaſt the ſouth
With ſtricteſt watch; theſe other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full weſt. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the ſhield, half to the ſpear.
From theſe, two ſtrong and ſubtile Sp'rits he call'd charge;
That near him ſtood, and gave them thus in
Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd ſpeed
Search through this garden, leave unſearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where thoſe two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps aſleep, ſecure of harm.
This evening from the ſun's decline arriv'd,
Who tells of ſome infernal Spirit ſeen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) eſcap'd
The bars of Hell, on errand bad, no doubt;
Such where ye find, ſeize faſt, and hither bring.
So ſaying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; theſe to the bow'r direct

In search of whom they sought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy', and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,
Or, if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel, with his spear,
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness; up he starts,
Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store,
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:
So started up, in his own shape, the Fiend.
Back stept those two fair Angels, half amaz'd,
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.
Which of those rebel Sp'rits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,
Why fatst thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once, no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus Zephon, answ'ring scorn with scorn.
Think not, revolted Sp'rit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in heav'n, upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee'; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom, obscure and foul.
But come; for thou, be sure, shall give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.
So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue' in her shape how lovely; saw and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender, not the sent,
Or all at once, more glory will be won,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.
The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
Gabriël from the front thus call'd aloud:
O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now, by glimpse, discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who, by his gate
And fierce demeanour, seems the prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm; for in his look defiance lours.
He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.
To whom, with stern regard, thus Gabriel spake: [scrib'd
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds pre-
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have pow'r and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?
To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow:
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd,
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Tho' thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true; they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm.
Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
Disdainfully, half smiling, thus reply'd.
O loss of one in Heav'n, to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him, from his prison 'scap'd,
Gravely in doubt, whether to hold them wise
Or not who ask what boldness brought him hither,
Unlicenc'd, from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain,
However, and to 'scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? courageous Chief,
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleg'd

To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive. [stern.
To which the Fiend thus answer'd, frowning
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting Angel; well thou know'st, I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:
I therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air;
Tho' for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practic'd distances to cringe, not fight.
To whom the warrior angel soon reply'd.
To say, and strait unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader, but a liar trac'd,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power Supreme?
And thou, fly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servily ador'd
Heav'ns awful monarch? wherefore but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now. Avant;
Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.
So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, reply'd.
Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
Proud limitary Cherub; but e'er then
Far heaver load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, tho' Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou, with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of Heav'n star-pav'd.
While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in moon'd horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On t'other side, Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield: now dreadful deeds
Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wreck, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;
Neither our own, but giv'n; what folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now,
To trample thee as mire: for proof, look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign, [weak,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light, how
If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft; nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

The Argument.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troubleſome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labours: Their morning hymn at the door of their bower: God, to render man inexcuſable, ſends Raphael to admoniſh him of his obedience, of his free eſtate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever elſe may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradiſe; his appearance deſcribed; his coming diſcerned by Adam afar off, ſitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choiceſt fruits of Paradiſe, got together by Eve; their diſcourſe at table: Raphael performs his meſſage, minds Adam of his ſtate and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's requeſt, who that enemy is, and how he came to be ſo, beginning from his firſt revolt in Heaven, and the occaſion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, perſuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument diſſuades and oppoſes him; then forſakes him.

Now morn her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, ſo cuſtom'd; for his ſleep
Was airy light, from pure digeſtion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on every bough; ſo much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve,
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: he on his ſide
Leaning, half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus: Awake,
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt gift, my ever new delight,
Awake; the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſp'ring wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake.

O ſole, in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never paſs'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſt, or morrow's next deſign,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſome night: Methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it ſaid,
Why ſleep'ſt thou; Eve? now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's deſire?
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze.
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd through ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wond'ring look'd, beſide it ſtood [ven
One ſhap'd and wing'd like one of thoſe from Hea-

By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;
And, O fair plant! said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor Man? is knowledge so despis'd?
Or envy', or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?
Thus said, he paus'd not, but, with vent'rous arm,
He pluck'd, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd
At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold:
But he thus, overjoy'd; O fruit divine!
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also, happy tho' thou art,
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods,
Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we sometimes
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part,
Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savoury smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd,
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.

Best image of myself, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief: among these fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we' affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when Nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild works produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene,
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
And let us to our fresh employments rise
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluce, he, e'er they fell,
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arb'rous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landskip all the east
Of Paradise, and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various stile; for neither various stile
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty; thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable, who sitst above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne, rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn, [morn
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye miſts and exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or grey,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling, ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices, all ye living ſouls: ye Birds,
That, ſinging, up to Heaven gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn, or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail! univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd ſoon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haſte
Among ſweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitleſs embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm: ſhe ſpous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r th' adopted cluſters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the ſociable Sp'rit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and ſecur'd
His marriage with the ſev'n times wedded maid.

Raphael, ſaid he, thou hear'ſt what ſtir on Earth
Satan from Hell 'ſcap'd through the darkſome gulf
Hath rais'd in Paradiſe, and how diſturb'd
This night the human pair, how he deſigns
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day, as friend with friend,
Converſe with Adam in what bow'r or ſhade
Thou findſt him, from the heat of noon retir'd,
To reſpite his day-labour with repaſt,
Or with repoſe; and ſuch diſcourſe bring on
As may adviſe him of his happy ſtate,
Happineſs in his pow'r left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will tho' free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He ſwerve not too ſecure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himſelf from Heav'n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like ſtate of bliſs;
By violence? no; for that ſhall be withſtood;
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Leſt, wilfully tranſgreſſing, he pretend
Surpriſal, unadmoniſh'd, unforewarn'd.

So ſpake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All juſtice: nor delay'd the winged Saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thouſand celeſtial Ardors, where he ſtood [light
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up ſpringing
Flew through the midſt of Heav'n; th' angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his ſpeed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine, the Sovereign architect had fram'd.
From hence no cloud, or, to obſtruct his ſight,
Star interpos'd, however ſmall he ſees,
Not unconform to other ſhining globes,
Earth, and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glaſs
Of Galileo, leſs aſſur'd, obſerves
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon;
Or pilot, from amidſt the Cyclades,
Delos or Samos, firſt appearing, kens
A cloudy ſpot. Down thither prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt ethereal ſky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with ſteady wing.
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till within ſoar
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he ſeems
A Phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that ſole bird,
When to inſhrine his reliques in the ſun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th'eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper ſhape returns
A Seraph wing'd; ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waſte, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his ſtate,
And to his meſſage high in honour riſe;
For on ſome meſſage high they gueſs'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he paſs'd, and now is come
Into the bliſsful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odours, caſſia, nard, and balm;
A wilderneſs of ſweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliſs.
Him through the ſpicy foreſt onward come
Adam diſcern'd, as in the door he ſat
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted ſun
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm [needs:
Earth's inmoſt womb, more warmth than Adam
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner ſavoury fruits, of taſte to pleaſe
True appetite, and not diſreliſh thirſt [ſtream,
Of nect'rous draughts between, from milky
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haſte hither, Eve, and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe trees, what glorious ſhape

Comes this way moving; seems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heav'nly stranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use, hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, superfluous moist consumes:
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on earth
God hath dispens'd his bounties as in Heaven.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change;
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry', and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strows the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unsum'd.

Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet
His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam, tho' not aw'd,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to' a superior nature, bowing low,
Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us
Two' only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline.

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild.
Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, tho' Sp'rits of Heaven,
To visit thee; lead on then where thy bower
O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till ev'ning rise,
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbour smil'd
With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells; but Eve
Undeck'd, save with herself, more lovely fair
Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to' entertain her guest from heav'n; no veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel Hail
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square from side to side
All autumn pil'd, tho' spring and autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold:
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The earth to yield; unsavoury food perhaps
To spiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part
Spiritual, may of purest Sp'rits be found
No' ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed; of elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nourishments exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even
Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; through from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste

Think not I ſhall be nice. So down they ſat,
And to their viands fell; nor ſeemingly
The Angel, nor in miſt, the common gloſs
The Theologians; but with keen diſpatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To tranſubſtantiate: what redounds, tranſpires
Through Spirits with eaſe; nor wonder, if by fire
Of ſooty coal th' empiric alchemiſt
Can turn, or holds it poſſible to turn,
Metals of droſſieſt ore to perfect gold
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Miniſter'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleaſant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deſerving Paradiſe! if ever, then,
Then had the ſons of God excuſe to have been
Enamour'd at that ſight; but in thoſe hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealouſy
Was underſtood, the injur'd lover's Hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks they had ſuffic'd,
Not burden'd nature, ſudden mind aroſe
In Adam, not to let th' occaſion paſs
Giv'n him by this great conference, to know
Of things above his world, and of their being
Who dwell in Heav'n, whoſe excellence he ſaw
Tranſcend his own ſo far, whoſe radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whoſe high pow'r ſo far
Exceeded human, and his wary ſpeech
Thus to th' impyreal miniſter he fram'd.
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to Man,
Under whoſe lowly roof thou haſt vouchſaf'd
To enter, and theſe earthly fruits to taſte,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted ſo,
As that more willingly thou couldſt not ſeem
At Heav'n's high feaſts to' have fed: yet what compare?
To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one firſt matter all,
Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of ſubſtance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more ſpiritous, and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending
Each in their ſeveral active ſpheres aſſign'd,
Till body up to ſpirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green ſtalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, laſt the bright conſummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes: flow'rs and their fruit,
Man's nouriſhment, by gradual ſcale ſublim'd,
To vital ſpirits aſpire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and ſenſe,
Fancy and underſtanding; whence the ſoul
Reaſon receives, and reaſon is her being,
Diſcurſive, or intuitive; diſcourſe
Is oſteſt yours, the latter moſt is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the ſame.
Wonder not then, what God for you ſaw good
If I refuſe not, but convert, as you,
To proper ſubſtance: time may come, when Men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
And from theſe corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at laſt turn all to ſpirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd aſcend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly Paradiſes dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whoſe progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happineſs this happy ſtate
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd.
O favourable Spirit, propitious gueſt,
Well haſt thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the ſcale of nature ſet
From centre to circumference, whereon
In contemplation of created things
By ſteps we may aſcend to God. But ſay,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? can we want obedience then
To him, or poſſibly his love deſert,
Who form'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmoſt meaſure of what bliſs
Human deſires can ſeek or apprehend?
To whom the Angel. Son of Heav n and Earth,
Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continueſt ſuch, owe to thyſelf,
That is, to thy obedience; therein ſtand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be adviſ'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to perſevere
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or ſtrict neceſſity:
Our voluntary ſervice he requires,
Not our neceſſitated; ſuch with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they ſerve
Willing or no, who will but what they muſt
By deſtiny, and can no other chooſe?
Myſelf and all th' angelic hoſt, that ſtand
In ſight of God enthron'd, our happy ſtate
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other ſurety none; freely we ſerve,
Becauſe we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we ſtand or fall:
And ſome are fall'n, to diſobedience fall'n,
And ſo from Heav'n to deepeſt Hell; O fall
From what high ſtate of bliſs into what woe!
To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine inſtructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic ſongs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aereal muſic ſend: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never ſhall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him whoſe command
Single is yet ſo juſt, my conſtant thoughts
Aſſur'd me, and ſtill aſſure: though what thou tell'ſt
Hath paſſ'd in Heav'n, ſome doubt within me move,
But more deſire to hear, if thou conſent,
The full relation, which muſt needs be ſtrange,
Worthy of ſacred ſilence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for ſcarce the ſun

Hath finiſh'd half his journey, and ſcarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heav'n.
Thus Adam made requeſt; and Raphael
After ſhort pauſe aſſenting, thus began.
High matter thou injoin'ſt me, O prime of men,
Sad taſk and hard; for how ſhall I relate
To human ſenſe th' inviſible exploits
Of warring Spirits? how without remorſe
The ruin of ſo many glorious once
And perfect while they ſtood? how laſt unfold
The ſecrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is diſpens'd; and what ſurmounts the reach
Of human ſenſe, I ſhall delineate ſo,
By likening ſpiritual to corporal forms,
As may expreſs them beſt; though what if Earth
Be but the ſhadow of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?
As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where theſe Heav'ns now roll, where Earth now reſts
Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day
(For time, though in eternity, apply'd
To motion, meaſures all things durable
By preſent, paſt, and future) on ſuch day
As Heav'n's great year brings forth, the empyreal
Of Angels by imperial ſummons call'd, [hoſt
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd
Under their Hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thouſand thouſand enſigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for diſtinction ſerve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tiſſues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpreſſible they ſtood,
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliſs imboſom'd ſat the Son,
Amidſt as from a flaming mount, whoſe top
Brightneſs had made inviſible, thus ſpake.
Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd ſhall ſtand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by myſelf have ſworn to him ſhall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and ſhall confeſs him Lord;
Under his great vice-gerent reign abide
United as one individual ſoul
For ever happy: Him who diſobeys,
Me diſobeys, breaks union, and that day,
Caſt out from God and bleſſed viſion, falls
Into utter darkneſs, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.
So ſpake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All ſeem'd well pleas'd; all ſeem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other ſolemn days, they ſpent
In ſong and dance about the ſacred hill;
Myſtical dance, which yonder ſtarry ſphere
Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
Reſembles neareſt, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem;
And in their motions harmony divine
So ſmooths, her charming tones, that God's own ear
Liſtens delighted. Evening now approach'd
(For we have alſo our evening and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to ſweet repaſt they turn
Deſirous; all in circles as they ſtood,
Tables are ſet, and on a ſudden pil'd
With Angels food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and maſſy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh flow'rets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality and joy, ſecure
Of ſurfeit where full meaſure only bounds
Exceſs, before th' all-bounteous King, who ſhowr'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambroſial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and ſhade
Spring both, the face of brighteſt Heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there
In darker veil) and roſeat dews diſpos'd
All but th' unſleeping eyes of God to reſt;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far,
Than all this globous earth in plain outſpread,
(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng,
Diſpers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living ſtreams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberleſs, and ſudden rear'd,
Celeſtial tabernacles, where they ſlept
Fann'd with cool winds; ſave thoſe who in their courſe
Melodious hymns about the ſovran throne
Alternate all night long: but not ſo wak'd
Satan; ſo call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the firſt,
If not the firſt Arch-Angel, great in power,
In favour and præeminence, yet fraught
With envy againſt the ſon of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Meſſiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that ſight, and thought himſelf impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving and diſdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the duſky hour
Friendlieſt to ſleep and ſilence, he reſolv'd
With all his legions to diſlodge, and leave
Unworſhipt, unobey'd, the throne ſupreme
Contemptuous, and his next ſubordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in ſecret ſpake.
Sleep'ſt thou, Companion dear, what ſleep can cloſe
Thy eye-lids? and remember'ſt what decree
Of yeſterday, ſo late hath paſs'd the lips
Of Heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Was wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both walking we were one; how then can now
Thy ſleep diſſent? New laws thou ſeeſt impos'd;

New laws from him who reigns, new minds may
In us who ſerve, new counſels, to debate [raiſe
What doubtful may enſue: more in this place
To utter is not ſafe. Aſſemble thou
Of all thoſe myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, e'er yet dim night
Her ſhadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haſte,
And all who under me their banners wave
Homeward with flying march where we poſſeſs
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our king
The great Meſſiah, and his new commands,
Who ſpeedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to paſs triumphant, and give laws.
So ſpake the falſe Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breaſt
Of his aſſociate: he together calls,
Or ſeveral one by one, the regent Powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the moſt High commanding, now e'er night,
Now e'er dim night had diſincumber'd Heaven,
The great hierarchal ſtandard was to move;
Tells the ſuggeſted cauſe, and caſts between
Ambiguous words and jealouſies, to ſound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted ſignal, and ſuperior voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heaven;
His count'nance, as the morning ſtar that guides
The ſtarry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's hoſt.
Mean while th' eternal eye, whoſe ſight diſcerns
Abſtruſeſt thoughts, from forth his holy mount
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, ſaw without their light
Rebellion riſing, ſaw in whom, how ſpread
Among the ſons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppoſe his high decree;
And ſmiling to his only Son, thus ſaid.
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full reſplendence, Heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be ſure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deity or empire; ſuch a foe
Is riſing, who intends to erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the ſpacious north;
Nor ſo content, hath in his thought to try
In battle, what our pow'r is, or our right.
Let us adviſe, and to this hazard draw
With ſpeed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence, leſt unawares we loſe
This our high place, our ſanctuary, our hill.
To whom the Son with calm aſpect and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, ſerene,
Made anſwer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes
Juſtly haſt in deriſion, and ſecure
Laugh'ſt at their vain deſigns and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illuſtrates, when they ſee all regal power
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to ſubdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worſt in Heaven.
So ſpake the Son; but Satan with his powers
Far was advanc'd on winged ſpeed, an hoſt
Innumerable as the ſtars of night,
Or ſtars of morning, dew-drops, which the ſun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they paſs'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple degrees; regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the ſea, from one entire globoſe
Stretch'd into longitude; which having paſs'd
At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan to his royal ſeat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (ſo call
That ſtructure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he,
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Meſſiah was declar'd in ſight of Heaven,
The Mountain of the congregation call'd;
For thither he aſſembled all his train,
Pretending, ſo commanded, to conſult
About the great reception of their king,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
If theſe magnific titles yet remain [Powers,
Not merely titular, ſince by decree
Another now hath to himſelf ingroſs'd
All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haſte
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to conſult, how we may beſt
With what may be devis'd of honours new
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, proſtration vile,
Too much to one, but double how indur'd
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counſels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to caſt off this yoke?
Will ye ſubmit your necks, and chooſe to bend
The ſupple knee? ye will not, if I truſt
To know ye right, or if ye know yourſelves
Natives and ſons of Heav'n poſſeſs'd before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well conſiſt,
Who can in reaſon then, or right aſſume
Monarchy over ſuch as live by right
His equals; if in pow'r and ſplendor leſs,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much leſs for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuſe
Of thoſe imperial titles, which aſſert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to ſerve.
Thus far his bold diſcourſe without controul
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal ſevere
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
O argument blaſphemous, falſe and proud!

Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n
Expected, leaſt of all from thee, Ingrate,
In place thyſelf ſo high above thy peers.
Canſt thou with impious obloquy condemn
The juſt decree of God, pronounc'd and ſworn,
That to his only Son by right indued
With regal ſceptre, every ſoul in Heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confeſs him rightful king? unjuſt, thou ſay'ſt,
Flatly unjuſt, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unſucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God, ſhalt thou diſpute
With him the points of of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of Heaven
Such as he pleas'd, and circumſcrib'd their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us leſs, bent rather to exalt
Our happy ſtate under one head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjuſt,
That equal over equals monarchs reign:
Thyſelf though great and glorious doſt thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son? by whom
As by his word the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee; and all the Spirits of Heaven
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
Eſſential Pow'rs; nor by his reign obſcur'd,
But more illuſtrious made; ſince he the head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
His laws our laws; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Ceaſe then this impious rage,
And tempt not theſe; but haſten to appeaſe
Th' incenſed Father, and th' incenſed Son,
While pardon may be found in time beſought.
So ſpake the fervent Angel; but his zeal
None ſeconded, as out of ſeaſon judg'd,
Or ſingular and raſh; whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apoſtate, and more haughty thus reply'd:
That we were form'd then, ſay'ſt thou? and the
Of ſecondary hands, by taſk transferr'd [work
From Father to his Son? ſtrange point and new!
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who ſaw
When this creation was? remember'ſt thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, ſelf-begot, ſelf-rais'd
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal courſe
Had circl'd his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal ſons.
Our puiſſance is our own; our own right hand
Shall teach us higheſt deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou ſhalt behold
Whether by ſupplication we intend
Addreſs, and to begirt th' Almighty throne
Beſeeching or beſieging. This report,
Theſe tidings carry to th' anointed King;
And fly, e'er evil intercept thy flight.
He ſaid; and, as the ſound of waters deep,
Hoarſe murmour echo'd to his words applauſe
Through the infinite hoſt; nor leſs for that
The flaming Seraph fearleſs, though alone
Incompaſs'd round with foes, thus anſwer'd bold.
O alienate from God, O Spirit accurs'd,
Forſaken of all good! I ſee thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapleſs crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion ſpread
Both of thy crime and puniſhment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Meſſiah; thoſe indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchſaf'd; other decrees
Againſt thee are gone forth without recall;
That golden ſceptre, which thou didſt reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruiſe and break
Thy diſobedience. Well thou didſt adviſe,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
Theſe wicked tents devoted, leſt the wrath
Impendent, raging into ſudden flame
Diſtinguiſh not: for ſoon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou ſhalt know.
So ſpake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithleſs, faithful only he;
Among innumerable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrify'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind
Though ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
Long way through hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſtain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;
And with retorted ſcorn his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud tow'rs, to ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

The Argument.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were ſent forth to battle againſt Satan and his angels. The firſt fight deſcrib'd: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents deviliſh engines, which in the ſecond day's fight put Michael and his angels to ſome diſorder: but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan: yet the tumult not ſo ending, God on the third day ſends Meſſiah his Son, for whom he had reſerv'd the glory of that victory: he in the power of his Father coming to the place, and cauſing all his legions to ſtand ſtill on either ſide, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midſt of his enemies, purſues them unable to reſiſt, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confuſion into the place of puniſhment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Meſſiah returns with triumph to his Father.

All night the dreadleſs angel unpurſued
Through Heav'n's wide champain held his way, till Morn,
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with roſy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, faſt by his throne,
Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes through
Grateful viciſſitude, like day and night; [Heav'n
Light iſſues forth, and at the other door
Obſequious Darkneſs enters, till her hour
To veil the Heaven, though darkneſs there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the Morn
Such as in higheſt Heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vaniſh'd Night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick imbattl'd ſquadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery ſteeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among thoſe friendly powers, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of ſo many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not loſt: on to the Sacred Hill
They led him high applauded, and preſent
Before the ſeat ſupreme; from whence a voice
From midſt a golden cloud thus mild was heard:
Servant of God, well done; well haſt thou fought
The better fight, who ſingle haſt maintain'd
Againſt revolted multitudes the cauſe
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the teſtimony of truth haſt borne
Univerſal reproach, far worſe to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care,
To ſtand approv'd in ſight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverſe: the eaſier conqueſt now
Remains thee, aided by this hoſt of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than ſcorn'd thou didſt depart, and to ſubdue
By force, who reaſon for their law refuſe,
Right reaſon for their law, and for their king
Meſſiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celeſtial armies prince,
And thou in military proweſs next,
Gabriel; lead forth to battle theſe my ſons
Invincible, lead forth my armed ſaints
By thouſands and by millions rang'd for fight
Equal in number to that godleſs crew,
Rebellious; them with fire and hoſtile arms
Fearleſs aſſault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Purſuing, drive them out from God and bliſs
Into their place of puniſhment, the gulf
Of Tartarus which ready opens wide

His fiery chaos to receive their fall.
So ſpake the Sov'reign Voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and ſmoke to roll
In duſky wreaths, reluctant flames, the ſign
Of wrath awak'd; nor with leſs dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
At which command the powers militant,
That ſtood for Heav'n in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irreſiſtible, mov'd on
In ſilence their bright legions, to the ſound
Of inſtrumental harmony, that breath'd
Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds
Under their god-like leaders, in the cauſe
Of God and his Meſſiah. On they move,
Indiſſolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor ſtrait'ning vale, nor wood, nor ſtream, divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the paſſive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds in orderly array on wing,
Came ſummon'd over Eden to receive
Their names of thee; ſo over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at laſt
Far in th' horizon to the North appear'd
From ſkirt to ſkirt a fiery region, ſtretch'd
In battailous aſpect, and nearer view
Briſtled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid ſpears, and helmets throng'd, and ſhields
Various, with boaſtful argument portray'd,
The banded powers of Satan haſting on
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That ſelf-ſame day by fight, or by ſurpriſe,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To ſet the Envier of his ſtate, the proud
Aſpirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid-way: though ſtrange to us it ſeem'd
At firſt, that Angel ſhould with Angel war,
And in fierce hoſting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in feſtivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as ſons of one great Sire
Hymning th' eternal father: but the ſhout
Of battle now began, and ruſhing ſound
Of onſet ended ſoon each milder thought.
High in the midſt, exalted as a god,
Th' Apoſtate in his ſun-bright chariot ſat,
Idol of majeſty divine, inclos'd
With flaming cherubim and golden ſhields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt hoſt and hoſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Preſented ſtood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle e'er it join'd,
Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that ſight endur'd not, where he ſtood
Among the mightieſt, bent on higheſt deeds;
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
O Heaven! that ſuch reſemblance of the Higheſt
Should yet remain, where faith and reälty
Remain not: wherefore ſhould not ſtrength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakeſt prove
Where boldeſt, though to fight unconquerable?
His puiſſance, truſting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whoſe reaſon I have try'd
Unſound and falſe; nor is it ought but juſt,
That he who in debate of truth hath won
Should win in arms, in both diſputes alike
Victor; though brutiſh that conteſt and foul,
When Reaſon hath to deal with Force, yet ſo
Moſt reaſon is that Reaſon overcome.
So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth ſtepping oppoſite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus ſecurely him defy'd.
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The height of thy aſpiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his ſide
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
Againſt th' Omnipotent to riſe in arms;
Who out of ſmalleſt things could without end
Have rais'd inceſſant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with ſolitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
Unaided, could have finiſh'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkneſs: but thou ſeeſt
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not viſible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to diſſent
From all: my ſect thou ſeeſt; now learn, too late,
How few ſometimes may know, when thouſands err.
Whom the grand Foe, with ſcornful eye aſkance,
Thus anſwer'd. Ill for thee, but in wiſh'd hour
Of my revenge, firſt fought, for thou return'ſt
From flight, ſeditious angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the firſt eſſay
Of this right hand provok'd, ſince firſt that tongue
Inſpir'd with contradiction durſt oppoſe
A third part of the gods, in ſynod met
Their deities to aſſert, who, while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'ſt
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me ſome plume, that thy ſucceſs may ſhew
Deſtruction to the reſt: this pauſe between
(Unanſwer'd leſt thou boaſt) to let thee know;
At firſt I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
To heav'nly ſouls had been all one; but now
I ſee that moſt through ſloth had rather ſerve,
Miniſt'ring Spirits, train'd up in feaſt and ſong;
Such haſt thou arm'd, the miniſtrelſy of Heav'n,
Servility with Freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day ſhall prove.
To whom in brief thus Abdiel ſtern reply'd:
Apoſtate, ſtill thou err'ſt, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of Truth remote:
Unjuſtly thou depray'ſt it with the name
Of Servitude, to ſerve whom God ordains,
Or nature: God and nature bid the ſame,
When he who rules is worthieſt, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is ſervitude,
To ſerve th' unwiſe, or him who hath rebell'd

Againſt his worthier, as thine now ſerve thee,
Thyſelf not free, but to thyſelf inthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'ſt our miniſt'ring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me ſerve
In Heav'n, God ever bleſt, and his divine
Behefts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd;
Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious creſt receive.
So ſay'ing, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud creſt of Satan, that no ſight,
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his ſhield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His maſſy ſpear upſtray'd; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had puſh'd a mountain from his ſeat
Half ſunk with all his pines. Amazement ſeis'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage to ſee
Thus foil'd their mightieſt: our joy fill'd, and
Preſage of victory, and fierce deſire [ſhout,
Of battle: whereat Michael bid ſound
Th' arch-angel trumpet; through the vaſt of Heav'n
It ſounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hoſannah to the High'ſt: nor ſtood at gaze
The adverſe legions, nor leſs hideous join'd
The horrid ſhock: now ſtorming fury roſe
And clamours ſuch as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noiſe
Of conflict; over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either hoſt with fire.
So under fiery cope together ruſh'd
Both battles main, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage; all Heav'n
Reſounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her centre ſhook. What wonder? when
Millions of fire-encount'ring angels fought
On either ſide, the leaſt of whom could wield
Theſe elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army againſt army numberleſs to raiſe,
Dreadful combuſtion warring, and diſturb,
Though not deſtroy, their happy native ſeat;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent
From his ſtrong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd,
And limited their might; though number'd ſuch
As each divided legion might have ſeem'd
A numerous hoſt, in ſtrength each arm'd hand
A legion, led in fight, yet leader ſeem'd
Each warrior ſingle as in chief, expert
When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of battle, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim War: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himſelf rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory; deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was ſpread
That war, and various, ſometimes on firm ground
A ſtanding fight, then ſoaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air ſeem'd then
Conflicting fire; long time in even ſcale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had ſhewn, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting ſeraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the ſword of Michael ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed ſway
Brandiſh'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide waſting; ſuch deſtruction to withſtand
He haſted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample ſhield,
A vaſt circumference: at his approach
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Inteſtine war in Heav'n, th' Arch-foe ſubdu'd
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hoſtile frown
And viſage all inflam'd firſt thus began:
Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou ſeeſt
Theſe acts of hateful ſtrife, hateful to all,
Though heavieſt by juſt meaſure on thyſelf
And thy adherents: how haſt thou diſturb'd
Heav'n's bleſſed peace, and into Nature brought
Miſery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion? how haſt thou inſtill'd
Thy malice into thouſands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd falſe? but think not here
To trouble holy reſt? Heav'n caſts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n, the ſeat of bliſs,
Brooks not the works of Violence and War.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offſpring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
E'er this avenging ſword begin thy doom,
Or ſome more ſudden vengeance, wing'd from God,
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.
So ſpake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The adverſary. Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canſt not. Haſt thou turn'd the leaſt of
To flight, or if to fall, but that they riſe [theſe
Unvanquiſh'd, eaſier to tranſact with me
That thou ſhoud'ſt hope, imperious, and with threats
To chaſe me hence? err not that ſo ſhall end
The ſtrife which thou call'ſt Evil, but we ſtile
The Strife of Glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heav'n itſelf into the Hell
Thou fableſt, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmoſt force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have ſought thee far and nigh.
They ended parle, and both addreſs'd for fight
Unſpeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conſpicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to ſuch height
Of godlike power? for likeſt gods they ſeem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in ſtature, motion, arms;
Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad ſuns their ſhields
Blaz'd oppoſite, while Expectation ſtood
In horror; from each hand with ſpeed retir'd,

Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion; ſuch as, to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if Nature's concord broke,
Among the conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two planets ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition in mid ſky
Should combat, and their jarring ſpheres confound,
Together both with next to almighty arm
Up-lifted imminent, one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or ſwift prevention: but the ſword
Of Michael, from the armoury of God,
Was giv'n him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of Satan with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer; nor ſtray'd,
But with ſwift wheel reverſe, deep ent'ring, ſhar'd
All his right ſide: then Satan firſt new pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd through him: but the ethereal ſubſtance
Not long diviſible; and from the gaſh [cloſ'd,
A ſtream of nect'rous humour iſſuing flow'd
Sanguine, ſuch as celeſtial ſpirits may bleed,
And all his armour ſtain'd e'er while ſo bright.
Forthwith on all ſides to his aid was run
By angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on their ſhields
Back to his chariot, where it ſtood retir'd
From off the files of war; there they him laid,
Gnaſhing, for anguiſh, and deſpite and ſhame,
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbled by ſuch rebuke, ſo far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet ſoon he heal'd; for ſp'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all ſenſe; and as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves, and colour, ſhape or ſize
Aſſume, as likes them beſt, condence or rare.
Mean while in other parts like deeds deſerv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refram'd his tongue blaſphemous: but anon
Down clov'n to the waſte, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquiſh'd Adramelech and Almadia,
Two potent thrones, that to be leſs than gods
Diſdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghaſtly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor ſtood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The ancient crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel ſcorch'd and blaſted overthrew.
I might relate of thouſands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but thoſe elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n,
Seek not the praiſe of men: the other ſort,
In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown leſs eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from Heav'n and ſacred Memory,
Nameleſs in dark Oblivion let them dwell.
For ſtrength from truth divided, and from juſt,
Illaudable, nought merits but diſpraiſe
And ignominy, yet to glory aſpires
Vain-glorious, and through infamy ſeeks fame:
Therefore eternal ſilence be their doom.
And now their mightieſt quell'd, the battle
ſwerv'd,
With many an inroad gor'd; deformed Rout
Enter'd, and foul diſorder; all the ground
With ſhiver'd armour ſtrown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming ſteeds; what ſtood recoil'd
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic hoſt
Defenſive ſcarce, or with pale Fear ſurpris'd,
Then firſt with fear ſurpris'd and ſenſe of pain
Fled ignominious, to ſuch evil brought
By ſin of diſobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwiſe th' inviolable ſaints
In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes; not to have ſinn'd,
Not to have diſobey'd; in fight they ſtood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence
mov'd.
Now Night her courſe began, and over Heav'n
Inducing darkneſs, grateful truce impos'd,
And ſilence on the odious din of War:
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquiſh'd: on the foughten field
Michael and his angels prevalent
Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan, with his rebellious diſappear'd,
Far in the dark diſlodg'd: and void of reſt,
His Potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midſt thus undiſmay'd began:
O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, Companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory and renown;
Who have ſuſtain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What Heaven's Lord had powerfulleſt to ſend
Againſt us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to ſubdue us to his will,
But proves not ſo; then fallible, it ſeems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniſcient thought. True is, leſs firmly arm'd,
Some diſadvantage we endur'd and pain,
Till now not known, but known, as ſoon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form

Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.
He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
Nisroch, of principalities the prime;
As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aspect thus answ'ring spake.
Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work we find,
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.
Whereto, with look compos'd, Satan reply'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flow'r, ambrosial gems and gold;
Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd
With Heav'n's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light?
These, in their dark nativity, the deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;
Which into hollow engines long and round
Thick ramm'd at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far with thund'ring noise among our foes
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour; yet e'er dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.
He ended; and his words their drooping cheer
Inlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound, most would have thought
Impossible: yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
With devilish machination, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
None arguing stood: innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
Th' originals of Nature, in their crude
Conceptions; sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled; and, with subtile art,
Concocted and adusted, they reduc'd
The blackest grain, and into store convey'd:
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all e'er day-spring, under conscious Night,
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection, unespy'd.
Now, when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe.
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met,
Under spread ensigns, moving nigh, in flow,
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came fly'ng, and, in mid air, aloud thus cry'd:
Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution, and secure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.
So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant, without disturb, they took alarm,
And onward mov'd embattel'd; when, behold
Not distant far, with heavy pace, the foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube,
Training his devilish engin'ry, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan; and thus was heard commanding loud:
Vanguard, to right and left, the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek

Peace and compoſure, and, with open breaſt,
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverſe;
But that I doubt; however, witneſs Heav'n,
Heav'n, witneſs thou anon, while we diſcharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed, ſtand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud, that all may hear.
So ſcoffing, in ambiguous words, he ſcarce
Had ended; when, to right and left, the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes diſcover'd, new and ſtrange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars moſt they ſeem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt in wood or mountain fell'd)
Braſs, iron, ſtony mould, had not their mouths,
ith hideous orifice, gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A Seraph ſtood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving, tipt with fire; while we ſuſpenſe
Collected ſtood, within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long; for ſudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd,
With niceſt touch. Immediate in a flame,
But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From thoſe deep-throated engines belch'd, whoſe roar
Imbowel'd with outrageous noiſe the air;
And all her entrails tore, diſgorging foul
Their deviliſh glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor hoſt
Level'd with ſuch impetuous fury ſmote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might ſtand,
Tho' ſtanding elſe as rocks, but down they fell
By thouſands, angel on arch-angel roll'd;
The ſooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have eaſily as Sp'rits evaded ſwift
By quick contraction, or remove; but now
Foul diſſipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;
Nor ſerv'd it to relax their ſerried files.
What ſhould they do? If on they ruſh'd, repulſe
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more deſpis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of ſeraphim another row,
In poſture to diſplode their ſecond tire
Of thunder; back defeated to return
They worſe abhor'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.
O Friends, why come not on theſe victors proud?
E'er while they fierce were coming; and when we
To entertain them fair with open front [terms
And breaſt (what could we more?) propounded
Of compoſition, ſtraight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I ſuppoſe,
If our propoſals once again were heard,
We ſhould compel them to a quick reſult.
To whom thus Belial in like gameſome mood.
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbl'd many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themſelves, in pleaſant vein,
Stood ſcoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts be-
All doubt of victory; Eternal might [yond
To match with their inventions they preſum'd
So eaſy, and of his thunder made a ſcorn,
And all his hoſt derided, while they ſtood
A while in trouble; but they ſtood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit t' oppoſe.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n
Of pleaſure ſituate in hill and dale) [flew;
Light as the lightning glimpſe they ran, they
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the ſeated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the ſhaggy tops,
Uplifting bore them in their hands: amaze,
Be ſure, and terror ſeiz'd the rebel hoſt,
When coming towards them ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on thoſe curſed engines' triple row
They ſaw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themſelves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſs'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help'd their harm, cruſh'd in and bruis'd
Into their ſubſtance pent, which wrought them
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan, [pain
Long ſtruggling underneath, e'er they could wind
Out of ſuch priſ'n, tho' Sp'rits of pureſt light,
Pureſt at firſt, now groſs by ſinning grown.
The reſt in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore;
So hills, amid the air, encounter'd hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in diſmal ſhade;
Infernal noiſe; war ſeem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confuſion heap'd
Upon confuſion roſe: and now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overſpread,
Had not th' Almighty Father, where he ſits
Shrin'd in his ſanctuary of Heav'n ſecure,
Conſulting on the ſum of things, foreſeen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpoſe he might ſo fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him tranſferr'd: whence to his Son,
Th' aſſeſſor of his throne, he thus began:
Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
Son, in whoſe face inviſible is beheld
Viſibly, what by deity I am,
And in whoſe hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are paſt,

Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
These disobedient: sore had been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly; for I suspend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what War can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains, as with weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dang'rous to the main.
Two days are therefore past; the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy power above compare;
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go then, thou Mightest, in thy Father's might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my Almighty arms
Gird on, and sword, upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God, and Messiah, his anointed King.
He said; and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
And thus the filial Godhead answ'ring spake:
O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly thrones
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
To glorify thy son, I always thee,
As is most just; this I my glory' account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
Fulfilled, which to fulfill is all my bliss.
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when, in the end,
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hat'st, I hate and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire. [pure
Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far separate, circling thy holy Mount
Unfeign'd hallelujah's to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.

So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of Glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The chariot of paternal Deity, [drawn,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel un-
Itself instinct with spirit, but convey'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wond'rous; as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beril, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.
He in celestial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire:
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came, far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen; them unexpected joy surpris'd,
When the great engine of Messiah blaz'd
Aloft by angels borne, his sign in Heav'n;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head imbodied all in one.
Before him Power divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly sp'rits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent,
They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy; and aspiring to his height,
Stood reinbattl'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat: when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake:
Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
And as ye have received, so have ye done
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,

Nor multitude; ſtand only and behold
God's indignation on theſe godleſs pour'd
By me; not you but me they have deſpis'd,
Yet envied; againſt me is all their rage,
Becauſe the Father, to' whom in Heav'n ſupreme
Kingdom and power, and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath aſſign'd;
That they may have their wiſh, to try with me
In battle which the ſtronger próves, they all,
Or I alone againſt them, ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
Nor other ſtrife with them do I vouchſafe.
So ſpake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance too ſevere to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four ſpread out their ſtarry wings
With dreadful ſhape contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The ſtedfaſt empyrean ſhook throughout,
All but the throne itſelf of God. Full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand thunders, which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
Plagues; they aſtoniſhed all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage; down their idol weapons dropt;
O'er ſhields and helms and helmed heads he rode,
Of thrones and mighty ſeraphim proſtrate,
That wiſh'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
His arrows from the four-fold viſag'd Four
Diſtinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One ſpirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd light'ning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their ſtrength
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volly; for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of Heav'n:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-ſtruck, purſued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And chryſtal wall of Heav'n, which opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
Into the waſteful Deep; the monſtrous ſight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worſe
Urg'd them behind; headlong themſelves they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal Wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomleſs pit.
Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe; Hell ſaw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but ſtrict Fate had caſt too deep
Her dark foundations, and too faſt had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confuſion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, ſo huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at laſt
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the houſe of woe and pain.
Diſburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and ſoon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulſion of his foes
Meſſiah his triumphal chariot turn'd;
To meet him all his ſaints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye witneſſes of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him ſung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthieſt to reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he ſits at the right hand of Bliſs.
Thus meaſuring things in Heav'n by things on earth
At thy requeſt, and that thou mayſt beware
By what is paſt, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have elſe to human race been hid;
The diſcord which befel, and war in Heav'n
Among th' angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of thoſe too high aſpiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now thy ſtate,
Who now is plotting how he may ſeduce
Thee alſo from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happineſs thou mayſt partake
His puniſhment, eternal miſery;
Which would be all his ſolace and revenge,
As a deſpite done againſt the Moſt High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But liſten not to his temptations; warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to' have heard
By terrible example the reward
Of diſobedience; firm they might have ſtood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to tranſgreſs.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

The Argument.

Raphael, at the requeſt of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was firſt created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of Heav'n, declared his pleaſure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; ſends his ſon with glory and attendance of angels, to perform the work of creation in ſix days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his re-aſcenſion into Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whoſe voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I ſoar,
Above the flight of Pegaſean wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou,
Nor of the Muſes nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'ſt, but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal wiſdom didſt converſe,
Wiſdom thy ſiſter, and with her didſt play
In preſence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celeſtial ſong. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns, I have preſum'd,
An earthly gueſt, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring; with like ſafety guided down
Return me to my native element:
Leſt from this flying ſteed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, tho' from a lower clime)
Diſmounted, on th' Aleian field I fall
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.
Half yet remains unſung, but narrower bound
Within the viſible diurnal ſphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole
More ſafe I ſing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarſe or mute, tho' fall'n on evil days,
On evil days tho' fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſs'd round,
And ſolitude; yet not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my ſlumbers nightly, or when Morn
Purples the eaſt: ſtill govern thou my ſong,
Urania, and fit audience find, tho' few,
But drive far off the barbarous diſſonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the ſavage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muſe defend
Her ſon. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heavenly, ſhe an empty dream.

Say, Goddeſs, what enſued, when Raphaël,
The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd
Adam, by dire example, to beware
Apoſtacy, by what befel in Heav'n
To theſe apoſtates, leſt the like befal
In Paradiſe, to Adam or his race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they tranſgreſs, and ſlight that ſole command,
So eaſily obey'd amid the choice
Of all taſtes elſe to pleaſe their appetite,
Tho' wand'ring. He, with his conſorted Eve,
The ſtory heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration, and deep muſe, to hear
Of things ſo high and ſtrange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
And war ſo near the peace of God in bliſs
With ſuch confuſion: but the evil ſoon,
Driv'n back, redounded as a flood on thoſe
From whom it ſprung, impoſſible to mix
With bleſſedneſs. Whence Adam ſoon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart aroſe: and now
Led on, yet ſinleſs, with deſire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this world
Of Heav'n and Earth conſpicuous firſt began,
When, and whereof created, for what cauſe,
What within Eden or without was done
Before his memory, as one whoſe drouth
Yet ſcarce allay'd, ſtill eyes the current ſtream,
Whoſe liquid murmur heard new thirſt excites,
Proceeded thus to aſk his heav'nly gueſt:

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,

Far differing from this world, thou haſt reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favour ſent
Down from the empyréan, to forewarn
Us timely' of what might elſe have been our loſs,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:
For which to th' infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admoniſhment
Receive with ſolemn purpoſe, to obſerve
Immutably his ſov'reign will, the end
Of what we are. But ſince thou haſt vouchſaf'd
Gently for our inſtruction to impart [cern'd
Things above earthly thought, which yet con-
Our knowing, as to higheſt Wiſdom ſeem'd,
Deign to deſcend now lower, and relate
What may no leſs perhaps avail us known,
How firſt began this Heaven which we behold
Diſtant ſo high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All ſpace, the ambient air wide interfus'd
Embracing round this florid earth, what cauſe
Mov'd the Creator in his holy reſt
Through all eternity ſo late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how ſoon
Abſolv'd, if unforbid thou may'ſt unfold
What we, not to explore the ſecrets aſk
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great Light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race tho' ſteep; ſuſpenſe in Heav'n,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the riſing birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
Or if the ſtar of evening and the moon
Haſte to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and Sleep liſt'ning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his abſence, till thy ſong
End, and diſmiſs thee e'er the morning ſhine.
Thus Adam his illuſtrious gueſt beſought:
And thus the godlike Angel anſwer'd mild.
This alſo thy requeſt, with caution aſk'd,
Obtain: tho' to recount Almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can ſuffice,
Or heart of man ſuffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canſt attain, which beſt may ſerve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee alſo happier, ſhall not be with-held
Thy hearing, ſuch commiſſion from above
I have receiv'd, to anſwer thy deſire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abſtain
To aſk; nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' inviſible King,
Only omniſcient, hath ſuppreſs'd in night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n;
Enough is left beſides to ſearch and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no leſs
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
In meaſure what the mind may well contain;
Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfeit, and ſoon turns
Wiſdom to folly', as nouriſhment to wind.
Know, then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidſt the hoſt
Of Angels than that ſtar the ſtars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus ſpake:
At leaſt our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himſelf rebellious, by whoſe aid
This inacceſſible high ſtrength, the ſeat
Of Deity Supreme, us diſpoſſeſs'd,
He truſted to have ſeiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;
Yet far the greater part have kept, I ſee,
Their ſtation, Heav'n yet populous retains
Number ſufficient to poſſeſs her realms,
Tho' wide, and this high temple to frequent
With miniſteries due and ſolemn rites:
But leſt his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have diſpeopled Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if ſuch it be to loſe
Self-loſt, and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themſelves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience try'd,
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n,
And thou my word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, ſpeak thou, and be it done:
My overſhadowing Sp'rit and might with thee
I ſend along; ride forth, and bid the Deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundleſs the Deep, becauſe I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the ſpace.
Tho' I uncircumſcrib'd myſelf retire,
And put not forth my goodneſs, which is free
To act or not, Neceſſity and Chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
So ſpake th' Almighty; and to what he ſpake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more ſwift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without proceſs of time be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n,
When ſuch was heard declar'd, th' Almighty's will;
Glory they ſung to the Moſt High, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whoſe juſt avenging ire
Had driv'n out th' ungodly from his ſight,
And th' habitations of the juſt; to him
Glory and praiſe, whoſe wiſdom hath ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, inſtead
Of Sp'rits malign a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuſe
His good to worlds and ages infinite.
So ſang the Hierarchies: meanwhile the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majeſty divine; ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd

Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and thrones,
And Virtues, wing'd Sp'rits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous; for within them ſpirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs,
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And ſurging waves, as mountains, to aſſault
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word; your diſcord end:
Nor ſtay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This univerſe, and all created things;
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, O World.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' abyſs: but on the wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the Sp'rit of God outſpread,
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverſe to life: then founded and conglob'd
Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air,
And Earth, ſelf-balanc'd, on her centre hung.
Let there be Light, ſaid God, and forthwith
Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure, [Light
Sprung from the deep, and from her native Eaſt
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the ſun
Was not; ſhe in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while; God ſaw the light was good;
And light from darkneſs by the hemiſphere
Divided: light the Day, and darkneſs Night
He nam'd. Thus was the firſt day Ev'n and
Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung [morn:
By the celeſtial quires, when Orient light
Exhaling firſt from darkneſs, they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and ſhout
The hollow univerſal orb that fill'd, [prais'd
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning
God and his works, Creator, him they ſung,
Both when firſt evening was, and when firſt morn.

Again, God ſaid, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanſe of liquid, pure,
Tranſparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermoſt convex
Of this great ground: partition firm and ſure,
The waters underneath from thoſe above
Dividing: for as Earth. ſo he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Chriſtallin ocean, and the loud miſrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, leſt fierce extremes
Contiguous might diſtemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: ſo even
And morning chorus ſung the ſecond day.
The earth was form'd; but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of Earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour ſoft'ning all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moiſture, when God ſaid,
Be gather'd now, ye waters under Heav'n,
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky:
So high as heav'd the timid hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Haſted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on duſt conglobing from the dry;
Part riſe in cryſtal wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
On the ſwift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou haſt heard)
Troop to their ſtandard, ſo the wat'ry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If ſteep with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withſtood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With ſerpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the waſhy ooſe deep channels wore;
Eaſy, e'er God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within thoſe banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters, he call'd Seas:
And ſaw that it was good, and ſaid, Let th' Earth
Put forth the verdant graſs, herb yielding ſeed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whoſe ſeed is in herſelf upon the Earth.
He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare earth, till then
Deſert and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender graſs, whoſe verdure clad
Her univerſal face with pleaſant green,
Then herbs of every leaf, that ſudden flower'd
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her boſom ſmelling ſweet: and theſe ſcarce blown,
Forth flouriſh'd thick the cluſt'ring vine, forth crept
The ſmelling gourd, up ſtood the corny reed
Imbattel'd in her field, and th' humble ſhrub,
And buſh with frizzled hair implicit: laſt
Roſe, as in dance, the ſtately trees, and ſpread

Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd [crown'd
Their bloſſoms; with high woods the hills were
With tufts the vallies, and each fountain ſide;
With borders long the rivers: that Earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a ſeat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her ſacred ſhades: tho' God had yet not rain'd
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewy miſt
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, e'er it was in th' Earth
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green ſtem; God ſaw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty ſpake, Let there be lights
High in th' expanſe of Heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for ſigns,
For ſeaſons, and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of Heav'n
To give light on the Earth; and it was ſo.
And God made two great lights, great for their uſe
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The leſs by night altern; and made the ſtars,
And ſet them in the firmament of Heav'n,
T' illuminate the Earth, and rule the day
In their viciſſitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkneſs to divide. God ſaw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celeſtial bodies firſt the ſun
A mighty ſphere he fram'd, unlightſome firſt,
Tho' of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
Globoſe, and every magnitude of ſtars,
And ſow'd with ſtars the Heav'n thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudy ſhrine, and plac'd
In the ſun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other ſtars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their ſmall peculiar, though from human ſight
So far remote, with diminution ſeen.
Firſt in his Eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude thro' Heav'n's high road; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the moon
But oppoſite in level'd Weſt was ſet
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect, and ſtill that diſtance keeps
Till night; then in the eaſt her turns ſhe ſhines,
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand ſtars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemiſphere: then firſt adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that ſet and roſe,
Glad Ev'ning and glad Morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God ſaid, Let the waters generate
Reptile with ſpawn abundant, living ſoul:
And let fowl fly above the Earth, with wings
Diſplay'd on th' open firmament of Heav'n;
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſaying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the ſeas,
And lakes, and running ſtreams the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' Earth.
Forthwith the ſounds and ſeas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable ſwarm, and ſhoals
Of fiſh that with their fins and ſhining ſcales
Glide under the green wave, in ſculls that oft
Bank the mid ſea: part ſingle or with mate
Grave the ſea weed their paſture, and through groves
Of coral ſtray, or ſporting with quick glance
Shew to the ſun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
Or in their pearly ſhells at eaſe, attend
Moſt nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on ſmooth the ſeal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gate
Tempeſt the ocean: there Leviathan,
Hugeſt of living creatures, on the deep
Streach'd like a promontory, ſleeps or ſwims,
And ſeems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk ſpouts out a ſea.
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and ſhores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that ſoon
Burſting with kindly rupture forth diſclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd ſoon and fledge
They ſumm'd their pens, and ſoaring th' air ſublime
With clang deſpis'd the ground, under a cloud
In proſpect; there the eagle and the ſtork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part looſly wing the region, part more wife
In common, rang'd in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
Their airy caravan high over ſeas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Eaſing their flight; ſo ſteers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Flotes, as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch the ſmaller birds with ſong
Solac'd the woods, and ſpread their painted wings,
Till ev'n, nor then the ſolemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft lays:
Others on ſilver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breaſt; the ſwan, with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her ſtate with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and riſing on ſtiff penons, tower
The mid aereal ſky: others on ground [founds
Walk'd firm: the creſted cock, whoſe clarion
The ſilent hours, and th' other whoſe gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and ſtarry eyes. The waters thus
With fiſh repleniſh'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and Morn, ſolemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last arose
With evening harps and matin, when God said
Let th' Earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' Earth,
Each in their kind. The Earth obey'd, and strait
Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown; out of the ground up rose
As from his lair the wild beast, where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libard and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of Earth, upheav'd
His vastness: fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
The river horse and scaily crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of Summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
These as in a line their long dimension drew
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of Nature; some of serpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of just equality, perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonality: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown [names,
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not Noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course; Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the master work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endow'd
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea, and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for race; then bless'd Mankind, and said
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
And every living thing that moves on th' Earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' Earth
Variety without end; but of the tree [yields
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st;
Death is the penalty impos'd; beware,
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd he; and all that he had made
View'd; and behold all was entirely good;
So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung.
The planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six day's work, a World;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just Men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascending: he through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold

And pavement ſtars, as ſtars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly as a circling zone thou ſeeſt
Powder'd with ſtars. And now on Earth the
Evening aroſe in Eden, for the ſun [ſeventh
Was ſet, and twilight from the eaſt came on,
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'n's high-ſeated top th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and ſure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and ſat him down
With his great Father, for he alſo went
Inviſible, yet ſtay'd, (ſuch privilege
Hath Omnipreſence) and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now reſting, bleſs'd and hallow'd the ſev'nth day,
As reſting on that day from all his work,
But not in ſilence holy keep; the harp
Had work and reſted not, the ſolemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of ſweet ſtop,
All ſounds on fret by ſtring or golden wire
Temper'd ſoft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or uniſon: of incenſe clouds
Fuming from golden cenſers hid the mount.
Creation and the ſix days act they ſung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite [tongue
Thy power: what thought can meaſure thee or
Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels; thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
Is greater than created to deſtroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? eaſily the proud attempt
Of ſpirits apoſtate and their counſels vain
Thou haſt repell'd, while impiouſly they thought
Thee to diminiſh, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worſhippers. Who ſeeks
To leſſen thee againſt his purpoſe ſerves
To manifeſt the more thy might; his evil
Thou uſeſt, and from thence creat'ſt more good.
Witneſs this new-made World, another Heav'n
From Heav'n gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glaſſy ſea;
Of amplitude almoſt immenſe, with ſtars
Numerous, and every ſtar perhaps a world
Of deſtin'd habitation; but thou know'ſt
Their ſeaſons: among theſe the ſeat of men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleaſant dwelling place. Thrice happy men,
And ſons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worſhip him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in ſea, or air,
And multiply a race of worſhippers
Holy and juſt: thrice happy if they knew
Their happineſs, and perſevere upright.
So ſung they; and the empyrean rung
With hallelujahs: thus was ſabbath kept.
And thy requeſt think now fulfill'd, that aſk'd
How firſt this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that poſterity
Inform'd by thee might know; if elſe thou ſeek'ſt
Ought, not ſurpaſſing human meaſure, ſay.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

The Argument.

Adam inquires concerning celeſtial motions, is doubtfully anſwer'd, and exhorted to ſearch rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam aſſents, and ſtill deſirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd ſince his own creation, his placing in Paradiſe, his talk with God concerning ſolitude and fit ſociety, his firſt meeting and nuptials with Eve, his diſcourſe with the angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

The angel ended; and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear;
Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd:
What thanks ſufficient, or what recompenſe
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Hiſtorian, who thus largely haſt allay'd
The thirſt I had of knowledge, and vouchſaf'd
This friendly condeſcenſion to relate
Things elſe by me unſearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator; ſomething yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy ſolution can reſolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world
Of Heav'n and Earth conſiſting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this Earth, a ſpot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd
And all her number'd ſtars, that ſeem to roll
Spaces incomprehenſible (for ſuch
Their diſtance argues and their ſwift return
Diurnal) merely to officiate light
Round this opacious Earth, this punctual ſpot,
One day and night in all their vaſt ſurvey
Uſeleſs beſides; reaſoning I oft admire,
How Nature wiſe and frugal could commit
Such diſproportions, with ſuperfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater ſo manifold to this one uſe,
For ought appears, and, on their orbs impoſe
Such reſtleſs reſolution day by day
Repeated, while the ſedentary Earth,
That better might with far leſs compaſs move,
Serv'd by more noble than herſelf, attains
Her end without leaſt motion, and receives,
As tribute, ſuch a ſumleſs journey brought
Of incorporeal ſpeed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to deſcribe whoſe ſwiftneſs number fails.
So ſpake our Sire; and by his count'nance ſeem'd
Ent'ring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe, which Eve
Perceiving where ſhe ſat retir d in ſight,
With lowlineſs majeſtic from her ſeat,
And grace that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nurſery; they at her coming ſprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs;
Her huſband the relator ſhe preferr'd.
Before the angel, and of him to aſk
Choſe rather; he, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal careſſes; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs in love and mutual honour join'd;
With goddeſs-like demeanour forth ſhe went,
Not unattended, for on her as queen
A pomp of winning Graces waited ſtill,
And from about her ſhot darts of deſire
Into all eyes to wiſh her ſtill in ſight.
And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facile thus reply'd:
To aſk or ſearch I blame thee not; for Heav'n
Is as the book of God before thee ſet,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His ſeaſon, hours, or days, or months, or years:
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the reſt
From man or angel the great Architect

Did wiſely to conceal, and not divulge
His ſecrets to be ſcann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they liſt to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heav'ns
Hath left to their diſputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
And calculate the ſtars, how they will wield
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To ſave appearances, how gird the ſphere
With centric and eccentric ſcribled o'er.
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:
Already by thy reaſoning this I gueſs,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and ſuppoſeſt
That bodies bright and greater ſhould not ſerve
The leſs not bright, nor Heav'n ſuch journeys run,
Earth ſitting ſtill, when ſhe alone receives
The benefit: Conſider firſt, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the Earth,
Though in compariſon of Heav'n, ſo ſmall,
Nor glift'ring, may of ſolid good contain
More plenty than the Sun that barren ſhines,
Whoſe virtue on itſelf works no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth; there firſt receiv'd
His beams, unactive elſe, their vigour find.
Yet not to Earth are thoſe bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee Earth's habitant.
And for the Heav'ns wide circuit, let it ſpeak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So ſpacious, and his line ſtretch'd out ſo far,
That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a ſmall partition, and the reſt
Ordain'd for uſes to his Lord beſt known.
The ſwiftneſs of thoſe circles attribute,
Though numberleſs, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal ſubſtances could add
Speed almoſt ſpiritual; me thou think'ſt not ſlow,
Who ſince the morning hour ſet out from Heav'n
Where God reſides, and e'er mid day arriv'd
In Eden, diſtance inexpreſſible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the Heav'ns, to ſhew
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I ſo affirm, though ſo it ſeem
To thee who haſt thy dwelling here on Earth,
God to remove his ways from human ſenſe,
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth ſo far, that earthly ſight,
If it preſume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the ſun
Be centre to the world, and other ſtars
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wand'ring courſe now high, now low, then
Progreſſive, retograde, or ſtanding ſtill, [hid,
In ſix thou ſeeſt, and what if ſeventh to theſe
The planet Earth, ſo ſtedfaſt though ſhe ſeem,
Inſenſibly three different motions move?
Which elſe to ſeveral ſpheres thou muſt aſcribe
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,
Or ſave the Sun his labour, and that ſwift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb ſuppos'd,
Inviſible elſe above all ſtars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief
If Earth induſtrious of herſelf fetch day
Travelling eaſt, and with her part averſe
From the ſun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
Sent from her through the wild tranſpicuous air,
To the terreſtrial moon be as a ſtar
Inlightning her by day, as ſhe by night
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants: her ſpots thou ſeeſt
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her ſoften'd ſoil, for ſome to eat
Allotted there; and other ſuns perhaps
With their attendant moons thou wilt deſcry
Communicating male and female light,
Which two great ſexes animate the World,
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with ſome that live.
For ſuch vaſt room in Nature unpoſſeſs'd
By living ſoul deſert and deſolate,
Only to ſhine, yet ſcarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpſe of light, convey'd ſo far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to diſpute.
But whether thus theſe things, or whether not,
Whether the ſun predominant in Heav'n
Riſe on Earth, or Earth riſe on the ſun,
He from the Eaſt his flaming road begin,
Or ſhe from weſt her ſilent courſe advance
With inoffenſive pace that ſpinning ſleeps
On her ſoft axle, while ſhe paces even,
And bears thee ſoft with the ſmooth air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;
Leave them to God above, him ſerve and fear;
Of other creatures, as him pleaſes beſt,
Wherever plac'd, let him diſpoſe: joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradiſe
And thy fair Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high
To know what paſſes there; be lowly wiſe:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what ſtate, condition or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
Not of Earth only but of higheſt Heav'n.
To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd,
How fully haſt thou ſatisfied me pure
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel ſerene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live
The eaſieſt way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the ſweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not moleſt us, unleſs we ourſelves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, ſhe learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From uſe, obſcure and ſubtile, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wiſdom; what is more, is fume
Or emptineſs, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that moſt concern
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us deſcend
A lower flight, and ſpeak of things at hand
Uſeful, whence haply mention may ariſe
Of ſomething not unſeaſonable to aſk

By ſufferance and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
E'er my remembrance: now hear me relate
My ſtory, which perhaps thou haſt not heard;
And day is not yet ſpent; till then thou ſeeſt
How ſubtly to detain thee I deviſe,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I ſit with thee, I ſeem in Heav'n,
And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleaſanteſt to thirſt
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of ſweet repaſt; they ſatiate, and ſoon fill
Though pleaſant, but thy words with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety.
To whom thus Raphael anſwer'd heav'nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of Men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath alſo pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute, all comelineſs and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms;
Nor leſs think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-ſervant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with Man:
For God we ſee hath honour'd thee, and ſet
On man his equal love: ſay therefore on;
For I that day was abſent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obſcure,
Far on excurſion tow'rd the gates of Hell;
Squar'd in full legion (ſuch command we had)
To ſee that none thence iſſued forth a ſpy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Leſt he, incens'd at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durſt without his leave attempt,
But us he ſends upon his high beheſts
For ſtate, as Sov'reign King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Faſt we found, faſt ſhut,
The diſmal gates, and barricado'd ſtrong;
But long e'er our approaching heard within
Noiſe, other than the ſound of dance or ſong,
Torment and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the Coaſts of Light
E'er ſabbath evening: ſo we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleaſ'd with thy words no leſs than thou with mine.
So ſpake the godlike Power; and thus our Sire.
For man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himſelf beginning knew?
Deſire with thee ſtill longer to converſe
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweat, which with his beams the ſun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moiſture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample ſky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion up I ſprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myſelf I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where or from what cauſe,
Knew not; to ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou Sun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,
Tell if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here;
Not of myſelf; by ſome great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in power præeminent;
Tell me how may I know him, how adore
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd, I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light, when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady bank profuſe of flowers
Penſive I ſat me down; there gentle Sleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My droufed ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a Dream,
Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd: One came, methought of ſhape divine,
And ſaid, Thy manſion wants thee, Adam, riſe,
Firſt Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
Firſt Father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
To the Garden of Bliſs, thy ſeat prepar'd.
So ſaying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth ſliding without ſtep, laſt led me up
A woody mountain, whoſe high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodlieſt trees
Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I ſaw
Of Earth before ſcarce pleaſant ſeem'd. Each tree
Loaden with faireſt fruit that hung to th' eye
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively ſhadow'd: here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Preſence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiſs: he rear'd me, and whom thou fought'ſt I am,
Said mildly, author of all this thou ſeeſt
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradiſe I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat
Of every tree that in the garden grows,
Eat freely with glad heart; for here no dearth:
But of the tree whoſe operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have ſet
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, ſhun to taſte,
And ſhun the bitter conſequence: for know

The day thou eat'ſt thereof, my ſole command
Tranſgreſs'd, inevitably thou ſhalt die,
From that day mortal, and this happy ſtate
Shalt loſe, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and ſorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which reſounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but ſoon his clear aſpect
Return'd, and gracious purpoſe thus renew'd.
Not only theſe fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Poſſeſs it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in ſea, or air, beaſt, fiſh, and fowl.
In ſign whereof each bird and beaſt behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low ſubjection; underſtand the ſame
Of fiſh within their watry reſidence,
Not hither ſummon'd, ſince they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air.
As thus he ſpake, each bird and beaſt behold
Approaching two and two; theſe cow'ring low,
With blandiſhment, each bird ſtoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they paſs'd, and underſtood
Their nature, with ſuch knowledge God indued
My ſudden apprehenſion: but in theſe
I found not what methought I wanted ſtill;
And to the heav'nly Viſion thus preſum'd.

O by what name, for thou above all theſe,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpaſſeſt far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this univerſe,
And all this good to man? for whoſe well being
So amply, and with hands ſo liberal,
Thou haſt provided all things: but with me
I ſee not who partakes. In ſolitude
What happineſs? who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I preſumptuous; and the Viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more brighten'd, thus reply'd:

What call'ſt thou Solitude? is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Repleniſh'd, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee? know'ſt thou not
Their language and their ways? they alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe
Find paſtime and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So ſpake the univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ord'ring. I with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power;
My maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferior far beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparity
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike: of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort; they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowl
So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape;
Worſe then can man with beaſt, and leaſt of all.

Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd not diſpleas'd.
A nice and ſubtle happineſs I ſee
Thou to thyſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy aſſociates, Adam, and wilt taſte
No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitary.
What think'ſt thou then of me, and this my ſtate?
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſs'd
Of happineſs or not? who am alone
From all eternity, for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe
Save with the creatures which I made, and thoſe
To me inferior, infinite deſcents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd; I lowly anſwer'd. To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come ſhort, Supreme of things;
Thou in thyſelf art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found: not ſo is man,
But in degree the cauſe of his deſire
By converſation with his like to help,
Or ſolace his defects. No need that thou
Should'ſt propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers abſolute, though one;
But man by number is to manifeſt
His ſingle imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deareſt amity.
Thou in thy ſecreſy although alone,
Beſt with thyſelf accompanied, ſeek'ſt not
Social communication, yet ſo pleas'd,
Canſt raiſe thy creature to what height thou wilt
Of union or communion, deify'd;
I by converſing cannot theſe erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I imbolden'd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This anſwer from the gracious voice divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And find thee knowing not of beaſts alone,
Which thou had rightly nam'd, but of thyſelf,
Expreſſing well the ſpirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore unmeet for thee
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhould'ſt diſlike
And be ſo minded ſtill; I, e'er thou ſpak'ſt,
Knew it not good for man to be alone,
And no ſuch company as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To ſee how thou could'ſt judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh exactly to thy heart's deſire.

He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtrain'd to th' height
In that celeſtial colloquy ſublime,
As with an object that excells the ſenſe
Dazzled and ſpent, ſunk down and ſought repair
Of Sleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd

By Nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy my internal ſight, by which
Abſtract as in a trance methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious before whom awake I ſtood:
Who ſtooping open'd my left ſide, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial ſpirits warm,
And life-blood ſtreaming freſh; wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew
Manlike, but different ſex, ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark: I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable: on ſhe came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial ſanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every geſture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviеſt. I now ſee
Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh, myſelf
Before me; Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted; for this cauſe he ſhall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one fleſh, one heart, one ſoul.

She heard me thus; and tho' divinely brought
Yet innocence and virgin modeſty,
Her virtue and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd
The more deſirable, or to ſay all,
Nature herſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd;
I follow'd her, ſhe what was honour knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd
My pleaded reaſon. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,
And happy conſtellations on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence; the Earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; freſh gales and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung roſe, flung odours from the ſpicy ſhrub,
Diſporting till the amorous bird of night
Sung ſpouſal, and bid haſte the evening ſtar
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.
Thus have I told thee all my ſtate, and brought
My ſtory to the ſum of earthly bliſs
Which I enjoy; and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſire, theſe delicacies
I mean of taſte, ſight, ſmell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
Far otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
Tranſported touch; here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange, in all enjoyments elſe
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Againſt the charm of Beauty's powerful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left ſome part
Not proof enough ſuch object to ſuſtain,
Or from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward ſhew
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
For well I underſtand in the prime end
Of Nature her th' inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties which moſt excel,
In outward alſo her reſembling leſs
His image who made both, and leſs expreſſing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures; yet when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in herſelf complete, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded, Wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcountenanc'd, and like Folly ſhews;
Authority and Reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind, and Nobleneſs their ſeat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To whom the angel with contracted brow.
Accuſe not Nature, ſhe hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of Wiſdom; ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
Diſmiſs not her, when moſt thou need'ſt her nigh,
By attributing over much to things
Leſs excellent, as thou thyſelf perceiv'ſt.
For what admir'ſt thou, what tranſports thee ſo?
An outſide, fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cheriſhing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy ſubjection: weigh with her thyſelf;
Then value: oft-times nothing profits more,
Than ſelf eſteem, grounded on juſt and right
Well manag'd; of that ſkill the more thou know'ſt,
The more ſhe will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her ſhews:
Made ſo adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou may'ſt love
Thy mate, who ſees when thou art ſeen leaſt wiſe.
But if the ſenſe of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated ſeem ſuch dear delight
Beyond all other, think the ſame vouchſaf'd
To cattle and each beaſt; which would not be
To them made common and divulg'd, if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to ſubdue
The ſoul of man, or paſſion in him move.
What higher in her ſociety thou find'ſt
Attractive, human, rational, love ſtill;

In loving thou doſt well, in a paſſion not,
Wherein true love conſiſts not; Love refines
The thoughts, and heart inlarges, hath his ſeat
In reaſon, and is judicious, is the ſcale
By which to heav'nly love thou mayſt aſcend,
Not ſunk in carnal pleaſure, for which cauſe
Among the beaſts no mate for thee was found.
To whom thus half abaſh'd Adam reply'd:
Neither her outſide form'd ſo fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious ſound to th' ear.
Yet theſe ſubjects not; I to thee diſcloſe
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the ſenſe
Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'ſt me not, for love thou ſay'ſt
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I aſk;
Love not the heav'nly ſp'rits, and how their love
Expreſs they, by looks only', or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
To whom the angel, with a ſmile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſy red, Love's proper hue,
Anſwer'd. Let it ſuffice thee that thou know'ſt
Us happy', and without love no happineſs.
Whatever pure thou in the body' enjoy'ſt
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obſtacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, excluſive bars;
Eaſier than air with air, if ſp'rits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Deſiring; nor reſtrain'd conveyance need
As fleſh to mix with fleſh, or ſoul with ſoul.
But I can now no more; the parting ſun
Beyond the Earth's green cape and verdant iſles
Heſperian ſets, my ſignal to depart.
Be ſtrong, live happy, and love, but firſt of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed leſt paſſion ſway
Thy judgment to do ought, which elſe free will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy ſons
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware,
I in thy perſevering ſhall rejoice,
And all the Bleſt: ſtand faſt; to ſtand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies,
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to tranſgreſs repel.
So ſaying, he aroſe; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction: ſince to part,
Go heav'nly gueſt, ethereal meſſenger,
Sent from whoſe ſovreign goodneſs I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condeſcenſion, and ſhall be honour'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly ſtill, and oft return.
So parted they, the angel up to Heav'n
From the thick ſhade, and Adam to his bower.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

The Argument.

Satan having Compaſſed the earth with meditated guile, returns as a miſt by night into Paradiſe, enters into the ſerpent ſleeping. Adam and Eve, in the morning, go forth to their labours, which Eve propoſes to divide in ſeveral places, each labouring apart: Adam conſents not, alleging the danger, leſt that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, ſhould attempt her found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumſpect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather deſirous to make trial of her ſtrength; Adam at laſt yields: the ſerpent finds her alone; his ſubtile approach, firſt gazing, then ſpeaking, with much flattery, extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the ſerpent ſpeak, aſks how he attained to human ſpeech and ſuch underſtanding not till now; the ſerpent anſwers, that by taſting of a certain tree in the garden, he attained both to ſpeech and reaſon, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: The ſerpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments, induces her at length to eat: ſhe, pleaſed with the taſte, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at laſt brings him of the fruit, relates what perſuaded her to eat thereof: Adam, at firſt amazed, but perceiving her loſt, reſolves, through vehemence of love, to periſh with her; and, extenuating the treſpaſs, eats alſo of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they ſeek to cover their nakedneſs; then fall to variance and accuſation of one another.

No more of talk where God or Angel gueſt
With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
To ſit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repaſt, permitting him the while
Venial diſcourſe unblam'd; I now muſt change
Thoſe notes to tragic; foul diſtruſt and breach
Diſloyal on the part of man, revolt,
And diſobedience: on the part of Heav'n
Now alienated, diſtance and diſtaſte,
Anger and juſt rebuke, and judgment giv'n,
That brought into this world, a world of woe,
Sin and her ſhadow Death, and Miſery
Death's harbinger: ſad taſk, yet argument
Not leſs, but more heroic than the wrath
Of ſtern Achilles on his foe purſu'd
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia diſeſpous'd,
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that ſo long
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's ſon;
If anſwerable ſtile I can obtain
Of my celeſtial Patroneſs, who deigns
Her nightly viſitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me ſlumb'ring, or inſpires
Eaſy my unpremeditated verſe:
Since firſt this ſubject for heroic ſong
Pleas'd me long chooſing, and beginning late;
Not ſedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd, chief maſt'ry to diſſect
With long and tedious havock fabled knights
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
Of Patience and heroic Martyrdom
Unſung; or to deſcribe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, imblazon'd ſhields,
Impreſſes quaint, capariſons and ſteeds;
Baſes and tinſel trappings, gorgeous knights
At jouſt and tournament; then marſhal'd feaſt
Serv'd up in hall with ſewers, and ſeneſhalls;
The ſkill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which juſtly gives heroic name
To perſon or to poem. Me of theſe
Nor ſkill'd, nor ſtudious, higher argument
Remains, ſufficient of itſelf to raiſe
That name, unleſs an age too late or cold

Climate, or years damp my intended wing
Depreſs'd, and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.
The ſun was ſunk, and after him the ſtar
Of Heſperus, whoſe office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, ſhort arbiter
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemiſphere had veil'd th' horizon round:
When Satan who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On man's deſtruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himſelf, fearleſs return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compaſſing the earth, cautious of day,
Since Uriel regent of the ſun deſcry'd
His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim
That kept their watch; thence full of anguiſh driven,
The ſpace of ſev'n continued nights he rode
With darkneſs, thrice the equinoctial line
He circl'd, four times croſs'd the car of Night
From pole to pole, traverſing colure;
On th' eighth return'd, and on the coaſt averſe
From entrance or cherubic watch, by ſtealth
Found unſuſpected way. There was a place,
Now not, though Sin not Time, firſt wrought the change
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradiſe
Into a gulf ſhot under ground, till part
Roſe up a fountain by the Tree of Life;
In with the river ſunk, and with it roſe
Satan involv'd in riſing miſt, then ſought
Where to lie hid; ſea he had ſearch'd and land
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Maeotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic; and in length
Weſt from Orontes to the ocean barr'd
At Darien, thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow ſearch, and with inſpection deep,
Conſider'd every creature, which of all
Moſt opportune might ſerve his wiles, and found
The ſerpent, ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field;
Him, after long debate, irreſolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final ſentence choſe
Fit veſſel, fitteſt imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark ſuggeſtions hide
From ſharpeſt ſight: for in the wily ſnake,
Whatever ſleights none would ſuſpicious mark,
As from his wit and native ſubtlety
Proceeding, which in other beaſts obſerv'd
Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the ſenſe of brute.
Thus he reſolv'd; but firſt from inward grief
His burſting paſſion into plaints thus pour'd.

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More juſtly, ſeat worthier of gods, as built
With ſecond thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worſe would build?
Terreſtrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other heav'ns
That ſhine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as ſeems,
In thee concentring all their precious beams
Of ſacred influence! As God in Heav'n
Is centre, yet extends to all; ſo thou
Centring receiv'ſt from all thoſe orbs; in thee,
Not in themſelves, all their known virtue' appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, ſenſe, reaſon, all ſumm'd up in man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in ought, ſweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now ſea, and ſhores, with foreſt crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of theſe
Find place or refuge; and the more I ſee
Pleaſures about me, ſo much more I feel
Torment within me', as from the hateful ſiege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worſe would be my ſtate.
But neither here ſeek I; no, nor in Heav'n
To dwell, unleſs by maſt'ring Heav'n's Supreme;
Nor hope to be myſelf leſs miſerable
By what I ſeek, but others to make ſuch
As I tho' thereby worſe to me redound:
For only in deſtroying I find eaſe
To my relentleſs thoughts; and him deſtroyed,
Or won to what may work his utter loſs,
For whom all this was made, all this will ſoon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe,
In woe then; that deſtruction wide may range:
To me ſhall be the glory ſole among
Th' infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd
What the Almighty ſtil'd, ſix nights and days
Continued making; and who knows how long
before had been contriving, tho' perhaps
Not longer than ſince I in one night freed
From ſervitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he, to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether ſuch virtue ſpent of old now fail'd
More Angels to create, if they at leaſt
Are his created, or to ſpite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from ſo baſe original,
With heav'nly ſpoils, our ſpoils: what he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and Earth his ſeat,
Him lord pronounc'd; and, O indignity!
Subjected to his ſervice angel wings,
And flaming miniſters, to watch and tend
Their earthly charge: of theſe the vigilance
I dread; and to elude, thus wrapt in miſt
O midnight vapour glide obſcure, and pry
In every buſh and brake, where hap may find
The ſerpent ſleeping, in whoſe mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul deſcent! that I who erſt contended
With gods to ſit the high'ſt, am now conſtrain'd
Into a beaſt, and mix'd with beſtial ſlime,
This eſſence to incarnate and imbrue,
That to the height of Deity aſpir'd;
But what will not ambition and revenge
Deſcend to? who aſpires muſt down as low

As high he ſoar'd, obnoxious firſt or laſt
To baſeſt things. Revenge, at firſt tho' ſweet,
Bitter e'er long, back on itſelf recoils;
Let it; I reck not, ſo it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall ſhort, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favourite
Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of Deſpite,
Whom us the more to ſpite, his Maker rais'd
From duſt: Spite then with ſpite is beſt repaid.
So ſaying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
Like a black miſt low creeping, he held on
His midnight ſearch, where ſooneſt he might find
The ſerpent: him faſt ſleeping ſoon he found
In labyrinth of many a round ſelf-roll'd,
His head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſubtile wiles:
Not yet in horrid ſhade or diſmal den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the graſſy herb
Fearleſs unfear'd he ſlept: in at his mouth
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal ſenſe,
In heart or head, poſſeſſing ſoon inſpir'd
With act intelligential; but his ſleep
Diſturb'd not, waiting cloſe th' approach of morn.
Now when, as ſacred light began to dawn,
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath'd
Their morning incenſe, when all things that breathe,
From th' Earth's great altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creator, and his noſtrils fill
With grateful ſmell, forth came the human Pair,
And join'd their vocal worſhip to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The ſeaſon, prime for ſweeteſt ſcents and airs:
Then commune how that day they beſt may ply
Their growing work; for much their work outgrew
The hands' diſpatch of two gard'ning ſo wide,
And Eve firſt to her huſband thus began:
Adam, well may we labour ſtill to dreſs
This garden, ſtill to tend plant, herb, and flower,
Our pleaſant taſk injoin'd; but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows
Luxurious by reſtraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now adviſe,
Or bear what to my mind firſt thoughts preſent;
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where moſt needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round his arbour, or direct
The claſping ivy where to climb, while I
In yonder ſpring of roſes intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redreſs, till noon:
For while ſo near each other thus all day
Our taſk we chooſe, what wonder if, ſo near,
Looks intervene, and ſmiles, or object new
Caſual diſcourſe draw on, which intermits
Our day's work brought to little, tho' begun
Early, and th' hour of ſupper comes unearn'd
To whom mild anſwer Adam thus return'd:
Sole Eve, aſſociate ſole, to me beyond
Compare, above all living creatures dear,
Well haſt thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,
How we might beſt fulfil the work which here
God hath aſſign'd us, nor of me ſhalt paſs
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to ſtudy houſehold good,
And good works in her huſband to promote.
Yet not ſo ſtrictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreſhment, whether food, or talk between.
Food of the mind, or this ſweet intercourſe
Of looks and ſmiles; for ſmiles from reaſon flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food,
Love not the loweſt end of human life.
For not to irkſome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reaſon join'd.
Theſe paths and bowers doubt not, but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderneſs with eaſe, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands, e'er long
Aſſiſt us: but if much converſe perhaps
Thee ſatiate, to ſhort abſence I could yield:
For ſolitude ſometimes is beſt ſociety,
And ſhort retirement urges ſweet return.
But other doubt poſſeſſes me, leſt harm
Befal thee ſever'd from me; for thou know'ſt
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envying our happineſs, and of his own
Deſpairing, ſeeks to work us woe and ſhame
By ſly aſſault; and ſome where nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wiſh and beſt advantage, us aſunder,
Hopeleſs to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other ſpeedy aid might lend at need;
Whether his firſt deſign be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to diſturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliſs
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worſe, leave not the faithful ſide
That gave thee being, ſtill ſhades thee, and protects.
The wife, where danger or diſhonour lurks,
Safeſt and ſeemlieſt by her huſband ſtays,
Who guards her, or with her the worſt endures.
To whom the virgin majeſty of Eve,
As one who loves, and ſome unkindneſs meets,
With ſweet auſtere compoſure thus reply'd:
Offſpring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's lord,
That ſuch an enemy we have, who ſeeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel overheard,
As in a ſhady nook I ſtood behind,
Juſt then return'd at ſhut of evening flowers.
But that thou ſhouldſt my firmneſs therefore doubt
To God or thee, becauſe we have a foe,
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'ſt not, being ſuch
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be ſhaken or ſeduc'd;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breaſt,
Adam, miſthought of her to thee ſo dear?
To whom, with healing words, Adam reply'd:
Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,

For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt itself intended by our foe. [perses
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least as-
The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation: thou thyself, with scorn
And anger, wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
Tho' ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, tho' bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on me th' attempt shall light,
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Subtile he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every virtue, in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking
Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd [on,
Would utmost vigour raise, and rais'd, unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd?
So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply, with accent sweet, renew'd.
If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtile or violent, we not induced
Single with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,
Favour from Heav'n, or witness from th' event.
And what is faith, love, virtue unsay'd
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin'd.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden thus exposed.
To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd:
O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less man,
Or ought that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will, for what obeys
Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Left, by some fair appearing good surpris'd,
She dictate false, and misinform the will,
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love injoins,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely, if from me
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; th' other who can know?
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all;
For God tow'rds thee hath done his part; do thine.
So spake the Patriarch of Mankind; but Eve
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, reply'd:
With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.
Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew; and, like a wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
In gate surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,
Tho' not as he with bow and quiver arm'd
But with such gard'ning tools as art, yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd; Pomona, when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, she to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noon-tide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose:
Such ambush hid among sweet flow'rs and shades
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest, where likliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bower and field he sought where any tuf
Of grove or garden plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendence or plantation for delight;
By fountain or by shady rivulet

He ſought them both, but wiſh'd his hap might
Eve ſeparate; he wiſh'd, but not with hope [find
Of what ſo ſeldom chanc'd, when to his wiſh,
Beyond his hope, Eve ſeparate he ſpies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where ſhe ſtood,
Half ſpy'd, ſo thick the roſes bluſhing round
About her glow'd, oft ſtooping to ſupport
Each flower of ſlender ſtalk, whoſe head, though gay
Carnation, purple', azure, or ſpeck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unſuſtain'd; them ſhe upſtays
Gently with myrtle band, mindleſs the while
Herſelf, tho' faireſt unſupported flower,
From her beſt prop ſo far, and ſtorm ſo nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of ſtatelieſt covert, cedar, pine, or palm,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now ſeen
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than thoſe gardens feign'd,
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd
Alcinous, hoſt of old Laertes' ſon,
Or that, not myſtic, where the Sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian ſpouſe.
Much he the place admir'd, the perſon more,
As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thick and ſewers annoy the air,
Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn to breathe
Among the pleaſant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
Or dairy', each rural ſight, each rural ſound;
If chance, with nymph-like ſtep, fair virgin paſs,
What pleaſing ſeem'd, for her now pleaſes more,
She moſt, and in her look ſums all delight:
Such pleaſure took the ſerpent to behold
This flowery plat, the ſweet receſs of Eve
Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form
Angelic, but more ſoft and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of geſture or leaſt action overaw'd
His malice, and with rapine ſweet bereav'd
His fierceneſs of the fierce intent it brought:
That ſpace the Evil-one abſtracted ſtood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good, of enmity diſarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Tho' in mid Heav'n, ſoon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he ſees
Of pleaſure not for him ordain'd: then ſoon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of miſchief, gratulating, thus excites. [ſweet
Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what
Compulſion thus tranſported to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope,
Of Paradiſe for Hell, hope here to taſte
Of pleaſure, but all pleaſure to deſtroy,
Save what is in deſtroying; other joy
To me is loſt. Then let me not let paſs
Occaſion, which now ſmiles; behold alone
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her huſband; for I view far round, not nigh,
Whoſe higher intellectual more I ſhun,
And ſtrength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, tho' of terreſtrial mould,
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound,
I not; ſo much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
Infeebled me, to what I was in Heav'n.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods,
Not terrible, tho' terror be in love
And beauty, not approach'd by ſtronger hate,
Hate ſtronger, under ſhew of love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.
So ſpake the enemy' of mankind, inclos'd
In ſerpent, inmate bad, and tow'rd Eve
Addreſs'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as ſince, but on his rear,
Circular baſe of riſing folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold, a ſurging maze, his head
Creſted aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burniſh'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidſt his circling ſpires, that on the graſs
Floated redundant: pleaſing was his ſhape
And lovely; never ſince of ſerpent kind
Lovelier, not thoſe that in Illyria chang'd
Hermione and Cadmus, or the God
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was ſeen,
He with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique
At firſt, as one who ſought acceſs, but fear'd
To interrupt, ſide-long he works his way:
As when a ſhip, by ſkilful ſteerſman wrought
Nigh river's mouth, or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft ſo ſteers and ſhifts her ſail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in ſight of Eve,
To lure her eye; ſhe, buſied, heard the ſound
Of ruſtling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To ſuch diſport before her through the field,
From every beaſt, more duteous at her call
Than at Circean call the herd diſguis'd.
He bolder now, uncall'd before her ſtood,
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret creſt, and ſleek enamel'd neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon ſhe trod.
His gentle dumb expreſſion turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad
Of her attention gain'd, with ſerpent tongue
Organic, or impulſe of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began:
Wonder not, ſov'reign Miſtreſs, if perhaps
Thou canſt, who art ſole wonder; much leſs arm
Thy looks, the heav'n of mildneſs, with diſdain,
Diſpleas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Inſatiate; I thus ſingle, nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Faireſt reſemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celeſtial beauty' adore,
With raviſhment beheld, there beſt beheld
Where univerſally admir'd; but here
In this incloſure wild, theſe beaſts among,
Beholders rude, and ſhallow to diſcern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who ſees thee'? (and what is one?) who ſhould be ſeen
A goddeſs among gods, ador'd and ſerv'd
By angels numberleſs, thy daily train.

So gloz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd;
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Tho' at the voice much marvelling; at length,
Not unamaz'd, she thus in answer spake:
What may this mean? language of man pronounc'd
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
The first at least of these I thought deny'd
To beasts, whom God, on their creation-day,
Created mute to all articulate sound;
The latter I demur; for in their looks
Much reas'n, and in their actions oft appears.
Thee Serpent, subt'lest beast of all the field,
I knew, but not with human voice indu'd;
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say; for such wonder claims attention due.
To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd:
Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,
Easy to me it is to tell thee all
What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be obey'd:
I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low
As was my food; nor ought but food discern'd
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly tree far distant to behold,
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: round the tree
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spar'd not; for such pleasure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward powers, and speech
Wanted not long, tho' to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,
Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or second, which compell'd
Me thus, tho' importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame.
So talk'd the spirited sly snake; and Eve
Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd:
Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd:
But say where grows the tree, from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her birth.
To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad:
Empress, the way is ready, and not long;
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.
Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd
In tangels, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest. As when a wand'ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled, through agitation, to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil sp'rit attends
Hovering and blazing, with delusive light,
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way,
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far,
So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake:
Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, tho' fruit be here t' excess,
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,
Wond'rous indeed, if cause of such effects.
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.
To whom the Tempter guilefully reply'd:
Indeed? hath God then said, that of the fruit
Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of all in earth or air?
To whom thus Eve, yet sinless. Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat,
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, left ye die.
She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The Tempter, but, with shew of zeal and love,
To man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act
Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renown'd
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd,

Stood in himſelf collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience, ere the tongue,
Sometimes in height began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:
So ſtanding, moving, or to height up grown,
The Tempter, all impaſſion'd, thus began:
O ſacred, wiſe, and wiſdom-giving Plant,
Mother of Science, now I feel thy power
Within me clear, not only to diſcern
Things in their cauſes, but to trace the ways
Of higheſt agents, deem'd however wiſe.
Queen of this univerſe, do not believe
Thoſe rigid threats of death; ye ſhall not die:
How ſhould you? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the Threat'ner? look on me,
Me who have touch'd and taſted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than Fate
Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot.
Shall that be ſhut to man, which to the beaſt
Is open? or will God incenſe his ire
For ſuch a petty treſpaſs, and not praiſe
Rather your dauntleſs virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be,
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of Good, how juſt? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, ſince eaſier ſhunn'd:
God therefore cannot hurt you, and be juſt;
Not juſt, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itſelf of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? why, but to awe,
Why but to keep thee low and ignorant,
His worſhippers; he knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that ſeem ſo clear,
Yet are but dim, ſhall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye ſhall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
That ye ſhall be as gods, ſince I as man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet;
I of brute human, ye of human gods,
So ye ſhall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods; death to be wiſh'd,
Tho' threaten'd, which no worſe than this can bring.
And what are gods, that man may not become
As they, participating god-like food?
The gods are firſt, and that advantage uſe
On our belief, that all from them proceeds:
I queſtion it; for this fair earth I ſee,
Warm'd by the ſun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoſo eats thereof, forwith attains
Wiſdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that man ſhould thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart againſt his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
In heav'nly breaſts? theſe, theſe and many more
Cauſes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.
He ended; and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too eaſy entrance won:
Fix'd on the fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the ſound
Yet rung of his perſuaſive words, impregn'd
With reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with truth;
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell
So ſavoury of that fruit, which with deſire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taſte,
Solicited her longing eye; yet firſt
Pauſing a while, thus to herſelf ſhe mus'd:
Great are thy virtues, doubtleſs, beſt of fruits,
Tho' kept from man, and worthy to be' admir'd,
Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for ſpeech to ſpeak thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe he alſo who forbids thy uſe,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taſte; but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, ſure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain, then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wiſe?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Binds us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we ſhall die!
How dies the ſerpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and ſpeaks, and reaſons, and diſcerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deny'd
This intellectual food, for beaſts reſerv'd?
For beaſts it ſeems: yet that one beaſt which firſt
Hath taſted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, author unſuſpect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then? rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taſte,
Of virtue to make wiſe: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body' and mind?
So ſaying, her raſh hand, in evil hour,
Forth reaching to the fruit, ſhe pluck'd, ſhe eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her ſeat
Sighing through all her works, gave ſigns of woe,
That all was loſt. Back to the thicket ſlunk
The guilty ſerpent, and well might; for Eve
Intent now wholly on her taſte, nought elſe
Regarded, ſuch delight till then, as ſeem'd,
In fruit ſhe never taſted, whether true
Or fancy'd ſo, through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was God-head from her thought.
Greedily ſhe ingorg'd without reſtraint,
And knew not eating death; ſatiate at length,
And heighten'd, as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herſelf ſhe pleaſingly began:
O ſov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradiſe, of operation bleſs'd

To ſapience, hitherto obſcur'd infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without ſong, each morning, and due praiſe,
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden eaſe
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know;
Tho' others envy what they cannot give;
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee, I owe,
Beſt guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'ſt wiſdom's way,
And giv'ſt acceſs, tho' ſecret ſhe retire,
And I perhaps am ſecret; Heav'n is high,
High, and remote to ſee from thence diſtinct
Each thing on Earth: and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, ſafe with all his ſpies
About him. But to Adam in what ſort
Shall I appear? ſhall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happineſs with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
Without copartner? ſo to add what wants
In female ſex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undeſirable, ſometime
Superior; for inferior who is free;
This may be well: but what if God have ſeen,
And death enſue? then I ſhall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I reſolve,
Adam ſhall ſhare with me in bliſs or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.

So ſaying, from the tree her ſtep ſhe turn'd;
But firſt low reverence done, as to the power
That dwelt within, whoſe preſence had infus'd
Into the plant ſcientific ſap, deriv'd
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while
Waiting deſirous her return, had wove
Of choiceſt flowers a garland to adorn
Her treſſes, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harveſt queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, ſo long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of ſomething ill,
Miſgave him; he the falt'ring meaſure felt
And forth to meet her went, the way ſhe took
That morn when firſt they parted; by the tree
Of knowledge he muſt paſs, there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
A bough of faireſt fruit, that downy ſmil'd,
New gather'd, and ambroſial ſmell diffus'd.
To him ſhe haſted; in her face excuſe
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
Which with bland words at will ſhe thus addreſs'd:

Haſt thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my ſtay?
Thee I have miſs'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy preſence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor ſhall be twice, for never more
Mean I to try, what raſh untry'd I ſought,
The pain of abſence from thy ſight. But ſtrange
Hath been the cauſe, and wonderful to hear:
This tree is not as we are told, a tree
Of danger taſted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taſte;
And hath been taſted ſuch; the ſerpent wiſe,
Or not reſtrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Indued with human voice and human ſenſe,
Reaſoning to admiration, and with me
Perſuaſively hath ſo prevail'd, that I
Have alſo taſted, and have alſo found
Th' effects to correſpond, opener mine eyes,
Dim erſt, dilated ſpirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I ſought, without thee can deſpiſe.
For bliſs, as thou haſt part, to me is bliſs,
Tedious, unſhar'd with thee, and odious ſoon.
Thou therefore alſo taſte, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Leſt thou not taſting, different degree
Diſjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her ſtory told;
But in her cheek diſtemper flushing glow'd.
On the other ſide, Adam, ſoon as he heard
The fatal treſpaſs done by Eve, amaz'd,
Aſtonied ſtood and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his ſlack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood and pale, till thus at length
Firſt to himſelf he inward ſilence broke:

O faireſt of Creation, laſt and beſt
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to ſight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt, how on a ſudden loſt,
Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote?
Rather how haſt thou yielded to tranſgreſs
The ſtrict forbiddance, how to violate
The ſacred fruit forbidd'n? ſome curſed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my reſolution is to die;
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy ſweet converſe, and love ſo dearly join'd,
To live again in theſe wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loſs of thee
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel
The link of nature draw me: fleſh of fleſh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy ſtate
Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe.

So having ſaid, as one from ſad diſmay
Recomforted, and after thoughts diſturb'd
Submitting to what ſeem'd remedileſs,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd:

Bold deed thou haſt preſum'd, advent'rous Eve,
And peril great provok'd, who thus haſt dar'd
Had it been only coveting to eye

That ſacred fruit ſacred to abſtinence,
Much more to taſte it under ban to touch.
But paſt who can recal, or done undo?
Nor God omnipotent, nor Fate; yet ſo
Perhaps thou ſhalt not die, perhaps the fact
Is not ſo heinous now, foretaſted fruit,
Profan'd firſt by the ſerpent, by him firſt
Made common and unhallow'd e'er our taſte;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives as thou ſaidſt, and gains to live as man
Higher degree of life, inducement ſtrong
To us, as likely taſting to attain
Proportional aſcent, which cannot be
But to be gods, or angels demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wiſe,
Though threat'ning, will in earneſt ſo deſtroy
Us his prime creatures, dignify ſo high,
Set over all his works, which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us muſt fail,
Dependent made; ſo God ſhall uncreate,
Be fruſtrate, do, undo, and labour loſe,
Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his power
Creation could repeat, yet would be loath
Us to aboliſh, leſt the Adverſary
Triumph and ſay; fickle their ſtate whom God
Moſt favours; who can pleaſe him long? Me firſt
He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?
Matter of ſcorn, not to be given the foe.
However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom; if death
Conſort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of Nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our ſtate cannot be ſever'd, we are one,
One fleſh; to loſe thee were to loſe myſelf.
So Adam; and thus Eve to him reply'd:
O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illuſtrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate, but ſhort
Of thy perfection, how ſhall I attain,
Adam? from whoſe dear ſide I boaſt me ſprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee ſpeak,
One heart, one ſoul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee reſolv'd,
Rather than death or ought than death more dread
Shall ſeparate us, link'd in love ſo dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of taſting this fair fruit,
Whoſe virtue (for of good ſtill good proceeds,
Direct, or by occaſion) hath preſented
This happy trial of thy love, which elſe
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menac'd would enſue
This my attempt, I would ſuſtain alone
The worſt, and not perſuade thee, rather die
Deſerted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly aſſur'd
Remarkably ſo late of thy ſo true,
So faithful love unequal'd; but I feel
Far otherwiſe th' event, not death, but life
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taſte ſo divine, that what of ſweet before
Hath touch'd my ſenſe, flat ſeems to this, and harſh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taſte,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.
So ſaying, ſhe embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had ſo ennobled, as of choice to incur
Divine diſpleaſure for her ſake, or death.
In recompenſe (for ſuch compliance bad
Such recompence beſt merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand: he ſcrupled not to eat
Againſt his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a ſecond groan,
Sky lour'd, and, muttring thunder, ſome ſad-drops
Wept at completing of the mortal ſin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former treſpaſs fear'd, the more to ſooth
Him with her lov'd ſociety, that now
As with new wine intoxicated both
They ſwim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings,
Wherewith to ſcorn the Earth: but that falſe fruit
Far other operation firſt diſplay'd,
Carnal deſire inflaming; he on Eve
Began to caſt laſcivious eyes, ſhe him
As wantonly repaid; in luſt they burn:
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
Eve, now I ſee thou art exact of taſte,
And elegant, of ſapience no ſmall part,
Since to each meaning ſavor we apply,
And palate call judicious; I the praiſe
Yield thee, ſo well this day thou haſt purvey'd.
Much pleaſure we have loſt, while we abſtain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True reliſh, taſting; if ſuch pleaſure be
In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wiſh'd,
For this one tree, had been forbidden ten.
But come, ſo well refreſh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after ſuch delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty ſince the day
I ſaw thee firſt and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, ſo inflame my ſenſe
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.
So ſaid he; and forebore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well underſtood
Of Eve, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he ſeis'd, and to a ſhady bank,
Thick overheard with verdant roof imbower'd,
He led her nothing loath; flowers were the couch,
Panſies and violets, and aſphodel,
And hyacinth, Earth's freſheſt ſofteſt lap.
There they their fill of love and love's diſport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeal,
The ſolace of their ſin, till dewy ſleep
Oppreſs'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilerating vapour bland
About their ſp'rits had play'd, and inmoſt powers
Made err, was now exhal'd; and groſſer ſleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conſcious dreams
Incumber'd, now had left them; up they roſe
As from unreſt, and each the other viewing,

Soon fonnd their eyes how open'd, and their mind
How darken'd ; Innocence, that as a veil
Had ſhadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
Juſt confidence, and native righteouſneſs,
And honour from about them, naked left
To guilty ſhame ; he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So roſe the Danite ſtrong
Herculian Samſon from the harlot lap
Of Philiſtean Dalilah, and wak'd
Shorn of his ſtrength, they deſtitute and bare
Of all their virtue : ſilent, and in face
Confounded long they ſat, as ſtrucken mute,
Till Adam, though not leſs than Eve abaſh'd,
At length gave utterance to theſe words conſtrain'd.

O Eve, in evil hour thou didſt give ear
To that falſe worm, of whomſoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall,
Falſe in our promis'd riſing ; ſince our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know,
Both good and evil, good loſt, and evil got,
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now ſoil'd and ſtain'd,
And in our faces evident the ſigns
Of foul concupiſcence ; whence the evil ſtore ;
Ev'n ſhame, the laſt of evils ; of the firſt
Be ſure then. How ſhall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, erſt with joy
And rapture ſo oft beheld ? thoſe heav'nly ſhapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Inſufferably bright. O might I here
In ſolitude live ſavage, in ſome glade
Obſcur'd, where higheſt woods impenetrable
To ſtar or ſun-light, ſpread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening : cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never ſee them more.
But let us now, as in bad plight, deviſe
What beſt may for the preſent ſerve to hide
The parts of each from other, that ſeem moſt
To ſhame obnoxious, and unſeemlieſt ſeen ;
Some tree, whoſe broad ſmooth leaves together ſow'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Thoſe middle parts, that this new comer Shame,
There ſit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counſel'd he, and both together went
Into the thickeſt wood ; there ſoon they chooſe
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But ſuch as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan, ſpreads her arms
Branching ſo broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd ſhade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between ;
There oft the Indian herdſman ſhunning heat
Shelters in cool, and tends his paſturing herds
At loopholes cut through thickeſt ſhade : thoſe leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe,
And with what ſkill they had, together ſow'd,
To gird their waſte, vain covering if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded ſhame ; O how unlike
To that firſt naked glory ! Such of late
Columbus found th' American, ſo girt
With feather'd cincture, naked elſe and wild
Among the trees on iſles and woody ſhores.
Thus fenc'd, and as they thought, their ſhame in
Cover'd, but not at reſt or eaſe of mind, [part
They ſat them down to weep ; nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worſe within
Began to riſe, high paſſions, anger, hate,
Miſtruſt, ſuſpicion, diſcord, and ſhook ſore
Their inward ſtate of mind, calm region once,
And full of peace, now toſt and turbulent :
For underſtanding rul'd not, and the will
Heard not her lore, both in ſubjection now
To ſenſual appetite, who from beneath
Uſurping over ſov'reign reaſon claim'd
Superior ſway : from thus diſtemper'd breaſt,
Adam, eſtrang'd in look and alter'd ſtile,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

Would thou hadſt hearken'd to my words, and ſtay'd
With me, as I beſought thee, when that ſtrange
Deſire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,
I know not whence, poſſeſs'd thee ; we had then
Remain'd ſtill happy, not as now, deſpoil'd
Of all our good, ſham'd, naked, miſerable.
Let none henceforth ſeek needleſs cauſe to approve
The faith they owe ; when earneſtly they ſeek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom ſoon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.
What words have paſs'd thy lips, Adam ſevere !
Imput'ſt thou that to my default, or will
Of wand'ring, as thou call'ſt it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyſelf perhaps ? Hadſt thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou could'ſt not have diſcern'd
Fraud in the ſerpent, ſpeaking as he ſpake ;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he ſhould mean me ill, or ſeek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy ſide ?
As good have grown there ſtill a lifeleſs rib.
Being as I am, why didſt not thou the head
Command me abſolutely not to go,
Going into ſuch danger as thou ſaidſt ?
Too facile then thou didſt not much gainſay,
Nay didſt permit, approve, and fair diſmiſs.
Hadſt thou been firm and fix'd in thy diſſent,
Neither had I tranſgreſs'd nor thou with me.

To whom then firſt incens'd Adam reply'd :
Is this the love, is this the recompenſe
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expreſs'd
Immutable when thou wert loſt, not I,
Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliſs,
Yet willingly choſe rather death with thee ?
And am I now upbraided as the cauſe
Of thy tranſgreſſing ? not enough ſevere,
It ſeems, in thy reſtraint : what could I more ?
I warn'd thee, I admoniſh'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait ; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, ſecure

Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I alſo err'd in overmuch admiring
What ſeem'd in thee ſo perfect, that I thought
No evil durſt attempt thee; but I rue
that error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuſer. Thus it ſhall befal
Him who to worth in women overtruſting
Lets her will rule: reſtraint ſhe will not brook,
And left to herſelf, if evil thence enſue,
The firſt his weak indulgence will accuſe.
Thus they in mutual accuſation ſpent
The fruitleſs hours, but neither ſelf-condemning,
And of their vain conteſt appear'd no end.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

The Argument.

Man's tranſgreſſion known, the guardian angels forſake Paradiſe, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He ſends his Son to judge the tranſgreſſors, who deſcends and gives ſentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reaſcends. Sin and Death ſitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous ſympathy feeling the ſucceſs of Satan in this new world, and the ſin by man there committed, reſolve to ſit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan their ſire up to the place of Man: to make the way eaſier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way or bridge over Chaos, according to the tract that Satan firſt made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his ſucceſs returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full aſſembly relates with boaſting his ſucceſs againſt Man; inſtead of applauſe, is entertained with a general hiſs by all his audience, transform'd with himſelf alſo ſuddenly into ſerpents, according to his doom given in Paradiſe; then deluded with a ſhew of the forbidden Tree ſpringing up before them, they greedily reaching to take the fruit, chew duſt and bitter aſhes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the preſent commands his angels to make ſeveral alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fall'n condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolement of Eve; ſhe perſiſts, and at length appeaſes him: then, to evade the curſe likely to fall on their offspring, propoſes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promiſe made them, that her Seed ſhould be reveng'd on the ſerpent, and exhorts her with him to ſeek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and ſupplication.

MEAN while the heinous and deſpiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradiſe, and how
He in the ſerpent had perverted Eve,
Her huſband ſhe, to taſte the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heav'n; for what can 'ſcape the eye
Of God all-ſeeing, or deceive his heart
Omniſcient? who in all things wiſe and juſt,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of Man with ſtrength entire, and free will arm'd
Complete to have diſcover'd and repulſ'd
Whatever wiles of foe or ſeeming friend.
For ſtill they knew, and ought to have ſtill remember'd
The high injunction not to taſte that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd (what could they leſs?) the penalty,
And manifold in ſin, deſerv'd to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradiſe in haſte
Th' angelic guards aſcended, mute and ſad
For man, for of his ſtate by this they knew,
Much wond'ring how the ſubtle Fiend had ſtol'n
Entrance unſeen. Soon as the unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, diſpleas'd
All were who heard; dim Sadneſs did not ſpare
That time celeſtial viſages, yet mix'd
With pity violated not their bliſs.

About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befel: they tow'rds the throne supreme
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,
And easily approv'd; when the Most High
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice.
Assembled Angels, and ye powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,
Nor troubled at these tidings from the Earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this Tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.
I told ye then he should prevail and speed
On his bad errand, man should be seduc'd
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression, death denounc'd that day?
Which he presumes already vain and void,
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance e'er day end.
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son? to thee I have transferr'd
All judgment, whether in Heav'n, or Earth or [Hell.
Easy it may be seen that I intend
Mercy collegue with justice, sending thee
Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd
Both ransome and redeemer voluntary,
And destin'd Man himself to judge men fall'n.
So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded deity; he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.
Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd
May'st ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,
Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be, for so I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.
Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory: him thrones and powers,
Princedoms, and dominations ministrant,
Accompanied to Heav'n gate, from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended strait; the speed of gods
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes
Now was the sun in western cadence low [wing'd.
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
To fan the Earth new wak'd, and usher in
The ev'ning cool, when he from wrath more cool
Came the mild judge and intercessor both
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard,
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.
Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious duty e'er while appear'd unsought:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
He came, and with him Eve, more loath though first
To offend, discountenanc'd both, and discompos'd;
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam falt'ring long, thus answer'd brief.
I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
The gracious judge without revile, reply'd.
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoic'd: how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?
To whom thus Adam sore beset reply'd:
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint; but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lest on my head both sin, and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This Woman, whom thou madest to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
She gave me of the Tree, and I did eat.
To whom the Sov'reign Presence thus reply'd:
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her, made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
Her's in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts

Were such as under government well seem'd,
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.
So having said, he thus to Eve in few.
Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done?
To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd:
The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; justly then accurs'd,
As vitiated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not man (since he no further knew)
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best?
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall.
Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.
So spake this Oracle, then verify'd
When Jesus son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heav'n,
Prince of the Air; then rising from his grave
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd
In open shew, and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd.
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shall bring
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.
On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd.
Because thou hast hearken'd to th' voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof:
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field,
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken; know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.
So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And th' instant stroke of death denounc'd that day
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,
As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now
As father of his family he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd
In glory as of old; to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Mean while e'er thus was sinn'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the gates of Hell, sat Sin and Death
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began:
O Son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idly, while Satan our great author thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
E'er this he had return'd, with fury driven
By his avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
Or sympathy, or some connatural force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind
By secretest conveyance. Thou my shade
Inseperable must with me along:
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try,
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from Hell to that new world
Where Satan now prevails, a monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new felt attraction and instinct.
Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon:
Go whither Fate and inclination strong
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savor of death from all things there that live:
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against a day of battle, to a field,
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With scent of living carcases design'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight;
So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd,
His nostril wide into the murky air,

Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out Hell gates into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
Flew diverse, and with power (their power was great)
Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tost up and down, together crouded drove
From each side shoaling tow'rds the mouth of Hell:
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Coronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;
And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on
Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immoveable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa his Memnonian palace high
Came to the sea, and over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,
And scourg'd with many a stroke th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wond'rous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
Of Satan to the self same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space
The confines met of empyrean Heav'n
And of this world, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interpos'd; three several ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to Earth they had descry'd,
To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an angel bright
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:
Disguis'd he came, but those his children dear
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing guilty what his wrath
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd,
Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Inchanting daughter, thus the silence broke:
O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own;
Thou art their author and prime Architect:
For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connection sweet,
That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but strait I felt,
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy son,
Such fatal consequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within Hell gates till now, thou us impower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay
With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd
With odds what war hath lost, and fully aveng'd
Our foil in Heav'n; here thou shalt monarch reign,
There didst not; there let him still victor sway,
As battle hath adjudg'd, from his new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,
Or try thee now more dang'rous to his throne.
Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd glad:
Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of Heav'n's almighty King)
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that so near Heav'n's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
To my associate powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoice,
You two this way, among these numerous orbs
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth
Dominion exercise, and in the air,
Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declar'd,
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me: on your joint vigour now

My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through sin to death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, th' affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear; go and be strong.
So saying, he dismiss'd them; they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd wan,
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down
The causeway to Hell gate; on either side
Disparted Chaos over built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.
There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emp'ror sent; so he
Departing gave command, and they observ'd,
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe
By Astracan over the snowy plains
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To Tauris or Casbeen: So these the late
Heav'n-banish'd host left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search
Of foreign worlds: he through the midst unmark'd,
In shew plebian angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne, which under state
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw unseen:
At last as from a cloud his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter: all amaz'd
At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty Chief return'd: loud was the acclaim:
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
For in possession such, not only of right,
I call ye and declare ye now, return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our Tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to our native Heav'n
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride
Th' untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That jealous of their secrets fiercely oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting fate supreme; thence how I found
The new-created world, which fame in Heav'n
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy: him by fraud I have seduc'd
From his Creator, and the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved man and all his world
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain?-Ye have th' account
Of my performance: what remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss?
So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long
Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more:
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain, a greater Power
Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom: he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
Alike to serpents, all as accessories
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monster's head and tail,
Scorpion, and asp, and amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear,
And Dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophiusa) but still greatest he in the midst,
Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,
Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain; they all

Him follow'd iſſuing forth to th' open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout
Heav'n-fall'n, in ſtation ſtood or juſt array,
Sublime with expectation when to ſee
In triumph iſſuing forth their glorious Chief;
They ſaw, but other ſight inſtead, a croud
Of ugly ſerpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid ſympathy; for what they ſaw,
They felt themſelves now changing; down their arms, [faſt,
Down fell both ſpear and ſhield, down they as
And the dire hiſs renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd by contagion, like in puniſhment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applauſe they meant
Turn'd to exploding hiſs, triumph to ſhame
Caſt on themſelves from their own mouths. There ſtood
A grove hard by, ſprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradiſe, the bait of Eve
Us'd by the Tempter: on that proſpect ſtrange
Their earneſt eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe or ſhame;
Yet parch'd with ſcalding thirſt and hunger fierce,
Tho' to delude them ſent, could not abſtain,
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing, ſat thicker than the ſnaky locks
That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd
The fruitage fair to ſight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake, where Sodom flam'd;
This more deluſive, not the touch, but taſte,
Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with guſt, inſtead of fruit,
Chew'd bitter aſhes, which th' offended taſte
With ſpattering noiſe rejected: oft they' aſſay'd,
Hunger and thirſt conſtraining, drug'd as oft,
With hatefulleſt diſreliſh writh'd their jaws
With ſoot and cinders fill'd; ſo oft they fell
Into the ſame illuſion, not as man
Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they plagu'd
And worn with famine, long and ceaſeleſs hiſs,
Till their loſt ſhape, permitted, they reſum'd,
Yearly injoin'd, ſome ſay, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To daſh their pride, and joy for man ſeduc'd.
However, ſome tradition they diſpers'd
Among the Heathen of their purchaſe got,
And fabled how the ſerpent, whom they call'd
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had firſt the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
And Ops, e'er yet Dictæan Jove was born.
Meanwhile in Paradiſe the helliſh pair
Too ſoon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,
Once, actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her Death
Cloſe following, pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horſe: to whom Sin thus began:
Second of Satan ſprung, all conqu'ring Death,
What think'ſt thou of our empire now, though earn'd
With travel difficult, not better far
Than ſtill at Hell's dark threſhold to' have ſat watch
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyſelf half ſtarv'd?
Whom thus the ſin-born monſter anſwer'd ſoon.
To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradiſe, or Heav'n,
There beſt, where moſt with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little ſeems,
To ſtuff this maw, this vaſt unhide-bound corps.
To whom th' inceſtuous mother thus reply'd:
Thou therefore on theſe herbs, and fruits, and flowers
Feed firſt, on each beaſt next, and fiſh and fowl,
No homely morſels; and whatever thing
The ſithe of time mows down, devour unſpar'd;
Till I in Man reſiding through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
And ſeaſon him thy laſt and ſweeteſt prey.
This ſaid, they both betook them ſeveral ways,
Both to deſtroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for deſtruction to mature
Sooner or later: which th' Almighty ſeeing,
From his tranſcendent ſeat the ſaints among,
To thoſe bright orders utter'd thus his voice:
See with what heat theſe dogs of Hell advance
To waſte and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had ſtill
Kept in that ſtate, had not the folly' of man
Let in theſe waſteful furies, who impute
Folly to me; ſo doth the Prince of Hell
And his adherents, that with ſo much eaſe
I ſuffer them to enter and poſſeſs
A place ſo heav'nly, and conniving ſeem
To gratify my ſcornful enemies,
That laugh, as if tranſported with ſome fit
Of paſſion, to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up their miſrule;
And know not that I call'd, and drew them thither
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which man's polluting ſin with taint hath ſhed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burſt
With ſuck'd and glutted offal, at one ſling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleaſing Son,
Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave at laſt,
Thro' Chaos hurl'd, obſtruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and ſeal up his ravenous jaws.
Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd ſhall be made pure
To ſanctity that ſhall receive no ſtain:
Till then the curſe pronounc'd on both precedes.
He ended; and the Heav'nly audience loud
Sung halleluiah, as the ſound of ſeas,
Through multitude that ſung: Juſt are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Deſtin'd Reſtorer of mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth ſhall to the ages riſe,
Or down from Heav'n deſcend. Such was their ſong
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mighty Angels, gave them ſeveral charge
As ſorted beſt with preſent things. The ſun
Had firſt his precept ſo to move, ſo ſhine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call

Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc moon
Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five
Their planetary motions and aspects
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to shower,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: to the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aereal hall.
Some say he bid his angels turn ascanse
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle, they with labour push'd
Oblique the centric globe; some say the sun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
Perpetual smil'd on earth with verdant flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun
To recompence his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known
Or east or west, which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
The sun, as from Thyestean banquet turn'd
His course intended; else how had the world
Inhabited, tho' sinless, more than now,
Avoided pinching cold, and scorching heat?
These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
Like change on sea and land, sideral blast,
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,
Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud
And Thracias rend the woods, and seas upturn;
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus and Afer black with thundrous clouds
From Serraliona; thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds
Eurus and Zephyr with their lateral noise,
Sirrocco, and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first
Daughter of Sin, among the irrational,
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glar'd on him passing. These were from without
The growing miseries which Adam saw
Already in part, tho' hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,
And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint,
O miserable of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightful, *Increase and multiply*,
Now death to hear! for what can I increase
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural centre light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man, did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet to say truth, too late
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return:
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible, how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap? there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt

Purſues me ſtill, leſt all I cannot die,
Leſt that pure breath of life, the ſp'rit of man
Which God inſpir'd, cannot together periſh
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in ſome other diſmal place, who knows
But I ſhall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that ſinn'd; what dies but what had life
And ſin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then ſhall die: let this appeaſe
The doubt, ſince human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath alſo? be it; man is not ſo,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exerciſe
Wrath without end on man whom death muſt end?
Can he make deathleſs death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himſelf
Impoſſible is held, as argument
Of weakneſs, not of power. Will he draw out,
For anger's ſake, finite to infinite
In puniſh'd man, to ſatisfy his rigor
Satisfy'd never? that were to extend
His ſentence beyond duſt and Nature's law,
By which all cauſes elſe according ſtill
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own ſphere. But ſay
That death be not one ſtroke, as I ſuppos'd
Bereaving ſenſe, but endleſs miſery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and ſo laſt
To perpetuity: Ay me, that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceleſs head; both death and I
Am found eternal, and incorporate both,
Nor I in my part ſingle, in me all
Poſterity ſtands curs'd: fair patrimony
That I muſt leave ye, Sons; O were I able
To waſte it all myſelf, and leave ye none!
So diſinherited, how would you bleſs
Me now your curſe! Ah, why ſhould all mankind
For one man's fault thus guiltleſs be condemn'd,
If guiltleſs? but from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
Not to do only, but to will the ſame
With me? how can they then acquitted ſtand
In ſight of God? him after all diſputes
Forc'd abſolve: all my evaſions vain,
And reaſonings, though through mazes, lead me
But to my own conviction: firſt and laſt [ſtill
On me, me only, as the ſource and ſpring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath. Fond wiſh! couldſt thou
ſupport
That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? thus what thou deſir'ſt
And what thou fear'ſt, alike deſtroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miſerable
Beyond all paſt example and future,
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O conſcience, into what abyſs of fears
And horrors haſt thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
Thus Adam to himſelf lamented loud
Through the ſtill night, not now, as e'er man fell
Wholeſome and cool, and mild, but with black
air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conſcience repreſented
All things with double terror: on the ground
Outſtretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his creation, Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, ſince denounc'd
The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
Said he, with one thrice acceptable ſtroke
To end me? ſhall Truth fail to keep her word,
Juſtice divine not haſten to be juſt?
But Death comes not at call; Juſtice divine
Mends not her ſloweſt pace for pray'rs or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales and bowers,
With other echo late I taught your ſhades
To anſwer and reſound far other ſong.
Whom thus afflicted when ſad Eve beheld,
Deſolate where ſhe ſat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce paſſion ſhe aſſay'd:
But her with ſtern regard he thus repell'd.
Out of my ſight, thou ſerpent; that name beſt
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyſelf as falſe
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy ſhape,
Like his, and colour ſerpentine may ſhew
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; leſt that too heav'nly form, pretended
To helliſh falſehood, ſnare them. But for thee
I had perſiſted happy, had not thy pride
And wand'ring vanity, when leaſt was ſafe,
Rejected my forewarning, and diſdain'd
Not to be truſted, longing to be ſeen
Though by the Devil himſelf, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the ſerpent meeting
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,
To truſt thee from my ſide, imagin'd wife,
Conſtant, mature, proof againſt all aſſaults,
And underſtood not all was but a ſhew
Rather than ſolid virtue, all but a rib
Crooked by Nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part ſiniſter, from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as ſupernumerary
To my juſt number found. O why did God,
Creator wiſe that peopled higheſt Heav'n
With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find ſome other way to generate
Mankind? this miſchief had not then befall'n,
And more that ſhall befal, innumerable
Diſturbances on earth through female ſnares,
And ſtrait conjunction with this ſex: for either
He never ſhall find out fit mate, but ſuch
As ſome misfortune brings him, or miſtake;
Or whom he wiſhes moſt ſhall ſeldom gain
Through her perverſeneſs, but ſhall ſee her gain'd
By a far worſe, or if ſhe love, withheld
By parents; or his happieſt choice too late
Shall meet already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adverſary, his hate or ſhame:
Which infinite calamity ſhall cauſe
To human life, and houſehold peace confound,
He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve
Not ſo repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,

And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them, beſought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:
Forſake me not thus, Adam; witneſs Heav'n
What love ſincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy ſuppliant
I beg, and claſp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My only ſtrength and ſtay, forlorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?
While yet we live, ſcarce one ſhort hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Againſt a foe by doom expreſs'd aſſigned us,
That cruel ſerpent: on me exerciſe not
Thy hatred for this miſery befall'n,
On me already loſt, me than thyſelf
More miſerable; both have ſinn'd, but thou
Againſt God only, I againſt God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
The ſentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, ſole cauſe to thee of all this woe,
Me, me only, juſt object of his ire.

She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiſeration; ſoon his heart relented
Tow'rds her, his life ſo late and ſole delight,
Now at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs,
Creature ſo fair his reconcilement ſeeking,
His counſel, whom ſhe had diſpleas'd, his aid;
As one diſarm'd, his anger all he loſt,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her ſoon.
Unwary, and too deſirous, as before,
So now of what thou know'ſt not, who deſir'ſt
The puniſhment all on thyſelf; alas,
Bear thine own firſt, ill able to ſuſtain
His full wrath, whoſe thou feel'ſt as yet leaſt part,
And my diſpleaſure bear'ſt ſo ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would ſpeed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be viſited,
Thy frailty and infirmer ſex forgiven,
To me committed and by me expos'd.
But riſe; let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elſewhere, but ſtrive
In offices of love how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our ſhare of woe;
Since this day's death denounc'd, if ought I ſee,
Will prove no ſudden, but a ſlow-pac'd evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our ſeed (O hapleſs ſeed!) deriv'd.
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, reply'd:
Adam, by ſad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found ſo erroneous, thence by juſt event
Found ſo unfortunate; nevertheleſs,
Reſtor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the ſole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breaſt are riſen,
Tending to ſome relief of our extremes,
Or end, though ſharp and ſad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of eaſier choice.
If care of our deſcent perplex us moſt,
Which muſt be born to certain woe, devour'd
By Death at laſt; and miſerable it is
To be to others cauſe of miſery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this curſed world a woeful race,
That after wretched life muſt be at laſt,
Food for ſo foul a monſter; in thy power
It lies, yet e'er conception to prevent
The race unbleſt, to being yet unbegot.
Childleſs thou art, childleſs remain: ſo Death
ſhall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to ſatisfy his ravenous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Converſing, looking, loving, to abſtain
From Love's due rites, nuptial embraces ſweet,
And with deſire to languiſh without hope,
Before the preſent object languiſhing
With like deſire, which would be miſery
And torment leſs than none of what we dread;
Then both ourſelves and ſeed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make ſhort,
Let us ſeek Death, or he not found, ſupply
With our own hands his office on ourſelves:
Why ſtand we longer ſhivering under fears,
That ſhew no end but death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the ſhorteſt chooſing,
Deſtruction with deſtruction to deſtroy?
She ended here, or vehement deſpair
Broke off the reſt; ſo much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
But Adam with ſuch counſel nothing ſway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd:
Eve, thy contempt of life and pleaſure ſeems
To argue in thee ſomething more ſublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
But ſelf deſtruction therefore ſought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguiſh and regret
For loſs of life and pleaſure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmoſt end
Of miſery, ſo thinking to invade
The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God
Hath wiſelier arm'd his vengeful ire than ſo
To be foreſtall'd; much more I fear leſt death
So ſnatch'd will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather ſuch acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Higheſt
To make death in us live: then let us ſeek
Some ſafer reſolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our ſentence, that thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe
The ſerpent's head; piteous amends, unleſs
Be meant, whom I conjecture our grand foe
Satan, who in the ſerpent hath contriv'd
Againſt us this deceit: to cruſh his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be loſt
By death brought on ourſelves, or childleſs days
Reſolv'd as thou propoſeſt; ſo our foe
Shall 'ſcape his puniſhment ordain'd, and we
Inſtead ſhall double ours upon our heads.

No more be mention'd then of violence
Againſt ourſelves, and wilful barrenneſs.
That cuts us off from hope, and ſavors only
Rancour and pride, impatience and deſpite,
Reluctance againſt God and his juſt yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrath or reviling; we expected
Immediate diſſolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day, when lo, to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, ſoon recompens'd with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curſe aſlope
Glanc'd on the ground; with labour I muſt earn
My bread; what harm? Idleneſs had been worſe;
My labour will ſuſtain me; and leſt cold
Or heat ſhould injure us, his timely care
Hath unbeſought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to ſhun
The inclement ſeaſons, rain, ice, hail, and ſnow?
Which now the ſky with various face begins
To ſhew us in this mountain, while the winds
Blow moiſt and keen, ſhattering the graceful locks
Of theſe fair ſpreading trees; which bids us ſeek
Some better ſhroud, ſome better warmth to cheriſh
Our lips benumm'd, e'er this diurnal ſtar
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected, may with matter ſere foment,
Or by colliſion of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
Juſtling or puſh'd with winds rude in their ſhock
Tine the ſlant lightning, whoſe thwart flame driven down
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And ſends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might ſupply the ſun: ſuch fire to uſe,
And what may elſe be remedy or cure
To evils which our own miſdeeds have wrought,
He will inſtruct us praying, and of grace
Beſeeching him, ſo as we need not fear
To paſs commodiouſly this life ſuſtain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In duſt, our final reſt and native home.
What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, proſtrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confeſs
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow, unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his diſpleaſure; in whoſe look ſerene,
When angry moſt he ſeem'd and moſt ſevere,
What elſe but favour, grace, and mercy ſhone?
So ſpake our Father penitent, nor Eve
Felt leſs remorſe: they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, proſtrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confeſs'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd with tears
Watering the ground, and with their ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

The Argument.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our First Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide *in* Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him; the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads; but submits: the Angel leads them up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had remov'd
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the sp'rit of prayer
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory; yet the port
Not of mean suiters, nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n their pray'rs
Flew up, nor miss'd the way by envious winds
Blown vagabond, or fruitate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless thro' heav'nly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began:
See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs
And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd
With incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand, manuring all the trees
Of Paradise, could have produc'd, e'er fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication, hear his sighs, tho' mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good or not good, ingraft, my merit those
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace tow'rd mankind; let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom,
(which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.
To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.
All thy request for man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements that know
No gross, no inharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with happiness
And immortality: that fondly lost,

This other serv'd but to entertain woe,
Till I provided death; so death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Walk'd in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with Heav'n and Earth renew'd.
But let us call to synod all the blest
Through Heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not hide
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant angels late they saw,
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended; and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom. Th' angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers
Of amarantine shade, fountain, or spring,
By the waters of life, where'er they sat
In fellowships of joy, the sons of Light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
And took their seats; till from his throne supreme
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sov'reign will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost and evil got;
Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,
Or in behalf of man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God,
Without remorse, drive out the sinful pair,
From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce
To them and to their progeny from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd;
For I behold them soften'd, and with tears
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix
My covenant in the Woman's seed renew'd;
So send them forth, tho' sorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame
Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whose stol'n fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceas'd; and th' arch-angelic Pow'r prepar'd
For swift descent, with him the cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had like a double Janus, all their shape
Spangled with eyes more numerous than those
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drouse,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the past'ral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile
To resalute the world with sacred light
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalm'd
The earth, when Adam, and first matron Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd;

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy from Heav'n descends;
But that from us ought should ascend to Heaven
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought
By pray'r th' offended Deity to' appease,
Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart,
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for man.

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanor meek.
Ill worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all disprase:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who first brought death on all, am grac'd
The source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus t' entitle me vouchsaf'st,
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,
Tho' after sleepless night; for see the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling; let us forth,
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, tho' in fall'n state, content.

So spake, so wish'd much humbled Eve, but Fate
Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclips'd
After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight

The bird of Jove ſtoop'd from his airy tour,
Two birds of gayeſt plume before him drove;
Down from a hill the beaſt that reigns in woods,
Firſt hunter then, purſu'd a gentle brace,
Goodlieſt of all the foreſt, hart and hind;
Direct to th' eaſtern gate was bent their flight.
Adam obſerv'd, and with his eyes the chace
Purſuing, not unmov'd, to Eve thus ſpake:
O Eve, ſome further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by theſe mute ſigns in Nature ſhews,
Forerunners of his purpoſe, or to warn
Us haply too ſecure of our diſcharge
From penalty becauſe from death releas'd
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are duſt,
And thither muſt return, and be no more?
Why elſe this double object in our ſight
Of flight purſu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
One way the ſelf-ſame hour? why in the eaſt
Darkneſs e'er day's mid-courſe, and morning-light
More orient in yon weſtern cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And flow deſcends, with ſomething heav'nly fraught?
He err'd not; for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a ſky of jaſper lighted now
In Paradiſe, and on a hill made halt,
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he ſaw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Againſt the Syrian king, who, to ſurpriſe
One man, aſſaſſin-like had levied war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch
In their bright ſtand there left his pow'rs to ſeize
Poſſeſſion of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam ſhelter'd took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great viſitant approach'd, thus ſpake:
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will ſoon determine, or impoſe
New laws to be obſerv'd; for I deſcry
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heav'nly hoſt, and by his gait
None of the meaneſt, ſome great potentate
Or of the thrones above, ſuch majeſty
Inveſts him coming; yet not terrible,
That I ſhould fear, not ſociably mild,
As Raphael, that I ſhould much confide,
But ſolemn and ſublime, whom not t' offend,
With reverence I muſt meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and th' Arch-angel ſoon drew nigh,
Not in his ſhape celeſtial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military veſt of purple flow'd
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof,
His ſtarry helm unbuckled ſhew'd him prime
In manhood, where youth ended; by his ſide
As in a gliſt'ring zodiac, hung the ſword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the ſpear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his ſtate
Inclin'd not; but his coming thus declar'd:
Adam, Heav'n's high beheſt no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,
Then due by ſentence when thou didſt tranſgreſs
Defeated of his ſeizure many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'ſt repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'ſt cover; well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious clame;
But longer in this Paradiſe to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And ſend from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou waſt taken, fitter ſoil.
He added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-ſtruck with chilling gripe of ſorrow ſtood,
That all his ſenſes bound; Eve, who unſeen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Diſcover'd ſoon the place of her retire.
O unexpected ſtroke, worſe than of death!
Muſt I thus leave thee, Paradiſe? thus leave
Thee, native ſoil, theſe happy walks and ſhades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to ſpend,
Quiet though ſad, the reſpite of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early viſitation, and my laſt
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the firſt opening bud, and give ye names,
Who now ſhall rear ye to the ſun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambroſial fount?
Thee laſtly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
With what to ſight or ſmell was ſweet; from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obſcure
And wild? how ſhall we breathe in other air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal fruits?
Whom thus the angel interrupted mild,
Lament not Eve, but patiently reſign
What juſtly thou has loſt; nor ſet thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy huſband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native ſoil.
Adam by this from the cold ſudden damp
Recovering, and his ſcatter'd ſp'rits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words addreſs'd.
Celeſtial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd
Of them the higheſt for ſuch of ſhape may ſeem
Prince above princes, gently haſt thou told
Thy meſſage, which might elſe in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what beſides
Of ſorrow and dejection and deſpair
Our frailty can ſuſtain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our ſweet
Receſs, and only conſolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places elſe
Inhoſpitable appear, and deſolate,
Nor knowing us nor known; and if by pray'r
Inceſſant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not ceaſe
To weary him with my aſſiduous cries:
But pray'r againſt his abſolute decree
No more avails than breath againſt the wind,

Blown ſtifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I ſubmit.
This moſt afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I ſhall be hid, depriv'd
His bleſſed count'nance; here I could frequent
With worſhip place by place where he vouchſaf'd
Preſence divine, and to my ſons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood viſible, among theſe pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of graſſy turf, and pile up every ſtone
Of luſtre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer ſweet-ſmelling gums, and fruits, and flowers:
In yonder nether world where ſhall I ſeek
His bright appearances, or footſteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmoſt ſkirts
Of glory, and far off his ſteps adore:

To whom thus Michael, with regard benign:
Adam, thou know'ſt Heav'n his, and all the earth,
Not this rock only; his omnipreſence fills
Land, ſea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual pow'r, and warm'd:
All th' earth he gave thee to poſſeſs and rule,
No deſpicable gift; ſurmiſe not then
His preſence to theſe narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradiſe or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital ſeat, from whence had ſpread
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee, their great Progenitor.
But this præeminence thou haſt loſt, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy ſons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike
Preſent, and of his preſence many a ſign
Still following thee, ſtill compaſſing thee round
With goodneſs and paternal love, his face
Expreſs, and of his ſteps the track divine.
Which that thou may'ſt believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am ſent
To ſhew thee what ſhall come in future days
To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, ſupernal grace contending
With ſinfulneſs of man; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious ſorrow, equally inur'd
By moderation either ſtate to bear,
Proſperous or adverſe: ſo ſhalt thou lead
Saſeſt thy life, and beſt prepar'd endure
Thy mortal paſſage when it comes. Aſcend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here ſleep below, while thou to foreſight wak'ſt;
As once thou ſlept'ſt, while ſhe to life was form'd.

To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd.
Aſcend, I follow thee, ſafe guide, the path
Thou lead'ſt me, and to the hand of Heav'n ſubmit,
However chaſt'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breaſt, arming to overcome
By ſuffering, and earn reſt from labour won,
If ſo I may attain. So both aſcend
In the viſions of God: It was a hill
Of Paradiſe the higheſt, from whoſe top
The hemiſphere of earth in cleareſt ken
Stretch'd out to th' ampleſt reach of proſpect lay.
Not high'er that hill, nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cauſe the Tempter ſet
Our ſecond Adam in the wilderneſs,
To ſhew him all Earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever ſtood
City of old or modern fame, the ſeat
Of mightieſt empire, from the deſtin'd walls
Of Cambalu, ſeat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul
Down to the golden Cherſoneſe, or where
The Perſian in Ecbatan ſat, or ſince
In Hiſpahan, or where the Ruſſian Kſar
In Moſco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turcheſtan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Negus to his utmoſt port
Ercoco, and the leſs maratim kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola fartheſt ſouth;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
The kingdoms of Almanſor, Fez, and Sus,
Morocco and Algiers, and Tremiſen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to ſway
The world: in ſp'rit perhaps he alſo ſaw
Rich Mexico, the ſeat of Montezume,
And Cuſco, in Peru, the richer ſeat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unſpoil'd
Guiana, whoſe great city Geryon' ſons
Call El Dorado: but to nobler ſights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
Which that falſe fruit that promis'd clearer ſight
Had bred; then purg'd with euphraſy and rue
The viſual nerve, for he had much to ſee;
And from the well of life three drops inſtill'd.
So deep the power of theſe ingredients pierc'd,
E'en to th' inmoſt ſeat of mental ſight,
That Adam now enforc'd to cloſe his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his ſp'rits became intranc'd:
But him the gentle angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and firſt behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In ſome to ſpring from thee, who never touch'd
Th' excepted tree, nor with the ſnake conſpir'd,
Nor ſinn'd thy ſin, yet from that ſin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were ſheaves
New reap'd, the other part ſheep-walks and folds;
I' th' midſt an altar as the land-mark ſtood,
Ruſtic, of graſſy ſord; thither anon
A ſweaty reaper from his tillage brought
Firſt fruits, the green ear, and the yellow ſheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a ſhepherd next
More meek came with the firſtlings of his flock
Choiceſt and beſt; then ſacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incenſe ſtrow'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.

His offering ſoon propitious fire from Heav'n
Conſum'd with nimble glance, and grateful ſtream;
The other's not, for his was not ſincere;
Whereat he only rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a ſtone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groan'd out his ſoul with guſhing blood effus'd.
Much at that ſight was Adam in his heart
Diſmay'd, and thus in haſte to th' angel cry'd:
O Teacher, ſome great miſchief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had ſacrific'd;
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?
T' whom Michael thus, he alſo mov'd, reply'd.
Theſe two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; th' unjuſt the juſt had ſlain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approv'd
Loſe no reward, tho' here thou ſee him die,
Rolling in duſt and gore. To which our Sire.
Alas, both for the deed and for the cauſe!
But have I now ſeen death? is this the way
I muſt return to native duſt? O ſight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
To whom thus Michael. Death thou haſt ſeen
In his firſt ſhape on man; but many ſhapes
Of death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all diſmal; yet to ſenſe
More terrible at th' entrance than within.
Some, as thou ſaw'ſt, by violent ſtroke ſhall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemp'rance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth ſhall bring
Diſeaſes dire, of which a monſtrous crew
Before thee ſhall appear; that thou may'ſt know
What miſery th' inabſtinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, ſad, noiſome, dark,
A lazar-houſe it ſeem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diſeas'd, all maladies;
Of ghaſtly ſpaſm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-ſick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulſions, epilepſies, fierce catarrhs,
Inteſtine ſtone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,
And moon-ſtruck madneſs, pining atrophy,
Maraſmus, and wide-waſting peſtilence,
Dropſies, and aſthmas, and joint racking rheums.
Dire was the toſſing, deep the groans; Deſpair
Tended the ſick buſieſt from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike, though oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight ſo deform, what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of man, and gave him up to tears
A ſpace, till firmer thoughts reſtrain'd exceſs;
And ſcarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.
O miſerable Mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched ſtate reſerv'd!
Better end here unborn. Why is life given
To be thus wreſted from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if he knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or ſoon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be ſo diſmiſs'd in peace. Can thus
Th' image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty ſince,
To ſuch unſightly ſufferings be debas'd
Under inhuman pains? Why ſhould not man,
Retaining ſtill divine ſimilitude
In part, from ſuch deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image ſake exempt?
Their Maker's image, anſwered Michael, then
Forſook them, when themſelves they vilify'd
To ſerve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His image whom they ſerv'd, a brutiſh vice,
Inductive mainly to the ſin of Eve.
Therefore ſo abject is their puniſhment,
Diſfiguring not God's likeneſs, but their own,
Or if his likeneſs by themſelves defac'd,
While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules
To loathſome ſickneſs, worthily, ſince they
God's image did not reverence in themſelves.
I yield it juſt, ſaid Adam, and ſubmit.
But is there yet no other way, beſides
Theſe painful paſſages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural duſt?
There is, ſaid Michael, if thou well obſerve
The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught,
In what thou eat'ſt and drink'ſt, ſeeking from thence
Due nouriſhment, not gluttonnous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may'ſt thou live, till like ripe fruit you drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with eaſe
Gather'd, not harſhly pluck'd, for death mature:
This is old age; but then thou muſt outlive
Thy youth, thy ſtrength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd weak, and grey; thy ſenſe then
Obtuſe, all taſte of pleaſure muſt forego
To what thou haſt; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy ſpirits down, and laſt conſume
The balm of Life. To whom our Anceſtor.
Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Faireſt and eaſieſt of this cumbrous charge,
Which I muſt keep till my appointed day
Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My diſſolution. Michael reply'd.
Nor love thy life, nor hate: but what thou liv'ſt
Live well, how long or ſhort permit to Heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another ſight.
He look'd, and ſaw a ſpacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by ſome were herds
Of cattle grazing; others, whence the ſound
Of inſtruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ; and who mov'd
Their ſtops and chords, was ſeen; his volant touch
Inſtinct through all proportion flow and high
Fled and purſu'd tranſverſe the reſonant fugue.
In other part ſtood one, who at the forge
Lab'ring, two maſſy clods of iron and braſs
Had melted, (whether found where caſual fire
Had waſted woods in mountain or in vale,

Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
From underground) the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd
First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or grav'n in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort [seat,
From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their
Down to the plain descended; by their guise
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress; to th' harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;
And now of love they treat, till th' evening star,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok'd:
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
And charming symphonies attach'd the heart
Of Adam, soon inclin'd t' admit delight,
The bent of Nature; which he thus express'd:
True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends than those two past;
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.
To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet, [best
Created, as thou art, to nobler end,
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of Wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare,
Unmindful of their Maker, though his spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,
E'er long to swim at large; and laugh, for which
The world e'er long a world of tears must weep.
To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft:
O pity' and shame, that they who to live well
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But still I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin.
From man's effeminate slackness it begins,
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place
By wisdom and superior gifts receiv'd:
But now prepare thee for another scene.
He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men, with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle rang'd
Both horse and foot, nor idly must'ring stood;
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tourneament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
With carcases and arms th' insanguin'd field
Deserted: others to a city strong
Lay siege, incamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javeline, stones and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other parts the sceptre'd heralds call
To council in the city gates: anon
Grey-headed men, and grave, with warriors mix'd
Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon
In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had seis'd with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sworn-law
Thro' all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting, turn'd full sad: O what are these,
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?
But who was that just man, whom had not Heav'n
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?
To whom thus Michael. These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st;
Where good with bad were match'd, who, of themselves
Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd,
Produce prodigious births of body' or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall b' admir'd,
And valour and heroic virtue call'd;
To overcome in battle, and subdue

Nations, and bring home ſpoils with infinite
Man-ſlaughter, ſhall be held the higheſt pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be ſtil'd greater conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and ſons of gods,
Deſtroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
Thus fame ſhall be achiev'd, renown on earth,
And what moſt merits fame in ſilence hid.
But he the ſev'nth from thee, whom thou beheldſt
The only righteous in a world perverſe,
And therefore hated, therefore ſo beſet
With foes for daring ſingle to be juſt,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his ſaints: him the moſt High
Rapt in a balmy cloud, with winged ſteeds
Did, as thou ſaw'ſt, receive, to walk with God
High in ſalvation and the climes of bliſs,
Exempt from death; to ſhew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the reſt what puniſhment;
Which now direct thine eyes, and ſoon behold.
He look'd, and ſaw the face of things quite chang'd;
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feaſt and dance,
Marrying or proſtituting, as befel,
Rape or adultery, where paſſing fair
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend ſire among them came,
And of their doings great diſlike declar'd,
And teſtify'd againſt their ways; he oft
Frequented their aſſemblies, whereſo met,
Triumphs of feſtivals, and to them preach'd
Converſion and repentance, as to ſouls
In priſon under judgments imminent:
But all in vain, which when he ſaw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a veſſel of huge bulk,
Meaſur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height,
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the ſide a door
Contriv'd, and of proviſions laid in large
For man and beaſt: when lo a wonder ſtrange!
Of every beaſt, and bird, and inſect ſmall
Came ſev'ns, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order: laſt the ſire, and his three ſons
With their four wives; and God made faſt the door.
Meanwhile the ſouth wind roſe, and with black wings
Wide hovering all the clouds together drove
From under Heav'n; the hills to their ſupply
Vapour and exhalation, duſk and moiſt,
Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd ſky
Like a dark ceiling ſtood; down ruſh'd the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was ſeen; the floating veſſel ſwum
Uplifted, and ſecure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings elſe
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd, ſea cover'd ſea,
Sea without ſhore; and in their palaces
Where luxury late reign'd, ſea-monſters whelp'd
And ſtabled; of mankind, ſo numerous late,
All left, in one ſmall bottom ſwum imbark'd.
How didſt thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end ſo ſad,
Depopulation? thee another flood,
Of tears and ſorrow' a flood thee alſo drown'd,
And ſunk thee as thy ſons; till gently rear'd
By the Angel, on thy feet thou ſtood'ſt at laſt,
Tho' comfortleſs, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view deſtroy'd at once;
And ſcarce to th' Angel utter'dſt thus thy plaint.
O viſions ill foreſeen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, ſo had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Enough to bear; thoſe now, that were diſpens'd
The burd'n of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me e'er their being,
With thought that they muſt be. Let no man ſeek
Henceforth to be foretold what ſhall befal
Him or his children; evil he may be ſure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil ſhall no leſs
In apprehenſion than in ſubſtance feel
Grievous to bear: but that care now is paſt,
Man is not whom to warn: thoſe few eſcap'd
Famine and anguiſh will at laſt conſume
Wand'ring that wat'ry deſert: I had hope
When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,
All would have then gone well, peace would have crown'd
With length of happy days the race of man;
But I was far deceiv'd, for now I ſee
Peace to corrupt no leſs than war to waſte.
How comes it thus? unfold, celeſtial Guide,
And whether here the race of man will end.
To whom thus Michael. Thoſe whom laſt thou ſaw'ſt
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
Firſt ſeen in acts of proweſs eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
Who having ſpilt much blood, and done much waſte,
Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their courſe to pleaſure, eaſe, and ſloth,
Surfeit, and luſt, till wantonneſs and pride
Raiſe out of friendſhip hoſtile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd alſo, and inſlav'd by war
Shall with their freedom loſt all virtue loſe
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In ſharp conteſt of battle found no aid
Againſt invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal
Thenceforth ſhall practiſe how to live ſecure,
Worldly or diſſolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' earth ſhall bear
More than enough, that temp'rance may be try'd:
So all ſhall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,
Juſtice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot
One man except, the only Son of Light
In a dark age, againſt example good,
Againſt allurement, cuſtom, and a world
Offended; fearleſs of reproach and ſcorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways

Shall them admoniſh, and before them ſet
The paths of righteouſneſs, how much more ſafe
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and ſhall return
Of them derided, but of God obſerv'd
The one juſt man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldſt,
To ſave himſelf and houſehold from amidſt
A world devote to univerſal wrack.
No ſooner he with them of man and beaſt
Select for life ſhall in the ark be lodg'd,
And ſhelter'd round, but all the cataracts
Of Heav'n ſet open on the earth ſhall pour
Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep
Broke up, ſhall heave the ocean to uſurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation riſe
Above the higheſt hills; then ſhall this mount
Of Paradiſe by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, puſh'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure ſpoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,
And there take root an iſland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of ſeals, and orcs, and ſea-mews clang:
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No ſanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further ſhall enſue, behold.
He look'd, and ſaw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkled the face of Deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear ſun on his wide wat'ry glaſs
Gaz'd hot, and of the freſh wave largely drew,
As after thirſt, which made their flowing ſhrink
From ſtanding lake to tripping ebb, that ſtole
With ſoft foot tow'rds the Deep, who now had ſtopt
His ſluices, as the Heav'n his windows ſhut.
The ark no more now floats, but ſeems on ground
Faſt on the top of ſome high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
Tow'rds the retreating ſea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And after him, the ſurer meſſenger,
A dove ſent forth once and again to ſpy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The ſecond time returning, in his bill
An olive leaf he brings, pacific ſign:
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient ſire deſcends with all his train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav'n, o'er his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conſpicuous with three liſted colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam, erſt ſo ſad,
Greatly rejoic'd; and thus his joy broke forth.
O thou who future things can repreſent
As preſent, heav'nly Inſtructor, I revive
At this laſt ſight, aſſur'd that man ſhall live
With all the creatures, and their ſeed preſerve.
Far leſs I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked ſons deſtroy'd, than I rejoice
For one man found ſo perfect and ſo juſt,
That God vouchſafes to raiſe another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But ſay, what mean thoſe colour'd ſtreaks in Heav'n
Diſtended as the brow of God appeas'd,
Or ſerve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
The fluid ſkirts of that ſame watry cloud,
Leſt it again diſſolve and ſhow'r the earth?
To whom the archangel. Dext'rouſly thou aim'ſt;
So willingly doth God remit his ire,
Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he ſaw
whe whole earth fill'd with violence, and all fleſh
Corrupting each their way; yet thoſe remov'd,
Such grace ſhall one juſt man find in his ſight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to deſtroy
The Earth again by flood, nor let the ſea
Surpaſs his bounds, nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein or beaſt; but when he brings
Over the Earth a cloud, will therein ſet
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his covenant: day and night,
Seed-time and harveſt, heat and hoary froſt
Shall hold their courſe, till fire purge all things new,
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

The Argument.

The angel Michael continues from the Flood to relate what ſhall ſucceed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman ſhall be, which was promiſed Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, reſurrection, and aſcenſion; the ſtate of the Church till his ſecond coming. Adam, greatly ſatisfied and recomforted by theſe relations and promiſes, deſcends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had ſlept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietneſs of mind and ſubmiſſion. Michael, in either hand, leads them out of Paradiſe, the fiery ſword waving behind them, and the cherubim taking their ſtations to guard the place

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on ſpeed; ſo here th' arch-angel paus'd
Betwixt the world deſtroy'd and world reſtor'd,
If Adam ought perhaps might interpoſe;
Then with tranſition ſweet new ſpeech reſumes.
Thus thou haſt ſeen one world begin and end;
And man as from a ſecond ſtock proceed.
Much thou haſt yet to ſee, but I perceive
Thy mortal ſight to fail; objects divine
Muſt needs impair and weary human ſenſe;
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This ſecond ſource of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment paſt remains
Freſh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With ſome regard to what is juſt and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Lab'ring the ſoil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd or flock
Oft ſacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and ſacred feaſt,
Shall ſpend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace by families and tribes
Under paternal rule; till one ſhall riſe
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equality, fraternal ſtate,
Will arrogate dominion undeſerv'd
Over his brethren, and quite diſpoſſeſs
Concord and law of nature from the earth,
Hunting (and men, not beaſts ſhall be his game)
With war and hoſtile ſnare, ſuch as refuſe
Subjection to his empire tyrannous;
A mighty Hunter thence he ſhall be ſtil'd
Before the Lord, as in deſpight of Heav'n,
Or from Heav'n claiming ſecond ſov'reignty;
And from rebellion ſhall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuſes.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him, or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden tow'rds the weſt, ſhall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
Of brick, and of that ſtuff they caſt to build
A city' and tower, whoſe top may reach to Heav'n;
And get themſelves a name, leſt far diſpers'd
In foreign lands their memory be loſt,
Regardleſs whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft deſcends to viſit men
Unſeen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding ſoon,
Comes down to ſee their city, e'er the tower
Obſtruct Heav'n-tow'rs, and in deriſion ſets
Upon their tongues a various ſp'rit to raſe
Quite out their native language, and inſtead
To ſow a jangling noiſe of words unknown;
Forthwith a hideous gabble riſes loud
Among the builders; each to other calls
Not underſtood, till hoarſe, and all in rage,
As mock'd they ſtorm; great laughter was in Heav'n,
And looking down, to ſee the hubbub ſtrange,
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confuſion nam'd.
Whereto thus Adam, fatherly, diſpleas'd,

O execrable ſon, ſo to aſpire
Above his brethren, to himſelf aſſuming
Authority uſurp'd, from God not giv'n:
He gave us only over beaſt, fiſh, fowl,
Dominion abſolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over men
He made not lord; ſuch title to himſelf
Reſerving, human left from human free.
But this uſurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on man; to God his tow'r intends
Siege and defiance; wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to ſuſtain
Himſelf and his raſh army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails groſs,
And famiſh him of breath, if not of bread?
To whom thus Michael. Juſtly thou abhorr'ſt
That ſon, who on the quiet ſtate of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to ſubdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy origi'nal lapſe true liberty
Is loſt, which always with right reaſon dwell's
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reaſon in man obſcur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate deſires
And upſtart paſſions catch the government
From reaſon, and to ſervitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore, ſince he permits
Within himſelf unworthy powers to reign
Over free reaſon, God in judgment juſt
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft as undeſervedly inthrall
His outward freedom; tyranny muſt be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuſe.
Yet ſometimes nations will decline ſo low
From virtue which is reaſon, that no wrong,
But juſtice, and ſome fatal curſe annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward loſt: witneſs th' irreverent ſon
Of him who built the ark, who for the ſhame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curſe,
Servant of ſervants, on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worſe, till God at laſt
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His preſence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; reſolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
And one peculiar nation to ſelect
From all the reſt, of whom to be invok'd,
A nation from one faithful man to ſpring:
Him on this ſide Euphrates yet reſiding,
Bred up in idol-worſhip; O that man
(Canſt thou believe?) ſhould be ſo ſtupid grown,
While yet the Patriarch liv'd, who ſcap'd the flood,
As to forſake the living God, and fall
To worſhip their own work in wood and ſtone
For Gods! yet him God the moſt High vouchſafes
To call by viſion from his father's houſe,
His kindred and falſe gods, into a land
Which he will ſhew him, and from him will raiſe
A mighty nation, and upon him ſhower
His benediction ſo, that in his ſeed
All nations ſhall be bleſt; he ſtrait obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes;
I ſee him, but thou canſt not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native ſoil
Ur of Chaldæa, paſſing now the ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous ſervitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but truſting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I ſee his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh; there by promiſe he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the deſert ſouth,
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd)
From Hermon eaſt to the great weſtern ſea;
Mount Hermon, yonder ſea, each place behold
In proſpect, as I point them; on the ſhore
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted ſtream
Jordan, true limit eaſtward; but his ſons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his ſeed be bleſſed; by that ſeed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who ſhall bruiſe
The ſerpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier ſhall be reveal'd. This patriarch bleſt,
Whom faithful Abraham due time ſhall call,
A ſon, and of his ſon a grand-child leaves,
Like him in faith, in wiſdom, and renown;
The grand-child with twelve ſons increas'd departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, diſgorging at ſeven mouths
Into the ſea: to ſojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger ſon
In time of dearth, a ſon whoſe worthy deeds
Raiſe him to be the ſecond in that realm
Of Pharoah: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation, and now grown
Suſpected to a ſequent king, who ſeeks
To ſtop their overgrowth, as inmate gueſts
Too numerous; whence of gueſts he makes them ſlaves
Inhoſpitably', and kills their infant males;
Till by two brethren (thoſe two brethren call
Moſes and Aaron) ſent from God to claim
His people from inthralment, they return
With glory' and ſpoil back to their promis'd land.
But firſt the lawleſs tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or meſſage to regard,
Muſt be compell'd, by ſigns and judgments dire;
To blood unſhed the rivers muſt be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies, muſt all his palace fill
With loath'd intruſion, and fill all the land;
His cattle muſt of rot and murren die;
Botches and blains muſt all his fleſh imboſs,
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, muſt rend th' Egyptian ſky,
And wheel on th'earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darkſome cloud of locuſts ſwarming down
Muſt eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
Darkneſs muſt overſhadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkneſs, and blot out three days;
Laſt with one midnight ſtroke all the firſt-born

Of Egypt muſt lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length ſubmits
To let his ſojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his ſtubborn heart, but ſtill as ice
More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage
Purſuing whom he late diſmiſs'd, the ſea
Swallows him with his hoſt, but them lets paſs
As on dry land, between two cryſtal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moſes ſo to ſtand
Divided, till his reſcued gain their ſhore:
Such wondrous power God to his ſaint will lend,
Though preſent in his angel, who ſhall go
Before them in a cloud, and pill'ar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pill'ar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while th' obdurate king purſues:
All night he will purſue, but his approach
Darkneſs defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his hoſt,
And craze their chariot wheels: when, by command,
Moſes once more his potent rod extends
Over the ſea; the ſea his rod obeys;
On their embattl'd ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war; the race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the ſhore advance
Through the wild deſert, not the readieſt way,
Leſt entering on the Canaanite alarm'd,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, chooſing rather
Inglorious life with ſervitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more ſweet
Untrain'd in arms, where raſhneſs leads not on.
This alſo ſhall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderneſs; there they ſhall found
Their government, and their ſenate chooſe
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd:
God from the mount of Sinai, whoſe grey top
Shall tremble, he deſcending, will himſelf
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's ſound,
Ordain them laws; part ſuch as appertain
To civil juſtice, part religious rites
Of ſacrifice, informing them, by types
And ſhadows, of that deſtin'd ſeed to bruiſe
The Serpent, by what means he ſhall achieve
Mank'ind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful; they beſeech
That Moſes might report to them his will,
And terror ceaſe; he grants what they beſought,
Inſtructed that to God is no acceſs
Without Mediator, whoſe high office now
Moſes in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whoſe day he ſhall foretel,
And all the Prophets in their age the times
Of great Meſſi'h ſhall ſing. Thus laws and rites
Eſtabliſh'd, ſuch delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchſafes
Among them to ſet up his tabernacle,
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell:
By his preſcript a ſanctuary is fram'd
Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein
An ark, and in the ark his teſtimony,
The records of his covenant, over theſe
A mercy-ſeat of gold between the wings
Of two bright cherubim; before him burn
Sev'n lamps, as in a zodiac, repreſenting
The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall reſt by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey, and at length they come
Conducted by his Angels, to the land
Promis'd to Abraham and his ſeed: the reſt
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,
How many kings deſtroy'd, and kingdoms won;
Or how the ſun ſhall in mid Heav'n ſtand ſtill
A day entire, and night's due courſe adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, ſun in Gibeon ſtand,
And thou Moon in the vale of Aialon,
Till Iſrael overcome; ſo call the third
From Abraham, ſon of Iſaac, and from him
His whole deſcent, who thus ſhall Canaan win,
Here Adam interpos'd. O ſent from Heav'n,
Inlightener of my darkneſs, gracious things
Thou haſt reveal'd, thoſe chiefly which concern
Juſt Abraham and his ſeed: now firſt I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eas'd
E'erwhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
Of me and all mankind; but now I ſee
His day, in whom all nations ſhall be bleſt,
Favour unmerited by me, who ſought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to thoſe
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth
So many and ſo various laws are given;
So many laws argue ſo many ſins
Among them; how can God with ſuch reſide?
To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that Sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law giv'n them to evince
Their natural pravity, by ſtirring up
Sin againſt law to fight: that when they ſee
Law can diſcover ſin, but not remove,
Save by thoſe ſhadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious muſt be paid for man,
Juſt for unjuſt, that in ſuch righteouſneſs
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Juſtification towards God, and peace
Of conſcience, which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appeaſe, nor man the moral part,
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and but given
With purpoſe to reſign them in full time
Up to a better covenant, diſciplin'd
From ſhadowy types to truth, from fleſh to ſpirit,
From impoſition of ſtrict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace, from ſervile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith;
And therefore ſhall not Moſes, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the miniſter
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joſhua, whom the Gentiles Jeſus call,
His name and office bearing, who ſhall quell
The adverſary ſerpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderneſs long wander'd man
Safe to eternal paradiſe of reſt.
Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan plac'd,

Long time shall dwell and prosper ; but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies :
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By judges first, then under kings ; of whom
The second, both for piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure ; the like shall sing
All prophesy, that of the royal stock
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The last, for of his reign shall be no end.
But first a long succession must ensue,
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple' inshrine.
Such follow him as shall be register'd
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city', his temple, and his holy ark,
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of sev'nty years, then brings them back,
Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
To David, stablish'd as the days of Heav'n.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
They first re-edify, and for a while
In mean estate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow ;
But first among the priests dissention springs,
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavour peace ; their strife pollution brings
Upon the temple itself : at last they seize
The sceptre, and regard not David's sons,
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed king Messiah might be born,
Barr'd of his right ; yet at his birth a star
Unseen before in Heav'n, proclaims him come,
And guides the eastern Sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold ;
His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night ;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The power of the most High ; he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.

He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharged, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain ;
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The Seed of Woman : Virgin Mother, hail,
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the son
Of God most High ; so God with man unites.
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain : say where and when
Their fight, what strokes shall bruise the victor's heel.

To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel : not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
Th. enemy ; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound :
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall re-cure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed : nor can this be
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow
So only can high justice rest appaid.
The law of God exact he shall fulfill
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfill the law ; thy punishment
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death con demn'd
A shameful and accurs'd, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation, slain for bringing life ;
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction ; so he dies,
But soon revives ; Death over him no power
Shall long usurp ; e'er the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works : this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou should'st have
In sin for ever lost from life ; this act [dy'd,
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating sin and death, his two main arms,
And fix far deeper in his head their stings
Than temp'ral death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor after resurrection shall he stay

Longer on earth than certain times to' appear
To his diſciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them ſhall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd,
And his ſalvation, them who ſhall believe
Baptizing in the profluent ſtream, the ſign
Of waſhing them from guilt of ſin to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if ſo befal,
For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.
All nations they ſhall teach; for from that day
Not only to the ſons of Abraham's loins
Salvation ſhall be preach'd, but to the ſons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
So in his ſeed all nations ſhall be bleſt.
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'n's he ſhall aſcend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there ſhall ſurprife
The Serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave:
Then enter into glory, and reſume
His ſeat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence ſhall come,
When this world's diſſolution ſhall be ripe,
With glory' and power to judge both quick and dead,
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliſs,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradiſe, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.

So ſpake th' arch-angel Michael, then paus'd,
As at the world's great period; and our ſire
Replete with joy and wonder thus reply'd:

O Goodneſs infinite, Goodneſs immenſe!
That all this good of evil ſhall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation firſt brought forth
Light out of darkneſs! full of doubt I ſtand,
Whether I ſhould repent me now of ſin
By me done and occaſion'd, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof ſhall ſpring,
To God more glory, more good will to men
From God, and over wrath grace ſhall abound.
But ſay, if our Deliverer up to Heav'n
Muſt reaſcend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? who then ſhall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Worſe with his followers than with him they dealt?

Be ſure they will, ſaid th' angel; but from Heav'n
He to his own a comforter will ſend,
The promiſe of the Father, who ſhall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love, upon their hearts ſhall write,
To guide them in all truth, and alſo arm
With ſpiritual armour, able to reſiſt
Satan's aſſaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What man can do againſt them, not afraid,
Though to the death, againſt ſuch cruelties
With inward conſolations recompens'd,
And oft ſupported ſo as ſhall amaze
Their proudeſt perſecutors: for the Spirit
Pour'd firſt on his Apoſtles, whom he ſends
To' evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, ſhall then with wondrous gifts indue
To ſpeak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive [length
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n? at
Their miniſtry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their ſtory written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves ſhall ſucceed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the ſacred myſteries of Heav'n
To their own vile advantages ſhall turn
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With ſuperſtitions and traditious taint,
Left only in thoſe written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit underſtood.
Then ſhall they ſeek to avail themſelves of names,
Places, and titles, and with theſe to join
Secular power; though feigning ſtill to act
By ſpiritual, to themſelves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and given
To all believers; and from that pretence,
Spiritual laws by carnal power ſhall force
On every conſcience; laws which none ſhall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart ingrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace itſelf, and bind
His conſort Liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to ſtand,
Their own faith not another's? for on earth
Who againſt faith and conſcience can be heard
Infallible; yet many will preſume:
Whence heavy perſecution ſhall ariſe
On all who in the worſhip perſevere
Of Spirit and truth; the reſt, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and ſpacious forms
Religion ſatisfy'd; Truth ſhall retire
Beſtuck with ſland'rous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found: ſo ſhall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appear of reſpiration to the juſt,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him ſo lately promis'd to thy aid,
The Woman's Seed, obſcurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Laſt in the clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to diſſolve
Satan with his perverted world then raiſe
From the conflagrant maſs, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heav'ns, new Earth, ages of endleſs date
Founded in righteouſneſs and peace, and love,
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliſs.

He ended; and thus Adam laſt reply'd:
How ſoon hath thy prediction, Seer bleſt,
Meaſur'd this tranſient world, the race of time,
Till time ſtand fix'd? beyond is all abyſs,
Eternity, whoſe end no eye can reach.
Greatly inſtructed I ſhall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this veſſel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aſpire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is beſt,
And love with fear the only God, to walk

As in his preſence, ever to obſerve
His providence, and on him ſole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by ſmall
Accompliſhing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly ſtrong, and worldly wiſe
By ſimply meek: that ſuffering for truth's ſake
Is fortitude to higheſt victory,
And to the faithful death the gate of life;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bleſt.

To whom thus alſo th' angel laſt reply'd:
Thus having learn'd, thou haſt attain'd the ſum
Of wiſdom; hope no higher, though all the ſtars
Thou knew'ſt by name, and all th' ethereal powers,
All ſecrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in Heav'n, air, earth, or ſea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dſt,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge anſwerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'ſt Charity, the ſoul
Of all the reſt: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradiſe, but ſhalt poſſeſs
A Paradiſe within thee, happier far.
Let us deſcend now therefore from this top
Of ſpeculation; for the hour preciſe
Exacts our parting hence; and ſee the guards,
By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whoſe front a flaming ſword,
In ſignal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer ſtay: go, waken Eve;
Her alſo I with gentle dreams have calm'd
Portending good, and all her ſpirits compos'd
To meek ſubmiſſion: thou at ſeaſon fit
Let her with thee partake what thou haſt heard,
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her ſeed to come
(For by the woman's ſeed) on all mankind:
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous though ſad,
With cauſe, for evils paſt, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end.

He ended; and they both deſcend the hill:
Deſcended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay ſleeping ran before, but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not ſad ſhe him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'ſt, and whither went'ſt I know;
For God is alſo in ſleep, and dreams adviſe,
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow and heart's diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now lead on,
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art baniſh'd hence.
This further conſolation yet ſecure
I carry hence; though all by me is loſt,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchſaf'd,
By me the promis'd Seed ſhall all reſtore.

So ſpake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' arch-angel ſtood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd ſtation, all in bright array
The cherubim deſcended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening miſt
Ris'n from a river o'er the mariſh glides,
And gathers ground faſt at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandiſh'd ſword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Lybian air aduſt,
Began to parch that temp'rate clime; whereat
In either hand the haſt'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring Parents, and to the eaſtern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as faſt
To the ſubjected plain; then diſappear'd.
They looking back, all th' eaſtern ſide beheld
Of Paradiſe, ſo late their happy ſeat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them ſoon;
The world was all before them, where to chooſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand, with wand'ring ſteps and ſlow,
Through Eden took their ſolitary way.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK I.

I WHO e'er while the happy Garden ſung,
By one Man's diſobedience loſt, now ſing
Recover'd Paradiſe to all mankind,
By one Man's firm obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waſte wilderneſs.
Thou Spirit who ledſt this glorious eremite
Into the deſert, his victorious field,
Againſt the ſpiritual foe, and brought'ſt him thence
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inſpire,
As thou art wont, my prompted ſong elſe mute,
And bear thro' height or depth of Nature's bounds
With proſp'rous wing full ſumm'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in ſecret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd ſo long unſung.
Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the ſound of trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and Heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptis'd: to his great baptiſm flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the ſon of Joſeph deem'd
To the flood Jordan came, as then obſcure,
Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptiſt ſoon
Deſcry'd, divinely warn'd, and witneſs bore
As to his worthier, and would have reſign'd
To him his heav'nly office, nor was long
His witneſs unconfirm'd: on him baptis'd
Heav'n open'd, and in likeneſs of a dove
The Spirit deſcended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adverſary, who roving ſtill
About the world, at that aſſembly fam'd
Would not be laſt, and with the voice divine
Night thunder-ſtruck, th' exalted Man to whom
Such high atteſt was giv'n, a while ſurvey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor reſts, but in mid air
To counſel ſummons all his mighty peers,
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy conſiſtory; and them amidſt
With looks aghaſt and ſad he thus beſpake:
O ancient Pow'rs of Air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old conqueſt, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This univerſe we have poſſeſſ'd, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth,
Since Adam and his facile conſort Eve
Loſt Paradiſe deceiv'd by me, though ſince
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the ſeed of Eve
Upon my head: long the decrees of Heav'n
Delay, for longeſt time to him is ſhort;
And now too ſoon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compaſs'd, wherein we
Muſt bide the ſtroke of that long threaten'd wound,
At leaſt if ſo we can, and by the head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won of Earth and Air;
For this ill news I bring, the woman's ſeed:
Deſtin'd to this, is late of woman born:
His birth to our juſt fear gave no ſmall cauſe,
But his growth now to youth's full flower, diſplaying
All virtue, grace, and wiſdom to achieve
Things higheſt, greateſt multiplies my fear,
Before him a great prophet to proclaim
His coming, is ſent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the conſecrated ſtream
Pretends to waſh off ſin, and fit them ſo
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their king; all come,
And he himſelf among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The teſtimony of Heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt; I ſaw
The prophet do him reverence, on him riſing
Out of the water, Heav'n above the clouds
Unfold here cryſtal doors, thence on his head
A perfect dove deſcend, whate'er it meant,
And out of Heav'n the Sovreign voice I heard,
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.
His mother then is mortal, but his Sire
He who obtains the monarchy of Heav'n,

And what will he not do to advance his Son?
His firſt-begot we know, and ſore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the Deep;
Who this is we muſt learn, for man he ſeems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpſes of his Father's glory ſhine.
Ye ſee our danger on the utmoſt edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But muſt with ſomething ſudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well woven
E'er in the head of nations he appear [ſnares,
Their king, their leader, and ſupreme on Earth.
I, when no other durſt, ſole undertook
The diſmal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
Succeſsfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found proſp'rous once
Induces beſt to hope of like ſucceſs.

He ended; and his words impreſſion left
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
Diſtracted and ſurpris'd with deep diſmay
At theſe ſad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprize
To him their great dictator, whoſe attempt
At firſt againſt mankind ſo well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From Hell's deep vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents and potentates, and kings, yea gods
Of many a pleaſant realm and province wide.
So to the coaſt of Jordan he directs
His eaſy ſteps, girded with ſnaky wiles,
Where he might likelieſt find this new-declar'd,
This Man of Men, atteſted Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to ſubvert whom he ſuſpected rais'd
To end his reign on Earth ſo long enjoy'd:
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd counſel pre-ordain'd and fix'd
Of the Moſt High, who in full frequence bright
Of angels, thus to Gabriel ſmiling ſpake:

Gabriel, this day by proof thou ſhalt behold,
Thou and all angels converſant on Earth
With man or men's affairs, how I begin
To verify that ſolemn meſſage late,
On which I ſent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that ſhe ſhould bear a ſon
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then toldſt her doubting how theſe things could be
To her a virgin, that on her ſhould come
The Holy Ghoſt, and the power of the Higheſt
O'er-ſhadow her: this Man born and now up-
To ſhew him worthy of his birth divine [grown,
And high prediction, henceforth I expoſe
To Satan; let him tempt and now aſſay
His utmoſt ſubtlety, becauſe he boaſts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his apoſtacy; he might have learnt
Leſs overweening ſince he fail'd in Job,
Whoſe conſtant perſeverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now ſhall know I can produce a Man
Of female ſeed, far abler to reſiſt
All his ſolicitations, and at length
All his vaſt force, and drive him back to Hell,
Winning by conqueſt what the firſt man loſt
By fallacy ſurpris'd. But firſt I mean
To exerciſe him in the wilderneſs,
There he ſhall firſt lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, e'er I ſend him forth
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
By humiliation and ſtrong ſufferance.
His weakneſs ſhall o'ercome Satanic ſtrength,
And all the world, and maſs of ſinful fleſh;
That all the angels and ethereal powers,
They now, and men hereafter may diſcern,
From what conſummate virtue I have choſe
This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn ſalvation for the ſons of men.

So ſpake th' eternal Father, and all Heav'n
Admiring ſtood a ſpace, then into hymns
Burſt forth, and in celeſtial meaſures mov'd,
Circling the throne and ſinging, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and triumph to the Son of God
Now ent'ring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquiſh by wiſdom helliſh wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore ſecure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,
Againſt whate'er may tempt, whate'er ſeduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be fruſtrate all ye ſtratagems of Hell,
And deviliſh machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet ſome days
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,
Muſing and much revolving in his breaſt,
How beſt the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way firſt
Publiſh his God-like office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converſe
With ſolitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and ſtep by ſtep led
He enter'd now the bord'ring deſert wild, [on,
And with dark ſhades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus purſu'd.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me ſwarm, while I conſider
What from within I feel myſelf, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill ſorting with my preſent ſtate compar'd!
When I was yet a child, no childiſh play
To me was pleaſing; all my mind was ſet
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myſelf I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The law of God I read, and found it ſweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To ſuch perfection, that e'er yet my age
Had meaſur'd twice ſix years, at our great feaſt
I went into the temple, there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propoſe
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all; yet this not all
To which my ſpirit aſpir'd; victorious deeds
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To reſcue Iſrael from the Roman yoke,

Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of Fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring soul
Not wilfully mis-doing, but unware
Misled; the stubborn only to subdue.
These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,
And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts,
O Son; but nourish them, and let them soar
To what height sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high;
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.
For know, thou art no son of mortal man;
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,
Thy Father is th' eternal King who rules
All Heav'n and Earth, angels and sons of men;
A messenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceiv'd in me a virgin, he foretold
Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne,
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.
At thy nativity a glorious quire
Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
To shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
For in the inn was left no better room:
A star, not seen before, in Heav'n appearing
Guided the Wise Men thither from the East,
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy star new grav'n in Heaven,
By which they knew the King of Israel born.
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd
By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake
Before the altar and the vested priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood.
This having heard, strait I again I revolv'd
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am: this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay ev'n to the death,
E'er I the promis'd kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins
Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah, and his way prepare.
I as all others to his baptism came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
Me him (for it was shewn him so from Heaven)
Me him whose harbinger he was; and first
Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I rose out of the laving stream,
Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The sp'rit descended on me like a dove,
And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
Th' authority which I deriv'd from Heav'n.
And now by some strong motion I am led
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society.
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak,
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in lone cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
Till those days ended, hunger then at last
Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake:
Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this
So far from path or road of men, who pass [place
In troop or caravan? for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drouth.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the Man whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come
forth
To town or village nigh (nigheſt is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame also finds us out.
To whom the son of God. Who brought me
hither,
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.
By miracle he may, reply'd the swain;
What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots, and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More than the camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,
So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.

He ended; and the Son of God reply'd:
Think'ſt thou ſuch force in bread? Is it not written
(For I diſcern thee other than thou ſeem'ſt)
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
Our fathers here with manna? in the mount
Moſes was forty days, nor ate nor drank;
And forty days Elijah without food
Wander'd this barren waſte; the ſame I now:
Why doſt thou then ſuggeſt to me diſtruſt,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?
Whom thus anſwer'd th' Arch-fiend now undiſguis'd:
'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in raſh revolt
Kept not my happy ſtation, but was driven
With them from bliſs to the bottomleſs deep,
Yet to that hideous place not ſo confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous priſon I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth,
Or range in th' air, nor from the Heaven of Heav'ns
Hath he excluded my reſort ſometimes.
I came among the ſons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
To prove him, and illuſtrate his high worth;
And when to all his angels he propos'd
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies
To his deſtruction, as I had in charge;
For what he bids I do: though I have loſt
Much luſtre of my native brightneſs, loſt
To be belov'd of God, I have not loſt
To love, at leaſt contemplate and admire
What I ſee excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous; I ſhould ſo have loſt all ſenſe.
What can be then leſs in me than deſire
To ſee thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wiſdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why ſhould I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence; by them
I loſt not what I loſt; rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in theſe regions of the world,
If not diſpoſer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by preſages and ſigns,
And anſwers, oracles, portents and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they ſay excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my miſery and woe.
At firſt it may be; but long ſince with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowſhip in pain divides not ſmart,
Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.
Small conſolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me moſt (what can it leſs?) that man,
Man fall'n, ſhall be reſtor'd, I never more.
To whom our Saviour ſternly thus reply'd:
Deſervedly thou griev'ſt, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boaſt'ſt releaſe from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns: thou com'ſt indeed,
As a poor miſerable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had ſat
Among the prime in ſplendor, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, ſhunn'd,
A ſpectacle of ruin or of ſcorn
To all the hoſt of Heav'n: the happy place
Imparts to thee no happineſs, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, repreſenting
Loſt bliſs, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell than when in Heav'n.
But thou art ſerviceable to Heav'n's King.
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleaſure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to miſdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other ſervice was thy choſen taſk,
To be a liar in four hundred months;
For lying is thy ſuſtenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'ſt to truth; all oracles
By thee are giv'n, and what confeſs'd more true
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing ſomewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy anſwers? what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double ſenſe deluding,
Which they who aſk'd have ſeldom underſtood,
And not well underſtood as good not known?
Whoever by conſulting at thy ſhrine
Return'd the wiſer, or the more inſtruct
To fly or follow what concern'd him moſt,
And run not ſooner to his fatal ſnare?
For God hath juſtly giv'n the nations up
To thy deluſions; juſtly ſince they fell
Idolatrous: but when his purpoſe is
Among them to declare his providence
To thee not known, whence haſt thou then thy truth,
But from him or his angels preſident
In every province? who themſelves diſdaining
To approach thy temples, give thee in command
What to the ſmalleſt tittle thou ſhalt ſay
To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning paraſite obey'ſt;
Then to thyſelf aſcrib'ſt the truth foretold.
But this thy glory ſhall be ſoon retrench'd;
No more ſhalt thou by oracling abuſe
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with pomp and ſacrifice
Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elſewhere,
At leaſt in vain, for they ſhall find thee mute.
God hath now ſent his Living Oracle
Into the world to teach his final will,
And ſends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requiſite for men to know.
So ſpake our Saviour; but the ſubtle Fiend,
Though inly ſtung with anger and diſdain
Diſſembled, and this anſwer ſmooth return'd:
Sharply thou haſt inſiſted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But miſery hath wreſted from me: where
Eaſily canſt thou find one miſerable,

And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
If it may ſtand him more in ſtead to lie,
Say and unſay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and muſt ſubmiſs endure
Check or reproof, and glad to 'ſcape ſo quit.
Hard are the ways of Truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue diſcours'd, pleaſing to th' ear,
And tuneable as ſylvan pipe or ſong;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? moſt men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (ſince no man comes)
And talk at leaſt, though I deſpair to attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wiſe and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous prieſt
To tread his ſacred courts, and miniſter
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchſaf'd his voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inſpir'd; diſdain not ſuch acceſs to me.
To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy ſcope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'ſt
Permiſſion from above; thou canſt not more.
He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray diſſimulation, diſappear'd
Into thin air diffuſ'd: for now began
Night with her ſullen wings to double-ſhade
The deſert; fouls in their clay neſts were couch'd;
And now wild beaſts came forth the woods to roam.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK II.

MEANWHILE the new-babtiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptiſt, and had ſeen
Him whom they heard ſo late expreſsly call'd
Jeſus Meſſiah ſon of God declar'd,
And on that high authority had believ'd,
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others, though in Holy Writ not nam'd,
Now miſſing him their joy ſo lately found,
So lately found, and ſo abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only ſhewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moſes was in the mount, and miſſing long;
And the great Thiſbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore, as thoſe young prophets then with care
Sought loſt Elijah, ſo in each place theſe
Nigh to Bethabra; in Jericho
The city of Palms, Ænon, and Selem old,
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
On this ſide the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Peæa; but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and oziers whiſp'ring play,
Plain fiſhermen, no greater men them call,
Cloſe in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loſs and plaints out breath'd.
Alas, from what high hope to what relapſe
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
Meſſiah certainly now come, ſo long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wiſdom full of grace and truth;
How, now, for ſure deliverance is at hand,
The kingdom ſhall to Iſrael be reſtor'd;
Thus we rejoic'd, but ſoon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath wrapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and thus prolong
Our expectation? God of Iſrael,
Send thy Meſſiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the kings of th' Earth how they oppreſs
Thy choſen, to what height their power unjuſt
They have exalted, and behind them caſt
All fear of thee; ariſe and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By his great Prophet, pointed at and ſhewn
In public, and with him we have convers'd;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his Providence; he will not fail,
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recal,
Mock us with his bleſt ſight, then ſnatch him hence;
Soon we ſhall ſee our Hope, our Joy return.
Thus they out of their plaints new hope reſume,
To find whom at the firſt they found unſought:
But to his mother Mary, when ſhe ſaw
Others return'd from baptiſm, not her ſon,
Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none,
Within her breaſt, tho' calm, her breaſt, though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
Some troubled thoughts, which ſhe in ſighs thus clad.
O what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that ſalute
Hail highly favour'd, among women bleſt!
While I to ſorrows am no leſs advanc'd,
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore,
In ſuch a ſeaſon more, when ſcarce a ſhed
Could be obtain'd to ſhelter him or me
From the bleak air; a ſtable was our warmth,
A manger his; yet ſoon enforc'd to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
Were dead, who ſought his life, and miſſing fill'd
With infant blood the ſtreets of Bethelem;
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little ſuſpicious to any king; but now
Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,

By John the Baptiſt, and in public ſhewn,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice;
I look'd for ſome great change; to honour? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and riſing he ſhould be
Of many in Iſrael, and to a ſign
Spoken againſt, that through my very ſoul
A ſword ſhall pierce; this is my favour'd lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it ſeems, and bleſt;
I will not argue that, nor will repine:
But where delays he now? ſome great intent
Conceals him: when twelve years he ſcarce had ſeen,
I loſt him, but ſo found, as well I ſaw
He could not loſe himſelf; but went about
His Father's buſineſs; what he meant I mus'd,
Since underſtand; much more his abſence now
Thus long to ſome great purpoſe he obſcures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a ſtore-houſe long of things
And ſay'ngs laid up, portending ſtrange events.
Thus Mary, pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had paſs'd
Since firſt her ſalutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling;
The while her Son tracing the deſert wild,
Sole but with holieſt meditations fed,
Into himſelf deſcended, and at once
All his great work to come before him ſet;
How to begin, how to accompliſh beſt
His end of being on earth, and miſſion high:
For Satan, with ſly preface to return,
Had left him vacant, and with ſpeed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council ſat;
There, without ſign of boaſt, or ſign of joy,
Solicitous and blank, he thus began.
Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, ethereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from th' element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
So may we hold our place, and theſe mild ſeats,
Without new trouble; ſuch an enemy
Is riſen to invade us, who no leſs
Threatens than our expulſion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Conſentin ġin full frequence, was empower'd,
Have found him, view'd him taſted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam, firſt of men,
Tho' Adam, by his wife's allurement, fell,
However, to this Man inferior far,
If he be man by mother's ſide at leaſt,
With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections abſolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greateſt deeds:
Therefore I am return'd, leſt confidence
Of my ſucceſs with Eve in Paradiſe
Deceive ye to perſuaſion over-ſure
Of like ſucceeding here; I ſummon all
Rather to be in readineſs, with hand
Or counſel, to aſſiſt; leſt I who erſt
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.
So ſpake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was aſſur'd their utmoſt aid
At his command; when from amidſt them roſe
Belial, the diſſoluteſt ſp'rit that fell,
The ſenſualeſt, and after Aſmodai
The fleſhlieſt incubus, and thus advis'd.
Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the faireſt found;
Many are in each region paſſing fair
As the noon ſky; more like to goddeſſes
Than mortal creatures, graceful and diſcreet,
Expert in amorous arts, inchanting tongues
Perſuaſive, virgin majeſty with mild
And ſweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them, tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the power to ſoft'n and tame
Severeſt temper, ſmooth the rugged'ſt brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope diſſolve,
Draw out with credulous deſire, and lead
At will the manlieſt, reſoluteſt breaſt,
As the magnetic hardeſt iron draws.
Women, when nothing elſe, beguil'd the heart
Of wiſeſt Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow to the gods of his wives.
To whom quick anſwer Satan thus return'd:
Belial, in much uneven ſcale thou weigh'ſt
All others by thyſelf; becauſe of old
Thou thyſelf doat'ſt on woman kind, admiring
Their ſhape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'ſt, but taken with ſuch toys.
Before the flood thou with thy luſty crew,
Falſe titled ſons of God, roaming the earth,
Caſt wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not ſeen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'ſt,
In wood or grove, by moſſy fountain ſide,
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay
Some beauty rare, Caliſto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymome, Syrinx, many more:
Too long, then lay'ſt thy ſcapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satir, or Faun, or Sylvan? But theſe haunts
Delight not all; among the ſons of men,
How many have with a ſmile made ſmall account
Of beauty and her lures, eaſily ſcorn'd
All her aſſaults, on worthier things intent?
Remember that Pallean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the Eaſt
He ſlightly view'd, and ſlightly overpaſs'd;
How he furnam'd of Africa diſmiſs'd
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid,
For Solomon, he liv'd at eaſe, and full
Of honour wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher deſign than to enjoy his ſtate;
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
But he whom we attempt is wiſer far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and ſet wholly on th' accompliſhment
Of greateſt things; what woman will you find,
Tho' of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leiſure will vouchſafe an eye
Of ſoul deſire? or ſhould ſhe confident,
As ſitting queen ador'd on Beauty's throne,

Deſcend with all her winning charms begirt
T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, ſo fables tell;
How would one look from his majeſtic brow
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Diſcount'nance her deſpis'd, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe; for Beauty ſtands
In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; ceaſe to' admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and ſhrink into a trivial toy,
At every ſudden ſlighting quite abaſh'd:
Therefore with manlier objects we muſt try
His conſtancy, with ſuch as have more ſhew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praiſe;
Rocks whereon greateſt men have oftest wreck'd;
Or that which only ſeems to ſatisfy
Lawful deſires of nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderneſs;
The reſt commit to me; I ſhall let paſs
No' advantage, and his ſtrength as oft aſſay.
He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
Then forthwith to him takes a choſen band
Of ſpirits likeſt to himſelf in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cauſe were to unfold ſome active ſcene
Of various perſons, each to know his part;
Then to the deſert takes with theſe his flight;
Where ſtill from ſhade to ſhade the ſon of God
After forty days faſting had remain'd,
Now hung'ring firſt, and to himſelf thus ſaid.

Where will this end? four times ten days I've paſs'd
Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food
Nor taſted, nor had appetite; that faſt
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I ſuffer here; if Nature need not,
Or God ſupport Nature without repaſt
Though needing; what praiſe is it to endure?
But now I feel, I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what ſhe aſks; yet God
Can ſatisfy that need ſome other way,
Though hunger ſtill remain: ſo it remain
Without this body's waſting, I content me,
And from the ſting of famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
Me hung'ring more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in ſilent walk, then laid him down
Under the hoſpitable cover nigh
Of trees thick interwoven; there he ſlept,
And dream'd, as Appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreſhment ſweet;
Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith ſtood,
And ſaw the ravens, with their horny beaks,
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught t' abſtain from what they brought;
He ſaw the Prophet alſo how he fled
Into the deſert, and how there he ſlept
Under a juniper; then how awak'd
He found his ſupper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the Angel was bid riſe and eat,
And eat the ſecond time after repoſe,
The ſtrength whereof ſuffic'd him forty days;
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a gueſt with Daniel at his pulſe.
Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
Left his ground-neſt, high tow'ring to deſcry
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his ſong:
As lightly from his graſſy couch up roſe
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Faſting he went to ſleep, and faſting wak'd:
Up to a hill anon his ſteps he rear'd,
From whoſe high top to ken the proſpect round,
If cottage were in view, ſheep-cote or herd;
But cottage, herd, or ſheep-cote, none he ſaw;
Only' in a bottom ſaw a pleaſant grove,
With chaunt of tuneful birds reſounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To reſt at noon, and enter'd ſoon the ſhade
High rooft, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midſt a woody ſcene;
Nature's own work it ſeem'd (Nature taught Art)
And to a ſuperſtitious eye the haunt
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs; he view'd it round,
When ſuddenly a man before him ſtood,
Not ruſtic as before, but ſeemlier clad,
As one in city', or court, or palace bred,
And with fair ſpeech theſe words to him addreſs'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild ſolitude ſo long ſhould bide
Of all things deſtitute, and well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of ſome note,
As ſtory tells, have trod this wilderneſs;
The fugitive bond-woman with her ſon
Out-caſt Nabaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing angel; all the race
Of Iſrael here had famiſh'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heav'n manna; and that Prophet bold,
Native of Thebez, wand'ring here, was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:
Of thee theſe forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deſerted here indeed. [hence?

To whom thus Jeſus. What conclud'ſt thou
They all had need, as I, thou ſeeſt, have none.

How haſt thou hunger then? Satan reply'd:
Tell me, if food were now before thee ſet,
Would'ſt thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, anſwer'd Jeſus. Why ſhould that
Cauſe thy refuſal? ſaid the ſubtile Fiend.
Haſt thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures by juſt right to thee
Duty and ſervice, not to ſtay till bid,
But tender all their power? nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd firſt
To idols; thoſe young Daniel could refuſe;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, tho' who
Would ſcruple that, with want oppreſs'd? Behold
Nature aſham'd, or better to expreſs,
Troubled that thou ſhould'ſt hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the elements her choiceſt ſtore
To treat thee as beſeems, and as her Lord
With honour; only deign to ſit and eat.

He ſpake no dream; for as his words had end,

Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld
In ample ſpace, under the broadeſt ſhade,
A table richly ſpread, in regal mode,
With diſhes pil'd, and meats of nobleſt ſort
And ſavour, beaſts of chace, or fowl of game,
In paſtry built, or from the ſpit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber ſteam'd; all fiſh from ſea or ſhore,
Freſhet, or purling brook, of ſhell or fin,
And exquiſiteſt name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coaſt.
Alas, how ſimple, to theſe cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!
And at a ſtately ſide-board, by the wine,
That fragrant ſmell diffus'd in order ſtood
Tall ſtripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; diſtant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now ſolemn ſtood
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiads
With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of th' Heſperides, that ſeem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled ſince
Of fairy damſels met in foreſt wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore:
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming ſtrings, or charming pipes and winds
Of gentleſt gale Arabian odours fann'd
From their ſoft wings, and Flora's earlieſt ſmells.
Such was the ſplendor, and the Tempter now
His invitation earneſtly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to ſit and eat?
Theſe are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of theſe viands pure;
Their taſte no knowledge works at leaſt of evil,
But life preſerves, deſtroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with ſweet reſtorative delight.
All theſe are ſp'rits of air, and woods, and ſprings,
Thy gentle miniſters, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'ſt thou Son of God? ſit down and eat.

To whom thus Jeſus temp'rately reply'd:
Said'ſt thou not that to all things I had right?
And who with-holds my power that right to uſe?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me beſt, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as ſoon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderneſs,
And call ſwift flights of Angels miniſtrant
Array'd in glory on my cup t' attend:
Why ſhouldſt thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what haſt thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy ſpacious gifts, no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus anſwer'd Satan malecontent:
That I have alſo power to give, thou feeſt;
If of that power I bring thee voluntary
What I might have beſtow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Choſe to impart to thy apparent need,
Why ſhouldſt thou not accept it? but I ſee
What I can do or offer is ſuſpect;
Of theſe things others quickly will diſpoſe,
Whoſe pains have earn'd the far fet ſpoil. With that
Both table and proviſion vaniſh'd quite
With ſound of Harpies' wings, and talons heard;
Only th' importune Tempter ſtill remain'd,
And with theſe words his temptation purſu'd:

By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd; therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible beſides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is ſet on high deſigns,
High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterpriſe;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyſelf
Bred up in poverty and ſtraits at home,
Loſt in a deſert here, and hunger-bit;
Which way, or from what hope doſt thou aſpire
To greatneſs; whence authority deriv'ſt?
What followers, what retinue canſt thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou canſt feed them on thy coſt?
Money brings honour, friends, conqueſt, and realms:
What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his ſon Herod plac'd on Judah's throne,
(Thy throne) but gold, that got him puiſſant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldſt arrive,
Get riches firſt, get wealth, and treaſure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine; Fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While Virtue, Valour, Wiſdom ſit in want.

To whom thus Jeſus patiently reply'd:
Yet wealth, without theſe three, is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witneſs thoſe ancient empires of the earth,
In height of all their flowing wealth diſſolv'd:
But men endued with theſe have oft attain'd
In loweſt poverty to higheſt deeds;
Gideon and Jephtha, and the ſhepherd lad,
Whoſe offſpring on the throne of Judah ſat
So many ages, and ſhall yet regain
That ſeat, and reign in Iſrael without end.
Among the Heathen (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy' of memorial), canſt thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius Regulus?
For I eſteem thoſe names of men ſo poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches tho' offer'd from the hand of kings.
And what in me ſeems wanting, but that I
May alſo in this poverty as ſoon
Accompliſh what they did, perhaps, and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wiſe man's cumbrance, if not ſnare, more apt
To ſlacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praiſe.
What if, with like averſion, I reject
Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,
Golden in ſhew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and ſleepleſs nights
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his ſhoulders each man's burthen lies;
For therein ſtands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praiſe,

That for the public all his weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himſelf, and rules
Paſſions, deſires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wiſe and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aſpires to rule
Cities of men, or headſtrong multitudes,
Subject himſelf to anarchy within,
Or law leſs paſſionsin him, which he ſerves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By ſaving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worſhip God aright,
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the ſoul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no ſincere delight.
Beſides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
For more magnanimous, than to aſſume.
Riches are needleſs then, both for themſelves,
And for thy reaſon why they ſhould be ſought,
To gain a ſceptre, oftcſt better miſs'd.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK III.

So ſpake the Son of God; and Satan ſtood
A while as mute, confounded what to ſay
What to reply, confuted, and convinc'd
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length, collecting all his ſerpent wiles,
With ſoothing words renew'd, him thus accoſts:
I ſee thou know'ſt what is of uſe to know
What beſt to ſay canſt ſay, to do can'ſt do;
Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
Contains of good, wiſe, juſt, the perfect ſhape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth conſult,
Thy counſel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, thoſe oraculous gems
On Aaron's breaſt; or tongue of ſeers old
Infallible; or wert thou ſought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy ſkill
Of conduct would be ſuch, that all the world
Could not ſuſtain thy proweſs, or ſubſiſt
In battle, though againſt thy few in arms.
Theſe godlike virtues wherefore doſt thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obſcure
In ſavage wilderneſs? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyſelf
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That ſole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of moſt erected Sp'rits, moſt temper'd pure
Ethereal, who all pleaſures elſe deſpiſe,
All treaſures, and all gain eſteem as droſs,
And dignities, and Powers, all but the Higheſt?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the ſon
Of Macedonian Philip had e'er theſe
Won Aſia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his diſpoſe; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride: young Pompey quell'd
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirſt of glory, but augment,
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd ſo long
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.
To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd:
Thou neither doſt perſuade me to ſeek wealth
For empire's ſake, nor empire to effect
For glory's ſake by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praiſe, if always praiſe unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miſcellaneous rabble, who extol [praiſe?
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, ſcarce worth the
They praiſe and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by ſuch extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be diſprais'd were no ſmall praiſe?
His lot who dares be ſingularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wiſe
Are few, and glory ſcarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
The juſt man, and divulges him through Heav'n
To all his angels, who with true applauſe
Recount his praiſes: thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through Heav'n and
Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'ſt well remember,
He aſk'd thee, Haſt thou ſeen my ſervant Job?
Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth leſs known;
Where glory is falſe glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to ſubdue
By conqueſt far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by aſſault: what do theſe worthies,
But rob and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and inſlave
Peaceable nations, neighb'ring or remote,
Made captive, yet deſerving freedom more
Than thoſe their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wherefoe'er they rove,
And all the flouriſhing works of peace deſtroy,
Then ſwell with pride, and muſt be titled Gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worſhipt with temple, prieſt, and ſacrifice?
One is the ſon of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqu'ror Death diſcovers them ſcarce men,
Rolling in brutiſh vice vices, and deform'd,
Violent or ſhameful, death their due reward.

But if there be in glory ought of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance: I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job?
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory ought be done,
Ought suffer'd; if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, tho' but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me', and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd:
Think not so slight of glory; therein least
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in Heav'n
By all his angels glorified, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory' he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounc'd, glory' he exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd:
And reason; since his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory' and benediction, that is, thanks,
The slightliest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning that would likeliest render
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompence, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory, who' of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy' and shame:
Who for so many benefits receiv'd
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
Yet sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alone of right belongs;
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin; for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all,
Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem,
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne;
By mother's side thy father, though thy right
Be now in powerful hands that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms:
Judæa now, and all the promised Land,
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
With Temp'rate sway; oft have they violated
The temple, oft the law, with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring?
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed
Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne
usurp'd,
With Modin and her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow;
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.
They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her Heathen servitude;
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
The Prophets old, who sung their endless reign;
The happier reign the sooner it begins;
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd:
All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
And time there is for all things, truth hath said:
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told
That it shall never end, so when begin
The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulation, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obey'd; just trial, e'er I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting kingdom? why art thou
Solicitous? what moves thy inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd:
Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse,
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose;
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,

From that placid aſpect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil ſtate,
Would ſtand between me and thy Father's ire,
(Whoſe ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)
A ſhelter and a kind of ſhading cool
Interpoſition, as a ſummer's cloud.
If I then to the worſt that can be haſte,
Why move thy feet ſo ſlow to what is beſt,
Happieſt both to thyſelf and all the world,
That thou who worthieſt art ſhould be their king?
Perhaps thou linger'ſt in deep thoughts detain'd
Of th' enterprize ſo hazardous and high;
No wonder, for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, conſider,
Thy life hath yet been private, moſt part ſpent
At home, ſcarce view'd the Galilean towns
And once a year Jeruſalem, few days [ſerve?
Short ſojourn; and what thence could'ſt thou ob-
The world thou haſt not ſeen, much leſs her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
Beſt ſchool of beſt experience, quickeſt inſight
In all things that to greateſt actions lead.
The wiſeſt, unexperienced, will be ever
Timorous and loath, with novice modeſty,
(As he who ſeeking aſſes found a kingdom)
Irreſolute, unhardy, unadventrous:
But I will bring thee where thou ſoon ſhalt quit
Thoſe rudiments, and ſee before thine eyes
The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and ſtate,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyſelf ſo apt, in regal arts,
And regal myſteries, that thou may'ſt know
How beſt their oppoſition to withſtand.
With that (ſuch power was giv'n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high,
It was a mountain at whoſe verdant feet
A ſpacious plain out-ſtretch'd in circuit wide
Lay pleaſant; from his ſide two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, th' other ſtrait, and left between
Fair champain with leſs rivers interven'd,
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the ſea:
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine;
With herds the paſtures throng'd, with flocks the hills:
Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might ſeem
The ſeats of mightieſt monarchs; and ſo large
The proſpect was, that here and there was room
For barren deſert fountainleſs and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.
Well have we ſpeeded; and o'er hill and dale,
Foreſt, and field, and flood, temples and towers,
Cut ſhorter many a league; here thou behold'ſt
Aſſyria and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caſpian lake, thence on
As far as Indus eaſt, Euphrates weſt,
And oft beyond; to ſouth the Perſian bay,
And inacceſſible th' Arabian drouth:
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that firſt golden monarchy the ſeat,
And ſeat of Salmanaſſar, whoſe ſucceſs
Iſrael in long captivity ſtill mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's houſe
Led captive, and Jeruſalem laid waſte,
Till Cyrus ſet them free; Perſepolis
His city there thou ſeeſt, and Bactra there;
Ecbatana her ſtructure vaſt there ſhews,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
There Suſa by Choaſpes, amber ſtream,
The drink of none but kings; of later fame,
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Niſibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Cteſiphon,
Turning with eaſy eye thou may'ſt behold.
All theſe the Parthian, now ſome ages paſt,
By great Arſaces led, who founded firſt
That empire, under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And juſt in time thou com'ſt to have a view
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king
In Cteſiphon hath gather'd all his hoſt
Againſt the Scythian, whoſe incurſions wild
Have waſted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haſte; ſee, tho' from far,
His thouſands, in what martial equipage
They iſſue forth, ſteel bows, and ſhafts their arms
Of equal dread in flight, or in purſuit;
All horſemen, in which fight they moſt excel;
See how in warlike muſter they appear,
In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.
He look'd, and ſaw what numbers numberleſs
The city gates out-pour'd, light-arm'd troops
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horſes clad, yet fleet and ſtrong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound;
From Arachoſia, from Candaor eaſt,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucaſis, and dark Iberian dales,
From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the ſouth
Of Suſiana, to Belſara's haven.
He ſaw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying, behind them ſhot
Sharp fleet of arrowy ſhowers againſt the face
Of their purſuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron caſt a gleaming brown:
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuiraſſiers all in ſteel for ſtanding fight,
Chariots or elephants indors'd with towers
Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers
A multitude, with ſpades and axes armd,
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill,
Or where plain was, raiſe hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after theſe, camels and dromedaries,
And waggons fraught with utenſils of war.
Such forces met not, nor ſo wide a camp,
When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
Beſieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win

The faireſt of her ſex, Angelica,
His daughter, ſought by many proweſt knights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemaign.
Such, and ſo numerous were their chivalry;
At ſight whereof the Fiend yet more preſum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'ſt know I ſeek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way ſecure
On no ſlight grounds thy ſafety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither, and ſhewn
All this fair ſight: thy kingdom, tho' foretold
By Prophet or by Angel, unleſs thou
Endeavour, as thy father David did,
Thou never ſhalt obtain; prediction ſtill
In all things, and all men, ſuppoſes means;
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But ſay thou wert poſſeſs'd of David's throne
By free conſent of all, none oppoſite,
Samaritan or Jew; how couldſt thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and ſecure,
Between two ſuch incloſing enemies,
Roman and Parthian? therefore one of theſe
Thou muſt make ſure thy own, the Parthian firſt
By my advice, as nearer, and af late
Found able by invaſion to annoy
Thy country', and captive lead away her kings,
Antigonus and old Hyrcanus bound,
Maugre the Roman: it ſhall be my taſk
To render thee the Parthian at diſpoſe:
Chooſe which thou wilt, by conqueſt or by league.
By him thou ſhalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinſtall thee
In David's royal ſeat, his true ſucceſſor,
Deliverance of thy brethren, thoſe Ten Tribes
Whoſe offſpring in his territory' yet ſerve,
In Habor, and among the Medes diſpers'd;
Ten ſons of Jacob, two of Joſeph loſt
Thus long from Iſrael, ſerving as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt ſerv'd,
This offer ſets before thee to deliver.
Theſe if from ſervitude thou ſhalt reſtore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæſar not need fear.

To whom our Saviour anſwer'd thus, unmov'd.
Much oſtentation vain of fleſhly arm,
And fragil arms, much inſtrument of war
Long in preparing, ſoon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou' haſt ſet; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,
Plauſible to the world, to me worth nought.
Means I muſt uſe, thou ſay'ſt, prediction elſe
Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne:
My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better fartheſt off) is not yet come:
When that comes, think not thou to find me ſlack
On my part ought endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumberſome
Luggage of war there ſhewn me, argument
Of human weakneſs rather than of ſtrength.
My brethren, as thou call'ſt them, thoſe Ten Tribes
I muſt deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full ſceptre ſway
To juſt extent over all Iſrael's ſons;
But whence to thee this zeal? where was it then
For Iſraël, or for David, or his throne,
When thou ſtood'ſt up his temper to the pride
Of numb'ring Iſraël, which coſt the lives
Of threeſcore and ten thouſand Iſraëlites
By three days peſtilence? ſuch was thy zeal
To Iſrael then, the ſame that now to me.
As for thoſe captive tribes, themſelves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God, to worſhip calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next, and Aſhtaroth,
And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,
Beſides their other worſe than heath'niſh crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themſelves, or penitent beſought
The God of their foreſathers; but ſo dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themſelves, deſtinguiſhable ſcarce
From Gentiles, but by circumciſion vain,
And God with idols in their worſhip join'd.
Should I of theſe the liberty regard,
Who freed us to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd, [haps
Headlong would follow'; and to their gods per-
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them ſerve
Their enemies, who ſerve idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himſelf beſt known,
Rememb'ring Abraham, by ſome wond'rous call
May bring them back repentant and ſincere,
And at their paſſing cleave th Aſſyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haſte,
As the red ſea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the Promis'd Land their fathers paſs'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them.

So ſpake Iſrael's true King, and to the Fiend
Made anſwer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with Truth Falſehood contends.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK IV.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad ſucceſs
The Tempter ſtood, nor what to reply,
Diſcover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the perſuaſive rhetoric
That ſleek'd his tongue, and won ſo much on Eve,
So little here, nay loſt; but Eve was Eve,
This far his over-match, who ſelf-deceiv'd
And raſh, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The ſtrength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchleſs held
In cunning, over-reach'd where leaſt he thought,
To ſalve his credit, and for very ſpite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him ſtill,
And never ceaſe, though to his ſhame the more,
Or as a ſwarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-preſs where ſweet muſt is pour'd
Beat off, returns as oft with humming ſound,
Or ſurging waves againſt a ſolid rock,
Though all to ſhivers daſh'd, th' aſſault renew,
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulſe upon repulſe
Met ever, and to ſhameful ſilence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though deſp'rate of ſucceſs,
And his vain importunity purſues.
He brought our Saviour to the weſtern ſide
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Waſh'd by the ſouthern ſea, and on the north
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills
That ſcreen'd the fruits of th' earth, and ſeats of men,
From cold Septentrion blaſts, thence in the midſt
Divided by a river, of whoſe banks
On each ſide an imperial city ſtood,
With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate
On ſev'n ſmall hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves preſented to his eyes,
Above the height of mountains interpos'd;
By what ſtrange parallax or optic ſkill
Of viſion multiply'd through air, or glaſs
Of teleſcope, were curious to inquire:
And now the Tempter thus his ſilence broke:

The city which thou ſeeſt, no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth;
So far renown'd, and with the ſpoils enrich'd
Of nations; there the capital thou ſeeſt
Above the reſt lifting his ſtately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable, and there Mount Palatine,
Th' imperial palace, compaſs huge and high
The ſtructure, ſkill of nobleſt architects,
With gilded battlements, conſpicuous far,
Turrets and terraſes, and glitt'ring ſpires.
Many a fair edifice beſides, more like
Houſes of God, (ſo well I have diſpos'd
My airy microſcope) thou may'ſt behold
Outſide and inſide both, pillars and roofs,
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory or gold.
Thence to the gates caſt round thine eye, and ſee
What conflux iſſuing forth, or entering in,
Pretors, proconſuls to their provinces
Haſting, or on return, in robes of ſtate;
Lictors and rods, the enſigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horſe and wings:
Or embaſſies from regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Emilian, ſome from fartheſt ſouth,
Syene', and where the ſhadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic ile, and more to weſt,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor ſea;
From th' Aſian kings, and Parthian among theſe,
From India and the golden Cherſoneſe,
And utmoſt Indian ile Taprobane,
Duſk faces, with white ſilken turbants wreath'd;
From Gallia, Gades, and the Britiſh weſt,
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay,
To Rome's great Emperor, whoſe wide demain
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou juſtly may'ſt prefer
Before the Parthian; theſe two thrones except,
The reſt are barb'rous, and ſcarce worth the ſight,
Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;

Thefe having fhewn thee, I have fh wn thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emp'ror hath no fon, and now is old,
Old and lafcivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Capreæ, an ifland fmall but ftrong
On the Campanian fhore, with purpofe there
His horrid luſts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him fuſpicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what eaſe,
Indued with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'ſt thou expel this monſter from his throne
Now made a ſtye, and in his place aſcending,
A victor people free from ſervile yoke?
And with my help thou may'ſt; to me the power
Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no leſs than all the world;
Aim at the high'ſt, without the high'ſt attain'd
Will be for thee no ſitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophecy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd:
Nor doth this grandeur and majeſtic ſhew
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much leſs my mind; though thou ſhould'ſt add to tell
Their ſumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feaſts
On citron tables, or Atlantic ſtone,
(For I have alſo heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Chryſtal and myrrhine cups imboſs'd with gems
And ſtuds of pearl, to me ſhould'ſt tell who thirſt
And hunger ſtill: then embaſſies thou ſhew'ſt
From nations far and nigh; what honour that,
But tedious waſte of time to ſit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandiſh flatteries? then proceed'ſt to talk
Of th' Emperor, how eaſily ſubdu'd,
How gloriouſly; I ſhall, thou ſay'ſt, expel
A brutiſh monſter; what if I withal
Expel a devil, who firſt made him ſuch?
Let his tormentor Conſcience find him out;
For him I was not ſent, nor yet to free
That people victor once, now vile and baſe,
Deſervedly made vaſſal, who once juſt,
Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the nations under yoke,
Peeling their provinces, exhauſted all
By luſt and rapin; firſt ambitious grown
Of triumph, that inſulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their ſports to blood inur'd
Of fighting beaſts, and men to beaſts expos'd,
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier ſtill,
And from the daily ſcene effeminate.
What wiſe and valiant man would ſeek to free
Theſe thus degenerate by themſelves inſlav'd,
Or could of inward ſlaves make outward free?
Know therefore, when my ſeaſon comes to ſit
On David's throne, it ſhall be like a tree
Spreading and overſhadowing all the earth,
Or as a ſtone that ſhall to pieces daſh
All monarchies beſides throughout the world,
And of my kingdom there ſhall be no end:
Means there ſhall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd:
I ſee all offers made by me how ſlight
Thou valueſt, becauſe offer'd, and reject'ſt:
Nothing will pleaſe the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than ſtill to contradict:
On th' other ſide know alſo thou, that I
On what I offer ſet as high eſteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
All theſe which in a moment thou behold'ſt,
The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I pleaſe,
No trifle; yet with this reſerve, not elſe,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worſhip me as thy ſuperior lord,
Eaſily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can leſs ſo great a gift deſerve?

Whom thus our Saviour anſwer'd with diſdain.
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers leſs;
Now both abhor, ſince thou haſt dar'd to utter
Th' abominable terms, impious condition;
But I endure the time, till which expir'd
Thou haſt permiſſion on me. It is written
The firſt of all commandments, Thou ſhalt worſhip
The Lord thy God, and only him ſhalt ſerve;
And dar'ſt thou to the Son of God propound
To worſhip thee accurs'd, now more accurs'd
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
And more blaſphemous? which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,
Permitted rather, and by thee uſurp'd;
Other donation none thou can'ſt produce:
If giv'n, by whom but by the King of Kings,
God over all ſupreme? if giv n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is loſt
Long ſince. Wert thou ſo void of fear or ſhame,
As offer them to me the Son of God,
To me my own, on ſuch abhorred pact
That I fall down and worſhip thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'ſt
That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the Fiend with fear abaſh'd reply'd.
Be not ſo ſore offended, Son of God,
Though ſons of God both angels are and men,
If I to try whether in higher ſort
Than theſe thou bear'ſt that title, have propos'd
What both from men and angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations beſides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whoſe coming is foretold
To me ſo fatal, me it moſt concerns.
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way;
Rather more honour left and more eſteem;
Me nought advantag'd, miſſing what I aim'd.
Therefore let paſs, as they are tranſitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I ſhall no more
Adviſe thee; gain them as thou canſt, or not.
And thou thyſelf ſeem'ſt otherwiſe inclin'd
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound diſpute,

As by that early action may be judg'd,
When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st
Alone into the temple; there wast found
Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught; the childhood shews the man,
As morning shews the day. Be famous then
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion as thou meanst;
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc'd.
Look once more e'er we leave this specular mount
Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess.
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound
Of bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whisp'ring stream: within the walls' then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of Fate, and Chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high passions best describing:
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear
From Heav'n descended to the low-roofst house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.
To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd:
Think not but that I know these things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits;
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
In corporeal pleasure he, and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him call'd Virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equals to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all,
Wealth, pleasure, pain, or torment, death and life,
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell,
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere
Uncertain and unsettled still remains, [seek?)
Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? All our law and story strow'd
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,
That pleas'd so well our victor's ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities, and their own,
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame,

Remove their ſwelling epithets, thick laid
As varniſh on a harlot's cheek; the reſt,
Thin ſown with ought of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's ſongs, to all true taſtes excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and god-like men,
The holieſt of holies, and his ſaints;
Such are from God inſpir'd, not ſuch from thee,
Unleſs where moral virtue is expreſs'd
By light of Nature, not in all quite loſt.
Their orators thou then extoll'ſt, as thoſe
The top of eloquence, ſtatiſts indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may ſeem;
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The ſolid rules of civil government
In their majeſtic unaffected ſtile,
Than all th' oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plaineſt taught, and eaſieſt learnt,
What makes a nation happy', and keeps it ſo,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
Theſe only with our law beſt form a king.
So ſpake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loſs, for all his darts were ſpent,
Thus to our Saviour with ſtern brow reply'd:
Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms, nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire, pleaſes thee, nor ought
By me propos'd in life contemplative,
Or active, tended on by glory', or fame,
What doſt thou in this world? the wilderneſs
For thee is fitteſt place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee; yet remember
What I foretel thee, ſoon thou ſhalt have cauſe
To wiſh thou never hadſt rejected thus
Nicely or cautiouſly my offer'd aid,
Which would have ſet thee in a ſhort time with eaſe
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulneſs of time, thy ſeaſon,
When prophecies of thee are beſt fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read ought in Heav'n,
Or Heav'n write ought of Fate, by what the ſtars
Voluminous, or ſingle characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to ſpell
Sorrows, and labours, oppoſition, hate,
Attends thee, ſcorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and ſtripes, and laſtly cruel death:
A kingdom they portend thee; but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric I diſcern not,
Nor when, eternal ſure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date preſix'd
Directs me in the ſtarry rubric ſet.
So ſay'ing he took (for ſtill he knew his power
Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderneſs
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to diſappear. Darkneſs now roſe,
As day-light ſunk, and brought in louring Night
Her ſhadowy offspring, unſubſtantial both,
Privation mere of light and abſent day.
Our Saviour meek, and with untroubled mind,
After his airy jaunt, though hurried ſore,
Hungry and cold, betook him to his reſt,
Wherever, under ſome concourſe of ſhades,
Whoſe branching arms thick intertwin'd might ſhield
From dews and damps of night his ſhelter'd head;
But ſhelter'd ſlept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and ſoon with ugly dreams
Diſturb'd his ſleep; and either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds
From many a horrid riſt abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor ſlept the winds
Within their ſtony caves, but ruſh'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderneſs, whoſe talleſt pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and ſturdieſt oaks,
Bow'd their ſtiff necks, loaden with ſtormy blaſts;
Or torn up ſheer: ill waſt thou ſhrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only ſtood'ſt
Unſhaken; nor yet ſtay'd the terror there,
Infernal ghoſts, and helliſh furies, round
Environ'd thee, ſome howl'd, ſome yell'd, ſome ſhriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'ſt unappall'd in calm and ſinleſs peace.
Thus paſs'd the night ſo foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim ſteps in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger ſtill'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds
And griſtly ſpectres, which the Fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the ſun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more freſh and green,
After a night of ſtorm ſo ruinous,
Clear'd up their choiceſt notes in buſh and ſpray
To gratulate the ſweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidſt this joy and brighteſt morn
Was abſent, after all his miſchief done,
The Prince of Darkneſs, glad would alſo ſeem,
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came;
Yet with no new device; they all were ſpent:
Rather by this his laſt affront reſolv'd,
Deſp'rate of better courſe, to vent his rage
And mad deſpite, to be ſo oft repell'd.
Him walking on a ſunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and weſt by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he ſtarts, in wonted ſhape,
And in a careleſs mood thus to him ſaid:
Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a diſmal night; I heard the wrack
As earth and ſky would mingle; but myſelf
Was diſtant: and theſe flaws, though mortals fear them
As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heav'n,
Or to the Earth's dark baſis underneath,
Are to the main as inconſiderable
And harmleſs, if not wholeſome, as a ſneeze
To man's leſs univerſe, and ſoon are gone;
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
On man, beaſt, plant, waſteful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,
Over whoſe heads they roar, and ſeem to point,
They oft fore-ſignify and threaten ill:
This tempeſt at this deſert moſt was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'ſt.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didſt reject
The perfect ſeaſon, offer'd with my aid

To win thy deſtin'd ſeat, but wilt prolong
All to the puſh of Fate, purſue thy way
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when;
For both the when and how is no where told;
Thou ſhalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightlieſt done,
Not when it muſt, but when it may be beſt.
If thou obſerve not this, be ſure to find
What I foretold thee, many a hard aſſay
Of dangers, and adverſities, and pains,
E'er thou of Iſrael's ſceptre get faſt hold;
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
May warn thee, as a ſure foregoing ſign.
So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And ſtay'd not, but in brief him anſwer'd thus.
Me worſe than wet thou find'ſt not; other harm
Thoſe terrors which thou ſpeak'ſt of did me none;
I never fear'd they could, tho' noiſing loud
And threat'ning nigh; what they can do as ſigns
Betokening, or ill-boding, I contemn
As falſe portents, not ſent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I ſhall reign paſt thy preventing,
Obtrud'ſt thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At leaſt might ſeem to hold all power of thee
Ambitious ſp'rit, and wouldſt be thought my God,
And ſtorm'ſt refus'd, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will; deſiſt, thou art diſcern'd,
And toil'ſt in vain, nor me in vain moleſt.
To whom the Fiend now ſwol'n with rage reply'd:
Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt:
Of the Meſſiah I have heard foretold
By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc'd by Gabriel with the firſt I knew,
And of th' angelic ſong in Bethlehem field,
On thy birth-night, that ſung the Saviour born.
From that time ſeldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood laſt, though yet in private bred;
Till at the ford of Jordan whither all
Flock to the Baptiſt, I among the reſt,
Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower ſcrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no ſingle ſenſe;
The Son of God, I alſo am, or was;
And if I was, I am; relation ſtands;
All men are ſons of God; yet thee I thought
In ſome reſpect far higher ſo declar'd:
Therefore I watch'd thy footſteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee ſtill on to this waſte wild;
Where by all beſt conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reaſon then, if I before-hand ſeek
To underſtand my adverſary, who
And what he is; his wiſdom, power, intent;
By parl, or compoſition, truce or league
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, ſift thee, and confeſs have found thee
Proof againſt all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and as a centre, firm,
To th' utmoſt of mere man both wiſe and good,
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I muſt now begin.
So ſaying he caught him up, and without wing
Of hippogrif bore through the air ſublime
Over the wilderneſs and o'er the plain;
Till underneath them fair Jeruſalem,
The holy city lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaſter, topt with golden ſpires:
There on the higheſt pinnacle he ſet
The Son of God, and added thus in ſcorn.
There ſtand, if thou wilt ſtand; to ſtand upright
Will aſk thee ſkill; I to thy Father's houſe
Have brought thee, and higheſt plac'd, higheſt is beſt,
Now ſhew thy progeny; if not to ſtand,
Caſt thyſelf down; ſafely, if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels; in their hands
They ſhall uplift thee, leſt at any time
Thou chance to daſh thy foot againſt a ſtone.
To whom thus Jeſus: Alſo it is written,
Tempt not thy Lord thy God: he ſaid and ſtood:
But Satan ſmitten with amazement fell.
As when Earth's ſon Antæus (to compare
Small things with greateſt) in Iraſſa ſtrove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd, ſtill roſe,
Receiving from his mother Earth new ſtrength,
Freſh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd and fell;
So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,
Renewing freſh aſſaults, amidſt his pride
Fell whence he ſtood to ſee his Victor fall.
And as that Theban monſter that propos'd
Her riddle, and him who ſolv'd it not devour'd,
That once found out and ſolv'd, for grief and ſpite
Caſt herſelf headlong from th' Iſmenian ſteep;
So ſtruck with dread and anguiſh fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that ſat conſulting, brought
Joyleſs triumphals of his hop'd ſucceſs,
Ruin and deſperation, and diſmay,
Who durſt ſo proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and ſtrait a fiery globe
Of angels on full ſail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy vans receiv'd him ſoft
From his uneaſy ſtation, and up bore
As on a floting couch through the blithe air,
Then in a flow'ry valley ſet him down
On a green bank, and ſet before him ſpread
A table of celeſtial food, divine,
Ambroſial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life ambroſial drink,
That ſoon refreſh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,
Or thirſt; and as he fed, angelic quires
Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.
True image of the Father, whether thron'd

In the bofom of bliſs, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, inſhrin'd
In fleſhly tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the wilderneſs, whatever place,
Habit, or ſtate, or motion, ſtill expreſſing
The Son of God, with God-like force indued
Againſt th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
And thief of Paradiſe; him long of old
Thou didſt debel, and down from Heav'n caſt
With all his army, now thou haſt aveng'd
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquiſhing
Temptation, haſt regain'd loſt Paradiſe,
And fruſtrated the conqueſt fraudulent;
He never more henceforth will dare ſet foot
In Paradiſe to tempt; his ſnares are broke:
For though that ſeat of earthly bliſs be fail'd,
A fairer Paradiſe is founded now
For Adam and his choſen ſons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-inſtal
Where they ſhall dwell ſecure, when time ſhall be,
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal Serpent, ſhalt not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal ſtar
Or lighting thou ſhalt fall from Heav'n, trod down
Under his feet: for proof, e'er this thou feel'ſt
Thy wound, yet not thy laſt and deadlieſt wound,
By this repulſe receiv'd, and hold'ſt in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chace thee with the terror of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, poſſeſſion foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they ſhall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of ſwine,
Leſt he command them down into the Deep
Bound, and to torment ſent before that time.
Hail Son of the Moſt High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to ſave mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung Victor, and from heav'nly feaſt refreſh'd
Brought on his way with joy; he unobſerv'd
Home to his mother's houſe private return'd.

SAMSON AGONISTES,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Τραγῳδια μιμησις πραξεως σπουδαιας, &c.

Aristot. Poet, cap. 6.

Tragoedia est imitatio actionis seriae, etc. per misericordiam et metum perficient talium affectuum lustrationem.

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, *as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure, with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well-imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers, and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture,* 1 Cor. xv. 33.; *and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings, and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the Elder was no less ambitious than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax; but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies, at least the best of them, that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is intitled Christ suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poets' error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious, hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be epistled; that chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling, therefore, of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epod, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allæostropha. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this Work never was intended) is here omitted.*

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge, who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.
MANOAH, the Father of Samson.
DALILA, his Wife.
HARAPHA of Gath.
Public Officer.
Meſſenger.
Chorus of Danites.

The SCENE *before the Priſon in Gaza.*

SAMSON AGONISTES.

The Argument.

Samſon made captive, blind, and now in the priſon at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work houſe on a feſtival day, in the general ceſſation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, ſomewhat retir'd, there to ſit a while and bemoan his condition: Where he happens at length to be viſited by certain friends and equals of his Tribe, which make the Chorus, who ſeek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpoſe to procure his liberty by ranſom; laſtly, that this feaſt was proclaim'd by the Philiſtines as a day of thankſgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samſon, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to proſecute his endeavour with the Philiſtine lords for Samſon's redemption; who in the mean while is viſited by other perſons; and laſtly by a public officer to require his coming to the feaſt before the lords and people, to play or ſhew his ſtrength in their preſence; he at firſt refuſes, diſmiſſing the public officer with abſolute denial to come; at length perſuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the ſecond time with great threatnings to fetch him: the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure e'er long his ſon's deliverance, in the midſt of which diſcourſe an Hebrew comes in haſte, confuſedly at firſt, and afterwards more diſtinctly relating the cataſtrophe, what Samſon had done to the Philiſtines, and by accident to himſelf; wherewith the tragedy ends.

SAMSON

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To theſe dark ſteps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of ſun or ſhade:
There I am wont to ſit, when any chance
Relieves me from my taſk of ſervile toil,
Daily in the common priſon elſe injoin'd me,
Where I a priſoner chain'd, ſcarce freely draw
The air impriſon'd alſo, cloſe and damp,
Unwholeſome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n freſh blowing, pure and ſweet,
With day-ſpring born; here leave me to reſpire.
This day a ſolemn feaſt the people hold
To Dagon their ſea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this reſt
Their ſuperſtition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noiſe, I ſeek
This unfrequented place to find ſome eaſe,
Eaſe to the body ſome, none to the mind
From reſtleſs thoughts, that like a deadly ſwarm
Of hornets arm'd, no ſooner found alone,
But ruſh upon me thronging, and preſent
Times paſt, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
Twice by an angel, who at laſt in ſight
Of both my parents all in flames aſcended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like preſence, and from ſome great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and preſcrib'd
As of a perſon ſeparate to God,
Deſign'd for great exploits; if I muſt die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the ſcorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under taſk
With this Heav'n-gifted ſtrength? O glorious ſtrength
Put to the labour of a beaſt, debas'd
Lower than bond-ſlave! Promiſe was that I
Should Iſrael from Philiſtian yoke deliver;
Aſk for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeleſs in Gaza at the mill with ſlaves,
Himſelf in bonds under Philiſtian yoke:
Yet ſtay, let me not raſhly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myſelf?
Who this high gift of ſtrength committed to me,

In what part lodg'd, how eaſily bereft me,
Under the ſeal of ſilence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman muſt reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears,
O impotence of mind, in body ſtrong!
But what is ſtrength without a double ſhare
Of wiſdom, vaſt, unwieldy, burdenſome,
Proudly ſecure, yet liable to fall
By weakeſt ſubtleties, not made to rule,
But to ſubſerve where wiſdom bears command!
God, when he gave me ſtrength, to ſhew withal
How ſlight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace; I muſt not quarrel with the will
Of higheſt diſpenſation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me ſtrength is my bane,
And proves the ſource of all my miſeries;
So many and ſo huge, that each apart
Would aſk a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loſs of ſight, of thee I moſt complain!
Blind among enemies, O worſe than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vileſt now become
Of man or worm: the vileſt here excel me;
They creep, yet ſee; I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuſe, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, ſtill as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I ſeem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipſe
Without all hope of day!
O firſt created beam, and thou great word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The ſun to me is dark
And ſilent as the moon,
When ſhe deſerts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light ſo neceſſary is to life,
And almoſt life itſelf, if it be true
That light is in the ſoul,
She all in every part; why was the ſight
To ſuch a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and ſo eaſy to be quench'd?
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
That ſhe might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkneſs yet in light,
To live a life dalf dead, a living death,
And bury'd: but O yet more miſerable!
Myſelf my ſepulchre, a moving grave,
Bury'd, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worſt of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miſeries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are theſe? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet ſteering this way;
Perhaps my enemies, who come to ſtare
At my affliction, and perhaps to inſult,
Their daily practice, to afflict me more.

CHOR. This, this is he; ſoftly a while,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelefsly diffus'd,
With languiſh'd head unpropt,
As one paſt hope, abandon'd,
And by himſelf given over;
In ſlaviſh habit, ill fitted weeds
O'er-worn and ſoil'd;
Or do my eyes miſrepreſent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd,
Irreſiſtible Samſon; whom unarm'd
No ſtrength of man, or fierceſt wild beaſt could withſtand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,
Ran on imbattl'd armies clad in iron,
And weaponleſs himſelf,
Made arms ridiculous, uſeleſs the forgery
Of brazen ſhield and ſpear, the hammer'd cuiraſs,
Chalybean temper'd ſteel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof;
But ſafeſt he who ſtood aloof,
When inſupportably his foot advanc'd,
In ſcorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Aſcalonite
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel;
Or grov'ling ſoil'd their creſted helmets in the duſt.
Then with what trival weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead aſs, his ſword of bone,
A thouſand fore-ſkins fell, the flower of Palaſtine,
In Ramah-lechi famous to this day.
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his ſhoulders bore
The gates of Azza, poſt, and maſſy bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, ſeat of giants old,
No journey of a ſabbath-day, and loaded ſo;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n.
Which ſhall I firſt bewail,
Thy bondage or loſt ſight,
Priſon within priſon
Inſeparably dark?
Thou art become (O worſt impriſonment!)
The dungeon of thyſelf; thy ſoul
(Which men enjoying ſight oft without cauſe complain)
Impriſon'd now indeed,
In real darkneſs of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light
To incoporate with gloomy night;
For inward light, alas!
Puts forth no viſual beam.
O mirror of our fickle ſtate,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example ſtands.
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongeſt of mortal men,
To loweſt pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n
For him I reckon not in high eſtate
Whom long deſcent of birth
Or the ſphere of fortune raiſes;
But thee whoſe ſtrength, while virtue waſher mate,
Might have ſubdued the earth,

Universally crown'd with highest praises.
SAM. I hear the sound of words, their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed e'er it reach my ear.
CHOR. He speaks; let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
The glory late of Israel, now the grief;
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores; apt words have power to swage
The tumors of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.
SAM. Your coming, friends, revives me; for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superscription, (of the most
I would be understood) in prosp'rous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have inclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd
My vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street? do they not say how well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other should, at least have pair'd,
These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.
CHOR. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou should'st wed Philistian women rather
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.
SAM. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed
The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
The marriage on: that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife
(O that I never had! fond wish too late)
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, (O weak-
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman. [ness!)
CHOR. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.
SAM. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
Who seeing those great acts, which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd
Deliverance offer'd: I on the other side
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds;
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer;
But they perfisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their lords, the Philistines, with gather'd powers
Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
To set upon them, what advantag'd best:
Mean while the men of Judah, to prevent
The harrass of their land, beset me round;
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
Touch'd with the flame: on their whole host I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trival weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom they now serve:
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
As their deliverer; if he ought begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?
CHOR. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
Their great deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless Gideon in pursuit
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings:
And how ungrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battle, when so many dy'd
Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.
SAM. Of such examples add me to the roll,
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not so.
CHOR. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all;
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.
Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
As to his own edicts found contradicting,

Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,
Regardleſs of his glory's diminution;
Till, by their own perplexities involv'd,
They ravel more, ſtill leſs reſolv'd,
But never find ſelf-ſatisfying ſolution.
As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie him to his own preſcript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himſelf,
And hath full right t' exempt
Whom ſo it pleaſes him by choice
From national obſtriction, without taint
Of ſin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can beſt diſpenſe.
He would not elſe who never wanted means,
Nor in reſpect of th' enemy juſt cauſe
To ſet his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Againſt his vow of ſtricteſt purity,
To ſeek in marriage that fallacious bride,
Unclean, unchaſte.
Down reaſon then, at leaſt vain reaſonings down,
Tho' reaſon here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean;
Unchaſte was ſubſequent, her ſtain, not his.
But ſee here comes thy reverend ſire
With careful ſtep, locks white as down,
Old Manoah: adviſe
Forthwith how thou ought'ſt to receive him.

SAM. Ay me, another inward grief, awak'd
With mention of that name, renews th' aſſault.

MAN. Brethren, and men of Dan; for ſuch ye ſeem,
Tho' in this uncouth place; if old reſpect,
As I ſuppoſe, tow'rds your once glory'd friend,
My ſon now captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine, caſt back with age,
Came lagging after; ſay if he be here?

CHOR. As ſignal now in low dejected ſtate,
As erſt in high'ſt, behold him where he lies.

MAN. O miſerable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samſon, far renown'd,
The dread of Iſrael's foes, who with a ſtrength
Equivalent to Angels, walk'd their ſtreets,
None offering fight; who ſingle combatant
Duel'd their armies, rank'd in proud array,
Himſelf an army, now unequal match
To ſave himſelf againſt a coward arm'd
At one ſpear's length. O ever-falling truſt
In mortal ſtrength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenneſs
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a ſon,
And ſuch a ſon as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a father in my ſtead?
O wherefore did God grant me my requeſt,
And as a bleſſing with ſuch pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts deſirable, to tempt
Our earneſt pray'rs, then giv'n with ſolemn hand
As graces, draw a ſcorpion's tail behind?
For this did th' Angel twice deſcend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select, and ſacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Inſnar'd, aſſaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes' deriſion, captive, poor, and blind,
Into a dungeon thruſt, to work with ſlaves?
Alas, methinks, whom God hath choſen once
To worthieſt deeds, if he through frailty err
He ſhould not ſo o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to ſo foul indignities,
Be' it but for honour's ſake of former deeds.

SAM. Appoint not heav'nly diſpoſition, father;
Nothing of all theſe evils hath befall'n me
But juſtly; I myſelf have brought them on,
Sole author I, ſole cauſe: if ought ſeems vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who' have profan'd
The myſtery of God giv'n me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithleſs enemy.
This well I knew; nor was at all ſurpris'd,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not ſhe
Of Timna firſt betray me, and reveal
The ſecret wreſted from me in her height
Of nuptial love profeſs'd, carrying it ſtrait
To them who had corrupted her, my ſpies,
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith, who alſo in her prime of love,
Spouſal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Tho' offer'd only, by the ſcent conceiv'd
Her ſpurious firſt-born, treaſon againſt me?
Thrice ſhe aſſay'd me with flattering pray'rs and ſighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital ſecret, in what part my ſtrength
Lay ſtor'd, in what part ſumm'd, that ſhe might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to ſport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worſe
Than undiſſembled hate) with what contempt
She ſought to make me traitor to myſelf;
Yet the fourth time, when muſt'ring all her wiles,
With blandiſh'd parlies, feminine aſſaults,
Tongue-batteries, ſhe furceas'd not day nor night
To ſtorm me overwatch'd and weary'd out,
At times when men ſeek moſt repoſe and reſt,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well reſolv'd
Might eaſily have ſhook of all her ſnares;
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
Her bond-ſlave; O indignity, O blot
To honour and religion! ſervile mind
Rewarded well with ſervile puniſhment!
The baſe degree to which I now am fall'n.
Theſe rags, this grinding is not yet ſo baſe
As was my former ſervitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True ſlavery, and that blindneſs worſe than this,
That ſaw not how degenerately I ſerv'd.

MAN. I cannot praiſe thy marriage choices, Son,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didſt plead
Divine impulſion prompting how thou might'ſt
Find ſome occaſion to infeſt our foes.
I ſtate not that; this I am ſure, our foes
Found ſoon occaſion thereby to make thee
Their captive and their triumph; thou the ſooner
Temptation found'ſt, or over potent charms

To violate the secret trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains;
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their God, who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnify'd, and God,
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

SAM. Father, I to acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
Dishonour, obliquy, and op'd the mouths
Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off, and join with idols;
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eyes to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end; all the contest is now
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arise, and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall e'er long receive
Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

MAN. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Against all competition; nor will long
Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAM. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation; let me here
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front? [his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully: a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

MAN. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thine own affliction, Son:
Repent not sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves and more accepts;
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd,
For self-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house,
Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd?

SAM. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? when in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearless of danger, like a petty god
I walk'd about admir'd of all, and dreaded
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
Then swoll'n with pride, into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me
Like a tame weather, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies.

CHOR. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool crystallin stream.

SAM. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes. [wines

CHOR. O madness, to think use of strongest

And ſtrongeſt drinks our chief ſupport of health,
When God with theſe forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty champion, ſtrong above compare,
Whoſe drink was only from the liquid brook.
SAM. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not
Againſt another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquiſh'd? by which means,
Now blind, diſhearten'd, ſham'd, diſhonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be uſeful, wherein ſerve
My nation and the work from Heav'n impos'd,
But to ſit idle on the houſehold hearth,
A burd'nous drone; to viſitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object, theſe redundant locks
Robuſtious to no purpoſe, cluſt'ring down,
Vain monuments of ſtrength; till length of years
And ſedentary numbneſs craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obſcure?
Here rather let me drunge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of ſervile food
Conſume me, and oft invoked death
Haſten the welcome end of all my pains.
MAN. Wilt thou then ſerve the Philiſtines with that gift
Which was expreſsly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.
But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to ſpring, thy thirſt to' allay
After the brunt of battle, can as eaſy
Cauſe light again within thy eyes to ſpring,
Wherewith to ſerve him better than thou haſt;
And I perſuade me ſo; why elſe this ſtrength
Miraculous yet remaining in thoſe locks?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor ſhall his wond'rous gifts be fruſtrate thus.
SAM. All otherwiſe to me my thoughts portend,
That theſe dark orbs no more ſhall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkneſs, night at hand:
So much I feel my genial ſpirits droop,
My hopes all flat, Nature within me ſeems
In all her functions weary of herſelf,
My race of glory run, and race of ſhame,
And I ſhall ſhortly be with them that reſt.
MAN. Believe not theſe ſuggeſtions, which proceed
From anguiſh of the mind and humours black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I, however,
Muſt not omit a father's timely care,
To proſecute the means of thy deliverance
By ranſome, or how elſe: mean while be calm,
And healing words from theſe thy friends admit.
SAM. O that Torment ſhould not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and ſores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breaſt, and reins;
But muſt ſecret paſſage find
To th' inmoſt mind,
There exerciſe all his fierce accidents,
And on her pureſt ſpirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With anſwerable pains, but more intenſe,
Though void of corporal ſenſe.
My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering diſeaſe
But, finding no redreſs, ferment and rage,
Nor leſs than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and feſter, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my tormentors, arm'd with deadly ſtings,
Mangle my apprehenſive tendereſt parts,
Exaſperate, exulcerate, and raiſe
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can aſſuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from ſnowy Alp.
Sleep hath forſook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumbing opium, as my only cure:
Thence faintings, ſwoonings of deſpair,
And ſenſe of Heav'n's deſertion.
I was his nurſling once, and choice delight,
His deſtin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by heav'nly meſſage twice deſcending.
Under his ſpecial eye
Abſtemious I grew up, and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightieſt deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Againſt th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies:
But now hath caſt me off as never known,
And to thoſe cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
Left me all helpleſs with th' irreparable loſs
Of ſight, reſerv'd alive to be repeated
The ſubject of their cruelty or ſcorn.
Nor am I in the liſt of them that hope;
Hopeleſs are all my evils, all remedileſs;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, ſpeedy death,
The cloſe of all my miſeries, and the balm.
CHOR. Many are the ſayings of the wiſe
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling patience as the trueſt fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Conſolitaries writ
With ſtudy'd argument, and much perſuaſion ſought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their ſound
Little prevails, or rather ſeems a tune
Harſh, and of diſſonant mood from his complaint;
Unleſs he feel within
Some ſource of conſolation from above,
Secret refreſhings, that repair his ſtrength,
And fainting ſpirits uphold.
God of our fathers, what is man?
That thou towards him with hand ſo various,
Or might I ſay contrarious,
Temper'ſt thy providence thro' this ſhort courſe,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'ſt
Th' angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That, wand'ring looſe about,

Grow up and periſh as the ſummer flie,
Heads without name no more remember'd,
But ſuch as thou haſt ſolemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To ſome great work, thy glory,
And people's ſafety, which in part they' effect
Yet towards theſe thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidſt their height of noon
Changeſt thy count'nance, and thy hand with no
Of higheſt favours paſt [regard
From thee on them, or them to thee of ſervice.
Nor only doſt degrade them, or remit
To life obſcur'd, which were a fair diſmiſſion,
But throw'ſt them lower than thou didſt exalt them high;
Unſeemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the treſpaſs or omiſſion;
Oft leav'ſt them to the hoſtile ſword
Of Heathen and profane, their carcaſes
To dogs and fowls a prey, or elſe captiv'd;
Or to the unjuſt tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude.
If theſe they 'ſcape, perhaps in poverty
With ſickneſs and diſeaſe, thou bow'ſt them down,
Painful diſeaſes and deform'd,
In crude old age;
Tho' not diſordinate, yet cauſeleſs ſuffering
The puniſhment of diſſolute days: in fine,
Juſt or unjuſt alike ſeem miſerable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.
So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy ſtrength, and mighty miniſter.
What do I beg? how haſt thou dealt already?
Behold him in this ſtate calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou can'ſt, to peaceful end.
But who is this? what thing of ſea or land?
Female of ſex it ſeems,
That ſo bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way ſailing
Like a ſtately ſhip
Of Tarſus, bound for th' iſles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and ſtreamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber ſcent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damſel train behind;
Some rich Philliſtian matron ſhe may ſeem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife. [near me.
Sam. My wife, my traitreſs, let her not come
Chor. Yet on ſhe moves, now ſtands and eyes thee fix'd,
About t' have ſpoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flower ſurcharg'd with dew, ſhe weeps,
And words addreſs'd ſeem into tears diſſolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her ſilken veil:
But now again ſhe makes addreſs to ſpeak,
Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering reſolution
I came, ſtill dreading thy diſpleaſure, Samſon,
Which to have merited, without excuſe,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet, if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverſe event, than I foreſaw)
My penance hath not ſlacken'd, tho' my pardon
No way aſſur'd. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, deſirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy eſtate,
If ought in my ability may ſerve
To lighten what thou ſuffer'ſt, and appeaſe
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in ſome part to recompenſe
My raſh, but more unfortunate miſdeed.
Sam. Out, out hyæna; theſe are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman falſe like thee;
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then as repentant, to ſubmit, beſeech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorſe;
Confeſs, and promiſe wonders in her change;
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her huſband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakneſs which way to aſſail:
Then with more cautious and inſtructed ſkill
Again tranſgreſſes, and again ſubmits;
That wiſeſt and beſt men full oft beguil'd
With goodneſs principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miſerable days,
Intangled with a pois'nous boſom ſnake,
If not by quick deſtruction ſoon cut off
As I by thee, to ages an example. [vour
Dal. Yet hear me, Samſon, not that I endea-
To leſſen or extenuate my offence,
But that on the other ſide if it be weigh'd
By' itſelf, with aggravations not furcharg'd,
Or elſe with juſt allowance counterpois'd,
I may if poſſible thy pardon find
The eaſier tow'rds me, or thy hatred leſs.
Firſt granting, as I do, it was a weakneſs
In me, but incident to all our ſex,
Curioſity, inquiſitive, importune
Of ſecrets, then with like infirmity
To publiſh them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakneſs alſo to make known
For importunity, that is for nought,
Wherein conſiſted all thy ſtrength and ſafety?
To what I did thou ſhewd'ſt me firſt the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and ſhould not:
Nor ſhould'ſt thou have truſted that to woman's frailty:
E'er I to thee, thou to thyſelf waſt cruel.
Let weakneſs then with weakneſs come to parle
So near related or the ſame of kind;
Thine forgive mine, that men may cenſure thine
The gentler, if ſeverely thou exact not
More ſtrength from me than in thyſelf was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'ſt hate,
The jealouſy of love, powerful of ſway
In human hearts, nor leſs in mind tow'rds thee,
Caus'd what I did? I ſaw thee mutable [me
Of fancy, fear'd leſt one day thou wouldſt leave
As her at Timna, ſought by all means therefore
How to indear, and hold thee to me firmeſt:
No better way I ſaw than by' importuning
To learn thy ſecrets, get into my power
The key of ſtrength and ſafety: thou wilt ſay,
Why then reveal'd? I was aſſur'd by thoſe

Who tempted me that nothing was deſign'd
Againſt thee, but ſafe cuſtody and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterpriſes,
While I at home ſat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy abſence in my widow'd bed;
Here I ſhould ſtill enjoy thee day and night
Mine and love's priſoner, not the Philiſtines,
Whole to myſelf, unhazarded abroad,
Fearleſs at home of partners in my love.
Theſe reaſons in love's law have paſt for good,
Though fond and reaſonleſs to ſome perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not auſtere
As thou art ſtrong, inflexible as ſteel.
If thou in ſtrength all mortals doſt exceed,
In uncompaſſionate anger do not ſo.

SAM. How cunningly the ſorcereſs diſplays
Her own tranſgreſſions, to upbraid me mine;
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou ſay'ſt, th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
I to myſelf was falſe e'er thou to me;
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou feeſt
Impartial, ſelf-ſevere, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy ſeeking, and much rather
Confeſs it feign'd: weakneſs is thy excuſe,
And I believe it, weakneſs to reſiſt
Philiſtian gold: if weakneſs may excuſe,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Inceſtuous, ſacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedneſs is weakneſs: that plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remiſſion.
But love conſtrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To ſatisfy thy luſt: love ſeeks to have love;
My love how could'ſt thou hope, who took'ſt the way
To raiſe in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I muſt, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou ſtriv'ſt to cover ſhame with ſhame,
Or by evaſions thy crime uncover'ſt more.

DAL. Since thou determin'ſt weakneſs for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what aſſaults I had, what ſnares beſides,
What ſieges girt me round, e'er I conſented;
Which might have aw'd the beſt reſolv'd of men,
The conſtanteſt, to have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'ſt,
That wrought with me: thou know'ſt the magiſtrates
And princes of my country came in perſon,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, preſs'd how juſt it was,
How honourable, how glorious to intrap
A common enemy, who had deſtroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the prieſt
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to enſnare an irreligious
Diſhonourer of Dagon: what had I
To oppoſe againſt ſuch powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in ſilence all theſe reaſons
With hard conteſt: at length that grounded maxim
So riſe and celebrated in the mouths
Of wiſeſt men, that to the public good
Private reſpects muſt yield, with grave authority
Took full poſſeſſion of me, and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty ſo injoining.

SAM. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd religion, ſmooth hypocriſy.
But had thy love, ſtill odiouſly pretended,
Been, as it ought, ſincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reaſonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation choſe thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'ſt,
Too well, unboſom'd all my ſecrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-power'd
By thy requeſt, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didſt thou at firſt receive me for thy huſband,
Then, as ſince then, thy country's foe profeſs'd?
Being once a wife, for me thou waſt to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their ſubject,
Nor under their protection, but my own;
Thou mine, not theirs: if ought againſt my life
Thy country ſought of thee, it ſought unjuſtly,
Againſt the law of nature, law of nations,
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conſpiring to uphold their ſtate
By worſe than hoſtile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name ſo dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
To pleaſe thy gods thou didſt it; gods unable
To acquit themſelves and proſecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, gods cannot be;
Leſs therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.
Theſe falſe pretexts and varniſh'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul muſt thou appear?

DAL. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worſe, whatever be her cauſe.

SAM. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;
Witneſs when I was worried with thy peals.

DAL. I was a fool, too raſh, and, quite miſtaken
In what I thought would have ſucceeded beſt.
Let me obtain forgiveneſs of thee, Samſon,
Afford me place to ſhew what recompenſe
Towards thee I intend for what I have miſdone,
Miſguided; only what remains paſt cure
Bear not too ſenſibly, nor ſtill inſiſt
To afflict thyſelf in vain: though ſight be loſt,
Life yet hath many ſolaces, enjoy'd
Where other ſenſes want not their delights
At home in leiſure and domeſtic eaſe,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-ſight expoſes daily men abroad.
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathſome priſon-houſe, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care
With nurſing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age,
With all things grateful cheer'd, and ſo ſupply'd,

hat what by me thou haſt loſt thou leaſt ſhalt miſs.

SAM. No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long ſince are twain:
Nor think me ſo unwary or accurs'd,
To bring my feet again into the ſnare
Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
Though dearly to my coſt, thy gins, and toils;
Thy fair inchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have power, their force is null'd,
So much of adder's wiſdom I have learn'd
To fence my ear againſt thy ſorceries.
If in my flower of youth and ſtrength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldſt hate me
Thy huſband, ſlight me, ſell me and forego me;
How wouldſt thou uſe me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in moſt things as a child
Helpleſs, thence eaſily contemn'd, and ſcorn'd,
And laſt neglected? How wouldſt thou inſult,
When I muſt live uxorious to thy will
In perfect thraldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloſs upon, and cenſuring, frown or ſmile?
This jail I count the houſe of liberty
To thine, whoſe doors my feet ſhall never enter.

DAL. Let me approach at leaſt, and touch thy hand.

SAM. Not for thy life, leſt fierce remembrance
My ſudden rage to tear thee joint by joint. [wake
At diſtance I forgive thee, go with that;
Bewail thy falſhood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illuſtrious women, faithful wives:
Cheriſh thy haſten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treaſon: ſo farewel.

DAL. I ſee thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers than winds and ſeas, yet winds to ſeas
Are reconcil'd at length, and ſea to ſhore:
Thy anger, unappeaſable, ſtill rages,
Eternal tempeſt never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myſelf, and ſuing
For peace, reap nothing but repulſe and hate?
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
To mix with thy concernments I deſiſt
Henceforth, nor too much diſapprove my own.
Fame if not double fac'd is double mouth'd,
And with contrary blaſt proclaims moſt deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greateſt names in his wild airy flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all poſterity may ſtand defam'd,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falſehood moſt unconjugal traduc'd.
But in my country where I moſt deſire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Aſdod, and in Gath,
I ſhall be nam'd among the famouſeſt
Of women, ſung at ſolemn feſtivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to ſave
Her country from a fierce deſtroyer, choſe
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
With odours viſited and annual flowers;
Not leſs renown'd than in Mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhoſpitable guile
Smote Siſera ſleeping through the temple nail'd.
Nor ſhall I count it hainous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me for the piety
Which to my country I was judg'd to have ſhewn.
At this who ever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

CHOR. She's gone, a manifeſt ſerpent by her ſting
Diſcover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

SAM. So let her go; God ſent her to debaſe me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed
To ſuch a viper his moſt ſacred truſt
Of ſecrecy, my ſafety, and my life.

CHOR. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath ſtrange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once poſſeſs'd, nor can be eaſily
Repuls'd, without much inward paſſion felt
And ſecret ſting of amorous remorſe.

SAM. Love-quarrels oft in pleaſing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery indang'ring life.

CHOR. It is not virtue, wiſdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comelineſs of ſhape, or ampleſt merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to ſay,
Harder to hit,
(Which way ſoever men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, Samſon, in one day
Or ſev'n, though one ſhould muſing ſit.
If any of theſe, or all, the Timnian bride
Had not ſo ſoon preferr'd
Thy paranymph, worthleſs to thee compar'd,
Succeſſor in thy bed,
Nor both ſo looſly diſally'd
Their nuptials, nor this laſt ſo treacherouſly
Had ſhorn the fatal harveſt of thy head.
Is it for that ſuch outward ornament
Was laviſh'd on their ſex, that inward gifts
Were left for haſte unfiniſh'd, judgment ſcant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is beſt
In choice, but oftenſt to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of ſelf-love mix'd,
Of conſtancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
Whate'er it be, to wiſeſt men and beſt
Seeming at firſt all heav'nly under virgin veil,
Soft, modeſt, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary ſhe proves, a thorn
Inteſtine, far within defenſive arms
A cleaving miſchief, in his way to virtue
Adverſe and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry inſlav'd
With dotage, and his ſenſe deprav'd
To folly and ſhameful deeds which ruin ends.
What pilot ſo expert but needs muſt wreck
Imbark'd with ſuch a ſteers-mate at the helm?
Favour'd of Heav'n, who finds
One virtuous rarely found,
That in domeſtic good combines:
Happy that houſe! his way to peace is ſmooth:
But virtue, which breaks through all oppoſition,
And all temptation can remove,
Moſt ſhines and moſt is acceptable above.

Therefore God's univerſal law
Gave to the man deſpotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile ſhe or lour:
So ſhall he leaſt confuſion draw
On his whole life, not ſway'd
By female uſurpation, or diſmay'd.
But had we beſt retire, I ſee a ſtorm?
SAM. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.
CHOR. But this another kind of tempeſt brings.
SAM. Be leſs abſtruſe; my riddling days are paſt.
CHOR. Look now for no inchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward; I know him by his ſtride,
The giant Harapha of Gath; his look
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I leſs conjecture than when firſt I ſaw
The ſumptuous Dalilah floting this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.
SAM. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.
CHOR. His fraught we ſoon ſhall know; he now arrives.
HAR. I come not, Samſon, to condole thy chance,
As theſe perhaps, yet wiſh it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,
Men call me Harapha, of ſtock renown'd
As Og or Anak and the Emmims old
That Kiriathaim held; thou know'ſt me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this diſpleas'd,
That I was never preſent on the place
Of thoſe encounters, where we might have try'd
Each other's force in camp or lifted field;
And now am come to ſee of whom ſuch noiſe
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to ſurvey,
If thy appearance anſwer loud report.
SAM. The way to know were not to ſee but taſte.
HAR. Doſt thou already ſingle me? I thought
Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that Fortune
Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd
To have wrought ſuch wonders with an aſs's jaw;
I ſhould have forc'd thee ſoon with other arms,
Or left thy carcaſe where the aſs lay thrown:
So had the glory of proweſs been recover'd
To Paleſtine, won by a Philiſtine,
From the unforeſkinn'd race, of whom thou bear'ſt
The higheſt name for valiant acts; that honour
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I loſe, prevented by thy eyes put out.
SAM. Boaſt not of what thou would'ſt have done, but do
What then thou would'ſt, thou ſeeſt it in thy hand.
HAR. To combat with a blind man I diſdain,
And thou haſt need much waſhing to be touch'd.
SAM. Such uſage as your honourable lords
Afford me aſſaſſinated and betray'd,
Who durſt not with their whole united powers
In fight withſtand me ſingle and unarm'd,
Nor in the houſe with chamber ambuſhes
Cloſe-banded durſt attack me, no not ſleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold,
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd ſhifts let be aſſign'd
Some narrow place inclos'd, where ſight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of braſs, thy broad habergeon,
Vaunt-braſs and greves, and gauntlet, add thy ſpear,
A weaver's beam, and ſeven-times-folded ſhield;
I only with an oaken ſtaff will meet thee,
And raiſe ſuch outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long ſhall not withhold from me thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft ſhall wiſh thyſelf at Gath to boaſt
Again in ſafety what thou would'ſt have done
To Samſon, but ſhalt never ſee Gath more.
HAR. Thou durſt not thus diſparage glorious arms,
Which greateſt heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and ſafety, had not ſpells
And black inchantments, ſome Magician's art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee ſtrong, which thou from Heav'n
Feign'dſt at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
Where ſtrength can leaſt abide, though all thy hairs
Were briſtles rang'd like thoſe that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.
SAM. I know no ſpells, uſe no forbidden arts;
My truſt is in the living God, who gave me
At my nativity this ſtrength, diffus'd
No leſs through all my ſinews, joints and bones,
Than thine, while I preſerv'd theſe locks unſhorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
Go to his temple, invocate his aid
With ſolemn'ſt devotion, ſpread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To fruſtrate and diſſolve theſe magic ſpells,
Which I to be the power of Iſrael's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the teſt,
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
With th' utmoſt of his godhead ſeconded:
Then thou ſhalt ſee, or rather to thy ſorrow
Soon feel, whoſe God is ſtrongeſt, thine or mine.
HAR. Preſume not on thy God, whate'er he be;
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemy's hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd ſend thee
Into the common priſon, there to grind
Among the ſlaves and aſſes thy comrades,
As good for nothing elſe, no better ſervice
With thoſe thy boiſt'rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to aſſail, nor by the ſword
Of noble warrior, ſo to ſtain his honour,
But by the barber's razor beſt ſubdued.
SAM. All theſe indignities, for ſuch they are
From thine, theſe evils I deſerve, and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Juſtly, yet deſpair not of his final pardon,
Whoſe ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the ſuppliant;

In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whose god is God,
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.
HAR. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber.
SAM. Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou prove me these?
HAR. is not thy nation subject to our lords?
Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee
As a league-breaker and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
To others did no violence, nor spoil.
SAM. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feast:
But your ill-meaning politician lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who, threat'ning cruel death, constrain'd the bride
To wring from me, and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my underminers in their coin;
My nation was subjected to your lords.
It was the force of conquest; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
But I a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.
I was no private, but a person rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n,
To free my country; if their servile minds
Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
But to their masters gave me up for nought,
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they
I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd, [serve.
And had perform'd it, if my known offence
Had not disabled me, not all your force:
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.
HAR. With thee a man condemn'd, a slave inroll'd,
Due by the law to capital punishment;
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.
SAM. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.
HAR. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?
SAM. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van;
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.
HAR. This insolence other kind of answer fits.
SAM. Go baffled coward, lest I run upon thee
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.
HAR. By Astaroth, e'er long thou shalt lament
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.
CHOR. His Giantship is gone somewhat crestfall'n,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.
SAM. I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
Though Fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.
CHOR. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee
SAM. He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept th' offer or not;
And that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.
CHOR. O how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd,
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while,
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.
But patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That Tyranny or Fortune can inflict.
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might indued
Above the sons of men; but sight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with those
Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of reſt,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I deſcry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A ſceptre or quaint ſtaff he bears,
Comes on amain, ſpeed in his look.
By his habit I diſcern him now
A public officer, and now at hand.
His meſſage will be ſhort and voluble.

OF. Hebrews, the priſ'ner Samſon here I ſeek.

CHOR. His manacles remark him, there he ſits.

OF. Samſon, to thee our lords thus bid me ſay;
This day to Dagon is a ſolemn feaſt,
With ſacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy ſtrength they know ſurpaſſing human rate,
And now ſome public proof thereof require
To honour this great feaſt, and great aſſembly;
Riſe therefore with all ſpeed and come along,
Where I will ſee thee hearten'd and freſh clad
To appear as fits before th' illuſtrious lords.

SAM. Thou know'ſt I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them
Our law forbids at their religious rites
My preſence; for that cauſe I cannot come.

OF. This anſwer, be aſſur'd will not content them.

SAM. Have they not ſword-players, and every ſort
Of gymnic artiſts, wreſtlers, riders, runners,
Juglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they muſt pick me out with ſhackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their public mill
To make them ſport with blind activity?
Do they not ſeek occaſion of new quarrels
On my refuſal to diſtreſs me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'ſt; I will not come.

OF. Regard thyſelf; this will offend them highly.

SAM. Myſelf? my conſcience and internal peace.
Can they think me ſo broken, ſo debas'd
With corporal ſervitude, that my mind ever
Will condeſcend to ſuch abſurd commands;
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jeſter,
And in my midſt of ſorrow and heart-grief
To ſhew them feats, and play before their god,
The worſt of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

OF. My meſſage was impos'd on me with
Brooks no delay: is this thy reſolution? [ſpeed,

SAM. So take it with what ſpeed thy meſſage needs.

OF. I am ſorry what this ſtoutneſs will produce.

SAM. Perhaps thou ſhalt have cauſe to ſorrow indeed.

CHOR. Conſider, Samſon, matters now are ſtrain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another meſſage more imperious,
More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

SAM. Shall I abuſe this conſecrated gift
Of ſtrength, again returning with my hair
After my great tranſgreſſion, ſo requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater ſin
By proſtituting holy things to idols;
A Nazarite in place abominable,
Vaunting my ſtrength in honour to their Dagon?
Beſides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

CHOR. Yet with this ſtrength thou ſerv'ſt the
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean. [Philiſtines,

SAM. Not in their idol-worſhip, but by labour
Honeſt and lawful to deſerve my food
Of thoſe who have me in their civil power,

CHOR. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

SAM. Where outward force conſtrains, the ſentence holds;
But who conſtrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philiſtian lords command.
Commands are no conſtraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to diſpleaſe
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealouſy
Shall never unrepented, find forgiveneſs.
Yet that he may diſpenſe with me or thee
Preſent in temples at idolatrous rites
For ſome important cauſe, thou need'ſt not doubt.

CHOR. How thou wilt here come off ſurmounts my reach.

SAM. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rouſing motions in me, which diſpoſe
To ſomething extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this meſſenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be ſure, that may diſhonour
Our law, or ſtain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be ought of preſage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By ſome great act, or of my days the laſt.

CHOR. In time thou haſt reſolv'd; the man returns.

OF. Samſon, this ſecond meſſage from our lords
To thee I am bid ſay. Art thou our ſlave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dar'ſt thou at our ſending and command
Diſpute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we ſhall find ſuch engines to aſſail
And hamper thee, as thou ſhalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier faſten'd than a rock.

SAM. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Becauſe they ſhall not trail me through their ſtreets
Like a wild beaſt, I am content to go.
Maſters' commands come with a power reſiſtleſs
To ſuch as owe them abſolute ſubjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpoſe?
(So mutable are all the ways of men)
Yet this be ſure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous, or forbidden in our law.

OF. I praiſe thy reſolution: doff theſe links;
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to ſet thee free.

SAM. Brethren farewel; your company along
I will not wiſh, leſt it perhaps offend them
To ſee me girt with friends; and how the ſight
Of me as of a common enemy,

So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if ought religion seem concerned;
No less the people on their holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHOR. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
Great among the Heathen round; [name
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames, after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee
In the camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need,
For never was from Heav'n imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste,
With youthful steps? much livelier than e'er while
He seems: supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MAN. Peace with you, brethren; my inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came; the city rings,
And numbers thither flock; I had no will,
Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

CHOR. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee: say, reverend Sire; we thirst to hear.

MAN. I have attempted one by one the Lords
Either at home or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone, and father's tears,
To accept of ransom for my son, their pris'ner.
Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priest;
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and state
They easily would set to sale: a third,
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

CHOR. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shewn.

MAN. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

CHOR. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
Thou for thy son are bent to lay out all:
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

MAN. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And I persuade me God had not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair
Garrison'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great service,
Not to sit idle with so great a gift
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

CHOR. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain,
Of his delivery, and the joy thereon
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

MAN. I know your friendly minds, and—O what noise!
Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noise was that!
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

CHOR. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!
Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MAN. Of ruin indeed, methought I heard the noise:
Oh it continues; they have slain my son.

CHOR. Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend,

MAN. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

CHOR. Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into Danger's mouth.
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n;
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

MAN. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

CHOR. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible,
For his people of old; what hinders now?

MAN. He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.
A little stay will bring some notice hither,

CHOR. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits,

And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.
MES. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But Providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first reverend Manoah, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.
MAN. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.
MES. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.
MAN. Tell us the sum; the circumstance defer.
MES. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.
MAN. Sad; but thou know'st to Israelites not
The desolation of a hostile city. [saddest,
MES. Feed on that first, there may in grief be
MAN. Relate by whom. [surfeit.
MES. By Samson.
MAN. That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.
MES. Ah, Manoah, I refrain too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.
MAN. Suspense in news is torture; speak them out.
MES. Take then the worst in brief; Samson is dead.
MAN. The worst indeed, O all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! but Death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransome now, and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd,
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first born bloom of Spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of Winter's frost!
Yet e'er I give the reins to grief, say first
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell thou say'st; by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?
MES. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.
MAN. Wearied with slaughter then, or how?
MES. By his own hands. [explain.
MAN. Self-violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself,
Among his foes?
MES. Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads, and on his own he pull'd.
MAN. O lastly overstrong against thyself!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge. [yet
More than enough we know; but while things
Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.
MES. Occasions drew me early to this city;
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street; little I had dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats, where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort might fit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts, and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient, but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars, he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As overtir'd to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd:
At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reason was obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars,
With horrible convulsions, to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and
Drew the whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath;
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility, and flower, not only

Of this but eachPhiliſtian city round,
Met from all parts to ſolemnize this feaſt.
Samſon with theſe immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the ſame deſtruction on himſelf;
The vulgar only ſcap'd who ſtood without.

CHOR. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou haſt fulfill'd
The work for which thou waſt foretold
To Iſrael, and now ly'ſt victorious
Among thy ſlain, ſelf-kill'd,
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire neceſſity, whoſe law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy ſlaughter'd foes in number more
Than all thy life hath ſlain before. [ſublime,

1 SEMICHOR. While their hearts were jocund,
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine, [and
And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
Chaunting their idol, and preferring
Before our living dread, who dwells
In Silo, his bright ſanctuary:
Among them he a ſp'rit of phrenzy ſent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urg'd them on with mad deſire
To call in haſte for their deſtroyer;
They only ſet on ſport and play
Unſweetingly importun'd
Their own deſtruction to come ſpeedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themſelves to invite,
Inſenſate left, or to ſenſe reprobate,
And with blindneſs internal ſtruck.

2 SEMICHOR. But he, though blind of ſight,
Deſpis'd, and thought extinguiſh'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under aſhes into ſudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came,
Aſſailant on the perched roofts,
And neſts in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
His cloudleſs thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue giv'n for loſt,
Depreſs'd, and overthrown, as ſeem'd,
Like that ſelf-begotten bird,
In the Arabian woods imboſt,
That no ſecond knows nor third,
And lay e'er while a holocauſt,
From out her aſhy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflouriſhes, then vigorous moſt
When moſt unactive deem'd,
And though her body die, her fame ſurvives
A ſecular bird ages of lives.

MAN. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cauſe; Samſon hath quit himſelf
Like Samſon, and heroicly hath finiſh'd
A life heroic; on his enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the Sons of Caphtor
Through all Philiſtian bounds, to Iſrael
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occaſion;
To' himſelf and father's houſe eternal fame,
And which is beſt and happieſt yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and aſſiſting to the end,
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breaſt, no weakneſs, no contempt,
Diſpraiſe or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death ſo noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Sock'd in his enemies' blood, and from the ſtream
With lavers pure, and cleanſing herbs waſh off
The clotted gore. I with what ſpeed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to ſay us nay)
Will ſend for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and ſolemnly attend
With ſilent obſequy, and funeral train,
Home to his father's houſe: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with ſhade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or ſweet lyric ſong.
Thither ſhall all the valiant youth reſort,
And from his memory inflame their breaſts
To matchleſs valour, and adventures high:
The virgins alſo ſhall on feaſtful days
Viſit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loſs of eyes.

CHOR. All is beſt, though we oft doubt
What th' unſearchable diſpoſe
Of higheſt Wiſdom brings about,
And ever beſt found in the cloſe.
Oft he ſeems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witneſs gloriouſly; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to reſiſt
His uncontroulable intent;
His ſervants he with new acquiſt
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and conſolation hath diſmiſt,
And calm of mind all paſſions ſpent.

COMUS, A MASK,

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634,

BEFORE THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER, THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

Eheu quid volui mihi! floribus auſtrum
Perditus——

THE PERSONS.

The attendent SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of Thyrſis.
COMUS, with his crew.
The LADY.
Firſt BROTHER.
Second BROTHER.
SABRINA the Nymph.

THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE,

The Lord BRACKLY.
Mr. THOMAS EGERTON, his brother.
The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

COMUS.

The first SCENE discovers a Wild Wood.

The attendant SPIRIT *descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court,
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives
After this mortal change to her true servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt-flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their saphir crowns,
And wield their little tridants: but this ile,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this track that fronts the falling sun
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-entrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril
But that by quick command from sov'reign Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene's shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine)
This nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blythe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian field,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste,
(For most do taste thro' fond intemp'rate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,

Swift as the ſparkle of a glancing ſtar
I ſhoot from Heav'n to give him ſafe convoy,
As now I do: but firſt I muſt put off
Theſe my ſky robes, ſpun out of Iris woof,
And take the weeds and likeneſs of a ſwain,
That to the ſervice of this houſe belongs,
Who with his ſoft pipe, and ſmooth-dittied ſong,
Well knows to ſtill the wild winds when they roar,
And huſh the waving woods; nor of leſs faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likelieſt, and neareſt to the preſent aid
Of this occaſion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful ſteps. I muſt be viewleſs now.

COMUS *enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glaſs in the other; with him a rout of monſters, headed like ſundry ſorts of wild beaſts, but otherwiſe like men and women, their apparel glittering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noiſe, with torches in their hands.*

COM. The ſtar that bids the ſhepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded car of Day,
His glowing axle doth allay
In the ſteep Atlantic ſtream,
And the ſlope ſun his upward beam
Shoots againſt the duſky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the Eaſt,
Meanwhile, welcome Joy and Feaſt,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipſy, Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with roſy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with ſcrupulous head,
Strict Age, and ſour ſeverity,
With their grave ſaws in ſlumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the ſtarry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful ſpheres,
Lead in ſwift round the months and years.
The ſounds and ſeas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny ſands and ſhelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs deck'd with daiſies trim,
Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
What hath night to do with ſleep?
Night hath better ſweets to prove,
Venus who wakes, and wakens Love.
Come let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes ſin,
Which theſe dun ſhades will ne'er report.
Hail goddeſs of nocturnal ſport,
Dark-veil'd Gotytto, t' whom the ſecret flame
Of midnight-torches burns; myſterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkneſs ſpits her thickeſt gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair.
Wherein thou rid'ſt with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd prieſts, till utmoſt end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
E'er the blabbing eaſtern ſcout,
The nice morn on the Indian ſteep
From her cabin'd loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale ſun deſcry
Our conceal'd ſolemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantaſtic round.

The Meaſure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of ſome chaſte footing near about this ground.
Run to your ſhrouds, within theſe brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: ſome virgin ſure
(For ſo I can diſtinguiſh by mine art)
Benighted in theſe woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains, I ſhall e'er long
Be well ſtock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling ſpells into the ſpungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illuſion,
And give it falſe preſentments, leſt the place
And my quaint habits breed aſtoniſhment,
And put the damſel to ſuſpicious flight,
Which muſt not be; for that's againſt my courſe;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac'd words of glozing courteſy,
Baited with reaſons not unplauſible,
Wind me into the eaſy hearted man,
And hug him into ſnares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic duſt,
I ſhall appear ſome harmleſs villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here ſhe comes; I fairly ſtep aſide,
And hearken, if I may, her buſineſs here.

The LADY *enters.*

This way the noiſe was, if mine ear be true,
My beſt guide now; methought it was the ſound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gameſome pipe
Stirs up among the looſe unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praiſe the bounteous Pan,
And thank the God amiſs. I ſhould be loath
To meet rudeneſs, and ſwill'd inſolence
Of ſuch late waſſailers; yet oh where elſe
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they ſaw me wearied out
With this long way, reſolving here to lodge
Under the ſpreading favour of theſe pines,
Stept, as they ſaid, to the next thicket ſide
To bring me berries, or ſuch cooling fruit
As the kind hoſpitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the grey hooded Even,
Like a ſad votariſt in palmer's weed,
Roſe from the hindmoſt wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thought; 'tis likelieſt
They had engag'd their wand'ring ſteps too far,
And envious darkneſs, e'er they could return,

Had ſtole them from me; elſe, O thieviſh Night,
Why wouldſt thou, but for ſome felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus cloſe up the ſtars,
That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their
With everlaſting oil, to give due light [lamps
To the miſled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may gueſs,
Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was riſe and perfect in my liſt'ning ear;
Yet nought but ſingle darkneſs do I find.
What might this be? A thouſand fantaſies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling ſhapes, and beck'ning ſhadows dire,
And airy tongues, that ſyllable men's names
On ſands, and ſhores, and deſert wilderneſſes.
Theſe thoughts may ſtartle well, but not aſtound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a ſtrong ſiding champion, Conſcience.—
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemiſh'd form of Chaſtity;
I ſee ye viſibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as ſlaviſh officers of vengeance,
Would ſend a gliſt'ring guardian, if need were
To keep my life and honour unaſſail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night?
I did not err; there does a ſable bloud
Turn forth her ſilver ling on the night,
And caſts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot hallow to my brothers, but
Such noiſe as I can make to be heard fartheſt
I'll venture; for my new enliven'd ſpirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

SWEET Echo, ſweeteſt nymph, that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy airy ſhell,
By ſlow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet embroider'd vale,
Where the love-born nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad ſong mourneth well;
Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in ſome ſlow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of Parly, daughter of the Sphere,
So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the ſkies,
And give reſounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

COM. Can any mortal, mixture of earth's mould,
Breathe ſuch divine enchanting raviſhment?
Sure ſomething holy lodges in that breaſt,
And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
To teſtify his hidden reſidence:
How ſweetly did they float upon the wings
Of ſilence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall ſmoothing the raven down
Of darkneſs till it ſmil'd! I have oft heard
My wother Circe, with the Sirens three,
Amidſt the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who as they ſung, would take the priſon'd ſoul,
And lap it in Elyſium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the ſenſe,
And in ſweet madneſs robb'd it of itſelf;
But ſuch a ſacred and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking bliſs,
I never heard till now. I'll ſpeak to her,
And ſhe ſhall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,
Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never breed,
Unleſs the goddeſs that in rural ſhrine
Dwell'ſt here with Pan, or Sylvan, by bleſt ſong
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the proſp'rous growth of this tall wood.
LA. Nay, gentle ſhepherd, ill is loſt that praiſe
That is addreſs'd to unattending ears;
Not any boaſt of ſkill, but extreme ſhift
How to regain my ſever'd company,
Compeli'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me anſwer from her moſſy couch.
COM. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?
LA. Dim darkneſs and this leafy labyrinth.
COM. Could that divide you from near-uſhering guides?
LA. They left me weary on a graſſy turf.
COM. By falſehood, or diſcourteſy, or why?
LA. To ſeek i' th' valley ſome cool friendly ſpring. [Lady?
COM. And left your fair ſide all unguarded,
LA. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return. [them.
COM. Perhaps foreſtalling Night prevented
LA. How eaſy my misfortune is to hit! [need?
COM. Imports their loſs, beſides the preſent
LA. No leſs than if I ſhould my brothers loſe.
COM. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
LA. As ſmooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.
COM. Two ſuch I ſaw, what time the labour'd ox
In his looſe traces from the furrow came,
And the ſwinkt hedger at his ſupper ſat;
I ſaw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the ſide of yon ſmall hill,
Plucking ripe cluſters from the tender ſhoots;
Their port was more than human, as they ſtood;
I took it for a faëry viſion
Of ſome gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-ſtruck,
And as I paſt I worſhipt; if thoſe you ſeek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them.
LA. Gentle Villager,
What readieſt way would bring me to the place?
COM. Due weſt it riſes from this ſhrubby point.
LA. To find out that, good ſhepherd, I ſuppoſe,
In ſuch a ſcant allowance of ſtar-light,
Would over-taſk the beſt land-pilot's art,
Without the ſure gueſs of well practis'd feet.
COM. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or buſhy dell of this wild wood,
And every boſky bourn from ſide to ſide,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;

And if your ſtray-attendence be yet lodg'd,
Or ſhroud within theſe limits, I ſhall know
E'er morrow wake, or the low-roofted lark
From her thatch'd pallat rouſe; if otherwiſe
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be ſafe
Till further queſt.

LA. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And truſt thy honeſt offer'd courteſy,
Which oft is ſooner found in lowly ſheds
With ſmoky rafters, than in tap'ſtry halls
And courts of princes, where it firſt was nam'd,
And yet is moſt pretended: in a place
Leſs warranted than this, or leſs ſecure,
I cannot be, that I ſhould fear to change it.
Eye me, bleſt Providence, and ſquare my trial
To my proportion'd ſtrength. Shepherd, lead on.

The two BROTHERS.

E. BRO. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon,
That wont'ſt to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale viſage through an amber cloud,
And diſinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkneſs and of ſhades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black uſurping miſts, ſome gentle taper,
Though a ruſh candle from the wicker hole
Of ſome clay habitation, viſit us
With thy long levell'd rule of ſtreaming light,
And thou ſhalt be our ſtar of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynoſure.

Y. BRO. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happineſs, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or ſound of paſt'ral reed with oaten ſtops,
Or whiſtle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be ſome ſolace yet, ſome little cheering
In this cloſe dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapleſs virgin, our loſt ſiſter,
Where may ſhe wander now, whither betake her,
From the chill dew, amongſt rude burs and thiſtles?
Perhaps ſome cold bank is her bolſter now,
Or 'gainſt the rugged bark of ſome broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with ſad fears.
What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we ſpeak, within the direful graſp
Of ſavage hunger, or of ſavage heat?

E. BRO. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquiſite
To caſt the faſhion of uncertain evils:
For grant they be ſo, while they reſt unknown,
What need a man foreſtall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would moſt avoid?
Or if they be but falſe alarms of fear,
How bitter is ſuch ſelf-deluſion?
I do not think my ſiſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the ſweet peace that goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe
(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into miſbecoming plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though ſun and moon
Were in the flat ſea ſunk. And Wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired Solitude,
Where with her beſt nurſe Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various buſtle of reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breaſt
May ſit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark ſoul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day ſun:
Himſelf is his own dungeon.

Y. BRO. 'Tis moſt true,
That muſing Meditation moſt affects
The penſive ſecrecy of deſert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And ſits as ſafe as in a ſenate houſe;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple diſh,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Heſperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch, with uninchanted eye,
To ſave her blóſſoms, and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well ſpread out the unſunn'd heaps
Of miſers' treaſure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is ſafe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a ſingle helpleſs maiden paſs
Uninjur'd in this wild ſurrounding waſte.
Of night or lonelineſs it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Leſt ſome ill-greeting touch attempt the perſon
Of our unowned ſiſter.

E. BRO. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my ſiſter's ſtate
Secure without all doubt, or controverſy:
Yet where an equal poiſe of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly baniſh ſquint Suſpicion.
My ſiſter is not ſo defenceleſs left
As you imagine; ſhe has a hidden ſtrength
Which you remember not.

Y. BRO. What hidden ſtrength,
Unleſs the ſtrength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

E. BRO. I mean that too, but yet a hidden ſtrength,
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own,
'Tis Chaſtity, my brother, Chaſtity:
She that has that, is clad in complete ſteel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge foreſts, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills and ſandy perilous wilds,
Where through the ſacred rays of Chaſtity,
No ſavage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer
Will dare to ſoil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very deſolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid ſhades,
She may paſs on with unblench'd majeſty,
Be it not done in pride, or in preſumption
Some ſay no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or mooriſh fen,
Blue meager hag, or ſtubborn unlaid ghoſt,

That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o' th' Woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when Lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in Defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

Y. Bro. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

E. Bro. List, list, I hear
Some far off hallow break the silent air.

Y. Bro. Methought so too; what should it be?

E. Bro. For certain,
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour wood-man, or at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Y. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister. Again, again and near;
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

E. Bro. I'll hallow;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendent SPIRIT *habited like a shepherd.*

That hallow I should know; what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spi. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.

Y. Bro. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

E. Bro. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale.
How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling weather the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spi. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

E. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spi. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

E. Bro. What fears good Thyrsis? Prythee briefly shew.

Spi. I'll tell you; 'tis not vain or fabulous;
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras and inchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding Reason's mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flanting honey-suckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till Fancy had her fill, but e'er a close
The wonted roar was up amid'st the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence

Gave respite to the drousy flighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep;
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took e'er she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death: but O e'er long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor haplefs nightingale thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
Where that damn'd wizard hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, e'er my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey,
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.

Y. Bro. O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me Brother?

E. Bro. Yes, and keep it still;
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of Malice or of Sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance; this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;
Surpris'd by unjust force but not inthrall'd;
Yea even that which Mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change,
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on,
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spi. Alas! good vent'rous Youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
Far other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

E. Bro. Why, prythee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

Spi. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprizal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Among the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily, with his clouted shoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it Hemony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sov'reign use
'Gainst all inchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition.
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter, though disguis'd,
Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the Necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandish'd blade, rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

E. Bro. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus *appears with his rabble, and the* Lady *set in an inchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, and which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

Com. Nay lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or as Daphne was
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

La. Fool, do not boast,
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind,
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Com. Why are you vext, lady? why do you frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these
Sorrow flies far: see here be all the pleasures [gates
That Fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spi'rits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd,
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone,
In Egypt gave to Jove-boan Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

LA. 'Twill not, false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver;
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits fit to insnare a brute?
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

COM. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk,
To deck her sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch't th' all worshipt ore, and precious gems
To store her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility.
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords;
The sea o'erfraught would swell; and th' unsought diamonds
Would so imblaze the forehead of the Deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bless,
Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shewn
In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home;
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

LA. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules, prankt in Reason's garb.
I hate, when Vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit incumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words,
Against the sun-clad pow'r of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?

Thou haſt nor ear, nor ſoul to apprehend
The ſublime notion, and high myſtery,
That muſt be utter'd to unfold the ſage
And ſerious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou ſhouldſt not know
More happineſs than this thy preſent lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath ſo well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyſelf convinc'd;
Yet ſhould I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cauſe would kindle my rapt ſpirits
To ſuch a flame of ſacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to ſympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and ſhake,
Till all thy magic ſtructures rear'd ſo high,
Were ſhatter'd into heaps o'er thy falſe head.

COM. She fables not; I feel that I do fear
Her words ſet off by ſome ſuperior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold ſhudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To ſome of Saturn's crew. I muſt diſſemble,
And try her yet more ſtrongly. Come, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Againſt the canon laws of our foundation;
I muſt not ſuffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And ſettlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all ſtrait; one ſip of this
Will bathe the drooping ſpirits in delight
Beyond the bliſs of dreams. Be wiſe, and taſte.

The BROTHERS *ruſh in with ſwords drawn, wreſt his glaſs out of his hand, and break it againſt the ground; his rout make ſign of reſiſtance, but are all driven in; the attendent* SPIRIT *comes in.*

SPI. What, have you let the falſe inchanter ſcape!
O ye miſtook, ye ſhould have ſnatch'd his wand,
And bound him faſt; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of diſſevering power,
We cannot free the lady that ſits here,
In ſtony fetters fix'd, and motionleſs:
Yet ſtay, be not diſturbd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have, which may be us'd,
Which once of Meliboeus old I learnt,
The footheſt ſhepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moiſt curb ſways the ſmooth Severn ſtream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome ſhe was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the ſceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltleſs damſel, fly'ing the mad purſuit
Of her enraged ſtepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That ſtay'd her flight with his croſs-flowing courſe.
The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wriſts, and took her in,
Bearing her ſtrait to aged Nereus' hall,
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers ſtrow'd with aſphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each ſenſe
Dropt in ambroſial oils, till ſhe reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddeſs of the river; ſtill ſhe retains
Her maiden gentleneſs, and oft at eve
Viſits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blaſts, and ill-luck ſigns
That the ſhrewd medling elf delights to make,
Which ſhe with precious vial'd liquors heals;
For which the ſhepherds at their feſtivals
Carol her goodneſs loud in ruſtic lays,
And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.
And, as the old ſwain ſaid, ſhe can unlock
The claſping charm, and thaw the numbing ſpell,
If ſhe be right invok'd, in warbled ſong,
For maidenhood ſhe loves, and will be ſwift
To aid a virgin, ſuch as was herſelf,
In hard-beſetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of ſome adjuring verſe.

SONG.

SABRINA fair,
Liſten where thou art ſitting
Under the glaſſy, cool, tranſlucent wave,
In twiſted braids of lilies knitting
The looſe train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Liſten, for dear Honour's ſake,
Goddeſs of the Silver lake.
Liſten and ſave;
Liſten and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus;
By th' earth-ſhaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majeſtic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wiſard's hook;
By ſcaly Triton's winding ſhell,
And old ſooth-ſaying Glaucus' ſpell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her ſon that rules the ſtrands;
By Thetis' tinſel-ſlipper'd feet,
And the ſongs of Sirens ſweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith ſhe ſits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her ſoft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy ſtreams, with wily glance;
Riſe, riſe, and heave thy roſy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our ſummons anſwer'd have.
Liſten and ſave.

SABRINA *riſes, attended by water-nymphs, and ſings.*

By the ruſhy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the oſier dank,
My ſliding chariot ſtays,

Thick ſet with agat, and the azurn ſheen
Of turkis blue, and emrald green,
That in the channel ſtrays;
Whilſt from off the waters fleet
Thus I ſet my printleſs feet
O'er the cowſlips velvet head,
That hends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy requeſt
I am here.

SPI. Goddeſs dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here diſtreſt,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unbleſt inchanter vile.

SAB. Shepherd, 'tis my office beſt
To help inſnared chaſtity:
Brighteſt Lady look on me;
Thus I ſprinkle on thy breaſt
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers' tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble-venom'd ſeat,
Smear'd with gums of glutenous heat,
I touch with chaſte palms moiſt and cold:
Now the ſpell hath loſt his hold;
And I muſt haſte e'er morning hour
To wait on Amphitrite's bower,

SABRINA *deſcends, and the* LADY *riſes out of her ſeat.*

SPI. Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung from old Anchiſes' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miſs
From a thouſand petty rills,
That tumble down the ſnowy hills:
Summer drouth, or ſinged air
Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten chryſtal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll aſhore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this curſed place,
Leſt the Sorcerer us entice
With ſome other new device.
Not a waſte, or needleſs ſound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I ſhall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's reſidence,
Where this night are met in ſtate
Many a friend to gratulate
His wiſh'd preſence, and beſide
All the ſwans that near abide,
With jigs and rural dance reſort;
We ſhall catch them at their ſport,
And our ſudden coming there
Will double at their mirth and cheer.
Come let us haſte, the ſtars grow high,
But night ſits monarch yet in the mid ſky!

The ſcene changes, preſenting Ludlow town and the preſident's caſtle; then come in country dancers, after them the attendant SPIRIT, *with the two* BROTHERS, *and the* LADY.

SONG.

SPI. BACK, Sheperds, back, enough your play
Till next ſun-ſhine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and ſuch court guiſe
As Mercury did firſt deviſe
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns, and on the leas.

This ſecond ſong preſents them to their father and mother.

NOBLE Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought you new delight,
Here behold ſo goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And ſent them here through hard aſſays
With a crown of deathleſs praiſe,
To triumph in victorious dance,
O'er ſenſual folly and intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT *epiloguizes.*

SPI. To the ocean now I fly,
And thoſe happy climes that lie
Where Day never ſhuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the ſky:
There I ſuck the liquid air,
All amidſt the gardens fair
Of Heſperus, and his daughters three,
That ſing about the golden tree:
Along the criſped ſhades and bowers
Revels the ſpruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the roſy-boſom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And weſt-winds with muſky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and Caſſia's balmy ſmells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled ſcarf can ſhew,
And drenches with Elyſian dew
(Liſt mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roſes,
Where young Adonis oft repoſes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In ſlumber ſoft, and on the ground
Sadly ſits th' Aſſyrian queen;
But far above in ſpangled ſheen
Celeſtial Cupid her fam'd ſon advanc'd,

Holds her dear Pſyche ſweet intranc'd,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free conſent the goods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unſpotted ſide
Two bliſsful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; ſo Jove hath ſworn.
But now my taſk is ſmoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin ſlow doth bend,
And from thence can ſoar as ſoon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, ſhe alone is free,
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the ſphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itſelf would ſtoop to her.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackeſt Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mong'ſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven ſings;
There under ebon ſhades and low brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimerian deſert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In Heav'n, ycleap'd Euphroſyne,
And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two ſiſter Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as ſome ſages ſing)
The frolic wind that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh-blown roſes waſh'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the ſkies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth riſe;
Then to come in ſpite of Sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the ſweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of Darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before;
Of liſt'ning how the hounds and horn,
Cheerly rouſe the ſlumb'ring Morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill:
Some time walking not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight,
While the plow-man near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſithe,
And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whilſt the landſkip round it meaſures,
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains on whoſe barren breaſt
The lab'ring clouds do often reſt,
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Cordyon and Thyrſis met,
Are at their ſavory dinner ſet
Of herbs, and other country meſſes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dreſſes;
And then in haſte her bower ſhe leaves,
With Theſtylis to bind the ſheaves;
Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a ſunſhine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,

With ſtories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pinch'd, and pull'd ſhe ſaid,
And he by frier's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin ſwet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, e'er glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flale hath threſh'd the corn
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength,
And crop full out of doors he flings,
E'er the firſt cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Towered cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feaſt, and Revelry,
With Maſk and antique Pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful poets dream,
On ſummer eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If Johnſon's learned ſock be on,
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal Verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwiſting all the chains, that tie
The hidden ſoul of harmony;
That Orpheus ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed
Of heapt Elyſian flow'rs, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite ſet free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
Theſe delights, if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the ſun-beams,
Or likelieſt hovering dreams
The fickle penſioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of Human ſight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, ſtaid Wiſdom's hue;
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem
Prince Memnon's ſiſter might beſeem,
Or that ſtarr'd Ethiop queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties praiſe above
The ſea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far deſcended;
Thee bright-hair'd Veſta long of yore
To ſolitary Saturn bore;
His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain),
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Following with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn;
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gate,
And looks commercing with the ſkies;
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar ſing:
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure;
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee chauntreſs oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-ſong;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathleſs way,
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off curfeu ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach Light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drouſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The ſpirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let Gorgeous Tragedy
In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buſkin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes, as warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half told,
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarſife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wondrous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if ought elſe great bards beſide
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus Night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited Morn appear,
Not trickt and frounſt as ſhe was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſsling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me goddeſs bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved ſtroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt,
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's gariſh eye,
While the bee with honied thie,
That at her flowery work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch conſort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep:
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloyſters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,
In ſervice high, and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into extacies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of every ſtar that Heav'n doth ſhew,
And every herb that ſips the dew;
Till old Experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving towards the Seat of State with this Song.

I. SONG.

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook!
This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend;
Here our solemn search hath end.
Fame, that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise;
Less than half we find express't,
Envy bid conceal the rest.
Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads;
This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a goddess bright,
In the centre of her light.
Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the towered Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods
Juno dares not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the GENIUS *of the wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.*

Gen. Stay, gentle Swains, for tho' in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluce
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent,
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom, with low reverence, I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from Jove I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Ev'ning grey doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early, e'er the odorous breath of Morn
Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit ev'ry sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless;
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can shew

I will aſſay, her worth to celebrate,
And ſo attend ye toward her glittering ſtate;
Where ye may all that are of noble ſtem
Approach, and kiſs her ſacred veſture's hem.

2. SONG.

O'ER the ſmooth enamel'd green,
Where no print of ſtep hath been
Follow me as I ſing,
And touch the warbled ſtring,
Under the ſhady roof
Of branching elm ſtar proof.
Follow me,
I will bring you where ſhe ſits,
Clad in ſplendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not ſeen.

3. SONG.

NYMPHS and Shepherds, dance no more
By ſandy Ladon's lilied banks,
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Tho' Erymanthy our loſs deplore,
A better ſoil ſhall give ye thanks,
From the ſtory Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye ſhall have greater grace,
To ſerve the lady of this place.
Tho' Syrinx your Pan's miſtreſs were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not ſeen.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned on his Paſſage from Cheſter, on the Iriſh Seas, 1637, *and by occaſion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.*

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never ſoar,
I come to pluck your berries harſh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compels me to diſturb your ſeaſon due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead e'er his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for Lycidas? he knew
Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty rhime.
He muſt not float upon his watry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of ſome melodious tear.
Begin then, Siſters of the Sacred Well,
That from beneath the ſeat of Jove doth ſpring,
Begin, and ſomewhat loudly ſweep the ſtring.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuſe,
So may ſome gentle Muſe
With lucky words favour my deſtin'd urn,
And as he paſſes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhroud:
For we were nurſt upon the ſelf-ſame hill,
Fed the ſame flock, by fountain, ſhade, and rill.
Together both, e'er the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her ſultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the freſh dews of night
Oft till the ſtar that roſe at evening bright,
Tow'rds Heav'n's deſcent had ſlopt his weſt'ring wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our ſong.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never muſt return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the woods and deſert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows and the hazel copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy ſoft lays.
As killing as the canker to the roſe,
Or taint worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or froſt to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When firſt the white thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loſs to ſhepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorſeleſs
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? [deep
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva ſpreads her wizard ſtream:
Ay me! I fondly dream
Had you been there; for what could that have done?
What could the Muſe herſelf that Orpheus bore,
The Muſe herſelf for her enchanting ſon,
Whom univerſal Nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift Hebrus to the Leſbian ſhore?
Alas! what boots it with inceſſant care
To tend the homely ſlighted ſhepherd's trade,
And ſtrictly meditate the thankleſs Muſe?
Were it not better done, as others uſe,
To ſport with Amaryllis in the ſhade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the ſpur that the clear ſp'rit doth raiſe
(That laſt infirmity of noble mind)
To ſcorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred ſhears,
And ſlits the thin-ſpun life. But not the praiſe,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows in mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſt'ring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad Rumour lies,
But lives, and ſpreads aloft by thoſe pure eyes,
And perfect witneſs of all judging Jove;
As he pronounces laſtly on each deed,
Of ſo much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuſe, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth ſliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,

That ſtrain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And liſtens to the herald of the ſea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He aſk'd the waves, and aſk'd the felon winds,
What hard miſhap hath doom'd this gentle ſwain?
And queſtion'd every guſt of rugged winds
That blows from off each beak'd promontory;
They knew not of his ſtory,
And ſage Hippotades their anſwer brings,
That not a blaſt was from his dungeon ſtray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her ſiſters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that ſacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend ſire, went footing ſlow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flower, inſcrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my deareſt pledge!
Laſt came, and laſt did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two maſſy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron ſhuts amain)
He ſhook his miter'd locks, and ſtern beſpake,
How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young Swain,
Enow of ſuch as for their bellies' ſake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the ſhearer's feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt;
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A ſheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elſe the leaſt
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? they are ſped;
And when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel pipes of wretched ſtraw;
The hungry ſheep look up, and are not fed,
But ſwoln with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread;
Beſides what the grim wolf, with privy paw,
Daily devours apace; and nothing ſaid,
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is paſt
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; return, Sicilian Muſe,
And call the vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their bells, and flow'rets of a thouſand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whiſpers uſe
Of ſhades, and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks,
On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart ſtar rarely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf ſuck the honied ſhowers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primroſe that forſaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jeſſamine,
The white pink, and the panſy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The muſk-roſe, and the well attir'd woodbine,
With cowſlips wan, that hang the penſive head,
And every flower that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid Amarantus all his beauty ſhed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To ſtow the laureat herſe where Lycid lies.
For ſo to interpoſe a little caſe,
Let our frail thoughts dally with falſe ſurmiſe.
Ay me! whilſt thee the ſhores and ſounding ſeas
Waſh far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous world;
Or whether thou to our moiſt vows deny'd,
Sleep'ſt by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great viſion of the guarded mount
Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hopeleſs youth.
Weep no more, woeful ſhepherds, weep no more;
For Lycidas your ſorrow is not dead,
Sunk tho' he be beneath the wat'ry floor;
So ſinks the day-ſtar in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-ſpangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning ſky.
So Lycidas ſunk low, but mounted high.
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other ſtreams along,
With nectar hue his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpreſſive nuptial ſong,
In the bleſt kingdoms meek of Joy and Love.
There entertain him all the ſaints above,
In ſolemn troops and ſweet ſocieties,
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the ſhepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompenſe, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus ſang the uncouth ſwain to th' oaks and rills,
While the ſtill Morn went out with ſandals gray,
He touch'd the tender ſtops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the ſun had ſtretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the weſtern bay;
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his mantle blue;
To-morrow to freſh woods and paſtures new.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

I. *Anno ætatis* 17. *On the death of a fair Infant, dying of a Cough.*

I.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,
By boist'rous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
Of long uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearl'd car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far:
There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
But all unwares with his cold kind embrace
Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilome did slay his dearly loved mate,
Young Hyacinth born on Eurota's strand,
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?
Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hovereſt,
Whether above that high first moving sphere,
Or in th' Elysian Fields, (if such there were)
Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove, in Nature's true behoof,
Took up, and in fit place did reinstal?
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just maid who once before
Forsook the hated Earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling youth,
Or that crown'd matron, sage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heav'nly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who having clad thyself in human weed,
To Earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode, fly back with speed,
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed?
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire,
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smarts?
But thou can'st best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,

And wiſely learn to curb thy ſorrows wild:
Think what a preſent thou to God hath ſent,
And render him with patience what he lent!
This if thou do, he will an offſpring give,
That till the world's laſt end ſhall make thy name to live.

II. *Anno ætatis* 19. *At a vocation Exerciſe in the College, part Latin, part Engliſh. The Latin Speeches ended, the Engliſh thus began.*

HAIL native Language, that by ſinews weak
Didſt move my firſt endeavouring tongue to ſpeak,
And mad'ſt imperfect words with childiſh trips,
Half-unpronounc'd, ſlide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely ſat two years before:
Here I ſalute thee, and thy pardon aſk,
That now I uſe thee in my latter taſk:
Small loſs it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'ſt not be ambitious to be firſt,
Believe me, I have thither packt the worſt:
And, if it happens as I did forecaſt,
The daintieſt diſhes ſhall be ſerv'd up laſt,
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this ſame ſmall neglect that I have made:
But haſte thee ſtrait to do me once a pleaſure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefeſt treaſure,
Not thoſe new-fangled toys, and trimming ſlight
Which takes our late fantaſtics with delight,
But cull thoſe richeſt robes, and gay'ſt attire
Which deepeſt ſpirits, and choiceſt wits deſire:
I have ſome naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their paſſage out;
And, weary of their place, do only ſtay
Till thou haſt deck'd them in thy beſt array;
That ſo they may, without ſuſpect or fears
Fly ſwiftly to this fair aſſembly's ears.
Yet I had rather, if I were to chooſe,
Thy ſervice in ſome graver ſubject uſe,
Such as may make thee ſearch thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit ſound:
Such where the deep tranſported mind may ſoar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and ſee each bliſsful deity,
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Liſt'ning to what unſhorn Apollo ſings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly ſire:
Then paſſing through the ſpheres of watchful fire,
And miſty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of ſnow, and loſts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In Heav'n's defiance muſt'ring all his waves;
Then ſing of ſecret things that came to paſs
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And laſt of kings and queens, and heroes old,
Such as the wiſe Demodocus once told
In ſolemn ſongs at King Alcinous' feaſt,
While ſad Ulyſſes' ſoul and all the reſt
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and ſweet captivity.
But ſtie, my wand'ring Muſe, how thou doſt ſtray!
Expectance calls thee now another way;
Thou know'ſt it muſt be now thy only bent
To keep in compaſs of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd buſineſs come,
That to the next I may reſign my room.

Then Ens is repreſented as Father of the Predicaments his ten Sons, whereof the eldeſt ſtood for Subſtance with his canons, which Ens, thus ſpeaking explains.

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The fairy ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drouſy nurſe hath ſworn ſhe did them ſpy
Come tripping to the room where thou didſt lie,
And ſweetly ſinging round about thy bed,
Strow all their bleſſings on thy ſleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou ſhouldſt ſtill
From eyes of mortal walk inviſible:
Yet there is ſomething that doth force my fear;
For once it was my diſmal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wiſely could preſage,
And in time's long and dark proſpective glaſs
Foreſaw what future days ſhould bring to paſs;
Your ſon, ſaid ſhe, (nor can ye it prevent)
Shall ſubject be to many an accident:
O'er all his brethren he ſhall reign as king,
Yet every one ſhall make him underling,
And thoſe that cannot live from him aſunder
Ungratefully ſhall ſtrive to keep him under:
In worth and excellence he ſhall out-go them;
Yet being above them, he ſhall be below them:
From others he ſhall ſtand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers ſhall depend for clothing:
To find a foe it ſhall not be his hap;
And Peace ſhall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
Yet ſhall he live in ſtrife, and at his door
Devouring war ſhall never ceaſe to roar:
Yea, it ſhall be his natural property
To harbour thoſe that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty ſpell, if not
Your learned hands, can looſe this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity and Quality ſpake in Proſe, then Relation was call'd by his name

Rivers ariſe; whether thou be the ſon
Of utmoſt Tweed, or Ooſe, or gulphy Dun,
Or Trent, who like ſome earth-born giant ſpreads
His thirty arms along th' indented meads,
Or ſullen mole that runneth underneath,
Or Severn Swift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of ſedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name;
Or Medway ſmooth, or royal towered Thame.

(*The reſt was Proſe.*)

III. *On the Morning of Chriſt's Nativity. Compos'd* 1629.

I.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and Virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For ſo the holy Sages once did ſing,
That he our deadly forfeit ſhould releaſe,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unſufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majeſty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table
To ſit the midſt of Trinal Unity,
He laid aſide; and here with us to be,
Forſook the courts of everlaſting day,
And choſe with us a darkſome houſe of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heav'nly Muſe, ſhall not thy ſacred vein
Afford a preſent to the infant God?
Haſt thou no verſe, no hymn of ſolemn ſtrain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now, while the Heav'n by the ſun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the ſpangled hoſt keep watch in ſquadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eaſtern road
The ſtar-led Wizards haſte with odours ſweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his bleſſed feet;
Have thou the honour firſt thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice into the angel quire,
From out his ſecret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn.

I.

It was the winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born child
All meanly wrapt in rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had dofft her gaudy trim,
With her great Maſter ſo to ſympathize:
It was no ſeaſon then for her
To wanton with the ſun her luſty paramour.

II.

Only with ſpeeches fair
She woo's the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent ſnow,
And on her naked ſhame,
Pollute with ſinful blame,
The ſainty veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look ſo near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he, her fears to ceaſe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came ſoftly ſliding
Down thro' the turning ſphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She ſtrikes an univerſal peace through ſea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle's ſound
Was heard the world around:
The idle ſpear and ſhield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot ſtood,
Unſtain'd with hoſtile blood;
The trumpet ſpake not to the armed throng;
And kings ſat ſtill with awful eye,
As if they ſurely knew their ſov'reign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whiſt
Smoothly the waters kiſt,
Whiſp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm ſit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The ſtars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in ſtedfaſt gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himſelf beſpake, and bid them go.

VII.

And tho' the ſhady gloom
Had given day her room,
The ſun himſelf with-held his wonted ſpeed,
And hid his head for ſhame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlighten'd world no more ſhould need;
He ſaw a greater ſun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.

The ſhepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat ſimply chatting in a ruſtic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or elſe their ſheep,
Was all that did their ſilly thoughts ſo buſy keep.

IX.

When ſuch muſic ſweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger ſtrook,
Divinely warbled voice
Anſw'ring the ſtringed noiſe,
As all their ſouls in bliſsful rapture took:
The air ſuch pleaſure loth to loſe,
With thouſand echoes ſtill prolongs each heav'nly cloſe.

X.

Nature that heard ſuch ſound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's ſeat, the airy region thrilling,

Now was almoſt won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its laſt fulfilling;
She knew ſuch harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and earth in happier union.

XI.

At laſt ſurrounds their ſight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the ſhame-fac'd Night
The helmed cherubim, [array'd,
And ſworded ſeraphim,
Are ſeen in glittering ranks with wings diſ-
Harping in loud and ſolemn quire, [play'd,
With unexpreſſive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such muſic (as 'tis ſaid)
Before was never made,
But when of old the ſons of Morning ſung,
While the Creator great
His conſtellations ſet,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And caſt the dark foundations deep, [keep.
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel

XIII.

Ring out ye cryſtal ſpheres,
Once bleſs our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our ſenſes ſo)
And let your ſilver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the baſe of Heav'n's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full conſort to th' angelic ſymphony.

XIV.

For if ſuch holy ſong
Inwarp our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of Gold,
And ſpeckled vanity,
Will ſicken ſoon and die,
And leprous ſin will melt from earthly mould,
And hell itſelf will paſs away,
And leave her dolorous manſion to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth and Juſtice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will ſit between,
Thron'd in celeſtial ſheen,
With radiant feet the tiſſued clouds down ſteer-
And Heav'n, as at ſome feſtival, [ing,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wiſeſt Fate ſays no,
This muſt not yet be ſo,
The Babe lies yet in ſmiling infancy,
That on the bitter croſs
Muſt redeem our loſs;
So both himſelf and us to glorify
Yet firſt to thoſe ychain'd in ſleep,
The wakeful trump of Doom muſt thunder thro' the deep.

XVII.

With ſuch a horrid clang,
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and ſmould'ring clouds out-
The aged Earth aghaſt, [brake:
With terror of that blaſt,
Shall from the ſurface to the centre ſhake;
When at the world's laſt ceſſion,
The dreadful Judge in middle air ſhall ſpread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at laſt our bliſs
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In ſtraiter limits bound,
Not half ſo far caſts his uſurped ſway,
And wroth to ſee his kingdom fail,
Swindges the ſcaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his ſhrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow ſhriek the ſteep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathed ſpell
Inſpires the pale-ey'd Prieſt from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the reſounding ſhore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament:
From haunted ſpring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with ſighing ſent;
With flower-inwoven treſſes torn,
The nymphs in twi'light ſhade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In conſecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying ſound
Affrights the flamens at their ſervice quaint;
And the chill marble ſeems to ſweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted ſeat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
Forſake their temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of Paleſtine:
And mooned Aſhtaroth,
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
Now ſits not girt with taper's holy ſhine
The Lybic Hammon ſhrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammus mourn.

XXIII.

And ſullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in ſhadows dread
His burning idol all of blackeſt hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the griſly King,
In diſmal dance about the furnace blue;
The bruiſh gods of Nile as faſt,
Iſis and Orus, and the dog Aniubus haſte.

XXIV.

Nor is Oſiris ſeen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unſhow'r'd graſs with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at reſt
Within his ſacred cheſt,
Nought but profoundeſt Hell can be his ſhroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The ſable-ſtoled ſorcerers bear his worſhipt ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreadful Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his duſky eyn;
Nor all the gods beſide,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in ſnaky twine:
Our Babe to ſhew his Godhead true,
Can in his ſwadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the ſun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking ſhadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghoſt ſlips to his ſeveral grave,
And the yellow-ſkirted Fayes
Fly after the night-ſteeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But ſee the Virgin bleſt
Hath laid her Babe to reſt;
Time is our tedious ſong ſhould here have ending:
Heav'n's youngeſt teemed ſtar
Hath fix'd her poliſh'd car,
Her ſleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending,
And all about the courtly ſtable
Bright harneſs'd angels ſit in order ſerviceable.

IV. *The paſſion.*

I.

Erewhile of muſic, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the ſtage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My Muſe with angels did divide to ſing;
But headlong Joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry ſolſtice like the ſhorten'd light
Soon ſwallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to ſorrow muſt I tune my ſong,
And ſet my harp to notes of ſaddeſt woe,
Which in our deareſt Lord did ſeiſe e'er long,
Dangers, and ſnares, and wrongs, and worſe than ſo,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Moſt perfect Hero, try'd in heavieſt plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human might!

III.

He, ſov'reign Prieſt, ſtooping his regal head,
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleſhly tabernacle entered,
His ſtarry front low-rooſt beneath the ſkies;
O what a maſk was there, what a diſguiſe!
Yet more; the ſtroke of death he muſt abide,
Then lies him meekly down faſt by his brethren's ſide.

IV.

Theſe lateſt ſcenes confine my roving verſe,
To this horrizon is my Phœbus bound;
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former ſufferings other where are found;
Loud o'er the reſt Cremona's trump doth ſound;
Me ſoſter airs beſit, and ſofter ſtrings
Of lute, or viol ſtill, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, beſt patroneſs of grief;
Over the pole thy thickeſt mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and earth are colour'd with my woe;
My ſorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves ſhould all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have waſh'd a wanniſh white.

VI.

See, ſee the chariot, and thoſe ruſhing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood,
My ſpirit ſome tranſporting cherub feels,
To bear me where the towers of Salem ſtood,
Once glorious towers, now ſunk in guiltleſs blood;
There doth my ſoul in holy viſion ſit
In penſive trance, and anguiſh, and ecſtatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that ſad ſepulchral rock
That was the caſket of Heav'n's richeſt ſtore,
And here though grief my feeble hands uplock,
Yet on the ſoften'd quarry would I ſcore
My plaining verſe as lively as before;
For ſure ſo well inſtructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or ſhould I thence hurried on viewleſs wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and ſpring
Would ſoon unboſom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is eaſily beguil'd)
Might think th' infection of my ſorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on ſome pregnant cloud.

[*This ſubject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing ſatisfied with what was begun, left it unfiniſhed.*]

V. *On Time.*

Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-ſtepping Hours,
Whoſe ſpeed is but the heavy plummet's pace,
And glut thyſelf with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is falſe and vain,
And merely mortal droſs;
So little is our loſs,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou haſt intomb'd,
And laſt of all thy greedy ſelf conſum'd,
Then long eternity ſhall greet our bliſs
With an individual kiſs;
And joy ſhall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is ſincerely good,
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, ſhall ever ſhine

About the supreme throne
Of him, to' whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this earthy grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

VI. *Upon the Circumcision.*

Ye flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright,
That erst with music and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along,
Through the soft silence of the list'ning Night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seise!
O more exceeding love, or law more just!
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day, but O e'er long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

VII. *At a solemn Music.*

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high rais'd phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Ay sung before the saphir-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires.
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly;
That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd Sin
Jarr'd against Nature's chime and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood,
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God e'er long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

VIII. *An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.*

This rich marble doth inter
The honour'd wife of Winchester.
A viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin quire for her request
The god that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;
And in his garland as he stood
Ye might discern a cypress bud,
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth;
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New shot up from vernal show'r;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be prefaging tears,
Which the sad Morn had let fall
On her hast'ning funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the world increase,
Shortened hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,

And ſome flowers, and ſome bays,
For thy herſe, to ſtrow the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilſt thou, bright Saint, high ſitſt in glory,
Next her much like to thee in ſtory,
That fair Syrian ſhepherdeſs,
Who after years of barrenneſs,
The highly favour'd Joſeph bore
To him that ſerv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the boſom bright
Of blazing Majeſty and Light:
There with thee, new welcome ſaint,
Like fortunes may her ſoul acquaint
With thee there clad in radiant ſheen,
No Marchioneſs, but now a Queen.

IX. *Song. On May Morning.*

Now the bright morning ſtar, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the Eaſt, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowſlip, and the pale primroſe.
Hail bounteous May! that doſt inſpire
Mirth, and youth, and warm deſire;
Woods and groves are of thy dreſſing,
Hill and dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early ſong,
And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

X. *On Shakeſpeare*, 1630.

What needs my Shakeſpeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled ſtones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtarry-pointing pyramid?
Dear ſon of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Has built thyſelf a live-long monument.
For whilſt to th' ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring Art
Thy eaſy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Thoſe Delphic lines with deep impreſſion took;
Then thou our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with too much conceiving;
And ſo ſepulcher'd, in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That kings for ſuch a tomb would wiſh to die.

XI. *On the Univerſity Carrier, who ſickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reaſon of the plague.*

Here lies old Hobſon; Death hath broke his girt,
And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt;
Or elſe the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here ſtuck in a ſlough, and overthrown.
'Twas ſuch a ſhifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And ſurely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly courſe of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him ſo long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his lateſt inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain
Shew'd him his room where he muſt lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any aſk for him, it ſhall be ſaid,
Hobſon has ſupt, and's newly gone to bed.

XII. *Another on the ſame.*

Here lieth one who did moſt truly prove,
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his deſtiny, never to rot
While he might ſtill jog on and keep his trot,
Made of ſphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at ſtay.
Time numbers motion (yet without a crime
'Gainſt old Truth), motion number'd out his time:
And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas'd, he ended ſtrait.
Reſt that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation haſten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away, he ſicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his ſwooning bed out-ſtretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, ſure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the croſs doctors all ſtood bearers,
For one carrier put down to make ſix bearers.
Eaſe was his chief diſeaſe, and to judge right,
He dy'd for heavineſs that his cart went light:
His leiſure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burthenſome,
That ev'n to his laſt breath (there be that ſay't)
As he were preſs'd to death, he cry'd more weight;
But had his doings laſted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon, he ſpent his date
In courſe reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the ſeas,
Yet (ſtrange to think) his wain was his increaſe:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remain this ſuperſcription.

XIII. *Ad Pyrrham. Ode V.*

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat eſſe miſeros.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in roſa
Perfuſus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, ſub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis ? heu quoties fidem
Mutatoſque deos flebit, et aſpera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur inſolens!
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui ſemper vacuam ſemper amabilem
Sperat, neſcius auræ
Fallacis. Miſeri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabula ſacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta maris Deo.

XIII. *The fifth Ode of Horace, Lib. I.*

Quis multa gracilis te puer in roſa, *rendered almoſt word for word without rhime, according to the Latin meaſure, as near as the language will permit.*

What ſlender youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on roſes in ſome pleaſant cave,
Pyrrha ? for whom bind'ſt thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatneſs? O how oft ſhall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and ſeas
Rough with black winds and ſtorms
Unwonted ſhall admire!
Who now enjoys thee, credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapleſs they [vow'd
To whom thou untry'd ſeem'ſt fair. Me in my
Picture the ſacred wall declares to' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the ſtern God of ſea.

XIV. *On the new forcers of conſcience under the Long Parliament.*

Because you have thrown off your Prelate lord
And with ſtiff vows renounc'd his liturgy,
To ſeize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whoſe ſin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil ſword
To force our conſciences that Chriſt ſet free,
And ride us with a claſſic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford ?
Men whoſe life, learning, faith and pure intent,
Would have been held in high eſteem with Paul,
Muſt now be nam'd and printed Heretics
By ſhallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call :
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worſe than thoſe of Trent,
That ſo the Parliament
May with their wholeſome and preventive ſhears
Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,
And ſuccour our juſt fears,
When they ſhall read this clearly in your charge,
New Preſbyter is but Old Prieſt writ large.

SONNETS.

I. *To the Nightingale.*

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy ſpray
Warbleſt at eve, when all the woods are ſtill,
Thou with freſh hope the lover's heart does fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of day,
First heard before the ſhallow cuccco's bill,
Portend ſucceſs in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, e'er the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeleſs doom in ſome grove nigh;
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For my relief, yet hadſt no reaſon why:
Whether the muſe, or love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I

II.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herboſa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene é colui d'ogni valore ſcarco
Qual tuo ſpirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente moſtra ſi di fuora
De ſui atti ſoavi giamai parco,
E i don', che ſon d'amor ſactte ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtu ſ'infiora.
Quando tu vega parli, o lieta canti
Che mover poſſa duro alpeſtre legno
Guardi ciaſcun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
Le'entrata, chi di te ſi truova indegno;
Gratia ſola di ſu gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l diſio amoroſa al cuor ſ'invecchi.

III.

QUAL in colle aſpro, al imbrunir di ſera
L'avezza giovenetta paſtorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta ſtrana e bella
Che mal ſi ſpande a diſuſata ſpera
Fuor di ſua natia alma primavera,
Coſi Amor meco inſù la lingua ſnella
Deſta il fior novo di ſtrania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzoſamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteſo
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volſe, ed io a l'altrui peſo
Seppi ch' Amor coſa mai volſe indarno.
Deh! foſs' il mio cuor lento e'l duro ſeno
A chi pianta dal ciel ſi buon terreno.

Canzone.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amoroſii
M' accoſtandoſi attorno, e perche ſcrivi,
Perche tu ſcrivi in lingua ignota e ſtrana
Verſeggiando d' amor, e come t' oſi?
Dinne, ſe la tua ſpeme ſia mai vana,
E de penſieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
Coſi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aſpettan, et altre onde
Nelle cui verdi ſponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdond d' eterne ſrondi
Perche alle ſpalle tue ſoverchia ſoma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me riſpondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l ſuo dir, é il mio cuore
Queſta e lingua di cui ſi vanta Amore.

IV.

DIODATI, e te'l diro con maraviglia,
Quel ritroſo io ch'amor ſpreggiar ſoléa
E de ſuoi lacci ſpeſſo mi ridéa
Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor ſ'impiglia.
Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia.
M' abbaglian sì, ma ſotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honeſti, e nelle ciglia
Quel ſereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemiſpero
Traviar ben puo la faticoſa Luna,
E degli occhi ſuoi auventa ſi gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

PER certo i bei voſtr' occhi Donna mia
Eſſer non puo che non ſian lo mio ſole
Si mi percuoton ſorte, come ei ſuole
Per l'arene di Libia chi ſ'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne ſenti pria)
Da quel lato ſi ſpinge ove mi duole,
Che forſe amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman ſoſpir; io non ſo che ſi ſia:

Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso me il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'hummil dono
Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forse e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,
E di cetta sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII. *On his being arriv'd at the age of twenty-three.*

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

VIII. *When the Assault was intended to the City.*

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
If deed of honour did thee ever please, [seize,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these;
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms,
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower;
The great Emathion conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple' and tow'r
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save th Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX. *To a virtuous young Lady.*

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hath shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heav'nly Truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth,
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

X. *To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

Daughter to that good Earl, once president
Of England's council, and her treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till sad the breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishoneſt victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent,
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flouriſh'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your word his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

XI. *On the detraction which followed upon my writing certain treatises.*

A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
And woven close, both matter, form, and stile;
The subject new; it walk'd the Town a while.
Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
A title page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st at Cambridge, and King Edward Greek.

XII. *On the same.*

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When strait a barbarous noise environs me

Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs:
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearls to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when Truth would set them free;
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII. *To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Airs.*

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn or story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

IV. *On the religious memory of Mrs. Catharine Thomson, my Christian friend, deceased 16th Dec. 1646.*

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
Thy works and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod,
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so dress,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV. *To the Lord General Fairfax.*

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth Valor bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

XVI. *To the Lord General Cromwell.*

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war: new foes arise
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII. *To Sir Henry Vane the younger.*

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd
Then to advise how War may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou' hast learn'd, which few have done:
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII. *On the late Massacre in Piemont.*

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not; in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd

Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled eo the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and aſhes ſow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where ſtill doth ſway
The triple Tyrant; that from theſe may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX. *On his blindneſs.*

When I conſider how my light is ſpent
E'er half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uſeleſs, though my ſoul more bent
To ſerve therewith my Maker, and preſent
My true account, leſt he returning chide;
Doth God exact day labour, light deny'd,
I fondly aſk? but patience to prevent
That murmur, ſoon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who beſt
Bear his mild yoke, they ſerve him beſt: his
Is kingly; thouſands at his bidding ſpeed, [ſtate
And poſt o'er land and ocean without reſt;
They alſo ſerve who only ſtand and wait.

XX. *To Mr. Lawrence.*

Lawrence, of virtuous father, virtuous ſon,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where ſhall we ſometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waſte a ſullen day what may be won
From the hard ſeaſon gaining? time will run
On ſmoother, till Favanious re-inſpire
The frozen earth, and cloth in freſh attire
The lily' and roſe, that neither ſow'd nor ſpun.
What neat repaſt ſhall feaſt us, light and choice
Of Attic taſte, with wine, whence we may riſe
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuſcan air
He who of thoſe delights can judge, and ſpare
To interpoſe them oft, is not unwiſe.

XXI. *To Cyriac Skinner.*

Cyriac, whoſe grandſire on the royal bench
Of Britiſh Themis, with no mean applauſe
Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar ſo often wrench;
To day deep thoughts reſolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid reſt, and Archimedes pauſe,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To meaſure life learn thou betimes, and know
Tow'ard ſolid good what leads the neareſt way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains
And diſapproves that care, though wiſe in ſhew,
That with ſuperfluous burden loads the day,
And when God ſends a cheerful hour refrains.

XXII. *To the ſame.*

Cyriac, this three years day theſe eyes, tho' clear,
To outward view, of blemiſh or of ſpot,
Bereſt of light, their ſeeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth ſight appear
Of ſun, or moon, or ſtar, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Againſt Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but ſtill bear up, and ſteer
Right onward. What ſupports me? doſt thou aſk:
The conſcience, Friend, to' have loſt them overply'd
In liberty's defence, my noble taſk,
Of which all Europe talks from ſide to ſide.
This thought might lead me thro' the world's vain maſk,
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII. *On his deceaſed Wife.*

Methought I ſaw my late eſpouſed ſaint
Brought to me like Alceſtis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great ſon to her glad huſband gave
Reſcued from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom waſh'd from ſpot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old law did ſave,
And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in Heav'n without reſtraint,
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied ſight
Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon ſhin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O, as to embrace me ſhe inclin'd,
I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my night.

PSALMS.

Pſalm I. *Done into verſe*, 1653.

BLESSED is the man who hath not walk'd aſtray
In counſel of the wicked, and i' th' way
Of ſinners hath not ſtood, and in the ſeat
Of ſcorners hath not ſat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he ſtudies day and night.
He ſhall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry ſtreams, and in the ſeaſon knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf ſhall not fall;
And what he takes in hand ſhall proſper all.
Not ſo the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives; ſo the wicked ſhall not ſtand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor ſinners in th' aſſembly of juſt men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the juſt,
And the way of bad men to ruin muſt.

Pſalm II. *Done Aug.* 8, 1653. *Terzette.*

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muſe a vain thing, the kings of th' earth up-ſtand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Againſt the Lord, and his Meſſiah dear?
Let us break off, ſay they, by ſtrength of hand,
Their bonds, and caſt from us, no more to wear
Their twiſted cords: he who in Heav'n doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord ſhall ſcoff them, then ſevere,
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, ſaith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath ſaid
Thou art my ſon, I have begotten thee
This day; aſk of me, and the grant is made;
As thy poſſeſſion I on thee beſtow
Th' Heathen, and as thy conqueſt to be ſway'd
Earth's utmoſt bounds: them ſhalt thou bring full low
With iron ſceptre bruis'd, and them diſperſe
Like to a potters veſſel ſhiver'd ſo.
And now be wiſe, at length, ye Kings averſe,
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah ſerve, and let your joy converſe
With trembling; kiſs the Son, leſt he appear
In anger, and ye periſh in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like ſtuffel fere,
Happy all thoſe who have him in their ſtay.

Pſalm III. *Aug.* 9, 1653. *When he fled from Abſalom.*

LORD how many are my foes?
How many thoſe
That in arms againſt me riſe!
Many are they
That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay,
No help for him in God their lies.
But thou, Lord! art my ſhield, my glory,
Thee through my ſtory
Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah, he full ſoon reply'd,
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and ſlept, I wak'd again,
For my ſuſtain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though encamping round about
They pitch againſt me their pavilions.
Riſe, Lord, ſave me my God, for thou
Haſt ſmote e'er now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd
Haſt broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy bleſſing on thy people flows.

Pſalm IV. *Aug.* 10. 1653.

ANSWER me, when I call,
God of my righteouſneſs;
In ſtraits and in diſtreſs
Thou didſt me diſinthral,
And ſet at large; now ſpare,
Now pity me, and hear my earneſt pray'r.
Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in ſcorn,
How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity,
To love, to seek, to prize
Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to choose he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd; and do not sin;
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say,
Who yet will shew us good?
Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light,
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put,
Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep,
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where'er I lie;
As in a rocky cell
Thou, Lord, alone, in safety mak'st me dwell.

Psalm v. *Aug.* 12. 1653.

Jehovah! to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh.
The voice of my complaining hear,
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah! thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear,
I' th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight,
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or madmen stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
The bloody' and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy house; I in thy fear,
Will tow'ards thy holy temple worship low.
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me, because of those
That do observe if I transgress,
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his faltring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty; let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
To bless the just man still
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

Psalm vi. *Aug.* 13, 1653.

Lord! in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn, Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Wearied I am with sighing out my days.
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark,
I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
My supplication, with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dash'd
With much confusion; then, grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

Psalm vii. *Aug.* 14. 1653.
Upon the words of Cush the Benjamite against him.

Lord! my God to thee I fly;
Save me, and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing, and no rescue nigh.
Lord my God, if I have thought
Or done this; if wickedness
Be in my hands; if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for nought;
Let th' enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there-out spread,

Lodge it with dishonour foul.
Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury' assuage;
Judgment here thou didst engage,
And command which I desire.
So th' assemblies of each nation
Will furround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.
Judge me, Lord; be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their pow'r that do amiss.
But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence and in him lies,
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of heart at last.
God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.
(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute) Behold
He travels big with vanity;
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.
He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.
Then will I Jehovah's praise,
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the Most High.

Psalm VIII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

O Jehovah, our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avengers' brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to' oppose.
When I behold thy Heav'ns thy fingers' art,
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart, [set
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,
And think st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.
O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,
Fowls of the Heav'ns, and fish that through the wet
See paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah, our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth.

Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, translated from the original. April 1648. J. M.

Psalm LXXX.

1 Thou Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*,
Give ear *in time of need*,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed,
That sitst between the cherubs *bright*
Between their wings out-spread,
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,
And on our foes thy dread.
2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasse's sight,
Awake thy strength, come, and *be seen*
To save us by *thy might.*
3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, *vouchsafe*;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy smoking wrath, *and angry brow*
Against thy people's pray'r!
5 Thou feedst them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet,
6 A strife thou mak'st us, *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they laugh, they play,
And flouts at us they throw.
7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'st our nations, *proud and haut*,
To plant this *lovely* vine.
9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it *began to grow apace*,
And fill'd the land *at last.*
10 With her *green* shade that cover'd *all*,
The hills were *overspread*;
Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
11 Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the sea she sent,

And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went*.
12 Why haſt thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudeſt violence?
13 The *tuſked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots;
Wild beaſts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender ſhoots.
14 Return now, God of Hoſts, look down
From Heav'n, thy ſeat divine,
Behold *us, but without a frown*,
And viſit this *thy* vine.
15 Viſit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath ſet, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thyſelf
Thou haſt made firm and ſtrong.
16 But now it is conſum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They periſh at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,
Upon the Son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyſelf haſt made.
18 So ſhall we not go back from thee
To ways of ſin and ſhame;
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy name.
19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
Lord God of Hoſts, *vouchſafe*;
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.

Pſalm LXXXI.

1 To God our ſtrength ſing loud, *and clear*,
Sing loud to God *our King*,
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*
Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a ſong,
The timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* pſaltry bring along,
And harp *with* pleaſant *ſtring*.
3 Blow, *as is went*, in the new moon
With trumpets' *lofty ſound*,
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our ſolemn feaſt *comes round*.
4 This was a ſtatute *giv'n of old*
For Iſrael *to obſerve*,
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*,
From whence they might not ſwerve.
5 This he a teſtimony' ordain'd
In Joſeph, *not to change*,
When as he paſs'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was ſtrange.
6 From burden, *and from ſlaviſh toil*
I ſet his ſhoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and miry ſoil*
Deliver'd were *by me*.
7 When trouble did thee ſore aſſail,
On me then didſt thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail*,
And led thee out of thrall.
I anſwer'd thee in thunder deep
With clouds encompaſs'd round
I try'd thee at the water *ſteep*
Of Merbia *renown'd*.
8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well*,
I teſtify to thee,
Thou ancient ſtock of Iſrael,
If thou wilt liſt to me,
9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien god ſhall be,
Nor ſhalt thou to a foreign god
In honour bend thy knee.
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt's land;
Aſk large enough, and I, *beſought*,
Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Iſrael, *whom I lov'd ſo dear*,
Miſlik'd me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wand'ring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd ſtill,
Their own devices blind.
13 O that my people would *be wiſe*,
To ſerve me *all their days*,
And O that Iſrael would *adviſe*
To walk my *righteous* ways!
14 Then would I ſoon bring down their foes,
That now ſo proudly riſe,
And turn my hand againſt *all thoſe*
That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord ſhould *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
But *they*, *his people*, *ſhould remain*,
Their time ſhould have no end.
16 And he would feed them *from the ſtock*
With flour of fineſt wheat,
And ſatisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat*.

Pſalm LXXXII.

1 God in the great aſſembly ſtands
Of kings and lordly ſtates;
Among the gods, on both his hands
He judges and debates.
2 How long will ye pervert the right
With judgment falſe and wrong,
Favouring the wicked *by your might*,
Who thence grow bold and ſtrong?
3 Regard the weak and fatherleſs,
Diſpatch the poor man's cauſe,
And raiſe the man in deep diſtreſs,
By juſt and equal laws.
4 Defend the poor and deſolate,
And reſcue from the hands
Of wicked men the low eſtate
Of him *that help demands*.
5 They know not, nor will underſtand,
In darkneſs they walk on;
The earth's foundations all are mov'd,
And out of order gone.
6 I ſaid that ye were gods, yea all
The ſons of God moſt high;

7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.
8 Rise God, judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth redress,
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

Psalm LXXXIII.

1 Be not thou silent *now at length*,
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit thou not still, O God *of strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
2 For low thy *furious* foes *now* swell,
And storm outrageously,
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Against thy people they contrive
Their plots and counsels deep,
Them to insnare they chiefly strive
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
5 For they consult with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell.
7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire*,
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
8 With them *great* Ashur also bands
And doth confirm the knot:
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold*,
That wasted all the coast,
To Sisera, and, as *is told*,
Thou didst to Jabin's *host*,
When at the brook of Kishon *old*
They were repuls'd and slain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed,
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled*,
So let their princes *bleed*.
12 *For they, amidst their pride*, have said,
By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and *will now invade*
Their stately palaces.
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and restless let *them reel*
Like stubble from the wind.
14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire,
Which on a sudden strays,
The *greedy* flames run higher and higher,
Till all the mountains blaze.
15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chace;
16 And till they yield thee honour due,
Lord, fill with shame their face.
17 Asham'd and troubled let them be,
Troubled, and asham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, *and 'scape it never*.
18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the most High, *and thou the same*
O'er all the earth *art one*.

Psalm LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!
2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see,
My heart and flesh aloud doth cry,
O living God, for thee.
3 There ev'n the sparrow *freed from wrong*
Hath found a house of *rest*;
The swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her *brooding* nest;
Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts
Tow'rd thee, my King, my God.
4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise;
5 Happy, who in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
6 They pass'd through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful wat'ry dale
Where springs and showers abound.
7 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladness cheer,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my pray'r,
O Jacob's God, give ear,
9 Thou God our shield, look on the face
Of thine anointed *dear*.
10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better, *and more blest*,
Than *in the joys of vanity*
A thousand days *at best*.
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode*,
With sin *for evermore*.
11 For God the Lord both sun and shield
Gives grace and glory *bright*,
No good from them shall be with-held
Whose ways are just and right.
12 Lord *God* of Hosts, *that reign'st on high*,
That man is *truly* blest,
Who *only* on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

Pſalm LXXX.

1 THY land to favour graciouſly
Thou haſt not, Lord, been ſlack;
Thou haſt from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou doſt forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their ſin, *that did thee grieve*,
Haſt hid *where none ſhall know.*
3 Thine anger all thou hadſt remov'd,
And *calmly* didſt return
From thy fierce wrath, which we had prov'd
Far worſe than fire to burn.
4 God of our ſaving health and peace,
Turn us, and us reſtore,
Thine indignation cauſe to ceaſe
Tow'rd us, *and chide no more.*
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus,
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not turn, and *hear our voice*
And us again revive,
That ſo thy people may rejoice
By thee preſerv'd alive.
7 Cauſe us to ſee thy goodneſs, Lord,
To us thy mercy ſhew,
Thy ſaving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
8 *And now* what God the Lord will ſpeak,
I will *go ſtrait and* hear;
For to his people he ſpeaks peace,
And to his ſaints *full dear.*
To his dear ſaints he will ſpeak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but forceaſe*
To treſpaſs as before.
9 Surely to ſuch as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory ſhall *e'er long appear*
To dwell within our land.
10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miſs'd*
Now *joyfully* are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteouſneſs have kiſs'd,
And hand in hand are ſet.
11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower*,
Shall bud and bloſſom *them*,
And Juſtice from her heav'nly bow'r
Look down *on mortal men.*
12 The Lord will alſo then beſtow
Whatever thing is good;
Our land ſhall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall go
His royal harbinger;
Then will he come, and not be ſlow,
His footſteps cannot err.

Pſalm LXXXVI.

1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me, *I thee pray*;
For I am poor, and almoſt pine
With need, *and ſad decay.*
2 Preſerve my ſoul; for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the juſt;
Save thou thy ſervant, O my God,
Who *ſtill* in thee doth truſt.
3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoice
Thy ſervant's ſoul; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my ſoul *and voice.*
5 For thou art good; thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon; thou to all
Art full of mercy; thou *alone*,
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my ſupplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *inceſſant* pray'rs afford
Thy hearing graciouſly.
7 I in the day of my diſtreſs
Will call on thee *for aid;*
For thou wilt *grant* me *free acceſs*,
And anſwer *what I pray'd.*
8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy glorious works.
9 The nations all whom thou haſt made
Shall come, *and all ſhall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
10 For great thou art, and wond'rous great
By thy ſtrong hand are done;
Thou *in thy everlaſting ſeat*
Remaineſt God alone.
11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *moſt right*,
I in thy truth will bide;
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So ſhall it never ſlide.
12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
And thou haſt free'd my ſoul,
Ev'n from the loweſt Hell ſet free,
From deepeſt darkneſs foul.
14 O God, the proud againſt me riſe,
And violent men are met
To ſeek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have ſet.
15 But thou, Lord, art the God moſt mild,
Readieſt thy grace to ſhew,
Slow to be angry, and *art ſtill'd*
Moſt merciful, moſt true.
16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on;
Unto thy ſervant give thy ſtrength,
And ſave thy handmaid's ſon.
17 Some ſign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* ſee,
And be aſham'd, becauſe thou, Lord,
Doſt help and comfort me.

Pſalm LXXXVII.

1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation faſt;

There seated in his sanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.
2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord oves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *land, though there be store,*
And all within his care.
3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia *full of scorn,*
And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmost ends,*
Lo this man there was born:
5 But *twice that praise shall in our ar*
Be said of Sion *last.*
This, and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.
6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth inrol,
That this man there was born.
7 Both they who sing and they who dance,
With sacred songs are there,
In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains *clear.*

Psalm LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God thou dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee *weep,*
Before thee *prostrate lie.*
2 Into thy presence let my pray'r
With sighs devout ascend,
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
Thine ear with favour bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,
My life *at Death's uncheerful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit;
I am a man, but weak, alas!
And for that name unfit.
5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead to *sleep,*
And like the slain in *bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep,*
Whom thou remembrest no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn,*
Where thickest darkness *lovers round,*
In horrid deeps *to mourn.*
7 Thy wrath, from which *no shelter saves,*
Full sore doth press on me;
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
And all thy waves break me.
8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious;
Me to them odious; *for they change,*
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through sorrow, and afflictions great,
Mine eyes grow dim and dead;
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I spread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead;
Shall the deceas'd arise,
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave *hath hold,*
Or they who in perdition *dwell,*
Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
Or wond'rous acts be known,
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion!
13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
E'er yet my life be spent,
And *up to thee* my pray'r *doth hie*
Each morn, and thee prevent,
14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me?
15 That am already bruis'd and shake
With terror sent from thee?
Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonished with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow
Thy threat'nings cut me through:
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,
And sever'd from me far:
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

A *Paraphrase on Psalm* CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shewn,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? and why skipt the mountains?
Why turn'd Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains?
Shake, earth, and at the presence be aghast
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
That glassy floods from ruggged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush

Psalm CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord; for he is kind;

For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.
Let us blaze his name abroad;
For of gods he is the God;
For his, &c.
O let us his praiſes tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
For his, &c.
Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and earth to ſhake.
For his, &c.
Who by his wiſdom did create
The painted Heav'n ſo full of ſtate.
For his, &c.
Who did the ſolid Earth ordain
To riſe above the wat'ry plain.
For his, &c.
Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new made world with light.
For his, &c.
And caus'd the golden-treſſed ſun
All the day long his courſe to run.
For his, &c.
The horned moon to ſhine by night,
Amongſt her ſpangled ſiſters bright.
For his, &c.
He with his thunder-claſping hand
Smote the firſt born of Egypt land.
For his, &c.
And in deſpite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Iſrael.
For his, &c.
The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.
For his, &c
The floods ſtood ſtill like walls of glaſs,
While the Hebrew bands did paſs.
For his, &c.
But full ſoon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.
For his, &c.
His choſen people he did bleſs
In the waſteful wilderneſs.
For his &c.
In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowеſs and renown.
For his, &c.
He foil'd bold Seon and his hoſt,
That rul'd the Amorrean coaſt.
For his, &c.
And large limb'd Og he did ſubdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For his, &c.
And to his ſervant Iſrael
He gave their land therein to dwell.
For his, &c.
He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our miſery.
For his, &c.
And freed us from the ſlavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his, &c.
All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand ſupplies their need.
For his, &c.
Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majeſty and worth.
For his, &c.
That his manſion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

JOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSIS POEMATA.

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM AETATIS VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.

HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebit non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Manso, Marchio Villensis, Neopolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Nuo anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum, triplici poeseos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca epigramma, Joannis Salsilli Romani.

CEDE Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannes Miltonum.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni nobile Inglese.

Ode.

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intrecciarò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.
Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
No puo l'oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'addatti, e ferirò la morte.
Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia reside
Separata dal mondo,
Fero che il suo valor l'umana eccede:
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.
Alla virtù sean ita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e dilleto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.
Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama;
Ch' udie d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.
Così l'Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.
Di bella gloria amenta
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.
Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtu l' Idea.
Quanti nacquero in Flora
On in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar par tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.
Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,

Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.
I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avaro tal'hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude all gran confine.
Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema o sto ria
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.
Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch' ia dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
In Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno parreggiar Permesso.
I o che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad amirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del. Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSI.

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio.

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studia cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic revivisc unt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda: et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cælestium sphærarum sonitus astronomia duce audiente; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua antorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restaurenti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Deodatus Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM.

LIBER PRIMUS.

Elegia prima, ad Carolum Deodatum.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Ceſtrenſis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne ſalum.
Multùm crede juvat terras alluiſſe remotas
Pectus amans noſtri, tamque fidele caput,
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua ſodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere juſſa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thameſis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura reviſere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbraſque negantia molles,
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet uſque minas perferre magiſtri
Cæteraque ingenio non ſubeunda meo.
Si ſit hoc exilium patrios adiiſſe penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata ſequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, ſortemve recuſo,
Lætus et ex exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tuliſſet
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cediſſet Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Muſis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc feſſum finuoſi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plauſus garrula ſcena ſuos.
Seu caeus auditur ſenior, ſeu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut poſitâ caſſide miles adeſt,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
Sæpe vafer gnato ſuccurrit ſervus amanti,
Et naſum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid ſit amor neſcit, dum quoque neſcit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furioſa Tragœdia ſceptrum
Quaſſat, et effuſis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, et ſpecto, juvat et ſpectaſſe dolendo,
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror ineſt:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cad
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
Conſcia funereo pectora torre movens,
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, ſeu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit inceſtos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque ſub tecto ſemper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ conſtitus ulmo,
Atque ſuburbani nobilis umbra oci.
Sæpius hic blandus ſpirantia ſidera flammas
Virgineos videas preteriiſſe choros.
Ah quoties dignæ ſtupui miracula formæ
Quæ poſſit ſenium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi ſuperantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faſces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremuloſque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor;
Pellaceſque genas, ad quos Hyacinthina ſordet
Purpura, et ipſe tui floris, Adoni, ruber!
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovm.
Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ
Et quot Suſa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ faſces ſubmittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Muſa columnas
Jactet, et auſoniis plena theatra ſtolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera ſat tibi ſit fœmina poſſe ſequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum ſtructa colonis
Turrigerum latè conſpicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid Formoſi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo ſcintillant aſtra ſereno
Endymioneæ turba miniſtra deæ,
Quot tibi conſpicuæ formâque aróque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis veniſſe invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, et roſeam poſt habitura Cypron;
Aſt ego, dum pueri ſinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm ſubitò linquero fauſta paro;

Et vitare procul malefide infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque; juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia Secunda, anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis academici Cantabrigiensis.

Te, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibe tempora plumis
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuncius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula
Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.
Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Retulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegëia tristes,
Personet et totis mœnia mœsta scholis,

Elegia tertia, anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintonienſis.

Mœstus eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
Dum procerum ingressu est splendentes marmore turres,
Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Fulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
Nec metuit fatrapum sternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis;
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi dignissime Præsul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,
Mors fera Tartareo diva Secunda Javis
Nempe satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchræ Cyprida sacra rosa,
Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas accuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam fede fugâsse suâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Rescidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submercerat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab Eöo littore mensus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos:
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nara rosis,
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racimiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ. [tat,
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salu-
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

Elegia quarta, anno ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, pastoris munere fungentem.

Cerre per immensum subitó meo littera pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio fraenantem carcere ventos
Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque tuis commitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;

Aut quicis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
Ditis ad Hamburgae mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quae ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquae clarus pietatis honore
Praesul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animae plusquam pars altera nostrae,
Dimidio vitae vivere coger ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi quâm tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quâmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëis Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo praeunte recessus
Lustrabam, et bisidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi laeta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlori senilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguae dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum praeverte sonorum,
Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
Forsitan aut veterum praelarga volumina patrum
Versantem aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam fit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa moVerba verecundo sis memo ore loqui: [destos.
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter præli Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam fassa, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Saepe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas delicuere preces.
Extensaque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor,
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et fata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat;
Germanisque suum concessi, Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuòque comans jam defloruit oliva,
Fugit et æriſonam Diva peressa tubam,
Fugit io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Credi tur ad superas justa volasse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinâ quaeris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, et saxis saevior albis
Spumea quae pulsat littoris undo tui.
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et finis ut terris quaerant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui laeta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
Quae via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quae vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternâque animae digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terrae Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis et horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piscosaeque ipsum Gergessae civis lësum
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuor cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub aegide tutus,
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionaeae qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungular campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
Nèc dubites quandoque frui milioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

Elegia quinta, anno ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
Induiturque breven Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluto gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castaus ante oculos, bisidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt;

Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furo, et ſonitus me facer intùs agit.
Delius ipſe venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitòs crines, Delius ipſe venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande ſonat diſtento ſpiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iſte furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profucrint iſto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Inſtituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu ſylvâ ſimul incipiamus utrique,
Et ſimul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, et hoc ſubeat Muſa perennis opus.
Jam ſol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
Eſt breve noctis iter, brevis eſt mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa ſuis.
Jamque Lycaoniius plauſtrum cœleſte Bootes
Non longâ ſequitur feſſus ut ante viâ;
Nunc etiam ſolitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant ſidera rara polo.
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte receſſit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere ſcelus.
Forte aliquis ſcopuli recubans in vertice paſtor,
Roſcida cum primo ſole rubeſcit humus,
Hæc, ait, hac certè caruiſti nocte puellâ
Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta ſuas repetit ſylvas, pharetramque reſumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Deſere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora ſeniles,
Quid juvat effœto procubuiſſe toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
Exuit inviſum Tellus rediviva ſenectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe ſubire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna eſt, quid enim formoſius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxurioſa ſinus,
Atque Arabum ſpirat meſſes, et ab ore venuſto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma roſis!
Ecce coronatur ſacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et viſa eſt poſſe placere ſuis.
Floribus effuſos ut erat redimita capillos
Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aſpice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitaſque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiaſque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec ſine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poſcit egena toros,
Alma ſalituſerum medicos tibi gramen in uſus
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipſa tuos.
Quòd ſi te pretium, ſi te fulgentia tangunt
Munera (muneribus ſæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi oſtentat quaſcunque ſub æquore vaſto,
Et ſuper injectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoſo feſſus Olympo
In verſpertinas præcipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, curſu languentem Phœbe diurno
Heſperiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tarteſſide lympha,
Dia quid imundo perluis ora ſalo?
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Hùc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi ſomnus in herbâ,
Hùc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene ſuſurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeliëa fata,
Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu Phœbe tuo ſapientius uteris igni,
Hùc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus laſciva ſuos ſuſpirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languenteſque fovet ſolis ab igne faces.
Inſonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triſte micant ferro tela coruſca novo.
Jamque vel inveƈtam tentat ſuperaſſe Dianam,
Quæque ſedet ſacro Veſta pudica foco.
Ipſa ſeneſcentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymennæe per urbes,
Littus io Hymen, et cava ſaxa ſonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet veſtis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cinƈta puella ſinus.
Votum eſt cuique ſuum, votum eſt tamen omnibus unum,
Ut ſibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque ſeptenâ modulatur arundine paſtor,
Et ſua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placet ſua ſidera cantu
Delphinaſque leves ad vada ſumma vocat.
Jupiter ipſe alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad ſua feſta Deos.
Nunc etiam Satiri cum fera crepuſcula ſurgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanuſque ſuâ cypariſſi fronde revinƈtus,
Semicaperque Deus, ſemideuſque caper.
Quæque ſub arboribus Dryades latuere vetuſtis
Per juga, per ſolos expatiantur agros.
Per Sata luxuriant fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix cibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Conſulit in trepidos dum ſibi nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanſque cupit male teƈta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipſa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere ſylvas,
Et ſua quiſque ſibi numino locus habet.
Et ſua quiſque diu ſibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miſeris te Jupiter aurea terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aſpera tela redis?
Tu ſaltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
Quà potes, et ſenſim tempora veris eant;
Brumaque produƈtas tardè ferat hiſpida noƈtes,
Ingruat et noſtro ſerior umbra polo.

Elegia sexta.

Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem,

Qui cum Idibus Decem. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tu distento forte carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmini scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
Festaque cœlisugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum verides gestasse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euœ
Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis eversio currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Eleo pulvere fusus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica fœcundam dispumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi Cælato barbitos auro
Insonat arguta molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Cereque, Venusque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenelius Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
Nunc lutrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
Vivat, et innocuos prædeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque e pura pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis
Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Perciæ Phoebados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem.
At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)
Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
Faustaque sacrates fœcula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
Qui suprema suo cum parte regna colit,
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

Elegia septima, anno ætatis 19.

Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathusia noram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi maxime numen Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid mania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primum lux tibi Maie diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut qui formosas pellixit ad oscula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiada raptus Hylas.

Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,
Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vera per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cesset et illi mihi;
Et quoties meminit Penelopes, ipse fatetur
Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.
Me nequid adductum curvare peritius arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Insicius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, faciéque similima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina lumibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina Deûm conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille cupido,
Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque saggittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc cillis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intùs flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Finder, et hæc remanent, sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemnicos præcipitata focos.
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui;
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus Ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens;
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
Solus et in superis tu mihi summis eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùum nec deme furores,
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est
Cuspis amaturos figat ut una duos.
Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
Nequitiæ posui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
Indociliscque ætas pravaque magistra fuit,
Donec Sacraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
Et Diomedèam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In proditionem bombardicam.

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
Fallor? an et mitis voluisti exparte videri,
Et pensare mala cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

Siccine tentasti cœlo donasse Iacobum
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte latet?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sinete consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potius fœdus in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
Namque hac aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi cœli vix bene scandet iter.

In eandem.

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,
Supplicium spreta religione dabis.
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter.
O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartarea sublime rotatus ab igne
Ibat ad Othereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

Quem modo Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnarat Tænarioque sinu,
Hunc vice mutata jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In inventorem bombardæ.

Iapetionidem laudavit sæca vetustas,
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida ereditur arma,
Et trisidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romae canentem.

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.
Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
Inte unâ loquitur, caetera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

Altera Torquantum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
Perditus, et propter te Leonora foret!
Et te Pierià sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
Quamvis Dircæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

Ad eandem.

Credula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Rustico et Hero.

Rusticus ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
Hactenus ille ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, protenùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!
Possem ego avaritiam fraenare, gulamque vorace:
Nunc perierę mihi et fœtus et ipse parens.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno ætatis 16. *In obitum Procancellarii medicæ.*

PARERE fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpete collitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incassùm dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si Destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oeta
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Sic triste fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugari possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentâm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon,
Eurypyli cecidesset hastâ.
Læsisset et nec te Phlyreie
Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæse puer genetricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præsuisses Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,
Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessus.
At fila rupit Persephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
Colende Præses, membra precor tua
Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
Purpureoque Hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris. Anno ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo felix diversque sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participis regni post funera mœsta futuros;
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace.
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ.
At simul hanc opibusque et festâ pace beatam
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Typhœus.
Igneseunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,

Contemtrixque jugi, noſtraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea ſi quicquam tentamina poſſunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quà volat, adverſi præcurſant agmine venti,
Denſantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinoſas velox ſuperaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Auſoniæ fines, à parte ſiniſtra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priſcique Sabini,
Dextra beneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oſcula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ conſiſtit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam ſera crepuſcula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificoſque Deos portat, ſcapuliſque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt ſubmiſſo poplite reges,
Et mendicantum ſeries longiſſima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis ſubeunt lucentia tædis
(Veſper erat ſacer iſte Petro) fremituſque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exulat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantentes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Aſopus in undis,
Et procul ipſe cavâ reſponſat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem ſolenni more peractis,
Nox ſenis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos timulante flagello,
Captumoculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et hirſutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Philegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim ſecretus adulter
Producit ſteriles molli ſine pellice noctes)
At vix compoſitos ſomnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque ſilentum,
Prædatorque hominum falſâ ſub imagine tectus
Aſtitit, aſſumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba ſinus promiſſa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum veſtis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raſo, et ne quicquam deſit ad artes.
Cannabeo lumbos conſtrixit fune ſalaces,
Tarda feneſtratis figens veſtigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama eſt, vaſtâ Franciſcus eremo
Tetra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,
Sylveſtrique tulit genti pia verba ſalutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicoſque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos ſopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata ſub axe,
Dumque pharetrati ſpernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age, ſurge piger, Latinus quem Cæſar adorat,
Cui reſerata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, et faſtus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique ſciant, tua quid maledictio poſſit,
Et quid Apoſtolicæ poſſit cuſtodia clavis;
Et memor Heſperiæ disjectam ulciſcere claſſem,
Merſaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa proboſcæ,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu ſi tenero movis torpeſcere lecto,
Creſcenteſque negas hoſti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum franget, flammiſque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant ſoleis dare baſia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte laceſſes,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæretices diſponere retia fas eſt;
Jamque ad conſilium extremis rex magnus ob oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de ſtirpe creatos,
Grandævoſque patres trabeâ, caniſque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quâ convencre, ſub imis.
Protinus ipſe igitur quoſcunque habet Anglia ſidos
Propoſiti, factique monc, quiſquâmne tuorum
Audebit ſummi non juſſa faceſſere Papæ?
Perculſoſque metu ſubito, caſſique ſtupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel fævus Iberus.
Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos,
Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis.
Dixit et adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illetabile, Lethen.
Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mæſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos viſus, et ſomnia grata revolvens.
Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis,
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,
Oſſa inhumata virum, trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, et ſtimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguiſque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta ſilentia Manes
Exululant, tellus et ſanguine conſcia ſtagnat.
Ipſi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque ſequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt fontes, et retrò lumina vortunt;
Hos pugiles Romæ per ſæcula longa fideles
Evocat antiſtes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfuſum incolit æquor
Gens exoſa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus noſtro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite greſſu,
Tartareoque leves diffiantur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter ſatrapæ, ſcelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
Conſilii ſocios adhibete, operiſque miniſtros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè parueri gemelli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos

Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.
Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab aside terra
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque senestræ,
Amplaque per tenues transluccnt atria muros:
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
Qualiter instrepitant circum multraria bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis aestivum cœli petit adua culmen.
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque leviſſima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencae
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia saepe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tàm longo, servati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus aequa.
Te Deus, aeternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine praemisso alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
Fama siles? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et novo sceptigero caedes meditata Iacobo?
Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et satis ante fugax stridentis induit alas,
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesaeo ex aere sonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres praevertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:
Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula caecis
Insidiis loca structa silet? stupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellae,
Effœtique senes pariter tantaeque ruinae
Sensus ad aetatem subito penetraverit omnem.
Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
Æthereus pater, et credulibus obstitit ausis
Papicolûm; capti poenas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;
Compita laeta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novem-
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno. [bris

Anno aetatis 17. *In obitum Praesulis Elienſis.*

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentia imbre turgebant salis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
Wintonienſis Praesulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (pro semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populosque Neptuno satos,
Cessisse morti, et fereris sororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem saepe devolvens deam:
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiusque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque et irritas minas,
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebôve patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao:
Ast illa cœlo missa stellato, Dei
Messes ubique colligit;
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat;
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Jovisque filiæ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris:
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas,
Hanc ut vocantem laetus audivi, cito
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
Aurigo currus ignei.
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis Orion tuus.
Praetervolvavi fulgidi solis globum,
Longéque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
Fraenis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum, siderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem saepe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, et regiam chrystallynam, et
Stratum smaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effare queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat est in eternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

Heu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
Concilium fati perituris alligat horis.
Ergóne marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
Annorumque æterna fames, squallorque situsque
Sidera vexabunt? an et insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munîsse nefas, et Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridet uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
Decidat, horribilisque retectâ Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbato sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam ærei divulsus sedibus Hæmi
Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.
At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit cervare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat et ambitos socià vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat crista tâ cassidè Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosis ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Mane vocans, et ferus agens in pascua cœli.
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices aletrno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbos que volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi fœcli vigor ille vetusti
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet et puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles Intellexit.

Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæqui in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otioso Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spacio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplices,
Citimúmve terris incolit lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Oblivioso torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
Atlante major portitore siderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum fagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem,
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
Talem reliquit Icidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis,
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
Aptiùs à nobis quæ possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia doni

Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.
Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmini sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sybillæ;
Carmini sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata fagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc eum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyoæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque deos et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lachrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros conponis ad aptos,
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis haeres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguinae juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus te disportire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.
Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
Non odisse reor neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cuttoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procùl urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis ælata vocabula Graiis,
Addere suasisse quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palestinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
Dimotáque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.
I nunc, confer opes quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
Publicæ qui juveni commisit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna dei,
Et circum undantem rediatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;
In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.
At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Percensere animo, fidaeque reponere menti.
Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

Psalm CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβου
Αἰγύπτιον λίπεν δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μὲν ἦεν ἔθνος ὅσιον γένος υἷες Ἰούδα.
Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρεῖον βασιλεύων.
Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπαδὴν φυγαδ' ἔβρωσε θαλάσσα.
Κύμασι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, δὲ' ἀρ' ἐσῳφελίχθη
Ἶρος Ἰορδανὴς ποτι ἀργυρεοδίνα πίσσην.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρια σκαρθμοισιν ἀπειρεσία κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ οἰρίγονοῖες ευραφέρου εν αλωῃ.
Ἐπιστεφαὶ δ' ἅμα πασαι ἀνασκιρτησαν ἐρίπναι,

Οἷα παρὰ σύριγγι φίλη ὑπο μητέρι ἀρνες.
Τίπῖε συγ' αἰνα θαλασσα πίλωρ φυγαδ' ἐρρωνσας
Κυμαπι εἰλεωενη ῥηϊῳ ; τὶ δ' ἀρ' ἐτωφελιχθης
Ἱρος Ιορδανη ποτι αργυροειδεα πηγην ;
Τιπῖ ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν απειρισια κλονέεσθε
Ὡς κρισι σφριγοωνῆς αυτραφερν ἐν ἀλωνῳ ;
Βαιοτεραι τὶ δ' ἀρ' ὑμεις ἀνασκιρτησατ' ἐριπναι,
Οἷα φεραὶ συριγγι φίλε ὑπο μητερι ἀρνες ;
Στεισο γαῖα τρεσσα Θεὸν μεγαλ' εκτυπτιοντα
Γαῖα Θεον τρεισσ' ὑπατον σεβας Ἰσσακιδαο,
Ὅς τι καὶ εκ σπιλαδων ποταμως χέε μορμυρωνας,
Κρηνηνπ' αἰναὸν πετρης απὸ δακρυοεσσης.

Philosophûs ad regem quendam, qui cum ignotum et insontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat, tùm ipsâ Damatæ mœrentis hæc subito misit.

Ὦ ανα ει ολεσης μὲ τὸν ενομον, ωδε τιν' ανδρῶν
Δεινὸν ολως δρασαντα, σοφωτατον ισθι καρηνον
Ρηϊδιως αφελοις, τὸ δ' ὑστερον αὖθι νοησεις,
Μαψιδιως δ' ἀρ' ἱπεσα τεὸν ωρὸς Θυμὸν οδυρη,
Τοιὸν δ' εκ πολιος περιωνυμον αλκαρ ολεσσας.

In effigiei ejus sculptorem.

Ἀμαδεῖ γεγραφθαι χειρὶ τὴν δὲ μὲν εικονα
Φαίης ταχ' αν, ωρὸς εἶδος αυτοφυὲς βλεπων,
Τὸν δ' εκ πωπωτὸν εκ επιγνοτες φιλοι
Γελατι φαυλε δυσμιμητα ζωγράφε.

Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quam cum decentes flava Deiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adesdum et hæc fias verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnis ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
In sanientis impotensque pulmonis
Pernix anhela sub Jove excrcet flabra)
Venet feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visurn superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
Habitumque fessio corpori penitùs sanum ;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O salus Hebes
Germana ! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
Pythone Cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Lavemen ægro ferte fertatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tumidusque et ipse Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum :
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges
Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro :
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Vilensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, necnon et bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus ; erat enim Tassi amicissimus ; ab quo etiam inter campanæ principes celebratur, in illo poemata cui titulus Gerusalemme Conquistata, *lib.* 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, e Corteci
Risplende il Manso.------

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentiâ prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se offenderat, hoc carmen misit.

Hæc quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, lauroque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non insecia Musa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores ;
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus aridentem operoso ex aere poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges ;
Amborum genus et varia sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri,
Ergo ego te Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum.
Milius Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare Musam,
Quæ nuper gelida vix enutrita sub Arcto
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
redimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,

Quâ Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani Glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quâ plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibit nisi vana vetustas)
Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
Her um laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinnëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora suco.
Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per obem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque vi-
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu. [rorum,
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
Cynthius, et famulus vinesse ad limina Musas:
At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit,
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden fusceperat hospes;
Tantùm ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Cironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici,
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo barathro nex fixa sub imo
Saxa fletere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida susos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,
Si quando indigenas evocabo in carmine reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonem sub Marte phalanges,
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempore vitæ
Annorumque fatur cineri sua juro reliquam,
Ille mihi lecto pudidis astaret ocellis,
Astanti sat erat si dicam sim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
Curaret parvet componi molliter urna.
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea vir-
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo [tus,
(Quantum fata sinunt) et tota menta serenùm
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem viciniæ pastores, eadem studia secuti à pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus et rem ita esse comperto, je, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Himerides nymphæ (dam vos et Daphnin et Hylan
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus, [tam
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque al-
Luctibus exemit noctem loca solo pererrans.
Et jam bis viride surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.
At ubi mens expleta domum pecorisque relicti
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ sedituque sub ulmo,
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Posquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorata non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia
Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?

Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus et malus auster
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropioque sales referet, cultosque lepores?
Ite domum impasti, domine jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramos densantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic ferum expecto, supra caput imber et Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipse situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad Corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas.
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco.
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat,
(Et callebat avium lingus, et fidere Mopsus)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improbabilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, et quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Aegle
Docta modos, cithræque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
Venit Idumonii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solentia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelegi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
Garra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
Quem si fors letho objecit, sua milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspere votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
Surripit, ternum linquens in sæcula damnum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suos et oves et rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
Possem tot maria ulta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!
Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse valle, nostri memor ibis ad astra.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit
Pastores Thusci Musis operata juventus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum fratus ad Arni
Murmura, pojuleumque nemus, quà mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm
Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra
Fiscellæ cathalique, et cerea vincla cicutæ,
Quin et nostra suas docerunt domina fagos
Et Daris, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo,
Et studiis noti. Lydorum sanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit ratio Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis nisi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? et argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborumque, humilésque crocos, foliúmque hyacinthi,
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentûm.
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentûm,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altere nocte,
Et tum forte novis admòram labra cicutis,
Dissiluere tamen raptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuero sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos credite sylvæ.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,

Brennúmque Arvigarúmque duces, priſcúmque Belinum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum ſub lege colonos ;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
Mendaces vultus, aſſumptaque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum ſi vita ſuperſit,
Tu procul annoſa pendebis fiſtula pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
Brittonicum ſtrides, quid enim ? omnia non licet uni
Non ſperâſſe uni licet omnia, mi ſatis ample
Merces, et mihi grande decus (ſim ignotus in ævum
Tum licit, externo penituſque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Uſa, et potor Alauni,
Vorticibuſque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thameſis meus ante omnes, et fuſca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me diſcant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi ſervabam lentâ ſub cortice lauri,
Hæc, et plura ſimul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manſus,
Manſus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipſa,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento :
In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, et ſudantes balſama ſylvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleum fulgens diverſicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis ſurgentem reſpicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,
Quis putet ? hic quoque Amor pictæque in nube pharetræ,
Arma coruſca faces, et ſpicula tincta pyropo ;
Nec tenues animas, pectuſque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum ſpargit ſua tela per orbes
Impigar, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus
Hinc mentes ardere ſacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit ſpes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certe es, nam quo tua dulcis abiret
Sanctaque ſimplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus ?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæſiviſſe ſub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum ;
Heroumque animas inter, divoſque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat
Ore ſacro. Quin tu cœli poſt jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidúſque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noſter eris Damon, ſive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, ſylviſque vocabere Damon.
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, et ſine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei ſervantur honores ;
Ipſe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lætaque frondentis geſtans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos ;
Cantus ubi, choreiſque furit lyra miſta beatis,
Feſta Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia Thyrſo.

Jan. 23, 1646. *Ad Joannem Rouſium Oxonienſis academiæ bibliothecarium.*

De libro Poematum amiſſo, quem ille ſibi denuo mitti poſtulabat, ut cum aliis noſtris in bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

Gemelle cultu ſimplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiéque nitens non operoſâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ ;
Dum vagus Auſonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta luſit
Inſons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulſit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et hummum vix tetigit pede ;

Antiſtrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo ?
Cum tu miſſus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter, obſecrante amico,
Illuſtre tendebas iter
Thameſis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Anoidem, thyaſuſque facer
Orbi notus per immenſos
Temporum lapſus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum ;

Strophe 2.

Mòdo quis deus, aut editus deo
Priſtinam gentis miſeratus indolem
(Si ſatis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet ſtudia ſanctus,
Et relegatas ſine ſede Muſas
Jam pedè totis finibus Angligenûm ;
Immundaſque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apolineâ pharetrâ,
Phinéamque abigat peſtem procul amne Pegaſéo.

Antiſtrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuncii licet malâ
Fide, vel oſcitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat ſpecus,
Seuque te latebra, forſan unde vili
Calo teréris inſtitoris inſulſi,
Latare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget poſſe profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique ſuperam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüſius ſui
Optat peculî, numeróque juſto
Sibi pollîſitum queritur abeſſe,
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:
Téque aditis etiam ſacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipſe præſidet
Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,
Quæſtorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheides
O pulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvoſque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Ion Actæâ genitus Creuſâ.

Antiſtrophe.

Ergo tu viſere lucos
Muſarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rurſus ibis in domum,
Oxoniâ quam valle colit
Delo poſthabitâ,
Bifidòque Parnaſſi jugo:
Ibis honeſtus,
Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.
Illic legéris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ ſimul et Latinæ
Antique gentis lumina, et verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc ſterile ſudit ingenium,
Jam ſerò placidam ſperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, ſedeſque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit ſolers Roüſi,
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
Turba legentum prava faceſſet;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora ſorſitan
Adhibebit integro ſinu.
Tum livore ſepulto,
Si quid meremur ſana poſteritas ſciet
Roüſio favente.

Ode tribus conſtat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clauſis, quas, tametſi omnes nec verſuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè reſpondeant, ita tamen ſecuimus, commodè legendi potiùs quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem ſpectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortaſſe dici monoſtrophicum debuerat. Metra partim ſunt κατὰ σχεσιν, partim, απολελυμενα. Phaleucia quæ ſunt Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in ſecundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

Ad Chriſtinam Suecorum Reginam nomine Cromwelli.

Bellipotens Virgo, ſeptem Regina Trionum,
Chriſtina, Arctoï lucida ſtella poli,
Cernis quas merui dura ſub caſſide rugas,
Utque ſenex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per veſtigia nitor,
Exequor et populi ſortia juſſa manu.
Aſt tibi ſubmittit frontem reventior umbra;
Nec ſunt hi vultus Regibus uſque truces.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Containing,

MISCELLANIES,
EPISTLES,
ELEGIAC POEMS,
PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES,
MISTRESS,
ODES,
PINDARIC ODES,
ANACREONTICS,
PREFACE TO BOOKS OF PLANTS.
FIRST BOOK. OF HERBS,
SECOND BOOK. OF HERBS,
THIRD BOOK. OF FLOWERS,
FOURTH BOOK. OF DITTO,
FIFTH BOOK. OF TREES,
SIXTH BOOK. OF PLANTS,
DAVIDEIS, BOOK FIRST,
DITTO, BOOK SECOND,
DITTO, BOOK THIRD,
DITTO, BOOK FOURTH,
IMITATIONS, FRAGMENTS.

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Alone exempted from the common fate,
The force of COWLEY held a laſting date:
For Envy's blaſt, and pow'rful Time, too ſtrong,
He bloſſom'd early, and he flouriſh'd long:
In whom the double miracle was ſeen,
Ripe in his ſpring, and in his autumn green;
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
The feaſt of wit, and banquet of the mind:
While the fair tree, tranſplanted to the ſkies,
In verdure with th' Elyſian garden vies,
The pride of earth before, and now of Paradiſe.

VER. TO MEM. OF COWLEY.

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Anno 1792.

THE LIFE OF COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was born in London in the year 1618. His father, a reputable citizen, dying before his birth, left him to the care of his mother, but, in circumſtances ſo ſtraitened, that with difficulty could ſhe procure for him a literary education, which, from marking the early bloom of his infant underſtanding, was an object ſhe had much at heart: She lived however to enjoy the reward of her ſolicitude, by ſeeing her ſon eminent and proſperous, and by receiving in her turn from him, the juſt tribute of filial gratitude.

Cowley, at a very early age, by an accidental peruſal of Spencer's "Fairy Queen," diſcovered his own propenſity for the muſes. Such trivial occurrences not unfrequently indicate to a man the peculiar bent of his genius, and determine his future deſtination in life.

He was firſt ſent to Weſtminſter ſchool, where it is recorded of him, that, unable to endure the drudgery of acquiring the rules of grammar in the uſual manner, he obtained a perfect knowledge of the learned languages without them.

While at ſchool, he diſplayed a vernal maturity of intellectual powers, unequalled, perhaps, by any author at the ſame period of life. Milton and Pope indeed gave early proofs of extraordinary mental vigour; but their juvenile pieces, it is almoſt certain, received the correction of their riper judgments, as they were not publiſhed till ſome years after they were compoſed. The ſpecimens which Cowley gave of the maturity of his genius, are unequivocal; for, beſides writing a comedy, called "Love's Riddle," publiſhed afterwards when he was at college, he actually gave to the world, in the thirteenth year of his age, a volume of poems, containing, among other pieces, his tragical hiſtory of "Pyramus and Thiſbe," written in his tenth year, and his "Conſtantia and Philetus," written two years after.

In 1636 he was removed to Cambridge, where, notwithſtanding the intenſeneſs of his ſtudies, he is ſaid to have compoſed the greater part of his "Davideis;" a work, the very collecting of materials for which, at ſo early an age, evinced a mind of uncommon ardour and application; but which, from a ſubject ill choſen, and worſe conducted, was never in any eſteem, and is now utterly neglected.

The Prince of Wales paſſing through Cambridge at the breaking out of the civil war, was entertained by the ſcholars of the univerſity, with a play called the "Guardian," ſketched out for the occaſion by Cowley. This play, ſome time after the reſtoration, the author brought on the ſtage, under the title of "the Cutter of Coleman-ſtreet:" it was however, to his no ſmall diſappointment, damned, and, ſtrange to add, for being a ſuppoſed ſatire on the royaliſts! The piece itſelf, though printed among his works, is now ſcarcely known; it is very entertaining, and has ſomething of the rough vigorous wit, and ſtrong-marked character of the comedies of Ben Johnſon.

From Cambridge, he was neceſſitated, by the prevalence of the parliament there, in 1643, to remove to Oxford, which was the head quarters of the royaliſts, whoſe good graces he obtained, by the ſuavity of his manners, and the unreſerved warmth of his loyalty: The virtuous and accompliſhed Lord Falkland, in particular, honoured him with his entire friendſhip.

From Oxford he followed the Queen to Paris, as ſecretary to the Earl of St. Albáns, where he was engaged in the highly confidential and honourable employment of cyphering and decyphering the letters that paſſed between the king and queen. He was abſent from his native country about twelve years; during which time be had his ſhare of the diſtreſſes of the royal party, and performed ſeveral journies to Holland, Flanders, Scotland, Jerſey, and elſewhere, as the cauſe he was engaged in required.

In 1647, he publiſhed his "Miſtreſs," an amorous effuſion to an ideal Fair-one, where metaphyſical ſubtlety and far-fetched conceit, uſurp the ſentiments of paſſion and of nature; how different from the elegant and pathetic ſonnets of Petrarch, inſpired by a real object!

About the year 1656, he returned to his native country, his preſence being judged more neceſſary in England, to give occaſional notice of the poſture of affairs in the kingdom. Here, notwithſtanding his caution to remain concealed, he was arreſted, having been miſtaken for another, and after an examination, was put into confinement; from which however he was liberated, on finding ſecurity for a thouſand pounds, given by Doctor Scarborough.

About this time he collected and publiſhed his poems, in the preface to which, he declares his reſolution "to retire himſelf to ſome of the American plantations, and to forſake this world for ever."

In the viciſſitudes of human events, poets were never remarkable for conſtancy or fortitude; and Cowley found it expedient to temporize with the ruling powers, to be permitted to live in peace.

In the following year, the better to ſcreen himſelf from notice, he took out a Degree of Doctor of Phyſic at Oxford, in which profeſſion it does not appear that he ever practiſed. He retired however to Kent, where he ſtudied botany, and afterwards publiſhed in Latin verſe, ſix books on Plants. Doctor Johnſon prefers Cowley's Latin performances to Milton's, becauſe the latter was contented to think as the ancients might have done, and to expreſs himſelf in their language; whereas Cowley, in language equally claſſical, thinks for himſelf; but his conceptions are juſt the ſame in Latin as in Engliſh; and if theſe ſeem exotic and uncouth in their native ſoil, how muſt they appear in a foreign one?

On the death of the protector, he went again to France, where he remained in the king's ſuite till the reſtoration, reinſtated in his former employment.

At the reſtoration, after his long and faithful ſervices, he found himſelf, like many others with equal pretenſions to favour, neglected; upon which he retired, querulous and diſappointed, not indeed to America, but to Chertſey in Surrey, where, however, by the exertions of his friends—the Earl of St. Albans and the Duke of Buckingham—he ſoon obtained a plentiful income; but he did not long experience the tranquillity or irkſomeneſs of ſolitude; his conſtitution, previouſly weakened by a ſlow fever, taken on his firſt removal to the country, was unable to reſiſt a ſevere defluxion on his lungs, occaſioned by a neglected cold, which hurried him off, after a fortnight's confinement at the Porch Houſe in Chertſey, in the year 1667, and the 49th of his age. His funeral was ſumptuouſly attended to Weſtminſter Abbey, where his remains were depoſited between thoſe of Chaucer and Spencer.

The countenance and deportment of Abraham Cowley were ſweet and amiable, a real index of his mind; in his manners and perſon, there was nothing ſingular or affected: He had the modeſty of a man of genius, and the humility of a chriſtian: His wit, however great, never gave pain to another, and his learning, though profound and extenſive, was ornamental, not cumberſome to his mind. In fine, his eulogy pronounced by Charles II, has never been contradicted by envy or faction, viz. "That Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England."

The poetry of Cowley has had its full ſhare of Praiſe during the life of its author. And the rambling meaſure of his odes, which was called Pindaric, inundated the regions of poetry for half a century after his death, in violation of taſte, correctneſs, and nature. Though unable to recognize wit by any of its definitions, every one readily perceives where it is not; no one therefore can ever miſtake the conceits of the metaphyſical poets (as Doctor Johnſon terms them) for wit; of theſe, Cowley was the chief; he found their poetry the faſhion of his day; and he preferred it to the pure models of antiquity, which he was ſo well acquainted with. It is to be lamented, that ſo much learning and genius has been laviſhed, now, to ſo little purpoſe; for, thoſe who read Cowley, muſt be contented to admire rather than to be pleaſed. From this however, in his voluminous works, there are many exceptions. His anacreontics in particular, are peculiarly delightful, perhaps equal to their ancient models; and their diction is ſo finely poliſhed, that the ruſt of time has not as yet been able to tarniſh their luſtre.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

AT my return lately into England, I met, by great accident, (for such I account it to be, that any copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a book intitled, The Iron Age, and published under my name during the time of my absence. I wondered very much how one who could be so foolish to write so ill verses, should yet be so wise to set them forth as another man's rather than his own; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the bastard upon such a person, whose stock of reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous legitimate offspring of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleased the author to put forth some of my writings under his own name, rather than his own under mine: he had been in that a more pardonable plagiary, and had done less wrong by robbery, than he does by such a bounty; for nobody can be justified by the imputation even of another's merit; and our own coarse clothes are like to become us better than those of another man's, though never so rich: but these, to say the truth were so beggarly, that I myself was ashamed to wear them. It was in vain for me that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus executed in effigy; and impossible it is for any good name to be in safety, if the malice of witches have the power to consume and destroy it in an image of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so unlike, that I hope the charm took no effect; so that I esteem myself less prejudiced by it than by that which has been done to me since, almost in the same kind, which is the publication of some things of mine without my consent or knowledge; and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them: of which sort was a comedy called the Guardian, printed in the year 1650, but made and acted before the Prince, in his passage through Cambridge towards York, at the beginning of the late unhappy war; or rather neither made nor acted, but rough drawn only, and repeated; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised nor perfected by the Author, nor learned without book by the actors, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the officers of the College. After the representation (which I confess was somewhat of the latest) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the Poet and the Soldier; but I have lost the copy, and dare not think it deserves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of my age and small experience in human conversation when I made it. But as it is, it is only the hasty first sitting of a picture, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly. From this which has happened to myself, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all writers, and especially poets, whose works (commonly printed after their deaths) we find stuffed out either with counterfeit pieces, like false money put in to fill up the bag, though it add nothing to the sum, or with such, which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themselves for the baseness of the alloy. Whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their friends, who think a vast heap of stones or rubbish a better monument than a little tomb of marble, or by the unworthy avarice of some stationers, who are content to diminish the value of the author, so they may increase the price of the book, and, like vintners with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessels of wine to make it yield more profit. This hath been the case with Shakespeare, Fletcher, Johnson, and many others, part of whose poems I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vast volume than in a gigantic body; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates, and, as Statius says of little Tydeus,

> ------Totos infusa per artus
> Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus. Stat. l. 1. Theb.

I am not ignorant, that by saying this of others, I expose myself to some raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer; but though I publish here more than in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppressed and cast away more than I publish; and for the ease of myself and others, have lost, I believe too, more than both. And upon these considerations I have been persuaded to overcome all the just repugnances of my own modesty, and to

produce these Poems to the light and view of the world, not as a thing that I approved of in itself, but as a less evil, which I chose, rather than to stay till it were done for me by somebody else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after my death; and this will be the more excusable, when the reader shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a dead, or at least, a dying person, and upon my Muse, in this action, as appearing like the Emperor Charles V. and assisting at her own funeral.

For, to make myself absolutely dead in a poetical capacity, my resolution at present is, never to exercise any more that faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life: but as the marriages of infants do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to poesy, to which I had contracted myself so much under age, and so much to my own prejudice, in regard of those more profitable matches which I might have made among the richer sciences. As for the portion which this brings of fame, it is an estate (if it be any, for men are not oftener deceived in their hopes of widows than in their opinion of *exegi monumentum ære perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are living to enjoy it, but is a fantastical kind of reversion to our own selves; neither ought any man to envy poets, this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them which St. Paul speaks of the first Christians, "If their reward be in this life, they are of all "men the most miserable."

And if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? If wit be such a plant that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the summer of our cold climate, how can it choose, but wither in a long and sharp winter? A warlike, various, and a tragical age, is best to write of, but worst to write in: and I may, though in a very unequal proportion, assume that to myself which was spoken by Tully to a much better person, upon occasion of the civil wars and revolutions in his time, *Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo, cujus in adolescentiam per medias laudes quasi quadrigis vehentem transversa incurrit misera fortuna Reipublicæ.* Cic. de Clar. Orator.

Neither is the present constitution of my mind more proper than that of the times for this exercise, or rather divertisement; there is nothing that requires so much serenity and cheerfulness of spirit; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious fortune: it must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and delightful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others, which is the main end of poesy. One may see through the style of *Ovid. de Trist.* the humbled and dejected condition of spirit with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footsteps of that genius.

Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c.

The cold of the country had strucken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very feet of his verses. He is himself, methinks, like one of the stories of his own Metomorphoses; and though there remains some weak resemblances of Ovid at Rome, it is but, as he says of Niobe,

In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina mœstis
Stant inmota genis; nihil est in imagine vivum,
Flet tamen..... Ovid. Metam. l. vi

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humour. Neither is wit less eclipsed with the unquietness of mind, than beauty with the indisposition of body; so that it is almost as hard a thing to be a poet in despight of Fortune, as it is in despight of Nature. For my own part, neither my obligations to the Muses, nor expectations from them, are so great, as that I should suffer myself on no considerations to be divorced, or that I should say, like Horace,

Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color Hor. Sat. 2. l. ii. Ser.

I shall rather use his words in another place,

Vixi camænis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria,
Nunc arma defunctumq; bello
Barbitos hic paries habebit.
l. iii. Car. Ode 26. Vixit puellis, &c.

And this resolution of mine does the more befit me, because my desire has been for some years past, (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations, not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffic of those parts, (which is the end of most men that travel thither) so that of these Indies it is truer than it was of the former,

Improbus extremos currit mercator ad Indos
Pauperiem fugiens,

but to forsake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there, in some obscure retreat, (but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy)

Oblitusq; meorum, obliviscendus et illis

as my former author speaks too, who has enticed me here, I know not how, into the pedantry of this heap of Latin sentences. And I think Dr. Donne's Sun-dial in a Grave is not more useless and ridiculous than poetry would be in that retirement. As this, therefore, is in a true sense a kind of death to the Muses, and a real literal quitting of this world, so, methinks, I may make a just claim to the undoubted privilege of deceased poets, which is to be read with more favour than the living:

Tanti est ut placeam tibi, perire. Mart.

Having been forced, for my own necessary justification, to trouble the reader with this long Discourse of the reasons why I trouble him also with all the rest of the book, I shall only add somewhat concerning the several parts of it, and some other pieces which I have thought fit to reject in this publication: As, first, all those which I wrote at school, from the age of ten years till after fifteen; for even so far backward there remain yet

some traces of me in the little footsteps of a child; which, though they were then looked upon as commendable extravagances in a boy, (men setting a value upon any kind of fruit before the usual season of it) yet I would be loath to be bound now to read them all over myself, and therefore should do ill to expect that patience from others. Besides, they have already passed through several editions, which is a longer life than uses to be enjoyed by infants that are born before the ordinary terms. They had the good fortune then to find the world so indulgent (for, considering the time of their production, who could be so hardhearted to be severe?) that I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censured for them, as for not having made advances afterwards proportionable to the speed of my setting out, and am obliged too, in a manner by discretion, to conceal and suppress them, as promises and instruments under my own hand, whereby I stood engaged for more than I have been able to perform; in which truly, if I have failed, I have the real excuse of the honestest sort of bankrupts, which is, to have been made insolvable, not so much by their own negligence and ill husbandry, as by some notorious accidents and public disasters. In the next place, I have cast away all such pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that caused them; as, among others, three Books of the Civil War itself, reaching as far as the first battle at Newbury, where the succeeding misfortunes of the party stopped the work.

As for the ensuing Book, it consists of four parts. The first is a Miscellany of several subjects, and some of them made when I was very young which it is perhaps superfluous to tell the reader; I know not by what chance I have kept copies of them, for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost, and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them to deserve more care in preservation than was bestowed upon their brethren, for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the arrogancy of the word, when I said, "I had lost them."

The second is called, the Mistress, or Love-verses; for so it is, that poets are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to Love. Sooner or later they must all pass through that trial, like some Mahometan monks, that are bound by their order, once at least in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca;

In suas ignemque eunt: amor omnibus idem.

But we must not always make a judgment of their manners from their writings of this kind, as the Romanists uncharitably do of Beza for a few lascivious sonnets, composed by him in his youth. It is not in this sense that poesy is said to be a kind of painting; it is not the picture of the poet, but of things and persons imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and disposition a philosopher, nay, a stoic, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous Sappho;

Feret et rubus asper amomum.

He professes too much the use of fables (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity as to be ashamed to be thought really in love; on the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man who is not at least capable of being so; but I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious readers; for much excess is to be allowed in love, and even more in poetry, so we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are obscenity and profaneness, of which I am sure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill represented my thoughts and intentions; and if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more serious inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing arguments.

For, as for the Pindarick Odes, (which is the third part) I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most readers; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads, and ordinary tracks of poesy. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of style which Dion. Halicarnasseus calls Μεγαλοφυὴς καὶ ἡδὺ μετὰ δεινοτητος, and which he attributes to Alceus. The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all Lyricks, and of Pindar above all men living. The figures are unusual, and bold even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry. The numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation: so that almost all their sweetness and numerosity (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader. I have briefly described the nature of these verses in the ode intitled, The Resurrection; and though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them easy to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise.

——Ut sibi quivis
eret idem, multum, sudet frustraq; laboret
usus idem.——

I come now to the last part, which is Davideis, or an Heroical Poem of the Troubles of David which I designed into twelve books, not for the Tribes' sake, but after the pattern of our master Virgil, and intended to close all with that most poetical and excellent elegy of David's on the death of Saul and Jonathan; for I had no mind to carry him quite on to his anointing at Hebron, because it is the custom of heroic poets (as we see by the examples of Homer and Virgil, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their story, but only so near, that every one may see it, as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their cards, and take up what

they have won. This, I say, was the whole design, in which there are many noble and fertile arguments behind; as, the barbarous cruelty of Saul to the priests at Nob; the several flights and escapes of David, with the manner of his living in the wilderness; the funeral of Samuel; the love of Abigail; the sacking of Ziglag; the loss and recovery of David's wives from the Amalekites; the witch of Endor; the war with the Philistines; and the battle of Gilboa: all which I meant to interweave, upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious stories of the Old Testament, and to embellish with the most remarkable antiquities of the Jews, and of other nations before or at that age. But I have had neither leisure hitherto, nor have appetite at present, to finish the work, or so much as to revise that part which is done, with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the dignity of the matter well deserves; for what worthier subject could have been chosen among all the treasures of past times, than the life of this young prince, who, from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellences, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest monarch that ever sat on the most famous throne of the whole earth? Whom should a poet more justly seek to honour than the highest person who ever honoured his profession? whom a Christian poet, rather than the man after God's own heart, and the man who had that sacred pre-eminence above all other princes, to be the best and mightiest of that royal race from whence Christ himself, according to the flesh, disdained not to descend? When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature the holy Scriptures affords and proffers, as it were to poesy, in the wise managing and illustrating whereof the glory of God Almighty might be joined with the singular utility and noblest delight of mankind, it is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine Science employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great persons, or the unmanly idolizing of foolish women, or the wretched affectation of scurril laughter, or, at best, on the confused antiquated dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses. Amongst all holy and consecrated things which the devil ever stole and alienated from the service of the Deity, as altars, temples, sacrifices, prayers, and the like, there is none that he so universally and so long usurped as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to restore it to the kingdom of God, who is the father of it. It is time to baptize it in Jordan; for it will never become clean by bathing in the water of Damascus. There wants, methinks, but the conversion of that and the Jews, for the accomplishment of the kingdom of Christ. And as men, before their receiving of the faith, do not without some carnal reluctances, apprehend the bonds and fetters of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest and greatest liberty, it will fare no otherwise with this art, after the regeneration of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful and more delightful objects; neither will it want room, by being confined to heaven. There is not so great a lie to be found in any poet, as the vulgar conceit of men, that lying is essential to good poetry. Were there never so wholesome nourishment to be had (but, alas! it breeds nothing but diseases) out of these boasted feasts of love and fables; yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the diet should make us nauseate it; for it is almost impossible to serve up any new dish of that kind; they are all but cold meats of the ancients new heated, and new set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old poets made some rich crops out of these grounds; the heart of the soil was not then wrought out with continual tillage: but what can we expect now, who come a gleaning not after the first reapers, but after the very beggars? Besides, though those mad stories of the Gods and heroes seem in themselves so ridiculous, yet they were then the whole body (or rather chaos) of the theology of those times: they were believed by all but a few philosophers, and perhaps some Atheists, and served to good purpose among the vulgar, (as pitiful things as they are) in strengthening the authority of law with the terrors of conscience, and expectation of certain rewards and unavoidable punishments. There was no other religion, and therefore that was better than none at all: but to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their folly, and are wearied with their impertinences, they ought to appear no better arguments for verse, than those of their worthy successors, the knights-errant. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of wit or learning in the story of Deucalion than in that of Noah? Why will not the actions of Samson afford as plentiful matter as the labours of Hercules? why is not Jephtha's daughter as good a woman as Iphigenia? and the friendship of David and Jonathan more worthy celebration than that of Theseus and Perethous? Does not the passage of Moses and the Israelites into the Holy Land yield incomparably more poetical variety than the voyages of Ulysses or Æneas? Are the obsolete threadbare tales of Thebes and Troy half so stored with great, heroical, and supernatural actions (since verse will needs find or make such) as the wars of Joshua, of the judges, of David, and divers others? Can all the transformations of the Gods give such copious hints to flourish and expatiate on, as the true miracles of Christ, or of his prophets and apostles? What do I instance in these few particulars? all the books of the Bible are either already most admirable and exalted pieces of poesy, or are the best materials in the world for it. Yet, though they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose, none but a good artist will know how to do it: neither must we think to cut and polish diamonds with so little pains and skill as we do marble; for if any man design to compose a sacred poem, by only turning a story of the Scripture, like Mr. Quarles's, or some other godly matter, like Mr.

Heywood of angels, into rhyme, he is so far from elevating of poesy, that he only abases divinity. In brief, he who can write a profane poem well, may write a divine one better; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of invention, the same wisdom of disposition, the same judgment in observance of decencies, the same lustre and vigour of elociuton, the same modesty and majesty of number; briefly, the same kind of habit is required to both; only this latter allows better stuff, and therefore would look more deformedly if ill dressed in it. I am far from assuming to myself to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking; but sure I am that there is nothing yet in our language (nor perhaps in any) that is in any degree answerable to the idea that I conceive of it; and I shall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and successfully.

TO THE READER.

READER! (I know not yet whether gentle or no) ſome, I know, have been angry (I dare not aſſume the honour of their envy) at my poetical boldneſs, and blamed in mine what commends other fruits, earlineſs; others, who are either of a weak faith, or ſtrong malice, have thought me like a pipe, which never ſounds but when it is blowed in, and read me not as Abraham Cowley, but *authorem anonymum*. To the firſt I anſwer, That it is an envious froſt that nips the bloſſoms, becauſe they appear quickly; to the latter, that he is the worſt homicide who ſtrives to murder another's fame; to both, That it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the ſtars, becauſe the moon and ſun ſhine brighter. The ſmall fire I have is rather blown than extinguiſhed by this wind; for the itch of poeſy, by being angered, increaſes; by rubbing, ſpreads further; which appears in that I have ventured on this eighth edition. What though it be neglected? it is not, I am ſure, the firſt book which hath lighted tobacco, or been employed by cooks and grocers. If in all men's judgments it ſuffers ſhipwreck, it ſhall ſomething content me, that it hath pleaſed myſelf and the bookſeller. In it you ſhall find one argument (and I hope I ſhall need no more) to confute unbelievers, which is, that as mine age, and conſequently, experience, (which is yet but little) hath increaſed, ſo they have not left my poeſy flagging behind them. I ſhould not be angry to ſee any one burn my Piramus and Thiſbe; nay, I would do it myſelf, but that I hope a pardon may eaſily be gotten for the errors of ten years of age. My Conſtantia and Philetus confeſſes me two years older when I wrote it. The reſt were made ſince upon ſeveral occaſions, and perhaps do not belie the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their fate lies in your hands; it is only you can effect that neither the bookſeller repent himſelf of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labours in compoſing them. Farewel.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

TO THE READER.

I.

I CALL'D the buſkin'd Muſe, Melpomene,
And told her what ſad ſtory I would write:
She wept at hearing ſuch a tragedy,
Tho' wont in mournful ditties to delight.
If thou diſlike theſe ſorrowful lines, then know
My Muſe with tears, not with conceits did flow.

II.

And as ſhe my unabler quill did guide,
Her briny tears did on the paper fall,
If then unequal numbers be eſpy'd,
Oh, Reader! do not them my error call,
But think her tears defac'd it; and blame ther
My Muſe's grief, and not my miſſing pen.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

To the Right Honourable and Right Reverend Father in God,

JOHN, LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN, AND DEAN OF WESTMINSTER,

My Lord,

I MIGHT well fear, leſt thoſe my rude and unpoliſhed lines ſhould offend your Honourable Survey, but that I hope your Nobleneſs will rather ſmile at the faults committed by a Child than cenſure them. Howſoever, I deſire your Lordſhip's Pardon for preſenting things ſo unworthy to your view, and to accept the good-will of him, who in all duty, is bound to be

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt humble Servant,

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

To the Memory of the incomparable Mr. Cowley.

With artleſs hand, and much diſorder'd mind,
Pardon, illuſtrious Man!) I come
To try if worthy thee I ought can find,
That grovelling I might offer at thy tomb;
For yet, nor yet thou never hadſt thy due,
Tho' courted by the underſtanding few,
And they ſometimes officious too:
Much more is owing to thy mighty name
Than was perform'd by noble Buckingham;
He choſe a place thy ſacred bones to keep,
Near that where poets and where monarchs ſleep.
Well did thy kind Mecænas mean
To thee and to himſelf, and may that tomb
Convey your mutual praiſe to ages yet to come:
But monuments may betray their truſt,
And like their founders crumble into duſt.
Were I to adviſe poſterity
What ſhould at all times acceptable be,
Quickly to comprehend their great concern,
Cowley ſhould be the firſt word all their ſons
ſhould learn.
That charming name would ever grace inſpire,
Inflame their ſouls with ſupernatural fire,
And make them nothing but what's truly good admire.
Early their tender minds would be poſſeſs'd
With glorious images, and every breaſt
Imbibe an happineſs not to be expreſs'd
If theſe (bleſs'd ſhade!) when thou were here
An unregarded ſojourner,
Thou hadſt ſo large a part,
That thou doſt hardly more appear
Accompliſh'd where thou art;
But that thy radiant brow,
Incirel'd with an everlaſting wreath,
Shews thee triumphant now
O'er diſappointments and o'er death.
When with aſtoniſhment we caſt an eye
On thine amazing infancy,
We envy Nature's prodigality
To thee, and only thee,
In whom (as in old Eden) ſtill were ſeen
All things florid, freſh, and green,
Bloſſoms and fruit at once on one immortal tree.
Herculean vigour hadſt thou when but young,
In riper years more than Alcides ſtrong;
Then who ſhall ſing thy wond'rous ſong?
For he that worthily would mention thee
Should be diveſted of mortality:
No meaner off'ring ſhould he bring,
Than what a ſaint might 'pon an angel ſing;
Such as with cheerfulneſs thyſelf hadſt done,
If in thy lifetime thou hadſt known
So bright a theme to write upon:
Though thou haſt ſung of heroes and of kings,
In mighty numbers mighty things,
Enjoy (inimitable Bard!)
Of all thy pleaſant toil the ſweet reward,
And ever venerable be,
Till the unthinking world ſhall once more lie
Immers'd in her firſt chaos of barbarity:
A curſe now to be dreaded, for with thee
Dy'd all the lovely decencies of poetry.

THO. FLATMAN.

To the memory of the Author.

To fertile wits and plants of fruitful kind
Impartial Nature the ſame laws aſſign'd;
Both have their ſpring before they reach their prime,
A time to bloſſom, and a bearing time:
An early bloom to both has fatal been;
Thoſe ſooneſt fade, whoſe verdure firſt was ſeen.
Alone exempted from the common fate,
The forward Cowley held a laſting date:
For envy's blaſt, and pow'rful time too ſtrong,
He bloſſom'd early, and he flouriſh'd long:
In whom the double miracle was ſeen,
Ripe in his ſpring, and in his autumn green.
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
The feaſt of wit, and banquet of the mind:
While the fair tree, tranſplanted to the ſkies,
In verdure with th' Elyſian garden vies,
The pride of Earth before, and now of Paradiſe.
Thus faint our ſtrongeſt metaphors muſt be,
Thus unproportion'd to thy Muſe and thee.
Thoſe flowers, that did in thy rich garden ſmile,
Whither, tranſplanted to another ſoil;
Thus Orpheus' harp that did wild beaſts command,
Had loſt its force in any other hand.

Saul's frantic rage harmonious sounds obey'd,
His rage was charm'd, but 'twas when David play'd.
The artless since have touch'd thy sacred lyre;
We have thy numbers, but we want thy fire.
Horace and Virgil, where they brightest shin'd,
Prov'd but thy ore, and were by thee refin'd:
The conquerors that from the general flame
Sav'd Pindar's roof, deserv'd a lasting name;
A greater thou, that didst preserve his fame.
A dark and huddled chaos long he lay,
Till thy diviner genius' pow'rful ray
Dispers'd the mists of night, and gave him day.
No mists of time can make thy verse less bright,
Thou shin'st like Phœbus with unborrow'd light.
Henceforth no Phœbus we'll invoke, but thee;
Auspicious to thy poor survivers be!
Who, unrewarded, plow the Muses' soil,
Our labour all the harvest of our toil;
And in excuse of fancies flag'd and tir'd,
Can only say, Augustus is expir'd.

On Mr. Cowley's Juvenile Poems, and the Translation of his Plantarum.

A PINDARICK.

I.

When young Alcides in his cradle lay,
And grasp'd in both his infant hands,
Broke from the nurse's feeble bands,
The bloody gasping prey.
Aloft he those first trophies bore,
And squeezes out their poison'nous gore;
The women shriek'd with wild amaze,
The men as much affrighted gaze;
But had the wise Tiresias come
Into the crowded room,
With deep prophetic joy
He'd heard the conquests of the godlike boy,
And sung in sacred rage,
What ravenous men, and beasts engage:
Hence he'd propitious omens take,
And from the triumphs of his infancy
Portend his future victory
O'er the foul serpent welt'ring wide in Lerna's dreadful lake.

II

Alcides Pindar, Pindar Cowley sings,
And while they strike the vocal strings,
To either both new honour brings.
But who shall now the mighty task sustain?
And now our Hercules is there,
What Atlas can Olympus bear?
What mortal undergo th' unequal pain?
But 't is a glorious fate
To fall with such a weight,
Tho' with unhallowed fingers, I
Will touch the ark, although I die.
Forgive me, O thou shining Shade!
Forgive a fault which Love has made.
Thus I my saucy kindness mourn,
Which yet I can't repent,
Before thy sacred monument,
And moisten with my tears thy wondrous urn.

III.

Begin, begin, my Muse! thy noble choir,
And aim at something worthy Pindar's lyre;
Within thy breast excite the kindling fire,
And fan it with thy voice!
Cowley does to Jove belong,
Jove and Bowley claim my song.
These fair first-fruits of wit young Cowley bore,
Which promis'd, if the happy tree
Should ever reach maturity,
To bless the world with better and with more.
Thus in the kernel of the largest fruit
Is all the tree in little drawn,
The trunk, the branches, and the root;
Thus a fair day is pictur'd in a lovely dawn.

IV.

Tasso, a poet in his infancy,
Did hardly earlier rise than thee,
Nor did he shoot so far, or shine so bright,
Or in his dawning beams or noonday light.
The Muses did young Cowley raise;
They stole thee from thy nurse's arms,
Fed thee with sacred love of praise,
And taught thee all their charms:
As if Apollo's self had been thy sire,
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre:
Hence seeds of numbers in thy soul were fix'd,
Deep as the very reason there,
No force from thence could numbers tear,
Even with thy being mix'd:
And there they lurk'd, till Spenser's sacred flame
Leap'd up and kindled thine,
Thy thoughts as regular and fine,
Thy soul the same,
Like his to honour, and to love inclin'd,
As soft thy soul, as great thy mind.

V.

Whatever Cowley writes must please;
Sure, like the gods, he speaks all languages.
Whatever theme by Cowley's muse is dress'd,
Whatever he'll essay,
Or in the softer or the nobler way,
He still writes best,
If he ever stretch his strings
To mighty numbers, mighty things:
So did Virgil's heroes fight;
Such glories wore, tho' not so bright.
If he'll paint his noble fire,
Ah! what thoughts his songs inspire!
Vigorous love and gay desire.
Who would not, Cowley! ruin'd be?
Who would not love that reads, that thinks o thee?.
Whether thou in th' old Roman dost delight,
Or English, full as strong, to write,
Thy master-strokes in both are shewn,
Cowley in both excels alone,
Virgil of theirs, and Waller of our own.

VI.

But why should the soft sex be robb'd of thee!
Why should not England know
How much she does to Cowley owe?
How much fair Boscobel's for-ever-sacred tree?

The hills, the groves, the plains, the woods,
The fields, the meadows, and the floods,
The flow'ry world, where gods and poets use
To court a mortal or a muse?
It shall be done. But who, ah! who shall dare
So vast a toil to undergo,
And all the worlds just censure bear,
Thy strength and their own weakness shew?
Soft Asra, who had led our shepherds long,
Who long the nymphs and swains did guide,
Our envy, her own sex's pride,
When all her force on this great theme she'd try'd,
She strain'd a while to reach th' inimitable song,
She strain'd a while and wisely dy'd.
Those who survive unhappier be,
Yet thus, great God of Poesy!
With joy they sacrifice their fame to thee.

S. WESLEY.

On the death of Mr. Abraham Cowley, and his burial in Westminster-Abbey.

Our wit, till Cowley did its lustre raise,
May be resembled to the first three days,
In which did shine only such streaks of light
As serv'd but to distinguish day from night;
But wit breaks forth in all that he has done,
Like light when 't was united in the sun.
The poets formerly did lie in wait
To rifle those whom they would imitate:
We watch'd to rob all strangers when they writ,
And learn'd their language but to steal their wit:
He from that need his country does redeem,
Since those who want may be supply'd from him;
And foreign nations now may borrow more
From Cowley, than we could from them before:
Who, though he condescended to admit,
The Greeks and Romans for his guides in wit,
Yet he those ancient poets does pursue
But as the Spaniards great Columbus do:
He taught them first to the New World to steer,
But they possess all that is precious there.
When first his spring of wit began to flow,
It rais'd in some wonder and sorrow too,
That God had so much wit and knowledge lent,
And that they were not in his praises spent.
But those who in his Davideis look,
Find they his blossoms for his fruit mistook:
In diff'ring ages diff'rent Muses shin'd,
His green did charm the senses, his ripe the mind.
Writing for Heav'n, he was inspir'd from thence,
And from his theme deriv'd his influence.
The scripture will no more the wicked fright;
His Muse does make religion a delight.
O how severely man is us'd by Fate!
The covetous toil long for an estate,
And having got more than their life can spend,
They may bequeath it to a son or friend;
But learning (in which none can have a share,
Unless they climb to it by time and care;
Learning the truest wealth which man can have)
Does, with his body, perish in his grave:
To tenements of clay it is confin'd,
Though 't is the noblest purchase of the mind:
O why can we thus leave our friends possess'd
Of all our acquisitions but the best?
Still when we study Cowley, we lament
That to the world he was no longer lent,
Who like a lightning to our eyes was shewn,
So bright he shin'd, and was so quickly gone.
Sure he rejoic'd to see his flame expire,
Since he himself could not have rais'd it higher;
For when wise poets can no higher fly,
They would, like saints, in their perfection die.
Though Beauty some affection in him bred,
Yet only sacred Learning he would wed.
By which th' illustrious offspring of his brain
Shall over Wit's great empire ever reign:
His Works shall live when pyramids of pride
Shrink to such ashes as they long did hide.
That sacrilegious fire (which did last year
Level those piles which Piety did rear)
Dreaded near that majestic church to fly,
Where English kings and English poets lie;
It at an awful distance did expire;
Such power had sacred ashes o'er that fire;
Such, as it durst not near that structure come,
Which Fate had order'd to be Cowley's tomb;
And 't will be still preserv'd by being so,
From what the rage of future flames can do.
Material fire dares not that place infest
Where he who had immortal flame does rest.
There let his urn remain, for it was fit
Among our kings to lay the King of Wit;
By which the structure more renown'd will prove
For that part bury'd, than for all above.

Ode upon the death of Mr. Cowley.

I.

He who would worthily adorn his hearse,
Should write in his own way, in his immortal verse;
But who can such majestic numbers write,
With such inimitable light?
His high and noble flights to reach,
'Tis not the art of precept that can teach.
The world's grown old since Pindar, and to breed
Another such did twenty ages need.

II.

At last another Pindar came,
Great as the first in genius and in fame;
But that the first in Greek, a conqu'ring language, sung,
And the last wrote but in an island tongue.
Wit, thought, invention, in them both do flow,
As torrents tumbling from the mountains go.
Though the great Roman lyrick do maintain
That none can equal Pindar's strain.
Cowley with words as full and thoughts as high
As ever Pindar did, does fly;
Of kings and heroes he as boldly sings,
And flies above the clouds, yet never wets his wings.

III.

As fire aspiring, as the sea profound,
Nothing in Nature can his fancy bound;

As swift as lightning in its course,
And as resistless in his force.
Whilst other poets, like bees who range the field
To gather what the flow'rs will yield,
Glean matter with much toil and pain,
To bring forth verses in an humble strain,
He sees about him round,
Possess'd at once of all that can be found:
To his illuminated eye
All things created open lie;
That all his thoughts so clear and so perspicuous be,
That whatsoever he describes we see;
Our souls are with his passions fir'd,
And he who does but read him is inspir'd.

IV.

Pindar to Thebes, where first he drew his breath,
Though for his sake his race was sav'd from death
By th' Macedonian youth, did not more honour do
Than Cowley does his friends and country too.
Had Horace liv'd his wit to understand,
He ne'er had England thought a rude inhospitable land;
Rome might have blush'd and Athens been
To hear a remote Britain nam'd, [asham'd,
Who for his parts does match, if not exceed,
The greatest men that they did either breed.

V.

If he had flourish'd when Augustus sway'd,
Whose peaceful sceptre the whole world obey'd,
Account of him Mecænas would have made,
And from the country shade
Him into the cabinet have ta'en
To divert Cæsar's cares and charm his pain:
For nothing can such balm infuse
Into a wearied mind, as does a noble Muse.

VI.

It is not now as 't was in former days,
When all the streets of Rome were strow'd bays,
To receive Petrarch, who through arches rode,
Triumphal arches! honour'd as a demigod,
Not for towns conquer'd, or for battles won,
But victories which were more his own;
For victories of Wit, and victories of Art,
In which blind undiscerning Fortune had no part.

VII.

Though Cowley ne'er such honours did attain,
As long as Petrarch's Cowley's name shall reign:
'Tis but his dross that's in the grave,
His memory Fame from death shall save;
His bays shall flourish and be ever green,
When those of conq'rors are not to be seen.

Nec tibi mortis ista superstes erit.

THOMAS HIGGONS.

On Mr. Abraham Cowley's death and burial among the ancient poets. By the honourable Sir John Denham.

Old Chaucer, like the morning star
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.

Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshews;
The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the poets' god, inspires;
By Shakespeare, Johnson, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines:
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep;
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays:
But curs'd be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest, flow'r,
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give;
Old mother Wit and Nature gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser and in Johnson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben. Johnson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators;
Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate,
And, when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the Golden Fleece:
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies:
To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much,
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe;
As rigid husbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English stream so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know;
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear:
Of that great portraiture, so true
A copy pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both her Genii straight appear;
Joy and amazement her did strike,
Two twins she never saw so like;
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And shew the world this parallel:
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,

Still turning over Nature's books,
Their works chaſte, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They gilding dirt, in noble verſe
Ruſtic philoſophy rehearſe:
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour ſhin'd:
Both by two gen'rous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd;
Yet having each the ſame deſire,
Both from the buſy throng retire:
Their bodies to their minds reſign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their offſpring hath no pow'r:
Nor fire nor fate their bays ſhall blaſt,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercaſt.

Elegia dedicatoria, ad illuſtriſſimam academiam Cantabrigienſem.

Hoc tibi de nato ditiſſima Mater egeno
Exiguum immenſi pignus Amoris habe.
Heu meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Aſtringit gatas parcior arca manus,
Túne tui poteris vocem hîc agnoſcere Nati
Tam malè formatam, diſſimilemq. tuæ?
Túne hîc materni veſtigia ſacra decoris,
Tu Speculum poteris hîc reperire tuum?
Poſt longum, dices, Cowlei, ſic mihi tempus?
Sic mihi ſeperanti, perfide, multa redis?
Quæ, dices, Sagæ Lemureſq. Deæq. nocentes
Hunc mihi in infantis ſuppoſuêre
At Tu, ſancta Parens, crudelis tu queque Nati
Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
Hei mihi quid Fato Genetrix accecis iniquo?
Sit ſors, ſed non ſis Ipſa Noverca mihi.
Si mihi natali Muſarum adoleſcere in arvo,
Si benè dilecto luxuriare ſolo,
Si mihi de doctâ licuiſſet pleniùs undâ
Haurire, ingentem ſi ſatiare ſitim,
Non ego degeneri dubitabilis ore redirem,
Nec legeres Nomen ſuſa rubore meum
Scis benè, ſcis qæ me Tempeſtas publica Mundi
Raptatrix veſtro ſuſtulit è gremio,
Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
Poſcentem querulo murmure Lactis opem.
Sic quondam erium Vento bellante per æquor,
Cum gravidum Autumnum ſæva flagellat Hyems,
Immatura ſuâ velluntur ab arbore poma,
Et vi victa cadunt; Arbor et ipſa gemit.
Nondum ſuccus ineſt terræ generoſus avitæ,
Nondum Sol roſeo redditur ore Pater.
O mihi jucundum Grantæ ſuper omnia Nomen!
O penitùs toto corde receptus Amor!
O pulchræ ſine Luxu Ædes, vitæq. beatæ,
Splendida Paupertas, ingenuúſq. decor!
O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine Regum
Digna Domus! Trini nomine digna Dei!
O nimium Cereris cumulati munere Campi,
Poſthabitis Ænnæ quos colit illa jugis!
O ſacri Fontes! et ſacræ Vatibus Umbræ,
Quas recreant Avium Pieridùmque chori!
O Camus! Phœbo nullus quo gratior amnis,
Amnibus auriferis invidioſus inops!
Ah mihi ſi veſtræ reddat bona gaudia ſedis,
Detque Deus docta poſſe quiete frui;
Qualis eram cum me tranquilla mente ſedentem
Vidiſti in ripa, came ſerene, tua;
Mulcentum audiſti puerile flumina cantu;
Ille quidem immerito, ſed tibi gratus erat.
Nam, memini ripa cum tu dignatus utraque
Dignatum eſt totum verba referre nemus.
Tunc liquidis tacitiſque ſimul mea vita diebus,
Et ſimilis veſtræ candida fluxit aquæ.
At nunc cænoſæ luces, atque obice multo
Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.
Quid mihi Sequana opus, Tameſiſve aut Tybridis unda?
Tu potis es noſtrum tollere, Came, ſitim.
Felix cui nunquam plus uno viderit amne!
Quidque eadem Salicis littora more colit!
Fœlix cui non tentatus ſordeſcere Mundus,
Et cui Pauperies nota nitere poteſt!
Tempore cui nullo miſera experientia conſtat,
Ut res humanas ſentiat eſſe Nihil!
At nos exemplis Fortuna inſtruxit opimis,
Et documentorum ſatque ſuperque dedit.
Cum capite avulſum Diadema, infractáque Sceptra
Contuſaſque Hominum Sorte minante minas,
Parcarum ludos, et non tractabile Fatum,
Et verſas fundo vidimus orbis opes.
Quis poterit fragilem poſt talia credere puppim
Infami ſcopulis naufragiiſque Mari?
Tu quoque in hoc Terræ tremuiſti, Academia, Motu,
(Nec fruſtrâ) atquæ edes contremuêre tuæ.
Contremuêre ipſæ pacatæ Palladis arces;
Et timuit Fulmen Laurea ſancta novum.
Ah quanquam iratum, peſtem hanc avertere Numen,
Nec ſaltem Bellis iſta licere, velit!
Nos, tua progênies, pereamus; et ecce, perimus!
In nos jus habeat: jus habet omne malum.
Tu ſtabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
Fundes; nec tibi Mars ipſa ſuperſtis erit.
Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni
Formoſas mittes ad mare Mortis aquas.
Sic Venus humana quondam, Dea ſaucia dextra,
(Namque ſolent ipſis bella nocere Deis)
Imploravit opem ſuperbûm, queſtûſve cievit,
Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.
Quid quereris? contemne breves ſecura dolores;
Nam tibi ferre Necem vulnera nulla valent.

MISCELLANIES.

CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

I.

I sing two conſtant lovers' various fate,
The hopes and fears that equally attend
Their loves, their rivals' envy, parents' hate;
I ſing their woful life and tragic end;
Aid me, ye gods! this ſtory to rehearſe,
This mournful tale, and favour every verſe.

II.

In Florence, for her ſtately buildings fam'd,
And lofty roofs that emulate the ſky,
There dwelt a lovely maid, Conſtantia nam'd,
Fam'd for the beauty of all Italy;
Her laviſh Nature did at firſt adorn
With Pallas' ſoul in Cytherea's form.

III.

And framing her attractive eyes ſo bright,
Spent all her wit in ſtudy, that they might
Keep earth from Chaos and eternal Night;
But envious Death deſtroy'd their glorious light.
Expect not beauty, then, ſince ſhe did part,
For in her Nature waſted all her art.

IV.

Her hair was brighter than the beams which are
A crown to Phœbus, and her breath ſo ſweet,
It did tranſcend Arabian odours far,
Or ſmelling flow'rs, wherewith the Spring does greet
Approaching Summer; teeth like falling ſnow
For white, were placed in a double row.

V.

Her wit excelling praiſe, ev'n all admire;
Her ſpeech was ſo attractive, it might be
A cauſe to raiſe the mighty Pallas' ire,
And ſtir up envy from that deity.
The maiden-lilies at her ſight
Wax'd pale with envy, and from thence grew white.

VI.

She was in birth and parentage as high
As in her fortune great or beauty rare,
And to her virtuous mind's nobility
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
That in her ſpotleſs ſoul and lovely face
You might have ſeen each deity and grace.

VII.

A ſcornful boy, Adonis, viewing her,
Would Venus ſtill deſpiſe, yet her deſire;
Each who but ſaw was a competitor
And rival, ſcorch'd alike with Cupid's fire.
The glorious beams of her fair eyes did move
And light beholders on their way to love.

VIII.

Among her many ſuitors a young knight,
'Bove others wounded with the majeſty'
Of her fair preſence, preſſeth moſt in ſight;
Yet ſeldom his deſire can ſatisfy
With that bleſs'd object, or her rareneſs ſee;
For Beauty's guard is watchful Jealouſy.

IX.

Oft times, that he might ſee his deareſt fair
Upon his ſtately jennet he in th' way
Rides by her houſe, who neighs, as if he were
Proud to be view'd by bright Conſtantia:
But his poor maſter, tho' he ſee her move
His joy, dares ſhew no look betraying love.

X.

Soon as the morning left her roſy bed,
And all Heav'n's ſmaller lights were driv'n away,
She, by her friends, and near acquaintance led,
like other maids would walk at break of day:
Aurora bluſh'd to ſee a ſight unknown,
To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

XI.

Th' obſequious lover follows ſtill her train,
And where they go, that way his journey feigns:
Should they turn back, he would turn back again;
For with his love his buſineſs ſtill remains.
Nor is it ſtrange he ſhould be loath to part
For her, whoſe eyes had ſtole away his heart.

XII.

Philetus he was call'd, ſprung from a race
Of noble anceſtors; but greedy Time
And envious Fate had labour'd to deface
The glory which in his great ſtock did ſhine:
Small his eſtate, unfitting her degree:
But blinded love could not ſuch diff'rence ſee.

XIII.

Yet he by chance had hit this heart aright
And dipt his arrow in Conſtantia's eyes,
Blowing a fire that would deſtroy him quite
Unleſs ſuch flames within her heart ſhould riſe:

But yet he fears, becauſe he blinded is,
Tho' he have ſhot him right, her heart he'll miſs.

XIV.

Unto Love's altar, therefore, he repairs,
And offers up a pleaſing ſacrifice,
Entreating Cupid, with inducing pray'rs,
To look upon, and eaſe his miſeries;
Where having pray'd, recov'ring breath again,
Thus to immortal Love he did complain:

XV.

" Oh! mighty Cupid! whoſe unbounded ſway
" Hath often rul'd th' Olympian Thunderer,
" Whom all celeſtial deities obey,
" Whom men and gods both reverence and fear!
" O force Conſtantia's heart to yield to love;
" Of all thy works the maſterpiece 't will prove,

XVI.

" And let me not affection vainly ſpend,
" But kindle flames in her like thoſe in me;
" Yet if that gift my fortune doth tranſcend,
" Grant that her charming beauty I may ſee;
" For ever view thoſe eyes, whoſe charming light
" More than the world beſides does pleaſe my ſight.

XVII.

" Thoſe who contemn thy ſacred deity,
" Laugh at thy pow'r, make them thine anger know;
" I faultleſs am; what honour can it be
" Only to wound your ſlave, and ſpare your foe?"
Here tears and ſighs ſpeak his imperfect moan,
In language far more moving than his own.

XVIII.

Home he retir'd; his ſoul he brought not home;
Juſt like a ſhip, while ev'ry mounting wave,
Toſs'd by enrag'd Boreas up and down,
Theatens the mariner with a gaping grave:
Such did his caſe, ſuch did his ſtate appear,
Alike diſtracted between hope and fear.

XIX.

Thinking her love he never ſhall obtain,
One morn he haunts the woods, and doth complain
Of his unhappy fate; but all in vain;
And thus fond Echo anſwers him again.
It mov'd Aurora, and ſhe wept to hear,
Dewing the verdant graſs with many a tear.

XX.

ECHO.

" Oh! what hath caus'd my killing miſeries?"
" Eyes," Echo ſaid. " What has detain'd my eaſe?"
" Eaſe," ſtraight the reaſonable nymph replies;
" That nothing can my troubled mind appeaſe."
" Peace," Echo anſwers. " What, is any nigh?"
Philetus ſaid; ſhe quickly utters, " Aye."

XXI.

" Is 't Echo anſwers? tell me then thy will:"
" I will," ſhe ſaid, " What ſhall I get," ſays he,
" By loving ſtill?" to which ſhe anſwers, " Ill."
" Ill? ſhall I void of wiſh'd-for pleaſure die?
" Aye." " Shall not I who toil in cęaſeleſs pain,
" Some pleaſure know?" " No," ſhe returns again.

XXII.

" Falſe and inconſtant Nymph! thou ly'ſt," ſaid he,
" Thou ly'ſt," ſhe ſaid: " and I deſerv'd her hate,
" If I ſhould thee believe." " Believe," ſaid ſhe.
" For why? thy words are of no weight."
" Weight." ſhe anſwers. " Therefore I'll depart."
To which reſounding Echo anſwers. " Part."

XXIII.

Then from the woods with wounded heart he goes,
Filling with legions of freſh thoughts his mind:
He quarrels with himſelf, becauſe his woes
Spring from himſelf, yet can no med'cine find;
He weeps to quench thoſe fires that burn in him,
But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are within.

XXIV.

No morning baniſh'd darkneſs, nor black Night,
By her alternate courſe, expell'd the day
In which Philetus, by a conſtant rite
At Cupid's altars did not weep and pray;
And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain,
But care and ſorrow was his only gain.

XXV.

But now, at laſt, the pitying god, o'ercome
By conſtant votes and tears, fix'd in her heart
A golden ſhaft: and ſhe is now become
A ſuppliant to Love, that with like dart
He 'd wound Philetus; does with tears implore
Aid from that pow'r ſhe ſo much ſcorn'd before.

XXVI.

Little ſhe thinks ſhe kept Philetus' heart
In her ſcorch'd breaſt, becauſe her own ſhe gave
To him. Since either ſuffers equal ſmart,
And a like meaſure in their torments have,
His ſoul, his griefs, his fires, now her's are grown
Her heart, her mind, her love, is his alone.

XXVII.

Whilſt thoughts 'gainſt thoughts riſe up in mutiny,
She took a lute (being far from any ears)
And tun'd her ſong, poſing that harmony
Which poets attribute to heav'nly ſpheres.
Thus had ſhe ſung, when her dear love was ſlain,
She 'd ſurely call'd him back from Styx again.

XXVIII.

SONG.

" To whom ſhall I my ſorrows ſhew?
Not to love; for he is blind,
And my Philetus doth not know
The inward torment of my mind:
And all the ſenſeleſs walls which are
Now round about me cannot hear.

XXIX.

For if they could, they ſure would weep,
And with my griefs relent;
Unleſs their willing tears they keep
Till I from earth am ſent:
Then I believe they'll all deplore
My fate, ſince I taught them before.

XXX.

I willingly would keep my ſtore,
If the flood would land thy love,
My dear Philetus! on the ſhore
Of my heart; but ſhouldſt thou prove
Afraid of flames, know the fires are
But bonfires for thy coming there."

XXXI.

Then tears, in envy of her ſpeech, did flow,
From her fair eyes, as if it ſeem'd that there
Her burning flame had melted hills of ſnow,
And ſo diſſolv'd them into many a tear;
Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,
And quickly caus'd new ſerpent-griefs to grow.

XXXII.

Here ſtay, my Muſe! for if I ſhould recite
Her mournful language, I ſhould make you weep,
Like her, a flood, and ſo not ſee to write
Such lines as I and th' age requires to keep
Me from ſtern Death, or with victorious rhyme
Revenge their maſter's death and conquer Time.

XXXIII.

By this time Chance, and his own induſtry
Had help'd Philetus forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her brother, ſo that he
Might, by this means, his bright Conſtantia view,
And, as time ſerv'd, ſhew her his miſery:
This was the firſt act in his tragedy.

XXXIV.

Thus to himſelf, ſooth'd by his flattering ſtate,
He ſaid: "How ſhall I thank thee for this gain,
"O Cupid! or reward my helping Fate,
"Which ſweetens all my ſorrows, all my pain?
"What huſbandman would any pains refuſe,
"To reap at laſt ſuch fruit as labours uſe?"

XXXV.

But when he wiſely weigh'd his doubtful ſtate,
Seeing his griefs link'd, like an endleſs chain,
To following woes, he would, when 'twas too late,
Quench his hot flames, and idle love diſdain:
But Cupid, when his heart was ſet on fire,
Had burn'd his wings, who could not then retire.

XXXVI.

The wounded youth and kind Philocrates
(So was her brother call'd) grew ſoon ſo dear,
So true and conſtant in their amities,
And in that league ſo ſtrictly joined were,
That death itſelf could not their friendſhip ſever;
But as they liv'd in love, they dy'd together.

XXXVII.

If one be melancholy, th' other's ſad;
If one be ſick, the other's ſurely ill;
And if Philetus any ſorrow had,
Philocrates was partner in it ſtill;
Pylades' ſoul and mad Oreſtes' was
In theſe, if we believe Pythagoras.

XXXVIII.

Oft' in the woods Philetus walks, and there
Exclaims againſt his fate, fate too unkind;
With ſpeaking tears his griefs he doth declare,
And with ſad ſighs inſtructs the angry wind
To ſigh, and did even upon that prevail;
It groan'd to hear Philetus' mournful tale.

XXXIX.

The cryſtal brooks, which gently run between
The ſhadowing trees, and as they through them paſs
Water the earth, and keep the meadows green,
Giving a colour to the verdant graſs,
Hearing Philetus tell his woeful ſtate,
In ſhew of grief ran murm'ring at his fate.

XL.

Philomel anſwers him again, and ſhews,
In her beſt language, her ſad hiſtory,
And in a mournful ſweetneſs tells her woes,
Denying to be pos'd in miſery:
Conſtantia he, ſhe Tereus, Tereus cries,
With him both grief, and grief's expreſſion, vies.

XLI.

Philocrates muſt needs his ſadneſs know,
Willing in ills, as well as joys, to ſhare;
Nor will on them the name of friends beſtow,
Who in light ſport, not ſorrow, partners are:
Who leaves to guide the ſhip when ſtorms ariſe,
Is guilty both of ſin and cowardice.

XLII.

But when his noble friend perceiv'd that he
Yielded to tyrant Paſſion more and more,
Deſirous to partake his malady,
He watches him in hope to cure his ſore
By council, and recal the pois'nous dart,
When it, alas! was fixed in his heart.

XLIII.

When in the woods, places beſt fit for care,
He to himſelf did his paſt griefs recite,
Th' obſequious friend ſtraight follows him, and there
Doth hide himſelf from ſad Philetus' ſight;
Who thus exclaims; for a ſwoll'n heart would break,
If it for vent of ſorrow might not ſpeak.

XLIV.

"Oh! I am loſt, not in this deſert wood,
"But in Love's pathleſs labyrinth, there I
"My health, each joy and pleaſure counted good,
"Have loſt, and, which is more, my liberty,
"And now am forc'd to let him ſacrifice
"My heart, for raſh believing of my eyes.

XLV.

"Long have I ſtaid, but yet have no relief,
"Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour ſhewn,
"Becauſe ſhe knows not of my killing grief,
"And I have fear'd to make my ſorrows known.
"For why? alas! if ſhe ſhould once but dart
"Diſdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd "heart.

XLVI.

"But how ſhould ſhe, e'er I impart my love,
"Reward my ardent flame with like deſire?
"But when I ſpeak, if ſhe ſhould angry prove,
"Laugh at my flowing tears, and ſcorn my fire;
"Why, he who hath all ſorrows borne before,
"Needeth not fear to be oppreſs'd with more."

XLVII.

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
Runs to his friend, and ſighing, "Oh!" ſaid he,
"My dear Philetus! be thyſelf, and ſwear
"To rule that paſſion which now maſters thee,

" And all thy reaſon; but if it cannot be,
" Give to thy love but eyes, that it may ſee."

XLVIII.

Amazement ſtrikes him dumb; what ſhall he do?
Should he reveal his love, he fears 't would prove
A hind'rance; and ſhould he deny to ſhew,
It might perhaps his dear friend's anger move:
Theſe doubts, like Scylla and Charybdis ſtand,
While Cupid, a blind pilot, doth command.

XLIX.

At laſt reſolv'd; " How ſhall I ſeek," ſaid he,
" T' excuſe myſelf, deareſt Philocrates!
" That I from thee have hid this ſecrecy?
" Yet cenſure not, give me firſt leave to eaſe
" My eaſe with words; my grief you ſhould have
" known
" E'er this, if that my heart had been my own.

L.

" I am all love; my heart was burnt with fire
" From two bright ſuns, which do all light diſ-
" cloſe;
" Firſt kindling in my breaſt the flame deſire;
" But, like the rare Arabian bird, there roſe
" From my heart's aſhes nexer-quenched love,
" Which now this torment in my ſoul doth move.

LI.

" Oh! let not then my paſſion cauſe your hate,
" Nor let my choice offend you, or detain
" Your ancient friendſhip; 'tis, alas! too late
" To call my firm affection back again:
" No phyſic can recure my weaken'd ſtate;
" The wound is grown too great, too deſperate."

LII.

" But counſel," ſaid his friend, " a remedy
" Which never fails the patient, may at leaſt,
" If not quite heal your mind's infirmity,
" Aſſuage your torment, and procure ſome reſt;
" But there is no phyſician can apply
" A med'cine 'er he know the malady."

LIII.

" Then hear me," ſaid Philetus, " But why?
" ſtay,
" I will not toil thee with my hiſtory;
" For to remember ſorrows paſt away,
" Is to renew an old calamity.
" He who acquainteth others with his moan,
" Adds to his friend's grief, but not cures his
" own."

LIV.

" But," ſaid Philocrates, " 'tis beſt in wo
" To have a faithful partner of their care;
" That burden may be undergone by two,
" Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
" I ſhould miſtruſt your love, to hide from me
" Your thoughts, and tax you with inconſtancy."

LV.

What ſhall he do? or with what language frame
Excuſe? he muſt reſolve not to deny,
But open his cloſe thought and inward flame.
With that, as prologue to his tragedy,
He ſigh'd, as if they'd cool his torment's ire,
When they, alas! did blow the raging fire.

LVI.

" When years firſt ſtyl'd me twenty, I began
" To ſport with catching ſnares, that Love had ſet,
" Like birds that flutter round the gin till ta'en,
" Or the poor fly caught in Arachne's net:
" Ev'n ſo I ſported with her beauties light,
" Till I at laſt grew blind with too much ſight.

LVII.

" Firſt it came ſtealing on me, whilſt I thought
" 'Twas eaſy to repel it; but as fire,
" Tho' but a ſpark, ſoon into flames is brought,
" So mine grew great, and quickly mounted
" high'r;
" Which ſo has ſcorch'd my love-ſtruck ſoul, that I
" Still live in torment, yet each minute die."

LXVIII.

" Who is it," ſaid Philocrates, " can move
" With charming eyes ſuch deep affection?
" I may perhaps aſſiſt you in your love;
" Two can affect more than yourſelf alone.
" My counſel this thy error may reclaim,
" Or my ſalt tears quench thy deſtructive flame."

LIX.

" Nay," ſaid Philetus " oft' my eyes do flow
" Like Nilus, when it ſcorns the oppos'd ſhore;
" Yet all the wat'ry plenty I beſtow
" Is to my flame an oil that feeds it more:
" So fame reports of the Dodonéan ſpring,
" That lightens all thoſe which are put therein.

LX.

" But being you deſire to know her, ſhe
" Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a ſhower,
" As if they fain would drown the memory
" Of his life-keeper's name) Conſtantia!" More
Grief would not let him utter; tears, the beſt
Expreſſers of true ſorrows, ſpoke the reſt.

LXI.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:
" And was this all? whate'er your grief would
ceaſe,
" Tho' a far greater taſk, believe, 't for thee
" It ſhould be ſoon done by Philocrates:
" Think all you wiſh perform'd; but ſee, the day,
" Tir'd with its heat, is haſt'ning now away."

LXII.

Home from the ſilent woods Night bids them
go,
But ſad Philetus can no comfort find;
What in the day he fears of future wo,
At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his
mind.
Why doſt thou vex him. Love, could'ſt thou but
ſee,
Thou wouldſt thyſelf Philetus' rival be.

LXIII.

Philocrates, pitying his doleful moan,
And wounded with the ſorrows of his friend,
Bring him to fair Conſtantia, where alone
He might impart his love, and either end
His fruitleſs hopes, nipp'd by her coy diſdain,
Or by her liking his wiſh'd joys attain.

LXIV.

" Faireſt!" ſaid he, " whom the bright heav'ns
" do cover,
" Do not theſe tears, theſe ſpeaking tears! deſpiſe,
" Theſe heaving ſighs of a ſubmiſſive lover,
" Thus ſtruck to th' earth by your all-dazzling
" eyes;

" And do not you condemn that ardent flame
" Which from yourſelf your own fair beauty
" came.

LXV.

" Truſt me, I long have hid my love, but now'
" Am forc'd to ſhew 't, ſuch is my inward ſmart;
" And you alone, fair Saint! the means do know
" To heal the wound of my conſuming heart:
" Then ſince it only in your pow'r doth lie
" To kill or ſave, oh! help; or elſe I die."

LXVI.

His gently cruel love did thus reply:
" I for your pain am griev'ed, and would do,
" Without impeachment of my chaſtity
" And honour, any thing might pleaſure you;
" But if beyond thoſe limits you demand,
" I muſt not anſwer, Sir, nor underſtand."

LXVII.

" Believe me, virtuous Maiden! my deſire
" Is chaſte and pious as thy virgin-thought,
" No flaſh of luſt, 'tis no diſhoneſt fire,
" Which goes as ſoon as it was quickly brought;
" But as thy beauty pure, which let not be
" Eclipſed by diſdain and cruelty."

LXVIII.

" Oh! how ſhall I reply?" ſhe cry'd; " thou'ſt
won
" My ſoul, and therefore take thy victory:
" Thy eyes and ſpeeches have my heart o'ercome,
" And if I ſhould deny thee love, then I
" Should be a tyrant to myſelf; that fire
" Which is kept cloſe burns with the greateſt ire.

LXIX.

" Yet do not count my yielding lightneſs now;
" Impute it rather to my ardent love;
" Thy pleaſing carriage won me long ago,
" And pleading Beauty did my liking move:
" Thy eyes, which draw like loadſtones with their
" might
" The hardeſt hearts, won mine to leave me
" quite."

LXX.

" Oh! I am rapt above the reach," ſaid he,
" Of thought; my ſoul already feels the bleſs
" Of heav'n. When, Sweet! my thoughts once
" tax but thee
" With any crime, may I loſs all happineſs
" It wiſh'd for; both your favour here, and dead;
" May the juſt gods pour vengeance on my head."

LXXI.

Whilſt he was ſpeaking this (behold their fate!)
Conſtantia's father entered in the room:
When glad Philetus, ignorant of his ſtate,
Kiſſes her cheeks, more red than ſetting ſun.
Or elſe the Morn, bluſhing thro' clouds of water,
To ſee aſcending Sol congratulate her.

LXXII.

Juſt as the guilty priſoner fearful ſtands,
Reading his fatal Theta in the brows
Of him who both hit life and death commands,
E'er from his mouth he the ſad ſentence knows;
Such was his ſtate to ſee her father come,
Not wiſh'd for, nor expected in the room.

LXXIII.

Th' enrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
Such bold intruſion in that houſe, nor be
At any time with his lov'd daughter there,
Till he had given him ſuch authority:
But to depart, ſince ſhe her love did ſhew him,
Was living death, with ling'ring torments, to him.

LXXIV.

This being known to kind Philocrates,
He cheers his friend, bidding him baniſh fear,
And by ſome letter his griev'd mind appeaſe,
And ſhew her that which to her friendly ear
Time gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill
Declares to her the abſent lover's will.

LETTER, PHILETUS TO CONSTANTIA.

" I TRUST, dear Soul! my abſence cannot move
" You to forget, or doubt my ardent love!
" For were there any means to ſee you, I
" Would run thro' death, and all the miſery
" Fate could inflict, that ſo the world might ſay,
" In life and death I lov'd Conſtantia.
" Then let not, deareſt Sweet! our abſence part
" Our loves, but each breaſt keep the other's
" heart;
" Give warmth to one another, till there riſe
" From all our labours and our induſtries
" The long-expected fruits. Have patience,
" Sweet!
" There's no man whom the ſummer-pleaſures
" greet
" Before he taſte the winter; none can ſay,
" E'er night was gone, he ſaw the riſing day.
" So when we once have taſted Sorrow's night,
" The ſun of comfort then ſhall give us light."

PHILETUS.

LXXV.

This when Conſtantia read, ſhe thought her ſtate
Moſt happy by Philetus' conſtancy
And perfect love: ſhe thanks her flatt'ring fate,
Kiſſes the paper, till with kiſſing ſhe
The welcome characters doth dull and ſtain,
Then thus with ink and tears writes back again.

CONSTANTIA TO PHILETUS.

" YOUR abſence, Sir, tho' it be long, yet I
" Neither forget nor doubt your conſtancy;
" Nor need you fear that I ſhould yield unto
" Another what to your true love is due.
" My heart is your's; it is not in my claim,
" Nor have I pow'r to take it back again.
" There's nought but death can part our ſouls; no
" time,
" Or angry friends ſhall make my love decline:
" But for the harveſt of our hopes I'll ſtay,
" Unleſs Death cut it, e'er 'tis ripe, away."

CONSTANTIA.

LXXVI.

Oh! how this letter ſeem'd to raiſe his pride!
Prouder was he of this than Phaeton,
When he did Phœbus' flaming chariot guide,
Unknowing of the danger was to come:

Prouder than Jason, when from Colchohes
Returned with the Fleece's victory.

LXVII.

But e'er the autumn, which fair Ceres crown'd,
Had paid the sweating ploughman's greediest pray'r,
And by those fall disrob'd the gaudy ground
Of all those ornaments it used to wear;
Them kind Phil'crates to each other brought,
Where they this means t' enjoy their freedom wrought.

LXXVIII

"Sweet fair one!" said Philetus, "since the time
"Favours our wish, and does afford us leave
"T' enjoy our loves, oh! let us not resign
"This long'd-for favour, nor ourselves bereave
"Of what we wish'd for, opportunity,
"That may too soon the wings of Love outfly:

LXXIX.

"For when your father, as his custom is,
"For pleasure doth pursue the tim'rous hare,
"If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss
"To be in those woods ready for you, where
"We may depart in safety, and no more
"With dreams of pleasure only heal our sore."

LXXX.

To this the happy lovers soon agree;
But e'er they part Philetus begs to hear,
From her inchanting voice's melody,
One song to satisfy his longing ear:
She yields; and, singing, added to desire:
The lift'ning youth, increas'd his am'rous fire.

SONG.

I.

"TIME! fly with greater speed away,
Add feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haste in flying brings
That wish'd-for and expected day.

2.

Comforts, Sun! we then shall see,
Tho' at first it darken'd be
With dangers, yet those clouds but gone,
Our Day will put his lustre on.

3.

Then tho' Death's sad night appear,
And we in lonely silence rest,
Our ravish'd souls no more shall fear,
But with lasting day be blest.

4.

And then no friends can part us more,
Nor no new death extend its power.
Thus there's nothing can dissever
Hearts which Love hath join'd together."

LXXXI.

Fear of being seen Philetus homeward drove;
But e'er they part she willingly doth give
(As faithful pledges of her constant love)
Many a soft kiss; then they each other leave,
Rapt up with secret joy that they have found
A way to heal the torment of their wound.

LXXII.

But e'er the sun thro' many days had run,
Constantia' charming beauty had o'ercome
Guisardo's heart, and scorn'd affection won:
Her eyes soon conquer'd all they shone upon,
Shot thro' his wounded heart such hot desire,
As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

LXXXIII.

In roofs which gold and Parian stone adorn
(Proud as the owner's mind) he did abound;
In fields so fertile for their yearly corn,
As might contend with scorch'd Calabria's ground;
But in his soul, that should contain the store
Of surest riches, he was base and poor.

LXXXIV.

Him was Constantia urg'd continually,
By her friends, to love: sometimes they did entreat,
With gentle speeches, and mild courtesy,
Which when they see despised by her, they threat.
But love too deep was seated in her heart,
To be worn out with thought of any smart.

LXXXV.

Soon did her father to the woods repair,
To seek for sport, and hunt the started game;
Guisardo and Philocrates were there,
With many friends, too tedious here to name:
With them Constantia went, but not to find
The bear or wolf, but Love, all mild and kind.

LXXXVI.

Being enter'd in the pathless woods, while they
Pursue their game, Philetus, who was late
Hid in a thicket, carries straight away
His love, and hastens his own hasty fate,
That came too soon upon him, and his sun
Was quite eclips'd before it fully shone.

LXXXVII.

Constantia miss'd, the hunters in amaze
Take each a sev'ral course, and by curs'd Fate
Guisardo runs, with a love-carried pace,
Tow'rds them, who little knew their woful state:
Philetus, like bold Icarus, soaring high
To honours, found the depth of misery:

LXXXVIII.

For when Guisardo sees his rival there,
Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind
Philetus, who such fortune did not fear,
And with his sword a way to's heart does find:
But e'er his spirits were possess'd of death,
In these few words he spent his latest breath.

LXXXIX.

"O see, Constantia! my short race is run;
"See how my blood the thirsty ground doth dye;
"But live thou happier than thy love hath done,
"And whem I'm dead, think sometimes upon me.
"More my short time permits me not to tell,
"For now Death seizes me. My Dear! farewell."

XC.

As soon as he had spoke these words, life fled
From his pierc'd body, whilst Constantia she
Kisses his cheeks, that lose their lively red,
And become pale and wan: and now each eye
Which was so bright, is like, when life was done,
A star that's fall'n, or an eclipsed sun.

XCI.

Thither Philocrates was driv'n by Fate,

And saw his friend lie bleeding on the earth ;
Near his pale corpse his weeping sister sat,
Her eyes shed tears, her heart to sighs gave birth.
Philocrates, when he saw this, did cry,
" Friend, I'll revenge, or bear thee company.
" Just Jove hath sent me to revenge this fate.
" Nay, stay, Guisardo! think not Heav'n in jest ;
" 'Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy state :"
Then thrust his sword into the villain's breast.
" Here," said Philocrates, " thy life I send
" A sacrifice t' appease my slaughter'd friend."

XCIII.

But as he fell, " Take this reward," said he,
" For thy new victory." With that he flung
His darted rapier at his enemy,
Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.
With that he falls, but lifting up his eyes,
" Farewell, Constantia!" that word said, he dies.

XCIV.

What shall she do? she to her brother runs,
His cold and lifeless body does embrace ;
She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,
And with her kisses warms his clammy face.
" My dear Philocrates!" she weeping cries,
" Speak to thy sister ;" but no voice replies.

XCV.

Then running to her love, with many a tear
Thus her mind's fervent passion she express'd ;
" O stay, bless'd Soul! stay but a little here,
" And take me with you to a lasting rest ;
" Then to Elysium's mansions both shall fly,
" Be married there, and never more to die."

XCVI.

But seeing 'em both dead, she cry'd, " Ah, me!
" Ah, my Philetus! for thy sake will I
" Make up a full and perfect tragedy.
" Since 'twas for me, Dear Love! that thou didst
" die,
" I'll follow thee, and not thy loss deplore ;
" These eyes that saw thee kill'd shall see no
" more,

XCVII.

" It shall not, sure, be said that thou dicst die,
" And thy Constantia live when thou wast slain :
" No, no, dear Soul! I will not stay from thee,
" That will reflect upon my valu'd fame."
Then piercing her sad breast, " I come," she cries ;
And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

XCVIII.

Her soul being fled to its eternal rest,
Her father comes, and seeing this, he falls
To th' earth, with grief too great to be express'd,
Whose doleful words my tired Muse me calls
T' o'erpass, which I most gladly do, for fear
That I should toil too much the reader's ear.

To the Right Worshipful, my very loving Master,

MR. LAMBERT OSBOLTON,

CHIEF MASTER OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

SIR,

My childish Muse is in her Spring, and yet
Can only shew some budding of her wit ;
One frown upon her work, learn'd Sir! from you,
Like some unkinder storm shot from your brow,
Would turn her Spring to with'ring Autumn's time,
And make her blossoms perish e'er their prime :
But if you smile, if in your gracious eye
She an auspicious alpha can descry,
How soon will they grow fruit! how fresh appear
That had such beams their infancy to cheer!
Which being sprung to ripeness, expect then
The earliest off'ring of her grateful pen.

Your most dutiful scholar,

ABR. COWLEY.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Tandem sit surculus arbor.

WHEN Babylon's high walls erected were
By mighty Ninu's wife, two houses join'd :
One Thisbe liv'd in, Pyramus the fair
In th' other ; earth ne'er boasted such a pair.
The very walls themselves combin'd
And grew in one, just like their master's mind.

II.

Thisbe all other women did excel,
The Queen of Love less lovely was than she ;
And Pyramus more sweet than tongue can tell,
Nature grew proud in framing them so well :
But Venus envying they so fair should be,
Bids her son Cupid shew his cruelty.

III.

The all-subduing god his bow doth bend,
Whets and prepares his most remorseless dart,
Which he unseen into their hearts did send,
And so was Love the cause of Beauty's end :
But could he see, he had not wrought their smart ;
For pity sure would have o'ercome his heart.

IV.

Like as a bird which in the net is ta'en,
By struggling more entangles in the gin,
So they who in Love's labyrinth remain,
With striving never can a freedom gain :
The way to enter's broad ; but being in,
No art, no labour, can an exit win.

V.

These lovers, tho' their parents did reprove
Their fires, and watch'd their deed with jealousy,
Tho' in these storms no comfort can remove
The various doubts and fears that cool hot Love ;
Tho' he not her's, nor he his face could see,
Yet this cannot abolish Love's decree.

VI.

For age had crack'd the wall which them did part ;
This th' unanimous couple soon did spy,
And here their inward sorrows did impart,
Unlading the sad burden of their heart.
Tho' Love be blind, this shews he can descry
A way to lessen his own misery.

VII.

Oft to the friendly cranny they resort,
And feed themselves with the celestial air

Of odoriferous breath: no other sport
They could enjoy, yet think the time but short,
And wish that it again renewed were,
To suck each other's breaths for ever there.

VIII.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their fate,
And sometimes they accus'd imperial Jove;
Sometimes repent their flames; but all too late;
The arrow could not be recall'd; their state
Was first ordain'd by Jupiter above,
And Cupid had appointed they should love.

IX.

They curs'd the wall that did their kisses part,
And to the stones their mournful words they sent,
As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,
And by their tears could understand their smart;
But it was hard and knew not what they meant,
Nor with their sighs, alas! would it relent.

X.

This in effect they said; "Curs'd Wall! O why
"Wilt thou our bodies sever, whose true love
"Breaks thorough all thy flinty cruelty;
"For both our souls so closely joined lie,
"That nought but angry Death can them remove;
"And tho' he part them, yet they'll meet above."

XI.

Abortive tears from their fair eyes outflow'd,
And damm'd the lovely splendour of their sight,
Which seem'd like Titan, whilst some wat'ry cloud
O'erspreads his face, and his bright beams doth
shroud;
Till Vesper chase away the conquer'd light,
And forceth them, tho' loath, to bid good night.

XII.

But e'er Aurora, usher to the day,
Began with welcome lustre to appear,
The lovers rise, and at the cranny they
Thus to each other their thoughts open lay,
With many a sigh and many a speaking tear,
Whose grief the pitying Morning blush'd to hear.

XIII.

"Dear love!" said Pyramus, "how long shall we,
"Like fairest flow'rs, not gather'd in their prime,
"Waste precious youth, and let advantage flee,
"Till we bewail at last our cruelty
"Upon ourselves? for beauty, tho' it shine
"Like day, will quickly find an ev'ning-time.

XIV.

"Therefore, sweet Thisbe! let us meet this night
"At Ninus' tomb, without the city wall,
"Under the mulberry-tree, with berries white
"Abounding, there t' enjoy our wish'd delight:
"For mounting love stopp'd in its course doth fall,
"And long'd for, yet untasted joy kills all.

XV.

"What tho' our cruel parents angry be?
"What tho' our friends, alas! are, too, unkind?
"Time, that now offers, quickly may deny,
"And soon hold back fit opportunity.
"Who lets slip Fortune, he shall never find;
"Occasion once past by is bald behind."

XVI.

She soon agreed to that which he requir'd,
For little wooing needs where both consent;
What he so long had pleaded she desir'd;
Which Venus seeing, with blind Chance conspir'd,
And many a charming accent to her sent,
That she at last would frustrate their intent.

XVII.

Thus beauty is by Beauty's means undone,
Striving to close those eyes that make her bright;
Just like the moon, which seeks t' eclipse the sun,
Whence all her splendour, all her beams do come;
So she who fetches lustre from their sight,
Doth purpose todestroy heir glorious light.

XVIII.

Unto the mulberry-tree fair Thisbe came,
Where having rested long, at last she 'gan
Against her dearest Pyramus t' exclaim,
Whilst various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain,
And imitating thus the silver swan,
A little while before her death, she sang.

SONG.

I.

"Come, Love! why stay'st thou? the night
Will vanish e'er we taste delight:
The moon obscures herself from sight,
Thou absent, whose eyes give her light.

2.

Come quickly, Dear! be brief as Time,
Or we by Morn shall be o'erta'en
Love's joys thine own as well as mine;
Spend not, therefore, the time in vain."

XIX.

Here doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant song,
And for her lover's stay sent many a sigh,
Her Pyramus she thought did tarry long,
And that his absence did her too much wrong:
Then, betwixt longing hope and jealousy,
She fears, yet 's loath to tax his loyalty.

XX.

Sometimes she thinks that he hath her forsaken;
Sometimes that danger hath befallen him;
She fears that he another love hath taken;
Which being but imagin'd soon doth waken
Numberless thoughts, which on her heart did fling
Fears, that her future fate too truly sing.

XXI.

While she thus musing sat, ran from the wood
An angry lion to the crystal springs
Near to that place, who coming from his food,
His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood:
Swifter than thought sweet Thisbe straight begins
To fly from him; fear gave her swallows' wings.

XXII.

As she avoids the lion, her desire
Bids her to stay, lest Pyramus should come
And be devour'd by the stern lion's ire,
So she for ever burn in unquench'd fire;
But fear expels all reasons; she doth run
Into a darksome cave ne'er seen by sun.

XXIII.

With haste she let her looser mantle fall;
Which when th' enraged lion did espy,

With bloody teeth he tore in pieces ſmall,
Whilſt Thiſbe ran and look'd not back at all:
For could the ſenſeleſs beaſt her face deſery,
It had not done her ſuch an injury.

XXIV.

The night half waſted, Pyramus did come;
Wo ſeeing printed in the yielding ſand
The lion's paw, and by the fountain ſome
Of Thiſbe's garment, ſorrow ſtruck him dumb:
Juſt like a marble ſtatute did he ſtand,
Cut by ſome ſkillful graver's artful hand.

XXV.

Recov'ring breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
Waſhing with tears the torn and bloody weed:
"I may," ſaid he, "myſelf for her death blame,
"Therefore my blood ſhall waſh away that ſhame;
"Since ſhe is dead whoſe beauty doth exceed
"All that frail man can either hear or read."

XXVI.

This ſpoke, he drew his fatal ſword, and ſaid,
"Receive my crimſon blood, as a due debt
"Unto thy conſtant love, to which 'tis paid:
"I ſtraight will meet thee in the pleaſant ſhade
"Of cool Elyſium, where we being met,
"ſhall taſte thoſe joys that here we could not get."

XXVII.

Then through his breaſt thruſting his ſword, life hies
From him, and he makes haſte to ſeek his fair;
And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,
His blood had dropt upon the mulberries,
With which th' unſpotted berries ſtained were,
And ever ſince with red they colour'd are.

XXVIII.

At laſt fair Thiſbe left the den, for fear
Of diſappointing Pyramus, ſince ſhe
Was bound by promiſe for to meet him there;
But when ſhe ſaw the berries changed were
From white to black, ſhe knew not certainly
It was the place where they agreed to be.

XXIX.

With what delight, through the dark cave ſhe came,
Thinking to tell how ſhe eſcap'd the beaſt;
But when ſhe ſaw her Pyramus lie ſlain,
Ah! how perplex'd did her ſad ſoul remain!
She tears her golden hair, and beats her breaſt,
And every ſign of raging grief expreſs'd.

XXX.

She blames all-powerful Jove, and ſtrives to take
His bleeding body from the moiſten'd ground;
She kiſſes his pale face, till ſhe doth make
It red with kiſſing, and then ſeeks to wake
His parting ſoul with mournful words; his wound
Waſhes with tears, that her ſweet ſpeech confound.

XXXI.

But afterwards recov'ring breath, ſaid ſhe,
"Alas! what chance hath parted thee and me?
"O tell what evil hath befall'n to thee,
"That of thy death I may a partner be;
"Tell Thiſbe what hath caus'd this tragedy."
He, hearing Thiſbe's name, lifts up his eyes,

XXXII.

And on his love he rais'd his dying head,
Where, ſtriving long for breath, at laſt, ſaid he,
"O Thiſbe! I am haſting to the dead,
"And cannot heal that wound my fear hath made.
"Farewel, ſweet Thiſbe! we muſt parted be,
"For angry Death will force me ſoon from thee."

XXXIII.

Life did from him, he from his miſtreſs, part,
Leaving his love to languiſh here in woe.
What ſhall ſhe do? how ſhall ſhe eaſe her heart?
Or with what language ſpeak her inward ſmart?
Uſurping paſſion reaſon doth o'erflow;
She vows that with her Pyramus ſhe'll go.

XXXIV.

Then takes the ſword wherewith her love was ſlain,
With Pyramus his crimſon blood warm ſtill,
And ſaid "O ſtay bleſs'd Soul! a while refrain,
"That we may go together, and remain
"In endleſs joy, and never fear the ill
"Of grudging friends." Then ſhe herſelf did kill.

XXXV.

To tell what grief their parents did ſuſtain,
Were more than my rude quill can overcome;
Much they did weep and grieve, but all in vain;
For weeping calls not back the dead again.
Both in one grave were laid, when life was done,
And theſe few words were writ upon the tomb;

EPITAPH.

I.

UNDERNEATH this marble ſtone
Lie two beauties join'd in one:
Two whoſe love death could not ſever,
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

2.

Two whoſe ſouls b'ing too divine
For earth, in their own ſphere now ſhine:
Who have left their loves to fame,
And their earth to earth again.

A Dream of Elyſium.

PHOEBUS, expell'd by th' approaching night,
Bluſh'd, and for ſhame cloſ'd in his baſhful light,
While I, with leaden Morpheus overcome,
The Muſe whom I adore enter'd the room.
Her hair with looſer curioſity,
Did on her comely back diſhevell'd lie;
Her eyes with ſuch attractive beauty ſhone,
As might have wak'd ſleeping Endymion.
She bade me riſe, and promis'd I ſhould ſee
Thoſe fields, thoſe manſions of felicity,
We mortals ſo admire at: ſpeaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd Pegaſus,
On whom I rode, knowing wherever ſhe
Did go, that place muſt needs a temple be.
No ſooner was my flying courſer come
To the bleſs'd dwellings of Elyſium,
When ſtraight a thouſand unknown joys reſort,
And hemm'd me round, chaſte Love's ſinnocuous ſport:
A thouſand ſweets, bought with no foll'wing gall,
Joys, not like ours, ſhort, but perpetual.

How many objects charm my wand'ring eye,
And bid my soul gaze there eternally?
Here, in full streams, Bacchus! thy liquor flows,
Nor knows to ebb: here Jove's broad trees bestows
Distilling honey: here doth nectar pass
With copious current through the verdant grass:
Here Hyacinth, his fate writ in his looks,
And thou, Narcissus, loving still the brooks,
Once lovely boys, and Acis, now a flower,
Are nourish'd, with that rarer herb, whose power
Created thee, War's potent God: here grows
The spotless lily and the blushing rose;
And all those diverse ornaments abound,
That variously may paint the gaudy ground.
No willow, Sorrow's garland, there hath room,
Nor cypress, sad attendant of a tomb:
None but Apollo's tree, and th' ivy twine,
Embracing the stout oak, the fruitful vine,
And trees with golden apples loaded down,
On whose fair tops sweet Philomel alone,
Unmindful of her former misery,
Tunes with her voice a ravishing harmony,
Whilst all the murm'ring brooks that glide along,
Make up a burden to her pleasing song.
No screech-owl, sad companion of the night,
No hideous raven, with prodigious flight,
Presaging future ill: nor, Progne! thee
Yet spotted with young Itys' tragedy,
Those sacred bow'rs receive. There's nothing
That is not pure, all innocent, and rare. [there
Turning my greedy sight another way,
Under a row of storm-contemning bay,
I saw the Thracian singer with his lyre
Teach the deaf stones to hear him and admire:
Him the whole poet's chorus compass'd round,
All whom the oak, all whom the laurel, crown'd.
There banish'd Ovid had a lasting home,
Better than thou couldst give, ungrateful Rome!
And Lucan (spight of Nero) in each vein
Had ev'ry drop of his spilt blood again.
Homer, Sol's first-born, was not poor or blind,
But saw as well in body as in mind.
Tully, grave Cato, Solon, and the rest
Of Greece's admir'd wise men, here possess'd
A large reward for their past deeds, and gain
A life as everlasting as their fame.
By these the valiant heroes take their place,
All who stern Death and perils did embrace
For Virtue's cause. Great Alexander there
Laughs at the earth's small empire, and does wear
A nobler crown than the whole world could give.
There did Horatius, Cocles, Sceva, live,
And valiant Decius, who now freely cease
From war, and purchase an eternal peace.
Next them, beneath a myrtle bow'r, where doves
And gallefs pigeons build their nests, all Love's
True faithful servants, with an am'rous kiss,
And soft embrace, enjoy their greediest wish.
Leander with his beauteous hero plays,
Nor are they parted with dividing seas.
Portia enjoys her Brutus; Death no more
Can now divorce their wedding as before.
Thisbe her Pyramus kiss'd, his Thisbe he
Embrac'd, each bless'd with th' other's company:
And every couple, always dancing, sing
Eternal pleasures to Elysium's king.
But see how soon these pleasures fade away,
How near to ev'ning is Delight's short day!
The watching bird, true nuncius of the light,
Straight crowd, and all then vanish'd from my sight:
My very Muse herself forsook me too;
Me grief and wonder wak'd, what should I do?
Oh! let me follow thee, said I, and go
From life, that I may dream for ever so.
With that my flying Muse I thought to clasp
Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp.
Thus chiefest joys glide with the swiftest stream,
And all our greatest pleasure's but a dream.

On his Majesty's Return out of Scotland.

Great Charles! (there stop, ye Trumpeters of Fame,
For he who speaks his titles, his great name,
Must have a breathing time) our King: stay there,
Speak by degrees, let th' inquisitive ear
Be held in doubt, and e'er you say, "Is come,"
Let every heart prepare a spacious room
For ample joys; then Iö sing as loud
As thunder shot from the divided cloud.
Let Cygnus pluck from the Arabian waves
The ruby of the rock, the pearl that paves
Great Neptune's court; let every sparrow bear
From the three Sisters' weeping bark, a tear:
Let spotted lynxes their sharp talons fill
With crystal, fetch'd from the Promethean hill:
Let Cytherea's birds fresh wreaths compose,
Knitting the pale-fac'd lily with the rose:
Let the selfgotten phœnix rob his nest,
Spoil his own fun'ral pile, and all his best
Of myrrh, of frankincense, of Cassia, bring,
To strew the way for our returned King.
Let every post a panegyric wear,
Each wall, each pillar, gratulations bear;
And yet let no man invocate a Muse;
The very matter will itself infuse
A sacred fury. Let the merry bells
(For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
Ring without help of sexton, and presage
A new-made holiday for future age.
And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate
A golden temple to propitious Fate,
At the return of any noblemen,
Of heroes, or of emp'rors, we must then
Raise up a double trophy; for their fame
Was but the shadow of our Charles's name.
Who is there where all virtues mingled flow?
Where no defects or imperfections grow?
Whose head is always crown'd with victory
Snatch'd from Bellona's hand; him Luxury
In peace debilitates; whose tongue can win
Tully's own garland, Pride to him creeps in:
On whom, like Atlas' shoulders, the propt state
(As he were *primum mobile* of Fate)
Solely relies; him blind Ambition moves,
His tyranny the bridled subject proves.
But all those virtues which they all possess'd
Divided, are collected in thy breast,

Great Charles! Let Cæsar boast Pharsalia's fight;
Honorious praise the Parthians' unfeign'd flight;
Let Alexander call himself Jove's peer,
And place his image near the Thunderer;
Yet while our Charles with equal balance reigns
'Twixt Mercy and Astrea, and maintains
A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he
Who is most near, most like, the Deity.

A Song on the same.

Hence, clouded looks! hence, briny tears!
Hence, eye that Sorrow's liv'ry wears!
What tho' a while Apollo please
To visit the Antipodes?
Yet he returns, and with his light
Expels what he hath caus'd, the night.
What tho' the Spring vanish away,
And with it the earth's form decay?
Yet his new birth will soon restore
What its departure took before.
What tho' we miss'd our absent King
A while? great Charles is come again,
And with his presence makes us know
The gratitude to Heav'n we owe.
So doth a cruel storm impart
And teach us Palinurus' art:
So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,
A joyful Venus doth arise.

The Wish.

I.

Lest the misjudging world should chance to say
I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,
To whimper in Jove's ear
How much I wish that funeral,
Or gape at such a great one's fall;
This let all ages hear,
And future times in my soul's picture see
What I abhor, what I desire to be.

II.

I would not be a Puritan, tho' he
Can preach two hours, and yet his sermon be
But half a quarter long,
Tho' from his old mechanic trade
By vision he's a pastor made,
His faith was grown so strong;
Nay, tho' he think to gain salvation
By calling the Pope the Whore of Babylon.

III.

I would not be a schoolmaster, tho' to him
His rods no less than Consuls' fasces seem;
Tho' he in many a place,
Turns Lily oft'ner than his gowns,
Till at the last he makes the nouns
Fight with the verbs apace;
Nay, tho' he can, in a poetic heat,
Figures, born since, out of poor Virgil beat!

IV.

I would not be a Justice of Peace, tho' he
Can with equality divide the fee,
And stakes with his clerk draw;
Nay, tho' he sits upon the place
Of judgment, with a learned face
Intricate as the law;
And whilst he mulcts enormities demurely,
Breaks Priscian's head with sentences securely.

V.

I would not be a Courtier, tho' he
Makes his whole life the truest comedy;
Altho' he be a man
In whom the tailor's forming art,
And nimble barber, claim more part
Than Nature herself can;
Tho', as he uses men, 'tis his intent,
To put off Death too with a compliment.

VI.

From lawyers' tongues, tho' they can spin with ease
The shortest cause into a paraphrase,
From usurers' conscience
(For swallowing up young heirs so fast,
Without all doubt they'll choke at last)
Make me all innocence,
Good Heav'n! and from thy eyes, O Justice! keep;
For tho' they be not blind, they're oft asleep.

VII.

From singing-men's religion, who are
Always at church, just like the crows, 'cause there
They build themselves a nest;
From too much poetry, which shines
With gold in nothing but its lines,
Free, O you Pow'rs! my breast;
And from astronomy, which in the skies
Finds fish and bulls, yet doth but tantalize.

VIII.

From your Court-madam's beauty, which doth carry
At morning May, at night a January;
From the grave City-brow
(For tho' it want an R, it has
The letter of Pythagoras)
Keep me, O Fortune! now,
And chines of beef innumerable send me,
Or from the stomach of the guard defend me.

IX.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone:
Th' unknown are better than ill known:
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not from the number, but the choice of friends.

X.

Books should, not bus'ness, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, not luxury;
My garden, painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's, that pleasure yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

XI.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well twice runs his race;
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, and happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them, I have liv'd to-day.

A Poetical Revenge.

WESTMINSTER-HALL a friend and I agreed
To meet in. He (some business 'twas did breed
His absence) came not there. I up did go
To the next court; for tho' I could not know
Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear
(As most spectators do at theatre)
Things very strange. Fortune did seem to grace
My coming there, and help'd me to a place:
But being newly settled at the sport,
A semi-gentleman of the Inns of Court,
In satin suit, redeem'd but yesterday,
One who is ravish'd with a cockpit play,
Who prays God to deliver him from no evil
Besides a tailor's bill, and fears no devil
Besides a serjeant, thrust me from my seat;
At which I 'gan to quarrel, till a neat
Man in a ruff (whom therefore I did take
For barrister) open'd his mouth and spake:
"Boy! get you gone; this is no school." "Oh, no;
"For if it were, all you gown'd men would go
"Up for false Latin." They grew straight to be
Incens'd; I fear'd they would have brought on me
An action of trespass, till the young man
Aforesaid, in the satin suit, began
To strike me. Doubtless there had been a fray,
Had not I providently skipp'd away
Without replying; for to scold is ill,
Where ev'ry tongue's the clapper of a mill,
And can outsonnd Homer's Gradivus; so
Away got I; but e'er I far did go,
I flung (the darts of wounding poetry)
These two or three sharp curses back: May he
Be by his father in his study took
At Shakespeare's Plays, instead of my Lord Coke.
May he (tho' all his writings grow as soon
As Butter's out of estimation)
Get him a poet's name, and so ne'er come
Into a serjeant's or dead judge's room:
May he become some poor physician's prey,
Who keeps men with that conscience in delay
As he his client doth, till his health be
As far fetch'd as a Greek noun's pedigree:
Nay, for all that, may the disease be gone
Never but in the long vacation:
May neighbours use all quarrels to decide;
But if for law any to London ride,
Of all those clients may not one be his,
Unless he come *in forma pauperis*.
Grant this, ye Gods that favour poetry!
That all these never-ceasing tongues may be
Brought into reformation, and not dare
To quarrel with a threadbare black; but spare
Them who bear scholars' names, lest some one take
Spleen, and another Ignoramus make.

Upon the Shortness of Man's Life.

I.

MARK that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,
How it outruns thy following eye!
Use all persuasions now, and try
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
That way it went, but thou shalt find
No track is left behind.

II.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou!
Of all the time thou'st shot away,
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind?

III.

Our life is carry'd with too strong a tide,
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years:
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

IV.

But his past life, who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to Fame, Thou art mine heir;
That man extends life's nat'ral brevity—
This is, this is the only way
To outlive Nestor in a day.

On the Queen's repairing Somerset-House.

WHEN God (the cause to me and men unknown)
Forsook the royal houses and his own,
And both abandon'd to the common foe,
How near to ruin did my glories go!
Nothing remain'd t' adorn this princely place,
Which cov'tous hands could take, or rude deface.
In all my rooms and galleries I found
The richest figures torn, and all around
Dismember'd statues of great heroes lay;
Such Naseby's field seem'd on the fatal day.
And me, when nought for robbery was left,
They starv'd to death; the gasping walls were
The pillars sunk, the roofs above me wept, [cleft,
No sign of spring, or joy, my garden kept;
Nothing was seen which could content the eye,
Till dead the impious tyrant here did lie.
See how my face is chang'd, and what I am,
Since my true Mistress, and now foundress, came!
It does not fill her bounty to restore
Me as I was (nor was I small) before:
She imitates the kindness to her shewn;
She does, like Heav'n, (which the dejected throne
At once restores, fixes, and higher rears)
Strengthen, enlarge, exalt, what she repairs.
And now I dare, (tho' proud I must not be,
Whilst my great Mistress I so humble see
In all her various glories) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudest palaces compare:
My beauty and convenience will, I'm sure,
So just a boast with modesty endure;
And all must to me yield, when I shall tell
How I am plac'd, and who does in me dwell.
Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,
Which still with waves of crowding people flows,
And ev'ry day there passes by my side,
Up to its western reach, the London tide,

The ſpringtides of the term: my front looks down
On all the pride and buſ'neſs of the Town:
My other front, (for as in kings we ſee
The livelieſt image of the Deity,
We in their houſes ſhould Heav'n's likeneſs find,
Where nothing can be ſaid to be behind)
My other fair and more majeſtic face,
(Who can the fair to more advantage place?)
For ever gazes on itſelf below,
In the beſt mirror that the world can ſhew.
And here behold, in a long bending row,
How two joint cities make one glorious bow;
The midſt, the nobleſt place, poſſeſs'd by me,
Beſt to be ſeen by all, and all o'erſee.
Which way ſoe'er I turn my joyful eye,
Here the great Court, there the rich Town, I ſpy;
On either ſide dwells Safety and Delight,
Wealth on the left, and Pow'r upon the right.
T' aſſure yet my defence, on either hand,
Like mighty forts, in equal diſtance ſtand
Two of the beſt and ſtatelieſt piles which e'er
Man's lib'ral piety of old did rear,
Where the two princes of th' apoſtle's band,
My neighbours and my guards, watch and command.
My warlike guard of ſhips, which farther lie,
Might be my object too, were not the eye
Stoop'd by the houſes of that wondrous ſtreet,
Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet.
The ſtream's eternal ſiege they fix'd abide,
And the ſwoln ſtream's auxiliary tide,
Though both their ruin with joint pow'r conſpire,
Both to outbrave, they nothing dread but fire.
And here my Thames, though it more gentle be
Than any flood ſo ſtrengthen'd by the ſea,
Finding by art his nat'ral forces broke,
And bearing, captive-like, the arched yoke,
Does roar, and foam, and rage, at the diſgrace,
But recompoſes ſtraight, and calms his face,
Is into reverence and ſubmiſſion ſtrook,
As ſoon as from afar he does but look
Tow'rds the White Palace, where that king does reign,
Who lays his laws and bridges o'er the main.
Amidſt theſe louder honours of my ſeat,
And two vaſt cities, troubleſomely great,
In a large various plain, the country, too,
Opens her gentler bleſſings to my view;
In me the active and the quiet mind,
By different ways, equal content may find.
If any prouder virtuoſo's ſenſe
At that part of my proſpect take offence,
By which the meaner cabins are deſcry'd
Of my imperial river's humbler ſide;
If they call that a blemiſh, let them know
God, and my godlike Miſtreſs, think not ſo;
For the diſtreſs'd and the afflicted lie
Moſt in their care, and always in their eye.
And thou, fair River! who ſtill pay'ſt to me
Juſt homage in thy paſſage to the ſea,
Take here this one inſtruction as thou goeſt:
When thy mix'd waves ſhall viſit ev'ry coaſt,
When round the world their voyage they ſhall make,
And back to thee ſome ſecret channels take,
Aſk them what nobler ſight they e'er did meet,
Except thy mighty Maſter's ſov'reign fleet,
Which now triumphant o'er the main does ride,
The terror of all lands, the ocean's pride.
From hence his kingdoms, happy now at laſt!
(Happy, if wiſe by their misfortunes paſt)
From hence may omens take of that ſucceſs
Which both their future wars and peace ſhall bleſs:
The peaceful mother on mild Thames does build,
With her ſon's fabrics the rough ſea is fill'd

On his Majeſty's return out of Scotland.

I.

Welcome, great Sir! with all the joy that's due
To the return of peace and you:
Two greateſt bleſſings which this age can know;
For that to thee, for thee to Heav'n, we owe.
Others by war their conqueſts gain,
You, like a god, your ends obtain;
Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,
Spoke but the word, and ſweetly order'd all,

II.

This happy concord in no blood is writ,
None can grudge Heav'n full thanks for it.
No mothers here lament their children's fate,
And like the peace, but think it comes too late.
No widows hear the jocund bells,
And take them for their huſband's knells;
No drop of blood is ſpilt, which might be ſaid
To mark our joyful holyday with red.

III.

'Twas only Heav'n could work this wondrous thing,
And only work't by ſuch a king.
Again the Northern hinds may ſing and plow,
And fear no harm but from the weather now.
Again may tradeſmen love their pain,
By knowing now for whom they gain.
The armour now may be hung up to ſight,
And only in their halls the children fright.

IV.

The gain of civil wars will not allow
Bay to the conq'ror's brow.
At ſuch a game what fool would venture in,
Where one muſt loſe, yet neither ſide can win?
How juſtly would our neighbours ſmile
At theſe mad quarrels of our iſle;
Swell'd with proud hopes to ſnatch the whole away,
Whilſt we bet all, and yet for nothing play?

V.

How was the ſilver Tyne frighted before,
And durſt not kiſs the armed ſhore?
His waters ran more ſwiftly than they uſe,
And haſted to the ſea to tell the news.
The ſea itſelf, how rough ſoe'er,
Could ſcarce believe ſuch fury here.
How could the Scots and we be enemies grown?
That, and its maſter Charles, had made us one.

VI.

No blood ſo loud as that of Civil war;
It calls for danger from afar.

Let's rather go and seek out them and Fame;
Thus our forefathers got, thus left a name.
All their rich blood was spent with gains,
But that which swells their children's veins.
Why sit we still, our sp'rits wrapt up in lead?
Not like them whilst they liv'd, but now they're dead.

VII.

This noise at home was but Fate's policy
To raise our sp'rits more high,
So a bold lion, e'er he seeks his prey,
Lashes his sides, and roars, and then away.
How would the German Eagle fear,
To see a new Gustavus there?
How would it shake, tho' as 't was wont to do
For Jove of old, it now bore thunder too!

VIII.

Sure there are actions of this height and praise
Destin'd to Charles's days.
What will the triumphs of his battles be,
Whose very peace itself is victory?
When Heav'n bestows the best of kings,
It bids us think of mighty things.
His valour, wisdom, offspring, speak no less,
And we, the prophet's sons, write not by guess.

Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's ship, presented to the University Library in Oxford, by John Davis of Deptford, Esq.

To this great ship, which round the globe has run,
And match'd in race the chariot of the sun,
This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim,
Without presumption, so deserv'd a name,
By knowledge once, and transformation now)
In her new shape this sacred port allow.
Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from Fate
A more bless'd station, or more bless'd estate
For, lo! a seat of endless rest is giv'n
To her in Oxford, and to him in heav'n.

On the praise of Poetry.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man,
But verses only; they shall fresh appear,
Whilst there are men to read or hear,
When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
And eat the pyramid away,
Turning that monument wherein men trust
Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust;
Then shall the epitaph remain, and be
New graven in eternity.
Poets by death are conquer'd, but the wit
Of poets triumph over it.
What cannot verse? When Thracian Orpheus took
His lyre, and gently on it strook,
The learned stones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming song.
With artificial pace the warlike pine,
The elm and his wife the ivy twine,
With all the better trees which erst had stood
Unmov'd, forsook their native wood.
The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
Craving the honour of his brow;
And ev'ry loving arm embrac'd, and made
With their officious leaves a shade.
The beasts, too, strove his auditors to be,
Forgetting their old tyranny.
The fearful hart next to the lion came,
And wolf was shepherd to the lamb.
Nightingales, harmless Syrens of the air,
And Muses of the place, were there;
Who, when their little windpipes they had found
Unequal to so strange a sound,
O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire,
And fell upon the conqu'ring lyre.
Happy, O happy they! whose tomb might be,
Mausolus! envied by thee!

THE MOTTO.

Tentanda via est, &c.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I shall like beasts or common people die,
Unless you write my elegy;
Whilst others great by being born are grown,
Their mother's labour, not their own.
In this scale gold, in th' other fame does lie;
The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright,
Brought forth with their own fire and light.
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
Out of myself it must be strook.
Yet I must on: What sound is 't strikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:
It sounds like the last trumpet, for it can
Raise up the bury'd man.
Unpass'd Alps stop me, but I'll cut through all,
And march, the Muse's Hannibal.
Hence, all the flatt'ring vanities that lay
Nets of roses in the way;
Hence, the desire of honours or estate,
And all that is not above Fate;
Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days,
Which intercepts my coming praise.
Come, my best Friends! my books! and lead me on,
'Tis time that I were gone.
Welcome, great Stagirite! and teach me now
All I was born to know:
Thy scholar's vict'ries thou dost far out-do;
He conquer'd the earth, the whole world you.
Welcome learn'd Cicero! whose bless'd tongue and wit
Preserves Rome's greatness yet:
Thou art the first of orators; only he
Who best can praise thee next must be.
Welcome the Mantuan swan! Virgil the wise,
Whose verse walks highest, but not flies;

Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,
And made that art which was a rage.
Tell me, ye mighty Three, what shall I do
To be like one of you?
But you have climb'd the mountain's top, there sit
On the calm flourishing head of it,
And whilst, with wearied steps, we upward go,
See us and clouds below.

The Chronicle. A Ballad.

I.

Margarita first possess'd,
If I remember well my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

II.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine:
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

III.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en:
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

IV.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

V.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

VI.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess dy'd
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

VII.

One month, three days, and half-an-hour,
Judith held the sov'reign pow'r.
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

VIII.

But when Isabella came
Arm'd with a resistless flame;
And th' artillery of her eye
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

IX.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensu'd a vacancy.
Thousand worst passions then possess'd
The interegnum of my breast.
Bless me from such an anarchy!

X.

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began:
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

XI.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines:

XII.

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts,
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries!

XIII.

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Mach'avel the waitingmaid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell,
To change of weathers that befel)
Than Hollingshed or Stow.

XIV.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora! first o' the name,
Whom God grant long to reign.

The tree of Knowledge. That there is no knowledge, Against the Dogmatists.

I.

The sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew,
The Phœnix Truth did on it rest,
And built his perfum'd nest.
That right Porphyrian tree which did true logic shew.
Each leaf did learned notions give,
And th' apples were demonstrative:
So clear their colour, and divine,
The very shade they cast did other lights out shine.

II.

Taste not, said God: 'tis mine and angels' meat;
A certain death does sit,
Like an ill-worm, i' the core of it.

Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know, and eat.
Thus spoke God, yet man did go
Ignorantly on to know;
Grew so more blind, and she
Who tempted him to this grew yet more blind than he.

III.

The only science man by this did get,
Was but to know he nothing knew:
He straight his nakedness did view,
His ign'rant poor estate, and was asham'd of it:
Yet searches probabilities,
And rhetoric and fallacies,
And seeks, by useless pride,
With slight and with'ring leaves that nakedness to hide.

IV.

Henceforth, said God, the wretched sons of earth
Shall sweat for food in vain,
That will not long sustain,
And bring with labour forth each fond abortive birth.
That serpent, too, their pride,
Which aims at things deny'd,
That learn'd and eloquent lust,
Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon the dust.

The Complaint.

I.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a bow'r for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade
Of the black ewe's unlucky green,
Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful gray,
Where rev'rend Cam cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay;
And, lo! a muse appear'd to his clos'd sight,
(The Muses oft' in lands of vision play)
Body'd, array'd, and seen by an internal light:
A golden harp with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
In which all colours and all figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate,
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,
She us'd of old near fair Ilissus' stream
Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

II.

She touch'd him with her harp and rais'd him from the ground;
The shaken strings melodiously resound.
"Art thou return'd at last," said she,
"To this forsaken place and me?
Thou Prodigal! who didst so loosely waste,
Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
Art thou return'd, here to repent too late?
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
And Winter marches on so fast?
But when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
And did as learn'd a portion assign
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their dearest children done;
When I resolv'd t' exalt thy anointed name,
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
Thou Changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and shew,
Wouldst into courts and cities from me go;
Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share
In all the follies and the tumults there;
Thou would'st, forsooth! be something in a state,
And business thou wouldst find, and would'st create:
Business! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;
Business! the grave impertinence;
Business! the thing which I of all things hate,
Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

III.

Go, Renegado! cast up thy account,
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy.
Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were past,
All thy remaining life should sunshine be:
Behold the public storm is spent at last,
The Sovereign is toss'd at sea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at last to shore:
But whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see,
All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,
Thou still alone, alas! dost gaping stand,
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand.

IV.

As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
After a tedious stormy night,
Such was the glorious entry of our King;
Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing:
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light,
But then, alas! to thee alone,
One of Old Gideon's miracles was shewn,
For ev'ry tree, and ev'ry hand around,
With pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd ground
The fruitful seed of heav'n did brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
It did all other threats surpass,
When God to his own people said,
(The men whom thro' long wand'rings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a heav'n of brass:
They look'd up to that heav'n in vain,
That bounteous heav'n! which God did not restrain
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

V.

The Rachel, for which twice seven years, and more,
Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
Tho' she contracted was to thee,

Giv'n to another, thou didſt ſee,
Giv'n to another, who had ſtore
Of fairer and of richer wives before,
And not a Leah left, thy recompenſe to be.
Go on, twice ſev'n years more, thy fortune try,
Twice ſev'n years more God in his bouuty may
Give thee to fling away
Into the Court's deceitful lottery:
But think how likely 'tis that thou,
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough
Shouldſt in a hard and barren ſeaſon thrive,
Shouldſt even able be to live;
Thou! to whoſe ſhare ſo little bread did fall
In the miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all."

VI.

Thus ſpake the muſe, and ſpake it with a ſmile,
That ſeem'd at once to pity and revile:
And to her thus, raiſing his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley ſaid:
"Ah! wanton Foe! doſt thou upbraid
The ills which thou thyſelf haſt made?
When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit! ſtoleſt me away,
And my abuſed ſoul didſt bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
Thy golden Indies in the air;
And ever ſince I ſtrive in vain
My raviſh'd freedom to regain;
Still I rebel, ſtill thou doſt reign;
Lo, ſtill in verſe, againſt thee I complain.
There is a ſort of ſtubborn weeds,
Which, if the earth but once it ever breeds,
No wholeſome herb can near them thrive,
No uſeful plant can keep alive:
The fooliſh ſports I did on thee beſtow
Make all my art and labour fruitleſs now;
Where once ſuch fairies dance, no graſs doth ever grow.

VII.

When my new mind had no infuſion known,
Thou gav'ſt ſo deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever ſince I vainly try
To waſh away th' inherent dye:
Long work, perhaps, may ſpoil thy colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white.
To all the ports of honour and of gain,
I often ſteer my courſe in vain;
Thy gale comes croſs, and drives me back again.
Thou ſlacken'ſt all my nerves of induſtry,
By making them ſo oft' to be
The tinkling ſtrings of thy looſe minſtrelſy.
Whoever this world's happineſs would ſee,
Muſt as entirely caſt off thee,
As they who only heav'n deſire
Do from the world retire.
This was my error, this my groſs miſtake,
Myſelf a demi-votary to make.
Thus with Sapphira and her huſband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And periſh for the part which I retain.

VIII.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muſe!
The court and better king t' accuſe;
The heav'n under which I live is fair,
The fertile ſoil will a full harveſt bear:
Thine, thine is all the barrenneſs, if thou
Mak'ſt me ſit ſtill and ſing when I ſhould plough.
When I but think how many a tedious year
Our patient Sovereign did attend
His long misfortunes' fatal end;
How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend,
I ought to be accurs'd if I refuſe
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muſe!
Kings have long hands, they ſay, and tho' I be
So diſtant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all princes thou [ſlow;
Shouldſt not reproach rewards for being ſmall or
Thou! who rewardeſt but with pop'lar breath,
And that, too, after death!

The Adventures of Five Hours.

As when our kings (lords of the ſpacious main)
Take in juſt wars a rich Plate-fleet of Spain,
The rude unſhapen ingots they reduce
Into a form of beauty and of uſe,
On which the conqu'ror's image now does ſhine,
Not his whom it belong'd to in the mine;
So in the mild contentions of the Muſe
('The war which Peace itſelf loves and purſues)
So have you home to us in triumph brought
This cargazon of Spain with treaſures fraught.
You have not baſely gotten it by ſtealth,
Nor by tranſlation borrow'd all its wealth;
But by a pow'rful ſp'rit made it your own;
Metal before, money by you 'tis grown:
'Tis current now, by your adorning it
With the fair ſtamp of your victorious wit.
But tho' we praiſe this voyage of your mind,
And tho' ourſelves enrich'd by it we find,
We're not contented yet, becauſe we know
What greater ſtores at home within it grow:
We 'ave ſeen how well you foreign ores refine,
Produce the gold of your own nobler mine;
The world ſhall then our native plenty view,
And fetch materials for their wit from you;
They all ſhall watch the travails of your pen,
And Spain on you ſhall make repriſals then.

A Tranſlation of Verſes upon the Bleſſed Virgin; Written in Latin by the Right Worſhipful Dr. A.

AVE MARIA.

Once thou rejoiced'ſt, and rejoice for ever,
Whoſe time of joy ſhall be expired never;
Who in her womb the hive of comfort bears,
Let her drink comfort's honey with her ears.
You brought the word of joy in which was born
An hail to all; let us an hail return.
From you, God ſave, into the world there came;
Our echo hail is but an empty name.

GRATIA PLENA.

How loaded hives are with their honey fill'd,
From divers flow'rs by chemic bees diſtill'd!
How full the collet with his jewel is,
Which, that it cannot take, by love, doth kiſs:
How full the moon is with her brother's ray,
When ſhe drinks up with thirſty orb the day!
How full of grace the Grace's dances are!
So full doth Mary of God's light appear.
It is no wonder if with graces ſhe
Be full, who was full with the Deity.

DOMINUS TECUM.

The fall of mankind under Death's extent
The choir of bleſſed angels did lament,
And wiſh'd a reparation to ſee
By him who manhood join'd with Deity.
How grateful ſhould man's ſafety then appear
T' himſelf, whoſe ſafety can the angels cheer?

BENEDICTA TU IN MULIERIBUS.

Death came, and troops of ſad diſeaſes led
To th' earth, by woman's hand ſolicited.
Life came ſo too, and troops of Graces led
To th' earth, by woman's faith ſolicited.
As our life's ſpring came from thy bleſſed womb,
So from our mouths, ſprings of thy praiſe ſhall come.
Who did life's bleſſing give, 'tis fit that ſhe
Above all women ſhould thrice bleſſed be.

ET BENEDICTUS FRUCTUS VENTRIS TUI.

With mouth divine the Father doth proteſt,
He a good Word ſent from his ſtored breaſt;
'Twas Chriſt, which Mary without carnal thought,
From the unfathom'd depth of goodneſs brought;
The Word of Bleſſing a juſt cauſe affords
To be oft' bleſſed with redoubled words.

SPIRITUS SANCTUS SUPERVENIET IN TE.

As when ſoft weſt-winds fan the garden-roſe,
A ſhower of ſweeter air ſalutes the noſe;
The breath gives ſparing kiſſes, nor with power
Unlocks the virgin boſom of the flower;
So th' Holy Spirit upon Mary blow'd,
And from her ſacred box whole rivers flow'd;
Yet loos'd not thine eternal chaſtity,
Thy roſes' folds do ſtill entangled lie.
Believe Chriſt born from an unbruiſed womb,
So from unbruiſed bark the odours come.

ET VIRTUS ALTISSIMI OBUMBRABIT TIBI.

God his great Son begot e'er time begun,
Mary in time brought forth her little Son:
Of double ſubſtance One: life he began,
God without mother, without father man.
Great is the birth, and 'tis a ſtranger deed
That ſhe no man, than God no wife, ſhould need.
A ſhade delighted the childbearing maid,
And God himſelf became to her a ſhade.
O ſtrange deſcent! who is light's author, he
Will to his creature thus a ſhadow be.
As unſeen light did from the Father flow,
So did ſeen light from Virgin Mary grow.
When Moſes ſought God in a ſhade to ſee,
The Father's ſhade was Chriſt the Deity.
Let's ſeek for day, flee darkneſs, whilſt our ſight
In light finds darkneſs, and in darkneſs light.

On the uncertainty of Fortune. A Tranſlation.

I.

Leave off unfit complaints, and clear
From ſighs your breaſt, and from black clouds your brow,
When the ſun ſhines not with his wonted cheer,
And Fortune throws an adverſe caſt for you.
That ſea which vex'd with Notus is,
The merry Weſt-winds will to-morrow kiſs.

II.

The ſun to-day rides drowſily,
To-morrow 'twill put on a look more fair;
Laughter and groaning do alternately
Return, and tears ſport's neareſt neighbours are.
'Tis by the gods appointed ſo,
That good fare ſhould with mingled dangers flow.

III.

Who drave his oxen yeſterday,
Doth now over the nobleſt Romans reign,
And on the Gabii and the Cures lay
The yoke which from his oxen he had ta'en.
Whom Heſperus ſaw poor and low,
The Morning's eye beholds him greateſt now.

IV.

If Fortune knit amongſt her play
But ſerioufneſs, he ſhall again go home
To his old country-farm of yeſterday,
To ſcoffing people no mean jeſt become;
And with the crowned axe, which he
Had rul'd the world, go back and prune ſome tree;
Nay, if he want the fuel cold requires,
With his own faſces he ſhall make him fires.

That a Pleaſant Poverty is to be preferred before Diſcontented Riches.

I.

Why, O! doth gaudy Tagus raviſh thee,
Tho' Neptune's treaſurehouſe it be?
Why doth Pactolus thee bewitch,
Infected yet with Midas' glorious itch?

II.

Their dull and ſleepy ſtreams are not at all,
Like other floods, poetical;
They have no dance, no wanton ſport,
No gentle murmur, the lov'd ſhore to court.

III.

No fiſh inhabit the adulterate flood,
Nor can it feed the neighb'ring wood:
No flow'r or herb is near it found,
But a perpetual winter ſtarves the ground.

IV.

Give me a river which doth ſcorn to ſhew
An added beauty, whoſe clear brow
May be my looking-glaſs, to ſee
What my face is, and what my mind ſhould be.

V.

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,
And prattle to the ſmiling ba·k:
Here ſad kingfiſhers tell their tales,
And fiſh enrich the brook with ſilver ſcales.

VI.

Daiſies, the firſt-born of the teeming Spring,
On each ſide their embroidery bring,
Here lilies waſh, and grow more white,
And daffodils to ſee themſelves delight.

VII.

Here a freſh arbour gives her am'rous ſhade,
Which Nature, the beſt gard'ner, made;
Here I would ſit and ſing rude lays,
Such as the Nymphs, and me myſelf would pleaſe.

VIII.

Thus would I waſte, thus end, my careleſs days,
And Robin-red-breaſts, whom men praiſe
For pious birds, ſhould, when I die,
Make both my monument and elegy.

In commendation of the time we live in, under the Reign of our Gracious King Charles II.

I.

Curs'd be that wretch (Death's factor ſure) who brought
Dire ſwords into the peaceful world, and taught
Smiths, who before could only make
The ſpade, the ploughſhare, and the rake,
Arts, in moſt cruel wiſe
Man's life t' epitomize.

II.

Then men (fond men, alas!) ride poſt to th' grave,
And cut thoſe threads which yet the Fates would ſave:
Then Charon ſweated at his trade,
And had a larger ferry made.
Then 't was the ſilver hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

III.

Then Revenge, married to Ambition,
Begat black War; then Avarice crept on;
Then limits to each field were ſtrain'd,
And Terminus a godhead gain'd:
To men before was ſound,
Beſides the ſea, no bound.

IV.

In what plain or what river hath not been
War's ſtory, writ in blood (ſad ſtory!) ſeen?
This truth too well our England knows;
'Twas Civil ſlaughter dy'd her Roſe;
Nay, then her Lily, too,
With blood's loſs paler grew.

V.

Such griefs, nay worſe than theſe, we now ſhould feel,
Did not juſt Charles ſilence the rage of ſteel;
He to our land bleſs'd peace doth bring,
All neighbour-countries envying.
Happy who did remain
Unborn till Charles's reign!

VI.

Where, dreaming Chymics, is your pain and coſt?
How is your toil, how is your labour, loſt?
Our Charles, bleſt alchymiſt! (tho' ſtrange,
Believe it, future Times!) did change
The Iron Age of old,
Into an Age of Gold.

An Anſwer to an Invitation to Cambridge.

I.

Nichols! my better ſelf, forbear;
For if thou tell'ſt what Cambridge pleaſures are,
The ſchoolboy's ſin will light on me,
I ſhall, in mind at leaſt, a truant be.
Tell me not how you feed your mind
With dainties of philoſophy;
In Ovid's Nut I ſhall not find
The taſte once pleaſed me.
O tell me not of logic's diverſe cheer,
I ſhall begin to loath our crambo here.

II.

Tell me not how the waves appear
Of Cam, or how it cuts the learned ſhire;
I ſhall contemn the troubled Thames,
On her chief holyday, even when her ſtreams
Are with rich folly gilded, when
The quondam dung-boat is made gay,
Juſt like the brav'ry of the men,
And graces with freſh paint that day,
When th' City ſhines with flags and pageants there,
And ſatin doublets ſeen not twice a-year.

III.

Why do I ſtay, then? I would meet
Thee there, but plummets hang upon my feet:
'Tis my chief wiſh to live with thee,
But not till I deſerve thy company:
Till then we'll ſcorn to let that toy
Some forty miles divide our hearts:
Write to me, and I ſhall enjoy
Friendſhip and wit, thy better parts.
Tho' envious Fortune larger hind'rance brings,
We'll eas'ly ſee each other; Love hath wings.

An Anſwer to a Copy of Verſes, ſent me to Jerſey.

As to a Northern people (whom the ſun
Uſes juſt as the Romiſh Church has done
Her profane laity, and does aſſign
Bread only both to ſerve for bread and wine)
A rich Canary fleet welcome arrives;
Such comfort to us here your letter gives,
Fraught with briſk Racy verſes, in which we
The ſoil from whence they came, taſte, ſmell, and ſee:
Such is your preſent t' us; for you muſt know,
Sir, that verſe does not in this iſland grow,
No more than ſack: one lately did not fear
(Without the Muſe's leave) to plant it here;
But it produc'd ſuch baſe, rough, crabbed, hedge-
Rhymes, as even ſet the hearers' ears on edge,

Written by————Esquire, the
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.
Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for this high style
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.
Alas! to men here no words less hard be
To rhyme with than Mount Orguiel * is to me.
Mount Orguiel! which in scorn o' th' Muses' law
With no yokefellow word will deign to draw.
Stubborn Mount Orgueil! 'tis a work to make it
Come into rhyme, more hard than 't were to take it.
Alas! to bring your tropes and figures here,
Strange as to bring camels and el'phants were;
And metaphor is so unknown a thing,
'Twould need the preface of, God save the King.
Yet this I'll say, for th' honour of the place,
That by God's extraordinary grace,
(Which shews the people have judgment, if not wit)
The land is undefil'd with clinches yet;
Which in my poor opinion I confess,
Is a most sing'lar blessing, and no less
Than Ireland's wanting spiders: and so far
From th' actual sin of bombast too they are,
(That other crying sin o' th' English Muse)
That even Satan himself can accuse
None here, (no not, so much as the divines)
For th' *motus primò primi* to strong lines.
Well, since the soil, then, does not nat'rally bear
Verse, who (a-devil) would import it here?
For that to me would seem as strange a thing
As who did first wild beasts into' islands bring:
Unless you think that it might taken be
As Green did Gondibert, in a prize at sea.
But that's a fortune falls not every day;
'Tis true Green was made by it; for they say
The Parl'ament did a noble bounty do,
And gave him the whole prize, their tenths and fifteenths too.

Prometheus ill painted.

How wretched does Prometheus' state appear,
Whilst he his second mis'ry suffers here!
Draw him no more, left, as he tortur d stands,
He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands.
It would the vulture's cruelty outgo,
If once again his liver this should grow.
Pity him, Jove! and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

Friendship in Absence.

I.

When chance or cruel bus'ness parts us two,
What do our souls, I wonder, do
Whilst sleep does our dull bodies tie,
Methinks at home they should not stay,
Content with dreams, but boldly fly
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

II.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix, I know not how, or where:
Their friendly lights together twine,
Tho' we perceive 't not to be so,
Like loving stars which oft' combine,
Yet not themselves their own conjunctions know.

III.

'Twere an ill world, I'll swear, for ev'ry friend,
If distance could their union end:
But love itself does far advance
Above the pow'r of time and space;
It scorns such outward circumstance,
His time's for ever, ev'ry where his place.

IV.

I'm there with thee, yet here with me thou art,
Lodg'd in each other's heart.
Miracles cease not yet in Love,
When he his mighty pow'r will try,
Absence itself does bounteous prove,
And strangely ev'n our presence multiply.

V.

Pure is the flame of friendship, and divine,
Like that which in heav'n's sun does shine;
Like he in th' upper air and sky,
Does no effects of heat bestow,
But as his beams the farther fly,
He begets warmth, life, beauty, here below.

VI.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,
Like objects, if they touch the eye.
Less meritorious then is love;
For when we friends together see
So much, so much both one do prove,
That their love then seems but self-love to be.

VII.

Each day think on me, and each day I shall
For thee make hours canonical.
By ev'ry wind that comes this way,
Send me at least a sigh or two;
Such and so many I'll repay,
As shall themselves make winds to get to you.

VIII.

A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon
To mock our separation.
Alas! ten thousand will not do;
My heart will thus no longer stay,
So longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks against the breast to get away.

IX.

And when no art affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs t' appease:
Just as a bird that flies about,
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

Reason, the use of it in divine matters.

I.

Some blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may
Be led by others a right way;
They build on sands, which if unmov'd they find,
'Tis but because there was no wind.
Less hard 'tis not to err ourselves, than know
If our forefathers err'd or no.
When we trust men concerning God, we then
Trust not God concerning men.

* The name of one of the castles in Jersey.

II.

Viſions and inſpirations ſome expect,
Their courſe here to direct:
Like ſenſeleſs chemiſts their own wealth deſtroy,
Imaginary gold t' enjoy.
So ſtars appear to drop to us from ſky,
And gild the paſſage as they fly;
But when they fall, and meet th' oppoſing ground,
What but a ſordid ſlime is found?

III.

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reaſon ſet,
And faſt, that they may dream of meat.
Sometimes ill ſp'rits their ſickly ſouls delude,
And baſtard forms obtrude.
So Endor's wretched ſorcereſs, altho'
She Saul through his diſguiſe did know,
Yet when the devil comes up diſguis'd, ſhe cries,
Behold! the gods ariſe.

IV.

In vain, alas! theſe outward hopes are try'd;
Reaſon within's our only guide.
Reaſon! which (God be prais'd!) ſtill walks, for all
Its old orig'nal fall.
And ſince itſelf the boundleſs Godhead join'd
With a reaſonable mind,
It plainly ſhews that myſteries divine
May with our reaſon join.

V.

The holy Book, like the eighth ſphere, does ſhine
With thouſand lights of truth divine.
So numberleſs the ſtars, that to the eye
It makes but all one Galaxy
Yet reaſon muſt aſſiſt too; for in ſeas
So vaſt and dangerous as theſe,
Our courſe by ſtars above we cannot know,
Without the compaſs too below.

VI.

Tho' reaſon cannot through faith's myſt'ries ſee,
It ſees that there, and ſuch, they be;
Leads to heav'n's door, and there does humbly keep,
And there through chinks and keyholes peep.
Tho' it, like Moſes, by a ſad command,
Muſt not come into th' holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all deſcry'd.

Hymn to Light.

I.

FIRST-BORN of Chaos, who ſo fair didſt come
From the old Negro's darkſome womb!
Which when it ſaw the lovely child,
The melancholy maſs put on kind looks and ſmil'd.

II.

Thou tide of glory, which no reſt doſt know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden ſhow'r of a true Jove!
Who does in thee deſcend, and heav'n to earth

III. [make love!

Hail! active Nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth
Hail to thy huſband Heat, and thee!
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the luſty bride-groom he!

IV.

Say, from what golden quivers of the ſky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftneſs and Power by birth are thine;
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire, the Word

V. [Divine.

'Tis, I believe; this archery to ſhew,
That ſo much coſt in colours thou,
And ſkill in painting doſt beſtow
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heav'nly bow.

VI.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finiſh'd when begun;
Let a poſt-angel ſtart with thee,
And thou the goal of earth ſhalt reach as ſoon as he.

VII.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Doſt thy bright wood of ſtars ſurvey,
And all the year doſt with thee bring
Of thouſand flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal ſpring.

VIII.

Thou, Scythian-like, doſt round thy lands above
The Sun's gilt tent for ever move,
And ſtill as thou in pomp doſt go,
The ſhining pageants of the world attend thy ſhow.

IX.

Nor amidſt all theſe triumphs doſt thou ſcorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with thoſe living ſpangles gild,
(O greatneſs without pride!) the buſhes of the field.

X.

Night and her ugly ſubjects thou doſt fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of Night,
Aſham'd and fearful to appear,
They ſcreen their horrid ſhapes with the black hemiſphere.

XI.

With the mthere haſtes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a buſy ſwarm;
At the firſt op'ning of thine eye
The various cluſters break, the antic atoms fly.

XII.

The guilty ſerpents, and obſcener beaſts,
Creep conſcious to their ſecret reſts:
Nature to thee does rev'rence pay,
Ill omens and ill ſights removes out of thy way.

XIII.

At thy appearance, Grief itſelf is ſaid
To ſhake his wings, and rouſe his head;
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy ſmile reflected from thy look.

XIV.

At thy appearance, Fear itſelf grows bold;
Thy ſunſhine melts away his cold:
Encourag'd at the ſight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmneſs to the knee.

XV.

Ev'n Luſt, the maſter of a harden'd face,
Bluſhes if thou be'ſt in the place;
To Dark'neſs' curtains he retires,
In ſympathizing night he rolls his ſmoky fires.

XVI.

When, Goddeſs! thou lift'ſt up thy waken'd head
Out of the morning's purple bed,

Thy choir of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world ſalutes the riſing day.

XVII.

The ghoſts, and monſter ſp'rits, that did preſume
A body's priv'lege to aſſume,
Vaniſh again inviſibly,
And bodies gain again their viſibility.

XVIII.

All the world's brav'ry, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy ſev'ral liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them beſtow'ſt,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landſcape as thou go'ſt.

XIX.

A crimſon garment in the roſe thou wear'ſt;
A crown of ſtudded gold thou bear'ſt;
The virgin lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almoſt naked light.

XX.

The violet, Spring's little infant, ſtands
Girt in thy purple ſwaddling bands:
On the fair tulip thou doſt dote;
Thou cloth'ſt it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

XXI.

With flame condens'd thou doſt the jewels fix,
And ſolid colours in it mix:
Flora herſelf envies to ſee
Flow'rs fairer than her own, and durable as ſhe.

XXII.

Ah! Goddeſs! would thou couldſt thy hand with-hold,
And be leſs liberal to gold;
Didſt thou leſs value to it give,
Of how much care, alas! might'ſt thou poor man relieve!

XXIII.

To me the ſun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are;
But few, ah! wondrous few there be
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddeſs! ev'n to thee.

XXIV.

Through the ſoft ways of heav'n and air, and ſea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou doſt glide,
And with thy living ſtream through the cloſe channels ſlide.

XXV.

But where firm bodies thy free courſe oppoſe,
Gently thy ſource the land o'erflows;
Takes there poſſeſſion, and does make,
Of colours mingled light, a thick and ſtanding lake.

XXVI.

But the vaſt ocean of unbounded day
In th' empy'an heav'n does ſtay;
Thy rivers, lakes, and ſprings below,
From thence took firſt their riſe, thither at laſt muſt flow.

The Country Mouſe. A paraphraſe upon Horace, Book II. *Sat.* VI.

At the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
Cloſe to plow'd ground, ſeated commodiouſly,
His ancient and hereditary houſe,
There dwelt a good ſubſtantial Country Mouſe:
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet one who once did nobly entertain
A City Mouſe, well coated, ſleek, and gay,
A Mouſe of high degree, which loſt his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted there
For a day's lodging. The good hearty hoſt
(The ancient plenty of his hall to boaſt)
Did all the ſtores produce that might excite,
With various taſtes, the courtier's appetite:
Fitches and beans, peaſon, and oats, and wheat,
And a large cheſnut, the delicious meat
Which Jove himſelf, were he a Mouſe, would eat.
And for a hautgout, there was mix'd with theſe
The ſwerd of bacon and the coat of cheeſe,
The precious relics which at harveſt he
Had gather'd from the reapers' luxury.
Freely (ſaid he) fall on, and never ſpare,
The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care.
And thus at eaſe on beds of ſtraw they lay,
And to their genius ſacrific'd the day:
Yet the nice gueſt's Epicurean mind
(Though breeding made him civil ſeem and kind)
Deſpis'd this country feaſt, and ſtill his thought
Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.
Your bounty and civility (ſaid he)
Which I'm ſurpris'd in theſe rude parts to ſee,
Shews that the gods have given you a mind
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why ſhould a ſoul ſo virtuous and ſo great
Loſe itſelf thus in an obſcure retreat?
Let ſavage beaſts lodge in a country den,
You ſhould ſee towns, and manners know, and men;
And taſte the gen'rous lux'ry of the court,
Where all the mice of quality reſort;
Were thouſand beauteous ſhees about you move,
And by high fare are pliant made to love.
We all e'er long muſt render up our breath,
No cave or hole can ſhelter us from Death.
Since life is ſo uncertain and ſo ſhort,
Let's ſpend it all in feaſting and in ſport.
Come, worthy Sir! come with me, and partake
All the great things that mortals happy make.
Alas! what virtue hath ſufficient arms
T' oppoſe bright Honour and ſoft Pleaſure's charms.
What wiſdom can their magic force repel?
It draws this rev'rend hermit from his cell.
It was the time, when witty poets tell,
"That Phœbus into Thetis' boſom fell:
"She bluſh'd at firſt, and then put out the light,
"And drew the modeſt curtains of the night."
Plainly, the truth to tell, the ſun was ſet,
When to the town our weary'd trav'llers get.
To a lord's houſe, as lordly as can be,
Made for the uſe of pride and luxury,
They come; the gentle courtier at the door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before;
But 'tis Sir, your command, and being ſo,
I'm ſworn t' obedience; and ſo in they go.
Behind a hanging in a ſpacious room,
(The richeſt work of Mortlake's noble loom)
They wait awhile, their weary'd limbs to reſt
Till ſilence ſhould invite them to their feaſt.

" About the hour that Cynthia's silver light
" Had touch'd the pale meridies of the night,"
At last the various supper being done,
It happen'd that the company was gone
Into a room remote, servants and all,
To please their noble fancies with a ball.
Our host leads forth his stranger, and does find
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the table half-fill'd dishes stood,
And with delicious bits the floor was strow'd.
The courteous Mouse presents him with the best,
And both with fat varieties are bless'd:
Th' industrious peasant ev'ry where does range,
And thanks the gods for his life's happy change.
Lo! in the midst of a well-freighted pie
They both at last, glutted and wanton lie:
When, see the sad reverse of prosp'rous fate,
And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait;
With hideous noise down the rude servants come,
Six dogs before run barking into the room;
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
And hate the fulness which retards their flight.
Our trembling Peasant wishes now, in vain,
That rocks and mountains cover'd him again.
Oh how the change of his poor life he curs'd!
This of all lives, said he, is sure the worst.
Give me again, ye Gods! my cave and wood;
With peace, let tares and acorns be my food.

Doctissimo, Gravissimoque Viro

DOMINO D. COMBER,

Decano Carleolensi colendissimo, et Collegii SS. et Individuæ Trinitatis Magistro vigilantissimo.

Siste gradum: quónam temeraria pagina tendis,
Auratâ nimium facta superba togâ?
Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno;
Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere pluris erit.
I, pete sollicitos quos tædia docta Scholarum,
Et Logicæ pugno carmina scripta tenent.
Post ea, vel Hip. Qualis? ne. vel, as. un. Quanta? par. insin.
Destruit Edictum, destruit Ique modum.
Tum tu grata aderis, tum blandiùs ore sonabit;
Setonus, dicent, quid velit iste sibi?
I, pete Causidicos: poteris sic culta videri,
Et bene Romanis fundere verba modis.
Fallor: post Ignoramum gens cautior illa est;
Et didicit Musas, Granta, timere tuas.
I, pete Lectorem nullum; sic salva latebis;
Et poteris Criticas spernere tuta manus.
Limine ab hoc caveas: Procul ô, procul ito profana.
Dissimile hic Domini nil decet esse suo.
Ille sacri calamo referat mysteria verbi,
Non alia illius sancta lucerna videt.
Talis in Altari trepidat Fax pæne timenda,
Et Flavum attolit sic veneranda caput.
At scio, quid dices: Nostros Academia lusus
Spectavit, nugæ tum placuere meæ.
Pagina stulta nimis! Granta est Hic altera solus;
Vel Grantæ ipsius non Caput, at Cerebrum.
Sed si authore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire:
(Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit.)
Accedas tanquam ad numen formidine blandâ
Tristis, et hæc illi paucula metra refer.
Sub vestro auspicio natum bonus accipe carmen,
Viventi auspicium quod sibi vellet idem.
Non peto ut ista probes: tantùm, Puerilia, dicas,
Sunt, fateor; Puerum sed satis illa decent.
Collegii nam qui nostri dedit ista Scholaris,
Si Socius, tandem sit, meliora dabit.

Inter Musas Cantabrigienses extant Carmina sequentia ab Auctore A. Cowley conscripta, quæ ne deperdantur dum in Chartulis latitant, his adnectere visum est.

De felici partu Reginæ Mariæ.

Dum more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,
Et populum pascit relligiosa fames;
Quinta beat nostrum soboles formosa Mariam;
Penè iterum nobis, læte December, ades.
Ite, quibus lusum Bacchúsque Cerésque ministrant,
Et risum vitis lachryma rubra movet.
Nos sine lætitiæ strepitu, sine murmure læti:
Ipsa dies novit vix sibi verba dari.
Cùm corda arcanâ saltant vestiva choreâ,
Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente sonet?
Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, salutem?
Sint mea pro tanto sobria vota viro.
Crede mihi, non sunt, non sunt ea gaudia vera,
Quæ fium pompâ gaudia vera suâ.
Vicisti tandem, vicisti, casta Maria;
Cedit de sexu Carolus ipse suo.
A te sic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille!
Vix hostes tanti vel superâsse fuit.
Jam tua plùs vivit pictura; at proxima fiet
Regis, et in methodo te perperisse juvat.
O bona conjugii concors discordia vestri!
O sancta hæc inter jurgia verus amor!
Non Caroli paro respirans vultus in auro
Tam populo (et notum est quàm placet ille) placet.
Da veniam, hîc omnes nimiùm quòd simus avari;
Da veniam, hîc animos quod satiare nequis.
Cùmque (sed ô nostris fiat lux serior annis)
In currum ascendas læta per astra tuum,
Natorum in facie tua viva et mollis imago
Non minùs in terris quàm tua sculpta, regat.

Ob paciferum Serenissimi Regis Caroli e Scotia reditum.

Ergo redis, multa frontem redimitus Oliva,
Captivæque ingens laurea pacis adest.
Vicerunt alii bellis et Marte cruento;
Carole, Tu solus vincere bella potes.
Te sequitur volucri mitis Victoria penna,
Et Famæ pennas prævenit ipse suæ.
Te voluere sequi convulsis Orcades undis,
Sed retinent fixos frigora sæva pedes.
Te prope viderunt, ô terris major Apollo,
Nascentem, et Delo plus licuisse dolen,

Tanta decent Carolum rerum miracula? Tecum,
Si pelago redeas, Insula navis eat,
Si terra, vestri comitentur plaustra Bootæ;
Sed rota tarda gelu, sed nimis ipse piger.
Compositam placidè jam lætus despicit Arcton,
Horrentesqué novo lumine adornat equos.
Ah! nunquam rubeat civili sanguine Tueda,
Nec petat attonitum decolor unda mare!
Callisto in vetitum potiùs descenderet æquor,
Quàm vellet tantum mœsta videre nefas.
Conveniisse feris inter se noverat Ursis,
Et generi ingenium mitius esse suo.
Nos gens una sumus; De Scoti nomine et Angli
Grammatici soli prælia rauca gerant.
Tam bene cognatos compescit Carolus enses,
Et pacem populis fundit ab ore suis.
Hæc illi laudem virtus immensa minorem
Eripuit: nunquam bella videre potest.
Sic gladios solvit vaginis fulgur in ipsis;
Effectùque potest vix priùs ire suo.
Sic vigil æterno regnator Phœbus Olympo
Circumfert subitam, quà volat ipse, diem.
Nil illi prodest stellarum exercitus ingens;
Ut possit tenebras pellere, solus adest.

EPISTLES.

To the Duke of Buckingham, upon his marriage with the Lord Fairfax his daughter,

I.

Beauty and ſtrength together came,
Ev'n from the birth, with Buckingham;
The little active ſeeds which ſince are grown
So fair, ſo large, and high,
With life itſelf were in him ſown:
Honour and Wealth ſtood like the midwives by,
To take the birth into their happy hands,
And wrapt him warm in their rich ſwaddling bands.
To the great ſtock the thriving infant ſoon
Made greater acquiſitions of his own:
With beauty gen'rous goodneſs be combin'd,
Courage to ſtrength, judgment to wit he join'd:
He pair'd and match'd his native virtues right,
Both to improve their uſe and their delight.

II.

O bleſs'd conjunction of the faireſt ſtars
That ſhine in human nature's ſphere!
But, O what envious cloud your influence bars!
Ill Fortune! what doſt thou do there?
Hadſt thou the leaſt of modeſty,
Thou'dſt be aſham'd that we ſhould ſee
Thy deform'd looks, and dreſs, in ſuch a company.
Thou wert deceiv'd, raſh Goddeſs! in thy hate,
If thou didſt fooliſhly believe
That thou couldſt him of ought deprive
But, what men hold of thee, a great eſtate.
And here indeed thou to the full didſt ſhew
All that thy tyrant deity could do:
His virtues never did thy pow'r obey:
In diſſipating ſtorms and routed battles they
Did cloſe and conſtant with their captain ſtay;
They with him into exile went,
And kept their home in baniſhment.
The noble youth was often forc'd to flee
From the inſatiate rage of thee,
Diſguiſed and unknown.
In all his ſhapes they always kept their own;
Nay, with the ſoil of darkneſs brighter ſhone,
And might unwillingly have done,
But that juſt Heav'n thy wicked will abhorr'd,
What virtues moſt deteſt, might have betray'd their Lord.

III.

Ah! ſlothful Love! couldſt thou with patience ſee
Fortune uſurp that flow'ry ſpring from thee,
And nip thy roſy ſeaſon with a cold,
That comes too ſoon when life's ſhort ear grows old:
Love his groſs error ſaw at laſt,
And promis'd large amends for what was paſt;
He promis'd, and has done it, which is more
Than I, who knew him long, e'er knew him do before.
He 'as done it nobly, and we muſt confeſs
Could do no more, tho' he ought to do no leſs.
What has he done? he has repaid
The ruins which a luckleſs war did make:
And added to it a reward
Greater than Conqueſt for its ſhare could take:
His whole eſtate could not ſuch gain produce,
Had it lain out a hundred years at uſe.

IV.

Now bleſſings to thy noble choice betide,
Happy, and happy-making Bride!
Tho' thou art born of a victorious race,
And all their rougher victory doſt grace
With gentle triumphs of thy face,
Permit us, in this milder war, to prize
No leſs thy yielding heart than thy victorious eyes;
Nor doubt the honour of that field
Where thou didſt firſt o'ercome e'er thou didſt yield.
And tho' thy Father's martial name
Has fill'd the trumpets and the drums of Fame,
Thy huſband triumphs now no leſs than he,
And it may juſtly queſtion'd be
Which was the happieſt conq'ror of the three.

V.

There is in Fate, (which none but poets ſee)
There is in Fate the nobleſt poetry,
And ſhe has ſhewn, great Duke! her utmoſt art in thee;
For after all the troubles of thy ſcene,
Which ſo confus'd and intricate have been,
She 'as ended with this match thy tragi-comedy:
We all admire it, for, the truth to tell,
Our poet, Fate, ends not all plays ſo well;
But this ſhe as her maſter-piece does boaſt,
And ſo indeed ſhe may;

For in the middle acts and turnings of the play,
Alas! we gave our hero up for loſt.
All men I ſee this with applauſe receive;
And now let me have leave,
A ſervant of the perſon and the art,
To ſpeak this prologue to the ſecond part.

To the Ducheſs of Buckingham.

If I ſhould ſay that in your face were ſeen
Nature's beſt picture of the Cyprian queen;
If I ſhould ſwear, under Minerva's name,
Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame;
The future age would think it flattery,
But to the preſent, which can witneſs be,
'Twould ſeem beneath your high deſerts as far
As you above the reſt of women are.
When Manners' name with Villers' join'd I ſee,
How I do rev'rence your nobility!
But when the virtues of your ſtock I view,
(Envy'd in your dead lord, admir'd in you)
I half adore them: for what woman can,
Beſides yourſelf, (nay, I might ſay, what man)
By ſex, and birth, and fate, and years, excel
In mind, in fame, in worth, in living well?
Oh! how had this begot idolatry,
If you had liv'd in the world's infancy,
When man's too-much religion made the beſt
Or deities, or ſemi-gods at leaſt?
But we, forbidden this by piety,
Or if we were not, by your modeſty,
Will make our hearts an altar, and there pray
Not to, but for, you; nor that England may
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
But, what's more poſſible, t' enjoy you long.

To his very much honoured godfather, Mr. A. B.

I.

I love (for that upon the wings of Fame
Shall perhaps mock Death, or Time's dart) my name;
I love it more, becauſe 't was giv'n by you;
I love it moſt, becauſe it was your name too:
For if I chance to ſlip, a conſcious ſhame
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

II.

I'm glad that city t' whom I ow'd before
(But, ah me! Fate hath croſs'd that willing ſcore)
A father, gave me a godfather too,
And I'm more glad becauſe it gave me you,
Whom I may rightly think, and term to be,
Of the whole city an epitomé.

III.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
(When Nature had not licenſed my tongue
Farther then cries) who ſhould my office do,
I thank her more becauſe ſhe found out you,
In whoſe each look I may a ſentence ſee;
In whoſe each deed a teaching homily.

IV.

How ſhall I pay this debt to you? my Fate
Denies me Indian pearl or Perſian plate;
Which though it did not, to requite you thus,
Were to ſend apples to Alcinous,
And ſell the cunning'ſt way: no, when I can
In ev'ry leaf, in ev'ry verſe, write Man:

V.

When my quill reliſheth a ſchool no more,
When my pen-feather'd Muſe hath learn'd to ſoar
And gotten wings as well as feet, look then
For equal thanks from my unweary'd pen;
Till future ages ſay, 't was you did give
A name to me, and I made your's to live

To his Miſtreſs.

I.

Tyrian dye why do you wear,
You whoſe cheeks beſt ſcarlet are?
Why do you ſo fondly pin
Pure linen o'er your ſkin,
(Your ſkin, that's whiter far)
Caſting a duſky cloud before a ſtar?

II.

Why bears your neck a golden chain?
Did Nature make your hair in vain?
Of gold moſt pure and fine,
With gems why do you ſhine?
They, neighbours to your eyes,
Shew but like phoſphor when the ſun doth riſe.

III.

I would have all my Miſtreſs' parts
Owe more to Nature than to arts;
I would not woo the dreſs,
Or one whoſe nights give leſs
Contentment than the day.
She 's fair whoſe beauty only makes her gay.

IV.

For 'tis not buildings make a court,
Or pomp, but 't is the king's reſort.
If Jupiter down pour
Himſelf, and in a ſhow'r
Hide ſuch bright majeſty,
Leſs than a golden one it cannot be.

To a lady who deſired a ſong of Mr. Cowley, he preſented this following.

I.

Come, Poetry! and with you bring along
A rich and painted throng
Of nobleſt words into my ſong:
Into my numbers let them gently flow,
Soft and pure, and thick as ſnow,
And turn thy numbers ſtill to prove
Smooth as the ſmootheſt ſphere above,
And like a ſphere harmonioufly move.

II.

Little doſt thou, vain Song! thy fortune know,
What thou art deſtin'd to,

And what the ſtars intend to do,
Among a thouſand ſongs but few can be
Born to the honour promis'd thee :
Eliza's ſelf ſhall thee receive,
And a bleſs'd being to thee give :
Thou on her ſweet and tuneful voice ſhalt live.

III.

Her warbling tongue ſhall freely with thee play,
Thou on her lips ſhalt ſtray,
And dance upon the roſy-way :
No prince alive that would not envy thee,
And count thee happier far than he :
And how ſhalt thou thy author crown !
When fair Eliza ſhall be known
To ſing thy praiſe, when ſhe but ſpeaks her own.

To the Lord Falkland, for his ſafe return from the northern expedition againſt the Scots.

GREAT is thy charge, O North ! be wiſe and juſt,
England commits her Falkland to thy truſt :
Return him ſafe : Learning would rather chooſe
Her Bodly or her Vatican to loſe.
All things that are but writ or printed there,
In his unbounded breaſt engraven are :
There all the Sciences together meet,
And ev'ry art does all her kindred greet,
Yet joſtle not, nor quarrel, but as well
Agree as in ſome common principle.
So in an army, govern'd right, we ſee
(Though out of ſev'ral countries rais'd it be)
That all their order, and their place maintain,
The Engliſh, Dutch, the Frenchmen, and the Dane,
So thouſand divers ſpecies fill the air,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there ;
Beaſts, houſes, trees, and men together lie,
Yet enter undiſturb'd into the eye.

And this great prince of knowledge is by Fate
Thruſt into th' noiſe and buſ'neſs of a ſtate.
All virtues, and ſome cuſtoms, of the court,
Other men's labour are at leaſt his ſport.
Whilſt we who can no action undertake,
Whom Idleneſs itſelf might learned make,
Who hear of nothing, and as yet ſcarce know
Whether the Scots in England be or no,
Pace dully on, oft' tire, and often ſtay,
Yet ſee his nimble Pegaſus fly away.
'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her eſtate of wit on one beſtow :
Whilſt we, like younger brothers, get at beſt
But a ſmall ſtock, and muſt work out the reſt.
How could he anſwer 't, ſhould the ſtate think fit
To queſtion a monopoly of wit ?

Such is the man whom we require, the ſame
We lent the North, untouch'd as is his fame.
He is too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger, as from fear he's free.
Thoſe men alone (and thoſe are uſeful too)
Whoſe valour is the only art they know,
Were for ſad war and bloody battles born ;
Let them the ſtate defend, and he adorn.

To the Biſhop of Lincoln, upon his enlargement out of the Tower.

PARDON, my Lord ! that I am come ſo late
T' expreſs my joy for your return of Fate.
So when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of liberty, at firſt I could not grieve ;
My thoughts a while, like you, impriſon'd lay ;
Great joys, as well as ſorrows, make a ſtay ;
They hinder one another in the crowd,
And none are heard, whilſt all would ſpeak aloud.
Should ev'ry man's officious gladneſs haſte,
And be afraid to ſhew itſelf the laſt,
The throng of gratulations now would be
Another loſs to you of liberty.
When of your freedom men the news did hear,
Where it was wiſh'd for, that is every where,
'Twas like the ſpeech which from your lips does fall,
As ſoon as it was heard it raviſh'd all.
So eloquent Tully did from exile come ;
Thus long'd-for he return'd, and cheriſh'd Rome,
Which could no more his tongue and counſels miſs :
Rome, the world's head ! was nothing without his.
Wrong to this ſacred aſhes I ſhould do,
Should I compare any to him but you ;
You to whom Art and Nature did diſpenſe
The conſulſhip of wit and eloquence.
Nor did your fate differ from his at all,
Becauſe the doom of exile was his fall ;
For the whole world without a native home,
Is nothing but a priſ'n of larger room :
But like a melting woman ſuffer'd he,
He, who before outdid humanity :
Nor could his ſp'rit conſtant and ſtedfaſt prove,
Whoſe art it had been, and greateſt end, to move.
You put ill Fortune in ſo good a dreſs,
That it outſhone other men's happineſs.
Had your proſper'ty always clearly gone
As your high merits would have led it on,
You 'ad half been loſt, and an example then
But for the happy, the leaſt part of men.
Your very ſuff'rings did ſo graceful ſhew,
That ſome ſtrait envy'd your affliction too :
For a clear conſcience and heroic mind
In ills their buſ'neſs and their glory find.
So though leſs worthy ſtones are drown'd in night,
The faithful di'mond keeps his native light,
And is oblig'd to darkneſs for a ray
That would be more oppreſs'd than help by day.
Your ſoul then moſt ſhew'd her unconquer'd pow'r,
Was ſtronger and more armed than the Tow'r.
Sure unkind Fate will tempt your ſp'rit no more ;
She 'as try'd her weakneſs and your ſtrength before.
T' oppoſe him ſtill who once has conquer'd ſo,
Were now to be your rebel, not your foe.
Fortune, henceforth, will more of Prov'dence have
And rather be your friend than be your ſlave.

To a lady who made poſies for rings.

I.

I LITTLE thought the time would ever be
That I ſhould wit in dwarfiſh poſies ſee.

As all words in few letters live,
Thou to few words all ſenſe doſt give.
'Twas Nature taught you this rare art
In ſuch a little much to ſhew,
Who all the good ſhe did impart
To womankind epitomiz'd in you.

II.

If, as the ancients did not doubt to ſing,
The turning years be well compar'd t' a ring,
We'll write whate'er from you we hear,
For that 's the poſy of the year:
This diff'rence only will remain,
That Time his former face does ſhew,
Winding into himſelf again,
But your unweary'd wit is always new.

III.

'Tis ſaid that conj'rers have an art found out
To carry ſp'rits confin'd in rings about:
The wonder now will leſs appear,
When we behold your magic here.
You by your rings do priſ'ners take,
And chain them with your myſtic ſpells,
And the ſtrong witchcraft full to make,
Love, the great devil, charm'd to thoſe circles dwells.

IV.

They who above do various circles find,
Say like a ring th' equator heav'n does bind.
When heav'n ſhall be adorn'd by thee
(Which then more heav'n than 't is will be)
'Tis thou muſt write the poſy there.
For it wanteth one as yet,
Though the ſun paſs through it twice a-year,
The ſun who is eſteem'd the god of wit.

V.

Happy the hands which wear thy ſacred rings;
They'll teach thoſe hands to write myſterious things.
Let other rings, with jewels bright,
Caſt around their coſtly light,
Let them want no noble ſtone
By Nature rich, and Art refin'd,
Yet ſhall thy rings give place to none,
But only that which muſt thy marriage bind.

To Sir William D'Avenant, upon his two firſt books of Gondibert, finiſhed before his voyage to America.

METHINKS heroic poeſy till now
Like ſome fantaſtic Fairy-land did ſhew;
Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,
And all but man, in man's chief work had place.
Thou, like ſome worthy knight, with ſacred arms,
Doſt drive the monſters thence, and end the charms:
Inſtead of thoſe doſt men and manners plant,
The things which that rich ſoil did chiefly want:
Yet ev'n thy mortals do their gods excel,
Taught by their muſe to fight and love ſo well.
By fatal hands whilſt preſent empires fall,
Thine from the grave paſt monarchies recal.
So much more thanks from humankind does merit
The poet's fury than the zealot's ſpirit;
And from the grave thou mak'ſt this empire riſe,
Not like ſome dreadful ghoſt t' affright our eyes,
But with more luſtre and triumphant ſtate
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona ſat.
So will our God rebuild man's periſh'd frame,
And raiſe him up much better, yet the ſame:
So godlike poets do paſt things rehearſe,
Not change, but heighten Nature by their verſe.
With ſhame, methinks, great Italy muſt ſee
Her conqu'rors rais'd to life again by thee;
Rais'd by ſuch pow'rful verſe, that ancient Rome
May bluſh no leſs to ſee her wit o'ercome.
Some men their fancies like their faith derive,
And think all ill but that which Rome does give;
The marks of old and Catholick would find,
To the ſame chair would Truth and Fiction bind.
Thou in thoſe beaten paths diſdain'ſt to tread,
And ſcorn'ſt to live by robbing of the dead.
Since Time does all things change, thou think'ſt not fit,
This latter age ſhould ſee all new but wit.
Thy fancy like a flame its way does make,
And leaves bright tracks for following pens to take.
Sure 't was this noble boldneſs of the Muſe
Did thy deſire to ſeek new worlds infuſe,
And ne'er did Heav'n ſo much a voyage bleſs,
If thou canſt plant but there with like ſucceſs.

To the Royal Society.

I.

PHILOSOPHY! the great and only heir
Of all that human knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by man's rebellious ſin,
Though full of years he do appear,
(Philoſophy! I ſay, and call it he,
For whatſoe'er the painter's fancy be,
It a male virtue ſeems to me)
Has ſtill been kept in nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vaſt eſtate.
Three or four thouſand years, one would have thought,
To ripeneſs and perfection might have brought
A ſcience ſo well bred and nurs'd,
And of ſuch hopeful parts, too, at the firſt;
But, oh! the guardians and the tutors then,
(Some negligent, and ſome ambitious men)
Would ne'er conſent to ſet him free,
Or his own nat'ral pow'rs to let him ſee,
Leſt that ſhould put an end to their authority.

II.

That his own buſ'neſs he might quite forget,
They' amus'd him with the ſports of wanton Wit;
With the deſerts of poetry they fed him,
Inſtead of ſolid meats t' increaſe his force;
Inſtead of vig'rous exerciſe they led him
Into the pleaſant labyrinths of ever-freſh diſcourſe:
Inſtead of carrying him to ſee
The riches which do hoarded for him lie
In Nature's endleſs treaſury,
They choſe his eye, to entertain

(His curious, but not cov'tous, eye)
With painted ſcenes and pageants of the brain.
Some few exalted ſp'rits this latter age has ſhewn,
That labour'd to aſſert the liberty
(From guardians who were now uſurpers grown)
Of this old minor ſtill, captiv'd Philoſophy;
But 't was rebellion call'd, to fight
For ſuch a long-oppreſs'd right.
Bacon, at laſt, a mighty man! aroſe,
Whom a wiſe King and Nature choſe
Lord Chancellor of both their laws,
And boldly undertook the injur'd pupils cauſe.

III.

Authority, which did a body boaſt,
Though 'twas but air condens'd, and ſtalk'd about
Like ſome old giant's more gigantic ghoſt,
To terrify the learned rout
With the plain magic of true reaſon's light,
He chas'd out of our ſight,
Nor ſuffer'd living men to be miſled
By the vain ſhadows of the dead:
To graves, from whence it roſe, the conquer'd phantom fled:
He broke that monſtrous god which ſtood,
In midſt of th' orchard, and the whole did claim,
Which with a uſeleſs ſcythe of wood,
And ſomething elſe not worth a name,
(Both vaſt for ſhew, yet neither fit
Or to defend or to beget,
Ridiculous and ſenſeleſs terrors!) made
Children and ſuperſtitious men afraid.
The orchard's open now, and free;
Bacon has broke that ſcarecrow deity:
Come, enter all that will, [filll!
Behold the ripen'd fruit, come, gather now your
Yet ſtill, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the forbidden tree;
We would be like the Deity;
When truth and falſehood, good and evil, we
Without the ſenſes' aid within ourſelves would ſee;
For 't is God only who can find
All nature in his mind.

IV.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought,
(Though we our thoughts from them perverſely drew)
To things, the mind's right object, he it brought;
Like fooliſh birds to painted grapes we flew.
He ſought and gather'd for our uſe the true;
And when on heaps the choſen bunches lay,
He preſs'd them wiſely the mechanic way,
Till all their juice did in one veſſel join,
Ferment into a nouriſhment divine,
The thirſty ſoul's refreſhing wine.
Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Muſt not from other's work a copy take;
No, not from Rubens or Vandyck;
Much leſs content himſelf to make it like
Th' ideas and the images which lie
In his own fancy or his memory:
No, he before his ſight muſt place
The natural and living face;
The real object muſt command
Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

V.

From theſe, and all long errors of the way,
In which our wand'ring predeceſſors went,
And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did ſtray
In deſerts, but of ſmall extent,
Bacon! like Moſes, led us forth at laſt;
The barren wilderneſs he paſs'd,
Did on the very border ſtand
Of the bleſs'd Promis'd land,
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himſelf, and ſhew'd us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to diſcover worlds, and conquer too;
Nor can ſo ſhort a line ſufficient be
To fathom the vaſt deeps of Nature's ſea:
The work he did we ought t' admire,
And were unjuſt if we ſhould more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' exceſs
Of low affliction and high happineſs:
For who on things remote can fix his ſight,
That's always in a triumph or a fight!

VI.

From you, great champions! we expect to get
Theſe ſpacious countries but diſcover'd yet;
Countries where yet, inſtead of Nature, we
Her image and her idols worſhip'd ſee:
Theſe large and wealthy regions to ſubdue,
Tho' Learning has whole armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every land,
A better troop ſhe ne'er together drew.
Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
God with deſign has pick'd out you,
To do theſe noble wonders by a few.
When the whole hoſt he ſaw, They are, ſaid he;
Too many to o'ercome for me:
And now he chooſes out his men,
Much in the way that he did then:
Not thoſe many, whom he found
Idly extended on the ground
To drink, with their dejected head,
The ſtream, juſt ſo as by their mouths it fled:
No; but thoſe few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the cup.

VII.

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious fight
Their wondrous pattern too, you take:
Their old and empty pitchers firſt they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up the light.
Io! found too the trumpets here!
Already your victorious lights appear;
New ſcenes of heav'n already we eſpy,
And crowds of golden worlds on high,
Which from the ſpacious plains of earth and ſea
Could never yet diſcover'd be
By ſailor's or Chaldean's watchful eye.
Nature's great works no diſtance can obſcure,
No ſmallneſs her near objects can ſecure:
Ye 'ave taught the curious ſight to preſs
Into the privateſt receſs
Of her imperceptible littleneſs:
Ye 'ave learn'd to read her ſmalleſt hand,
And well begun her deepeſt ſenſe to underſtand.

VIII.

Miſchief and true diſhonour fall on thoſe
Who would to laughter or to ſcorn expoſe

So virtuous and ſo noble a deſign,
So human for its uſe, for knowledge ſo divine.
The things which theſe proud men deſpiſe, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and ſmall,
Thoſe ſmalleſt things of nature let me know,
Rather than all their greateſt actions do.
Whoever would depoſed Truth advance
Into the throne uſurp'd from it,
Muſt feel at firſt the blows of ignorance,
And the ſharp points of envious Wit.
So when, by various turns of the celeſtial dance,
In many thouſand years
A ſtar, ſo long unknown, appears,
Though heav'n itſelf more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the world below,
Does to the wiſe a ſtar, to fools a meteor, ſhew.

IX.

With courage and ſucceſs you the bold work begin;
Your cradle has not idle been;
None e'er but Hercules and you could be
At five years' age worthy a hiſtory:
And ne'er did Fortune better yet
Th' hiſtorian to the ſtory fit.
As you from all old errors free
And purge the body of Philoſophy,
So from all modern follies he
Has vindicated eloquence and wit:
His candid ſtyle like a clean ſtream does ſlide,
And his bright fancy all the way
Does, like the ſunſhine, in it play;
It does like Thames, the beſt of rivers, glide,
Where the god does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour, the cryſtal urn,
And with judicious hands does the whole current guide.
It has all the beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely dreſs, without the paint, of Art.

ELEGIAC POEMS.

An elegy on the death of John Littleton, Esq. son and heir to Sir Thomas Littleton, who was drowned leaping into the water to save his younger brother.

And must these waters smile again, and play
About the shore, as they did yesterday?
Will the sun court them still? and shall they shew
No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,
That to the thirsty traveller may say,
I am accurs'd, go turn some other way?
It is unjust; black Flood! thy guilt is more,
Sprung from his loss, than all thy wat'ry store
Can give thee tears to mourn for: birds shall be,
And beasts, henceforth, afraid to drink with thee.
What have I said! my pious rage hath been
Too hot, and acts whilst it accuseth sin.
Thou'rt innocent, I know, still clear and bright,
Fit whence so pure a soul should take its flight.
How is our angry zeal confin'd! for he
Must quarrel with his love and piety,
That would revenge his death. Oh! I shall sin,
At what anon he had less virtuous been:
For when his brother (tears for him I'd spill,
But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill),
Struggled for life with the rude waves, he, too,
Leapt in: and when hope no faint beam could shew,
His charity shone most: "Thou shalt," said he,
"Live with me, Brother! or I'll die with thee;"
And so he did. Had he been thine, O Rome!
Thou wouldst have call'd his death a Martyrdom,
And sainted him: my Conscience! give me leave,
I'll do so too. If fate will us bereave
Of him we honour'd living, there must be
A kind of rev'rence to his memory
After his death: and where more just than here,
Where life and end were both so singular?
He that had only talk'd with him might find
A little academy in his mind;
Where Wisdom master was, and fellows all
Which we can good, which we can virtuous, call.
Reason and holy Fear the Proctors were,
To apprehend those words, those thoughts that err.
His learning had outrun the rest of heirs,
Stol'n heard from Time, and leapt to twenty years.
And as the sun, though in full glory bright,
Shines upon all men with impartial light,
And a good-morrow to the beggar brings
With as full rays as to the mightiest kings:
So he, although his worth just state might claim,
And give to Pride an honourable name,
With courtesy to all, cloath'd virtue so,
That 't was not higher than his thoughts were low.
In 's body, too, no critic eye could find
The smallest blemish to belie his mind:
He was all pureness, and his outward part
But represents the picture of his heart.
When waters swallow'd mankind, and did cheat
The hungry worm of its expected meat;
When gems, pluck'd from the shore by ruder hands,
Return'd again unto their native sands;
'Mongst all those spoils there was not any prey
Could equal what this brook hath stol'n away.
Weep then, sad Flood! and though thou'rt innocent,
Weep, because Fate made thee her instrument:
And when long grief have drunk up all thy store,
Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

On the death of the Right Hon.

Dudley Lord Carleton, Viscount Dorchester, late secretary of state.

Th' infernal sisters did a council call
Of all the fiends, to the black Stygian-hall:
The dire Tartarean monsters, hating light,
Begot by dismal Erebus and Night,
Where'er dispers'd abroad, hearing the fame
Of their accurs'd meeting, thither came.
Revenge, whose greedy mind no blood can fill,
And Envy, never satisfy'd with ill.
Thither blind Boldness and impatient Rage
Resorted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age:
These to oppress the earth the Furies sent,
To spare the guilty, vex the innocent.
The council thus dissolv'd, an angry fever,
Whose quenchless thirst by blood was sated never,
Envying the riches, honour, greatness, love,
And virtue, (loadstone that all these did move)
Of noble Carleton! him she took away,
And like a greedy vulture seiz'd her prey.
Weep with me each, who either reads or hears,
And know his loss deserves his country's tears.

The Muſes loſt a patron by his fate,
Virtue a huſband, and a prop the ſtate.
Sol's chorus weeps, and to adorn his hearſe
Calliope would ſing a tragic verſe:
And had there been before no ſpring of theirs,
They would have made a Helicon with tears.

On the Death of my loving Friend and Couſin, Mr. Richard Clarke, late of Lincoln's-Inn, Gent.

It was decreed by ſtedfaſt Deſtiny,
(The world from chaos turn'd) that all ſhould die.
He who durſt fearleſs paſs black Acheron,
And dangers of th' infernal region,
Leading Hell's triple porter captivate,
Was overcome himſelf by conqu'ring Fate.
The Roman Tully's pleaſing eloquence,
Which in the ears did lock up every ſenſe
Of the rapt hearer; his melliſluous breath
Could not at all charm ſtill remorſeleſs Death;
Nor Solon, ſo by Greece admir'd, could ſave
Himſelf, with all his wiſdom, from the grave.
Stern Fate brought Maro to his fun'ral flame,
And would have ended in that fire his fame;
Burning thoſe lofty lines, which now ſhall be
Time's conqu'rors, and outlaſt eternity.
Ev'n ſo lov'd Clarke from death no 'ſcape could find,
Tho' arm'd with great Alcides' valiant mind.
He was adorn'd in years, tho' far more young,
With learned Cicero's, or a ſweeter tongue;
And could dead Virgil hear his lofty ſtrain,
He would condemn his own to fire again.
His youth a Solon's wiſdom did preſage,
Had envious Time but giv'n him Solon's age:
Who would not, therefore, now, if Learning's friend,
Bewail his fatal and untimely end?
Who hath ſuch hard, ſuch unrelenting eyes,
As not to weep when ſo much virtue dies?
The god of poets doth in darkneſs ſhroud
His glorious face, and weeps behind a cloud.
The doleful Muſes thinking now to write
Sad elegies, their tears confound their ſight;
But him t' Elyſian's laſting joys they bring,
Where winged angels his ſad requiems ſing.

On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton.

What ſhall we ſay, ſince ſilent now is he,
Who, when he ſpoke, all things would ſilent be?
Who had ſo many languages in ſtore,
That only Fame ſhall ſpeak of him in more!
Whom England now no more return'd muſt ſee?
He's gone to Heav'n on his fourth embaſſy.
On earth he travell'd often; not to ſay
He'd been abroad, or paſs'd looſe time away.
In whatſoever land he chanc'd to come,
He read the men and manners, bringing home
Their wiſdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to ſee.
So well he underſtood the moſt and beſt
Of tongues that Babel ſent into the Weſt,
Spoke them ſo truly, that he had (you'd ſwear)
Not only liv'd, but been born every where.
Juſtly each nation's ſpeech to him was known,
Who for the world was made, not us alone.
Nor ought the language of that man be leſs,
Who in his breaſt had all things to expreſs.
We ſay that learning's endleſs, and blame Fate
For not allowing life a longer date;
He did the utmoſt bounds of knowledge find;
He found them not ſo large as was his mind;
But, like the brave Pellæan youth, did moan
Becauſe that Art had no more worlds than one;
And when he ſaw that he through all had paſs'd,
He dy'd, leſt he ſhould idle grow at laſt.

On the Death of Mr. Jordan, ſecond Maſter at Weſtminſter School.

Hence! and make room for me, all you who come
Only to read the epitaph on this tomb.
Here lies the maſter of my tender years,
The guardian of my parents' hope and fears;
Whoſe government ne'er ſtood me in a tear;
All weeping was reſerv'd to ſpend it here.
Come hither, all who his rare virtues knew,
And mourn with me; he was your tutor too.
Let's join our ſighs, till they fly far, and ſhew
His native Belgia what ſhe's now to do.
The league of grief bids her with us lament;
By her he was brought forth, and hither ſent
In payment of all men we there had loſt,
And all the Engliſh blood thoſe wars have coſt.
Wiſely did Nature this learn'd man divide;
His birth was theirs, his death the mournful pride
Of England: and t' avoid the envious ſtrife
Of other lands, all Europe had his life,
But we in chief: our country ſoon was grown
A debtor more to him than he to his own.
He pluck'd from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up men againſt the future times:
For deeds of age are in their cauſes then;
And tho' he taught but boys, he made the men.
Hence 't was a maſter, in thoſe ancient days,
When men ſought knowledge firſt, and by it praiſe:
Was a thing full of rev'rence, profit, fame,
Father itſelf was but a ſecond name.
He ſcorn'd the profit; his inſtructions all
Were like the ſcience, free and liberal.
He deſerv'd honours, but deſpis'd them too,
As much as thoſe who have them others do.
He knew not that which compliment they call;
Could flatter none, but himſelf leaſt of all.
So true, ſo faithful, and ſo juſt as he,
Was nought on earth, but his own memory:
His memory! where all things written were
As ſure and fix'd as in Fate's books they are.

Thus he in arts ſo vaſt a treaſure gain'd,
Whilſt ſtill the uſe came in and ſtock remain'd:
And having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labour'd with it to enrich others now:
Did thus a new and harder taſk ſuſtain,
Like thoſe that work in mines for others' gain.
He, tho' more nobly, had much more to do
To ſearch the vein, dig, purge, and mint it too:
Tho' my excuſe would be, I muſt confeſs,
Much better, had his diligence been leſs.
But if a Muſe hereafter ſmile on me,
And ſay, Be thou a poet; men ſhall ſee
That none could a more grateful ſcholar have;
For what I ow'd his life, I'll pay his grave.

On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandyck, the famous Painter.

VANDYCK is dead; but what bold Muſe ſhall dare
('Tho' poets in that word with painters ſhare)
T' expreſs her ſadneſs? Poeſy muſt become
An art, like painting here, an art that's dumb.
Let's all our ſolemn grief in ſilence keep,
Like ſome ſad picture which he made to weep,
Or thoſe who ſaw't; for none his works could view,
Unmov'd with the ſame paſſions which he drew.
His pieces ſo with their live objects ſtrive,
That both or pictures ſeem, or both alive.
Nature herſelf, amaz'd, does doubting ſtand
Which is her own, and which the painter's hand,
And does attempt the like, with leſs ſucceſs,
When her own work in twins ſhe would expreſs.
His all-reſembling pencil did outpaſs
The mimick imag'ry of looking-glaſs.
Nor was his life leſs perfect than his art;
Nor was his hand leſs erring than his heart:
There was no falſe or fading colour there,
The figures ſweet and well-proportion'd were.
Moſt other men, ſet next to him in view,
Appear'd more ſhadows than the men he drew.
Thus ſtill he liv'd, till Heav'n did for him call,
Where rev'rend Luke ſalutes him firſt of all;
Where he beholds new ſights, divinely fair,
And could almoſt wiſh for his pencil there;
Did he not gladly ſee how all things ſhine,
Wondrouſly painted in the mind Divine,
Whilſt he, for ever raviſh'd with the ſhew,
Scorns his own art which we admire below.
Only his beauteous lady ſtill he loves;
(The love of heav'nly objects heav'n improves)
He ſees bright angels in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he left ſo like them here.
And you, fair Widow! who ſtay here alive,
Since he ſo much rejoices, ceaſe to grieve.
Your joys and griefs were wont the ſame to be;
Begin not now, bleſs'd Pair! to diſagree.
No wonder death mov'd not his gen'rous mind,
You, and a new-born you, he left behind.
Ev'n Fate expreſs'd his love to his dear wife,
And let him end your picture with his life.

On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.

Immodicis brevis eſt ætas, et rara ſenectus. MART.

I.

IT was a diſmal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling Light,
When Sleep, Death's image, left my troubled breaſt,
By ſomething liker death poſſeſs'd:
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my ſoul hung the dull weight
Of ſome intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah me! too much I know.

II.

My ſweet Companion! and my gentle Peer!
Why haſt thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
O thou haſt left me all alone!
Thy ſoul and body, when death's agony
Beſieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
Than I, my deareſt Friend! do part from thee.

III.

My deareſt Friend! would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this world, henceforth, will tedious be;
Nor ſhall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and ſad I walk about all day,
As ſullen ghoſts ſtalk ſpeechleſs by
Where their hid treaſures lie:
Alas! my treaſure's gone, why do I ſtay?

IV.

He was my friend, the trueſt friend on earth;
A ſtrong and mighty influence join'd our birth:
Nor did we envy the moſt ſounding name,
By Friendſhip giv'n of old to Fame.
None but his brethren he, and ſiſters, knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myſelf I lov'd them too.

V.

Say, for you ſaw us, ye Immortal lights!
How oft, unweary'd, have we ſpent the nights,
Till the Ledæan ſtars, ſo fam'd for love,
Wonder'd at us from above?
We ſpent them not in toys, in luſts, or wine,
But ſearch of deep philoſophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I lov'd; for they, my Friend! were thine.

VI.

Ye Fields of Cambridge! our dear Cambridge! ſay,
Have you not ſeen us walking ev'ry day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle Trees! for ever fade,
Or your ſad branches thicker join,
And into darkſome ſhades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

VII.

Henceforth no learned youths beneath you ſing,
Till all the tuneful birds t' your boughs they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,
And call the learned youths to hear;
No whiſtling winds through the glad branches fly,
But all, with ſad ſolemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

VIII.

To him my Muſe made haſte with ev'ry ſtrain,
Whilſt it was new, and warm yet from the brain.
He lov'd my worthleſs rhymes; and, like a friend,
Would find out ſomething to commend.
Hence, now, my Muſe! thou canſt not me delight;
Be this my lateſt verſe,
With which I now adorn his hearſe,
And this my grief, without thy help, ſhall write.

IX.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I ſhould contemn that flour'ſhing honour now,
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Inſtead of bays, crown with ſad cypreſs me;
Cypreſs! which tombs does beautify:
Not Phœbus griev'd ſo much as I
For him, who firſt was made that mournful tree.

X.

Large was his ſoul; as large a ſoul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here:
High as the place 't was ſhortly in heav'n to have,
But low and humble as his grave:
So high, that all the Virtues there did come
As to the chiefeſt ſeat,
Conſpicuous and great;
So low, that for me, too, it made a room.

XI.

He ſcorn'd this buſy world below, and all
That we, miſtaken mortals, pleaſure call;
Was fill'd with inn'cent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the ſins of youth.
He, like the ſtars, to which he now is gone,
That ſhine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the ſame,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

XII.

Knowledge he only ſought, and ſo ſoon caught,
As if for him Knowledge had rather ſought:
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
In ſuch a ſhort mortality.
Whene'er the ſkilful youth diſcours'd or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his el'quent tongue;
Nor could his ink flow faſter than his wit.

XIII.

So ſtrong a wit did nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heav'nly moon did ſhew,
Temp'ring that mighty ſea below.
O had he liv'd in Learning's world, what bound
Would have been able to controul
His overpow'ring ſoul?
We have loſt in him arts that not yet are found.

XIV.

His mirth was the pure ſp'rits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And when deep talk and wiſdom came in view,
Retir'd, and gave to them their due
For the rich help of books he always took,
Tho' his own ſearching mind before
Was ſo with notions written o'er,
As if wiſe Nature had made that her book.

XV.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we
Can ſcarce pick here and there in hiſtory:
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach,
As much as they could ever teach.
Theſe did Religion, queen of Virtues, ſway,
And all their ſacred motions ſteer,
Juſt like the firſt and higheſt ſphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all heav'n one way.

XVI.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd, as other ſaints do die.
Still with his ſoul ſevere account he kept,
Weeping all debts out e'er he ſlept:
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the ſun's laborious light,
Which ſtill in water ſets at night,
Unfully'd with his journey of the day.

XVII.

Wondrous young Man! why wert thou made ſo good,
To be ſnatch'd hence e'er better underſtood?
Snatched before half of thee enough was ſeen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their laſt ſad farewell,
But danger and infectious death
Maliciouſly ſeiz'd on that breath
Where life, ſp'rit, pleaſure, always us'd to dwell.

XVIII.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age!
Where ign'rance and hypocriſy does rage!
A fitter time for heav'n no ſoul e'er choſe,
The place now only free from thoſe.
There 'mong the bleſs'd thou doſt for ever ſhine,
And whereſo'er thou caſt'ſt thy view
Upon that white and radiant crew,
Seeſt not a ſoul cloth'd with more light than thine.

XIX.

And if the glorious ſaints ceaſe not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
Thy flame to me does ſtill the ſame abide,
Only more pure and rarify'd:
There, whilſt immortal hymns thou doſt rehearſe,
Thou doſt with holy pity ſee
Our dull and earthly poeſy,
Where grief and miſ'ry can be join'd with verſe.

On the Death of Mr. Craſhaw.

POET and Saint! to thee alone are giv'n
The two moſt ſacred names of earth and heav'n,

The hard and rareſt union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muſes baniſh'd ſlaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moſes thou, (tho' ſpells and charms withſtand)
Haſt brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land.

Ah, wretched We! poets of earth! but thou
Wert living the ſame poet which thou'rt now.
Whilſt angels ſing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applauſe ſo great as thine,
Equal ſociety with them to hold,
Thou need'ſt not make new ſongs, but ſay the old:
And they, kind Spirits! ſhall all rejoice to ſee
How little leſs than they exalted man may be.

Still the old Heathen gods in numbers dwell,
The heav'nlieſt thing on earth ſtill keeps up hell:
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Chriſtian land;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, ſtand:
And tho' Pan's death long ſince all or'cles broke,
Yet ſtill in rhyme the fiend Apollo ſpoke:
Nay, with the worſt of Heathen dotage we
(Vain men!) the monſter Woman deify;
Find ſtars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And Paradiſe in them, by whom we loſt it, place.
What diff'rent faults corrupt our Muſes thus?
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!

Thy ſpotleſs Muſe, like Mary, did contain
The boundleſs Godhead, ſhe did well diſdain
That her eternal verſe employ'd ſhould be
On a leſs ſubject than eternity;
And for a ſacred miſtreſs ſcorn'd to take,
But her whom God himſelf ſcorn'd not his ſpouſe to make.

It (in a kind) her miracles did do;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

How, well bleſs'd Swan! did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great miſtreſs' arms*? thou moſt divine
And richeſt off'ring of Loretto's ſhrine!
Where, like ſome holy ſacrifice t'expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels, they ſay, brought the ſam'd chapel there,
And bore the ſacred load in triumph thro' the air.
'Tis ſurer much they brought thee there, and they
And thou, their charge, went ſinging all the way.

Pardon, my Mother Church! if I conſent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error ſure no danger is,
When join'd with ſo much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God! with ſhame I ſpeak't, and grief,
Ah! that our greateſt faults were in belief!
And our weak reaſon were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too ſtrong for it.
His faith, perhaps, in ſome nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm ſure, was in the right:
And I myſelf a Catholic will be,
So far, at leaſt, great Saint! to pray to thee.

Hail, Bard triumphant! and ſome care beſtow
On us, the Poets militant below!
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverſe Chance,
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance,
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by Deſires,
Expos'd by tyrant Love to ſavage beaſts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didſt riſe,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the ſkies:
Eliſha-like, (but with a wiſh much leſs,
More fit thy greatneſs and my littleneſs)
Lo! here I beg, (I whom thou once didſt prove
So humble to eſteem, ſo good to love)
Not that thy ſp'rit might on me doubled be,
I aſk but half thy mighty ſp'rit for me;
And when my Muſe ſoars with ſo ſtrong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine, and firſt of thee, to ſing.

* Mr. Crafhaw died of a fever at Loretto, being newly choſen Canon of that church.

Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres.

I.

'Tis folly all that can be ſaid
By living mortals of th' immortal dead,
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we ſhed.
'Tis as if we, who ſtay behind
In expectation of the wind,
Should pity thoſe who paſs'd this ſtreight before,
And touch the univerſal ſhore.
Ah! happy Man! who art to ſail no more!
And if it ſeem ridiculous to grieve
Becauſe our friends are newly come from ſea,
Tho' ne'er ſo fair and calm it be,
What would all ſober men believe,
If they ſhould hear us ſighing ſay,
Balcarres, who but th' other day
Did all our love and our reſpect command,
At whoſe great parts we all amaz'd did ſtand,
Is from a ſtorm, alas! caſt ſuddenly on land?

II.

If you will ſay, few perſons upon earth
Did, more than he, deſerve to have
A life exempt from fortune and the grave,
Whether you look upon his birth,
And anceſtors, whoſe fame's ſo widely ſpread,
But anceſtors, alas! who long ago are dead!
Or whether you conſider more
The vaſt increaſe, as ſure you ought,
Of honour by his labour bought,
And added to the former ſtore;
All I can anſwer is, that I allow
The privilege you plead for, and avow,
That as he well deſerv'd, he doth enjoy it now.

III.

Tho' God, for great and righteous ends,
Which his unerring providence intends,
Erroneous mankind ſhould not underſtand,
Would not permit Balcarres' hand,
That once, with ſo much induſtry and art,
Had clos'd the gaping wounds of ev'ry part,
To perfect his diſtracted nation's cure,
Or ſtop the fatal bondage 'twas t' endure;
Yet for his pains he ſoon did him remove,
From all th' oppreſſion and the wo
Of his frail body's native ſoil below,

To his soul's true and peaceful country above:
So godlike kings, for secret causes, known,
Sometimes, but to themselves alone,
One of their ablest ministers elect,
And send abroad, to treaties which they intend
Shall never take effect;
But tho' the treaty wants a happy end,
The happy agent wants not the reward
For which he labour'd faithfully and hard;
His just and righteous master calls him home,
And gives him near himself some honourable room.

IV.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
To save his country, and restore his King;
And whilst the manly half of him, which those
Who know not love to be the whole suppose,
Perform'd all parts of Virtue's vigorous life,
The beauteous half his lovely wife,
Did all his labours and his cares divide,
Nor was a lame nor paralytic side:
In all the turns of human state,
And all th' unjust attacks of Fate,
She bore her share and portion still,
And would not suffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
If I believe that such was he
Whom in the storms of bad success,
And all that error calls unhappiness,
His virtue and his virtuous wife did still accompany.

V.

With these companions 't was not strange
That nothing could his temper change.
His own and country's ruin had not weight
Enough to crush his mighty mind:
He saw around the hurricanes of state,
Fix'd as an island 'gainst the waves and wind.
Thus far the greedy sea may reach,
All outward things are but the beach;
A great man's soul it doth assault in vain;
Their God himself the ocean doth restrain
With an imperceptible chain,
And bid it to go back again.
His wisdom, justice, and his piety,
His courage, both to suffer and to die,
His virtues, and his lady, too,
Were things celestial: and we see,
In spight of quarrelling Philosophy,
How in this case 't is certain found,
That Heav'n stands still, and only earth goes round.

On the Death of Mrs. Catharine Philips.

I.

Cruel Disease! ah, could it not suffice
Thy old and constant spight to exercise
Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,
Which still thy depredations most do vex?
Where still thy malice most of all,
(Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall,
And in them most assault the fairest place,
The throne of Empress Beauty, ev'n the face.
There was enough of that here to assuage
(One would have thought) either thy lust or rage.
Was't not enough when thou, profane Disease!
Didst on this glorious temple seize?
Was't not enough, like a wild zealot, there
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images?
Was't not enough, thus rudely to defile,
But thou must quite destroy the goodly pile?
And thy unbounded sacrilege commit
On th' inward holiest holy of her holy wit?
Cruel Disease! there thou mistook'st thy pow'r;
No mine of Death can that devour;
On her embalmed name it will abide
An everlasting pyramid,
As high as heav'n the top, as earth the basis wide.

II.

All ages past record, all countries now,
In various kinds such equal beauties shew,
That ev'n Judge Paris would not know
On whom the golden apple to bestow;
Though goddesses to his sentence did submit,
Women and lovers would appeal from it;
Nor durst he say, of all the female race
This is the sov'reign face.
And some (though these be of a kind that's rare,
That 's much, ah! much less frequent than the fair)
So equally renown'd for virtue are,
That it the mother of the gods might pose,
When the best woman for her guide she chose:
But if Apollo should design
A woman Laureat to make,
Without dispute he would Orinda take,
Though Sappho and the famous Nine
Stood by and did repine.
To be a princess or a queen
Is great, but 't is a greatness always seen;
The world did never but two women know
Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit, did rise
To the two tops of sp'ritual dignities,
One female Pope of old, one female Poet now.

III.

Of female poets, who had names of old,
Nothing is shewn, but only told,
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-flatt'ry only, and male-poetry!
Few minutes did their beauties' lightning waste,
The thunder of their voice did longer last,
But that, too, soon was past:
The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit
In her own lasting characters are writ,
And they will long my praise of them survive,
Though long perhaps, too, that may live.
The trade of glory manag'd by the pen,
Though great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but small profit to us men;
'Tis by the number of the sharers drown'd:
Orinda on the female coasts of Fame
Engrosses all the goods of a poetic name:
She does no partner with her see,
Does all the business there alone which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole company.

IV.

But wit's like a luxuriant vine,
Unless to Virtue's prop it join,

Firm and erect towards heav'n bound;
Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be crown'd,
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.
Now shame and blushes on us all,
Who our own sex superior call!
Orinda does our boasting sex outdo,
Not in wit only, but in virtue too:
She does above our best examples rise
In hate of vice and scorn of vanities.
Never did spirit of the manly make,
And dipp'd all o'er, in Learning's sacred lake,
A temper more invulnerable take.
No violent passion could an entrance find
Into the tender goodness of her mind;
Through walls of stone those furious bullets may
Force their impetuous way;
When her soft breast they hit, pow'rless and dead they lay.

V.

The Fame of Friendship which so long had told
Of three or four illustrious names of old,
Till hoarse and weary with the tale she grew,
Rejoices now to 'ave got a new,
A new, and more surprising story,
Of fair Leucasia's and Orinda's glory.
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in some foreign country he must live,
The language and the manners he does strive
To understand and practise here,
That he may come no stranger there;
So well Orinda did herself prepare,
In this much-different clime, for her remove
To the glad world of Poetry and Love.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

To the truly worthy and noble Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight.

THIS latter age the lees of time, has known
Few that have made both Pallas' arts their own;
But you, great Sir! two laurels wear, and are
Victorious in peace as well as war:
Learning by right of conqueſt is your own,
And ev'ry lib'ral art your captive grown;
As if neglected Science (for it now
Wants ſome defenders) fled for help to you;
Whom I muſt follow, and let this for me
An earneſt of my future ſervice be;
Which I ſhould fear to ſend you, did I know
Your judgment only, not your candour too:
For 't was a work ſtol'n (though you'll juſtly call
This play as fond as thoſe) from Cat or Ball.
Had it been written ſince, I ſhould, I fear,
Scarce have abſtain'd from a philoſopher,
Which by tradition here is thought to be
A neceſſary part in comedy.
Nor need I tell you this; each line of it
Betrays the time and place wherein 't was writ;
And I could wiſh that I could ſafely ſay,
Reader, this play was made but th' other day.
Yet 't is not ſtuff'd with names of gods, hard words,
Such as the metamorphoſes affords:
Nor has 't a part for Robinſon, whom they
At ſchool account eſſential to a play.
The ſtyle is low, ſuch as you'll eaſily take
For what a ſwain might ſay, and a boy make.
Take it, as early fruits which rare appear,
Though not half ripe, but worſt of all the year;
And if it pleaſe your taſte, my Muſe will ſay,
The birch which crown'd her then is grown a bay.

Epilogue, ſpoken by Alupis.

THE Author bid me tell you—'Faith I have
Forgot what 'twas; and I'm a very ſlave
If I know what to ſay; but only this,
Be merry; that my counſel always is.
Let no grave man knit up his brow, and ſay
'Tis fooliſh: why? 't was a boy made the play;
Nor any yet of thoſe that ſit behind,
Becauſe he goes in pluſh, be of his mind.
Let none his time, or his ſpent money, grieve:
Be merry: give me your hands, and I'll believe:
Or if you will not, I'll go in and ſee
If I can turn the Author's mind, with me
To ſing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly
To be melancholy,
Since that can't mend the play.

Prologus. Naufragium Joculare.

EXI foras inepte; nullamne habebunt hic comœdiam?
Exi, inquam, inepte: aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo.
Tun' jam Sophiſta junior, et modeſtus adhuc?
Ego nihil poſſum, præter quod cætera ſolent,
Salvete cives Attici, et corona florentiſſima.
Utinam illam videretis, plus hoc ſpectaculo
Riſuros voſmet credo, quam totâ in Comœdiâ.
Jam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adſpicit.
Niſi placide intueamini, actum eſt de Puero.
Tragœdia iſthæc fiet, et Naufragium verum.
Dicturus modo Prologum, novi, inquit, peccatum meum.
Prodire niſi perſonatus, in hanc frequentiam
Non audet, et plus ſuâ rubeſcit purpurâ.
Illius ergò cauſâ, ſinite exorator ſiem
Ut nequis Poëta vitio vortat novitio,
Quodque non ſolet fieri, inſolentiam putet.
Niſi fari inceptaverit, nemo eſt futurus eloquens.
Qui modo pulpitum fortius, aut Scenam concutit,
Aliquando balbutivit ac timuit loqui.
Neque annosnovem poſcite; non eſt, Spectatores optimi,
Adulta res, ſed puerilis, ludere.
Vetus Poëta Comico ceſſit in convitium.
Quis ſuum dieculæ invidet crepuſculum?
Quis violæ, quod primo oritur, extinguit purpuram?
Favete et huic Flori, ne tanquam Solſtitialis Herbula
Repentè exortus, repentino occidat.

Epilogus. Naufragium Joculare.

Habet; peracta eſt Fabula; nil reſtat denique:
Niſi ut vos valere jubeam; quod ut fiat mutuo,
Valere et nos etiam jubeatis precor.
Naufragium ſic non erit; nam vobis, ſi placuimus,
Ut acutiſſime obſervat Gnomicus, Vir admirabilis,
Jam nunc in vado ſumus cum Proverbio,

Prologue to the Guardian, before the Prince.

Who ſays the times do learning diſallow?
'Tis falſe; 't was never honour'd ſo as now.
When you appear, great Prince! our night is done;
You are our morning ſtar, and ſhall be our ſun.
But our ſcene 's London now, and by the rout
We periſh, if the Roundheads be about.
For now no ornament the head muſt wear,
No bays, no mitre, not ſo much as hair.
How can a play paſs ſafely, when, ye know,
Cheapſide-Croſs falls for making but a ſhew?
Our only hope is this, that it may be
A play may paſs, too, made *extempore*.
Though other arts poor and neglected grow,
They'll admit poeſy, which was always ſo.
But we contemn the fury of theſe days,
And ſcorn no leſs their cenſure than their praiſe.
Our Muſe! bleſs'd Prince! does only on you rely,
Would gladly live, but not refuſe to die.
Accept our haſty zeal; a thing that 's play'd
E'er 't is a play, and acted e'er 't is made.
Our ign'rance, but our duty, too, we ſhew:
I would all ign'rant people would do ſo!
At other times times expect our wit or art;
This comedy is acted by the heart.

Epilogue to the Guardian.

The play, Great Sir! is done; yet needs muſt fear,
Though you brought all your father's mercies here,
It may offend your highneſs, and we 'ave now
Three hours done treaſon here, for ought we know.
But pow'r your Grace can above Nature give;
It can give pow'r to make abortives live:
In which, if our bold wiſhes ſhould be croſs'd,
'Tis but the life of one poor week 't has loſt:
Though it ſhould fall beneath your mortal ſcorn,
Scarce could it die more quickly than 't was born.

Prologue to the Cutter of Coleman-Street.

As when the midland ſea is no where clear
From dreadful fleets of Tunis and Argier,
Which coaſt about, to all they meet with foes,
And upon which nought can be got but blows;
The merchant ſhips ſo much their paſſage doubt,
That, though full-freighted, none dares venture out,
And trade decays, and ſcarcity enſues:
Juſt ſo the tim'rous wits of late refuſe,
Though laded, to put forth upon the ſtage,
Affrighted by the critics of this age.
It is a party num'rous, watchful, bold;
They can from nought, which ſails in ſight, withhold.
Nor do their cheap, though mortal, thunder ſpare;
They ſhoot, alas! with windguns charg'd with air.
But yet, Gentlemen Critics of Argier,
For your own int'reſt I'd adviſe ye here
To let this little forlorn hope go hy,
Safe and untouch'd. That muſt not be, you'll cry.
If ye be wiſe it muſt; I'll tell you why,
There are ſeven, eight, nine—ſtay—there are behind
Ten plays at leaſt, which wait but for a wind.
And the glad news that we the en'my miſs,
And thoſe are all your own if you ſpare this.
Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite new,
Some by known ſhipwrights built, and others too
By that great author made, who'er he be,
That ſtiles himſelf Perſon of Quality.
All theſe, if we miſcarry here to-day.
Will rather till they rot in th' harbour ſtay;
Nay, they will back again, though they were come
Ev'n to their laſt ſafe road, the Tiringroom.
Therefore again I ſay, if you be wiſe,
Let this for once paſs free; let it ſuffice
That we, your ſov'reign pow'r here to avow,
Thus humbly, e'er we paſs, ſtrike ſail to you.

Added at Court.

Stay, Gentlemen; what I have ſaid, was all
But forc'd ſubmiſſion, which I now recall.
Ye're all but pirates now again; for here
Does the true Sov'reign of the ſeas appear,
The Sov'reign of theſe narrow ſeas of wit;
'Tis his own Thames; he knows and governs it.
'Tis his dominion and domain; as he
Pleaſes 't is either ſhut to us, or free.
Not only if his paſſport we obtain,
We fear no little rovers of the main;
But if our Neptune his calm viſage ſhew,
No wave ſhall dare to riſe, or wind to blow.

Epilogue ſpoken by the Cutter.

Methinks a viſion bids me ſilence break,
[*Without his peruke.*
And ſome words to this congregation ſpeak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the fifth monarch's court in Coleman-ſtreet.
But yet I wonder much not to eſpy a
Brother in all this court call'd Zephaniah.
Bleſs me! where are we? what may this place be?
For I begin my viſion now to ſee

That this is a mere theatre; well, then, [*peruke.*
If't be e'en so, I'll Cutter be again. [*Put on his*
Not Cutter the pretended Cavalier;
For, to confess ingeniously here
To you, who always of that party were,
I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very rakehell of this Town.
But now my follies and my faults are ended,
My fortune and my mind are both amended.
And if we may believe one who has fail'd before,
Our Author says he'll mend, that is, he'll write no more.

Epilogue at Court.

The madness of your people, and the rage
You 'ave seen too long upon the public stage;
'Tis time at last, great Sir! 't is time to see
Their tragic follies brought to comedy.
If any blame the lowness of our scene,
We humbly think some persons there have been
On the world's theatre not long ago,
Much more too high, than here they are too low.
And well we know that Comedy of old
Did her plebeian rank with so much honour hold,
That it appear'd not then too base or light
For the great Scipio's conqu'ring hand to write.
Howe'er, if such mean persons seem too rude,
When into royal presence they intrude,
Yet we shall hope a pardon to receive
From you, a Prince so practis'd to forgive;
A Prince who, with th' applause of earth and heav'n,
The rudeness of the vulgar has forgiv'n.

THE MISTRESS:

OR,

SEVERAL COPIES OF LOVE VERSES.

——Hæret lateri lethalis arundo, VIRG. ÆN. iv.

The requeſt.

I.

I'ave often wiſh'd to love; what ſhall I do?
Me ſtill the cruel Boy does ſpare,
And I a double taſk muſt bear,
Firſt to woo him, and then a Miſtreſs too.
Come at laſt, and ſtrike for ſhame,
If thou art any thing beſides a name,
I'll think thee elſe no god to be,
But poets rather gods, who firſt created thee.

II.

I aſk not one in whom all beauties grow;
Let me but love, whate'er ſhe be,
She cannot ſeem deform'd to me,
And I would have her ſeem to others ſo.
Deſire takes wings, and ſtraight does fly,
It ſtays not dully to inquire the why.
That happy thing, a lover grown,
I ſhall not ſee with other's eyes, ſcarce with mine own.

III.

If ſhe be coy, and ſcorn my noble fire,
If her chill heart I cannot move,
Why, I'll enjoy the very love,
And make a miſtreſs of my own deſire.
Flames their moſt vig'rous heat do hold,
And pureſt light, if compaſs'd round with cold;
So, when ſharp Winter means moſt harm,
The ſpringing plants are by the ſnow itſelf kept warm.

IV.

But do not touch my heart, and ſo begone;
Strike deep thy burning arrows in:
Lukewarmneſs I account a ſin
As great in love as in religion.
Come arm'd with flames, for I will prove
All the extremities of mighty Love.
Th' excels of heat is but a fable;
We know the Torrid Zone is now found habitable.

V.

Among the woods and foreſts thou art found,
There boars and lions thou doſt tame;
Is not my heart a nobler game?
Let Venus men, and beaſts Diana wound.
Thou doſt the birds thy ſubjects make;
Thy nimble feathers do their wings o'ertake:
Thou all the ſpring their ſongs doſt hear,
Make me love too, I'll ſing to thee all th' year.

VI.

What ſervice can mute fiſhes do to thee?
Yet againſt them thy dart prevails,
Piercing the armour of their ſcales;
And ſtill thy ſeaborn mother lives i' th' ſea.
Doſt thou deny only to me
The no-great priv'lege of captivity?
I beg or challenge here thy bow;
Either thy pity' to me, or elſe thine anger ſhew.

VII.

Come, or I'll teach the world to ſcorn that bow:
I'll teach them thouſand wholeſome arts,
Both to reſiſt and cure thy darts,
More than thy ſkilful Ovid e'er did know.
Muſic of ſighs thou ſhalt not hear,
Nor drink one wretched lover's taſteful tear:
Nay, unleſs ſoon thou woundeſt me,
My verſes ſhall not only wound, but murder thee.

The Thraldom.

I.

I came, I ſaw, and was undone;
Lightning did thro' my bones and marrow run;
A pointed pain piere'd deep my heart;
A ſwift, cold tremb'ling, ſeiz'd on ev'ry part
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The poiſon that was enter'd there.

II.

So a deſtroying angel's breath
Blows in the plague, and with it haſty death.
Such was the pain, did ſo begin
To the poor wretch when legion enter'd in.
Forgive me, God! I cry'd; for I
Flatter'd myſelf I was to die.

III.

But quickly to my coſt I found
'Twas cruel Love, not Death, had made the wound:
Death a more gen'rous rage does uſe;
Quarter to all he conquers does refuſe:
Whilſt love with barb'rous mercy ſaves
The vanquiſh'd lives, to make them ſlaves.

IV.

I am thy ſlave then; let me know,
Hard Maſter! the great taſk I have to do:
Who pride and ſcorn do undergo,
In tempeſts and rough ſeas thy gallies row;
They pant, and groan, and ſigh, but find
Their ſighs increaſe the angry wind.

V.

Like an Egyptian tyrant, ſome
Thou wearieſt out in building but a tomb:
Others, with ſad and tedious art,
Labour i' th' quarries of a ſtony heart.
Of all the works thou doſt aſſign
To all the ſeveral ſlaves of thine,
Employ me, mighty Love! to dig the mine.

The given Love.

I.

I'LL on; for what ſhould hinder me
From loving and enjoying thee?
Thou canſt not thoſe exceptions make,
Which vulgar ſordid mortals take,
That my fate's too mean and low;
'Twere pity I ſhould love thee ſo,
If that dull cauſe could hinder me
In loving and enjoying thee.

II.

It does not me a whit diſpleaſe,
That the rich all honours ſeize;
That you all titles make your own,
Are valiant, learned, wiſe, alone:
But if you claim o'er women too
The power which over men you do,
If you alone muſt lovers be,
For that, Sirs! you muſt pardon me.

III.

Rather than loſe what does ſo near
Concern my life and being here,
I'll ſome ſuch crooked ways invent,
As you or your foreſathers went:
I'll flatter or oppoſe the king,
Turn Puritan, or any thing;
I'll force my mind to arts ſo new,
Grow rich, and love as well as you.

IV.

But rather thus let me remain,
As man in Paradiſe did reign,
When perfect love did ſo agree
With innocence and poverty.
Adam did no jointure give,
Himſelf was jointure to his Eve:
Untouch'd with av'rice yet, or pride,
The rib came freely back to' his ſide.

V.

A curſe upon the man who taught
Women that love was to be bought;
Rather doat only on your gold,
And that with greedy av'rice hold;
For if woman, too, ſubmit
To that, and ſell herſelf for it,
Fond lover! you a Miſtreſs have
Of her that's but your fellow-ſlave.

VI.

What ſhould thoſe poets mean of old,
That made their god to woo in gold?
Of all men ſure they had no cauſe
To bind Love to ſuch coſtly laws:
And yet I ſcarcely blame them now;
For who, alas! would not allow
That women ſhould ſuch gifts receive,
Could they, as he, be what they give?

VII.

If thou, my Dear! thyſelf ſhouldſt prize,
Alas! what value would ſuffice?
The Spaniard could not do' it, though he
Should to both Indies jointure thee.
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
If thou ſhouldſt any bargain make;
To give all will befit thee well,
But not at underrates to ſell.

VIII.

Beſtow thy beauty then on me
Freely, as Nature gave it to thee;
'Tis an exploded Popiſh thought
To think that heav'n may be bought.
Pray'rs, hymns, and praiſes, are the way,
And thoſe my thankful Muſe ſhall pay;
Thy body, in my verſe enſhrin'd,
Shall grow immortal as thy mind.

IX.

I'll fix thy title next in fame
To Sachariſſa's well-ſung name.
So faithfully will I declare
What all thy wondrous beauties are,
That when, at the laſt great aſſize,
All women ſhall together riſe,
Men ſtraight ſhall caſt their eyes on thee,
And know at firſt that thou art ſhe.

The Spring.

I.

THOUGH you be abſent here, I needs muſt ſay,
The trees as beauteous are, and flow'rs as gay,
As ever they were wont to be;
Nay, the birds' rural muſic, too,
Is as melodious and free
As if they ſung to pleaſure you.

I saw a rose-bud ope this morn; I'll swear
The blushing Morning open'd not more fair.

II.

How could it be so fair and you away?
How could the trees be beauteous, flow'rs so gay?
Could they remember but last year
How you did them, they you, delight,
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
And call'd their fellows to the sight,
Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,
Creep back into their silent barks again,

III.

Where'er you walk'd, trees were as rev'rend made,
As when of old gods dwelt in ev'ry shade.
Is't possible they should not know
What loss of honour they sustain,
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retain?
Dull Creatures! 'tis not without cause that she
Who fled the God of Wit was made a tree.

IV.

In ancient times, sure, they much wiser were,
When they rejoic'd the Thracian verse to hear;
In vain did nature bid them stay,
When Orpheus had his song begun,
They call'd their wond'ring roots away,
And had them silent to him run.
How would those learned trees have follow'd you?
You would have drawn them and their poet too.

V.

But who can blame them now? for, since you're gone
They're here the only fair, and shine alone.
You did their nat'ral rights invade;
Wherever you did walk or sit,
The thickest boughs could make no shade,
Although the sun had granted it:
The fairest flow'rs could please no more, near you,
Than painted flow'rs set next to them could do.

VI.

Whene'er, then, you come hither, that shall be
The time which this to others is, to me.
The little joys which here are now,
The name of punishments do bear,
When by their sight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are:
'Tis you the best of seasons with you bring;
This is for beasts, and that for men, the Spring.

Written in Juice of Lemon.

I.

WHAT I write I do not see,
I dare thus, even to you, write poetry.
Ah! foolish Muse! which dost so high aspire,
And know'st her judgment well,
How much it does thy pow'r excel,
Yet dar'st be read by thy just doom, the fire.

II.

Alas! thou think'st thyself secure,
Because thy form is innocent and pure;
Like hypocrites, which seem unspotted here,
But when they sadly come to die,
And the last fire their truth must try,
Scrawl'd o'er like thee, and blotted, they appear.

III.

Go then, but reverently go,
And, since thou needst must sin, confess it too;
Confess't, and with humility clothe thy shame;
For thou, who else must burned be
An Heretic, if she pardon thee,
May'st, like a martyr, then enjoy the flame.

IV.

But if her wisdom grow severe,
And suffer not her goodness to be there;
If her large mercies cruelly it restrain,
Be not discourag'd, but require
A more gentle ordeal fire,
And bid her by Love's flames read it again.

V.

Strange pow'r of Heat! thou yet dost shew
Like winter earth, naked, or cloth'd with snow;
But as the quick'ning sun approaching near,
The plants arise up by degrees,
A sudden paint adorns the trees,
And all kind Nature's characters appear;

VI.

So nothing yet in thee is seen,
But when a genial heat warms thee within.
A new-born wood of various lines there grows;
Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.

VII.

Still, silly Paper! thou wilt think
That all this might as well be writ with ink.
Oh no; there's sense in this, and mystery;
Thou now may'st change thy author's name,
And to her hand lay noble claim,
For as she reads, she makes the words in thee.

VIII.

Yet if thine own unworthiness
Will still that thou art mine, not her's, confess,
Consume thyself with fire before her eyes,
And so her grace or pity move:
The gods, though beasts they do not love,
Yet like them when they're burnt in sacrifice.

Inconstancy.

FIVE years ago, says Story, I lov'd you,
For which you call me most Inconstant now.
Pardon me, Madam! you mistake the man,
For I am not the same that I was then;
No flesh is now the same 't was then in me;
And that my mind is chang'd yourself may see.
The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
Were more inconstant far; for accidents
Must of all things more strangely inconstant prove,
If from one subject they to another move.
My members then the father-members were,
From whence these take their birth which now are here:
If then this body love what th' other did,
'Twere incest, which by Nature is forbid.

You might as well this day inconſtant name,
Becauſe the weather is not ſtill the ſame
That it was yeſterday; or blame the year,
'Cauſe the ſpring flow'rs, and autumn fruit does bear.
The world's a ſcene of changes, and to be
Conſtant, in Nature were inconſtancy;
For 'twere to break the laws herſelf has made:
Our ſubſtances themſelves do fleet and fade;
The moſt fix'd being ſtill does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of Time 't is meaſur'd by.
T' imagine then that love ſhould never ceaſe,
(Love, which is but the ornament of theſe)
Were quite as ſenſeleſs as to wonder why
Beauty and colour ſtay not when we die.

Not fair.

'Tis very true I thought you once as fair
As women in th' idea are:
Whatever here ſeems beauteous, ſeem'd to be
But a faint metaphor of thee:
But then (methought) there ſomething ſhin'd with-
Which caſt this luſtre o'er thy ſkin; [in
Nor could I chooſe but count in the Sun's light
Which made this cloud appear ſo bright;
But ſince I knew thy falſehood and thy pride,
And all thy thouſand faults beſide,
A very Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,
White as his teeth would ſeem to be.
So men, they ſay, by Hell's deluſions led,
Have ta'en a ſuccubus to their bed,
Believe it fair, and themſelves happy call,
Till the cleft foot diſcovers all;
Then they ſtart from 't, half ghoſts themſelves with fear,
And devil as it is it does appear. [
So ſince againſt my will I found thee foul,
Deform'd and crooked in thy ſoul,
My reaſon ſtraight did to my ſenſes ſhew
That they might be miſtaken too:
Nay, when the world but knows how falſe you are,
There's not a man will think you fair; [
Thy ſhape will monſtrous in their fancies be,
They'll call their eyes as falſe as thee;
But what thou wilt, Hate will preſent thee ſo
As Puritans do the Pope, and Papiſts Luther do.

Platonic Love.

I.

Indeed I muſt confeſs,
When ſoul mixt is in happineſs;
But not complete, till bodies too, combine,
And cloſely as our minds together join:
But half of heav'n the ſouls in glory taſte,
Till by love in heav'n at laſt
Their bodies, too, are plac'd.

II.

In thy immortal part,
Man, as well as I, thou art;
But ſomething 't is that differs thee and me,
And we muſt one ev'n in that difference be.
I thee both as a man and woman prize,
For a perfect love implies
Love in all capacities.

III.

Can that for true love paſs,
When a fair woman courts her glaſs?
Something unlike muſt in Love's likeneſs be,
His wonder is one and variety:
For he whoſe ſoul nought but a ſoul can move,
Does a new Narciſſus prove,
And his own image love.

IV.

That ſouls do beauty know,
'Tis to the body's help they owe;
If when they know it, they ſtraight abuſe that truſt,
And ſhut the body from it, 'tis as unjuſt
As if I brought my deareſt friend to ſee
My Miſtreſs, and at th' inſtant he
Should ſteal her quite from me.

The Change.

I.

Love in her ſunny eyes does baſking play;
Love walks the pleaſant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever ſtray,
And ſows and reaps a thouſand kiſſes there:
In all her outward parts Love's always ſeen,
But, oh! he never went within.

II.

Within, Love's foes, his greateſt foes, abide,
Malice, inconſtancy, and Pride.
So the earth's face, trees, herbs, and flow'rs, do
With other beauties numberleſs; [dreſs,
But at the centre darkneſs is, and hell;
There wicked ſp'rits, and there the damned, dwell.

III

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;
Darkneſs and death lies in my weeping eyes,
Deſpair and paleneſs in my face appears,
And grief and fear, Love's greateſt enemies;
But, like the Perſian tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is ſeen.

IV.

Oh! take my heart, and by that means you'll prove
Within, too, ſtor'd enough of love:
Give me but your's, I'll by that change ſo thrive,
That love in all my parts ſhall live.
So pow'rful is this Change, it render can
My outſide woman, and your inſide man.

Clad all in white.

I.

Fairest thing that ſhines below,
Why in this robe doſt thou appear?
Wouldſt thou a white moſt perfect ſhew,

Thou muſt at all no garment wear :
Thou wilt ſeem much whiter ſo,
Than winter when 't is clad with ſnow.

II.

'Tis not the linen ſhews ſo fair,
Her ſkin ſhines thro' and makes it bright;
So clouds themſelves like ſuns appear,
When the ſun pierces them with light;
So lilies in a glaſs incloſe,
The glaſs will ſeem as white as thoſe,

III.

Thou now one heap of beauty art,
Nought outwards or within is foul;
Condenſed beams make every part;
Thy body 's clothed like thy ſoul.
Thy ſoul, which does itſelf diſplay,
Like a ſtar plac'd i' th' Milky-way.

IV.

Such robes the ſaints departed wear,
Woven all with light divine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
And with ſuch full glory ſhine :
But they regard not mortals' pain;
Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.

V.

Yet ſeeing thee ſo gently pure,
My hopes will needs continue ſtill;
Thou wouldſt not take this garment, ſure,
When thou hadſt an intent to kill ?
Of peace and yielding who would doubt,
When the white flag he ſees hung out.

Leaving me, and then loving many.

So men who once have caſt the truth away,
Forſook by God, do ſtrange wild luſts obey;
So the vain Gentiles, when they left t' adore
One Deity, could not ſtop at thouſands more :
Their zeal was ſenſeleſs ſtraight and boundleſs grown!
They worſhip'd many a beaſt, and many a ſtone.
Ah! fair Apoſtate! couldſt thou think to flee
From truth and goodneſs, yet keep unity ?
I reign'd alone; and my bleſs'd ſelf could call
The univerſal monarch of her all.
Mine, mine her fair Eaſt Indies were above,
Where thoſe ſuns riſe that cheer the world of love;
Where beauties ſhine like gems of richeſt price;
Where coral grows, and every breath is ſpice :
Mine, too her rich Weſt Indies were below,
Where mines of gold and endleſs treaſures grow.
But as when the Pellæan conqu'ror dy'd,
Many ſmall princes did his crown divide;
So, ſince my love his vanquiſh'd world forſook,
Murder'd by poiſons from her falſehood took,
An hundred petty kings claim each their part,
And rend that glorious empire of her heart.

My Heart diſcovered.

Her body is ſo gently bright,
Clear and tranſparent to the ſight,
(Clear as fair cryſtal to the view,
Yet ſoft as that, e'er ſtone it grew)
That through her fleſh, methinks, is ſeen
The brighter ſoul that dwells within:
Our eyes the ſubtile covering paſs,
And ſee that lily through its glaſs,
I through her breaſt her heart eſpy,
As ſouls in hearts do ſouls deſcry;
I ſee 't with gentle motions beat,
I ſee light in't, but find no heat.
Within, like angels in the ſky,
A thouſand gilded thoughts do fly;
Thoughts of bright and nobleſt kind,
Fair and chaſte as mother-mind;
But, oh! what other heart is there,
Which ſighs and crowds to her's ſo near ?
'Tis all on flame, and does like fire
To that, as to it's heav'n, aſpire :
The wounds are many in 't, and deep;
Still does it bleed, and ſtill does weep.
Whoſever wretched heart it be,
I cannot chooſe but grieve to ſee.
What pity in my breaſt does reign ?
Methinks I feel, too, all its pain :
So torn, and ſo defac'd, it lies,
That it could ne'er be known by th' eyes;
But, oh! at laſt I heard it groan,
And knew by th' voice that 't was mine own.
So poor Alcione, when ſhe ſaw
A ſhipwreck'd body tow'rds her draw,
Beat by the waves, let fall a tear,
Which only then did pity wear;
But when the corps on ſhore were caſt,
Which ſhe her huſband found at laſt,
What ſhould the wretched widow do ?
Grief chang'd her ſtraight; away ſhe flew,
Turn'd to a bird; and ſo at laſt ſhall I,
Both from my murder'd heart and murderer fly.

Anſwer to the Platonics.

So angels love : ſo let them love for me;
When I'm all ſoul, ſuch ſhall my love, too, be.
Who nothing here but like a ſp'rit would do,
In a ſhort time (believe it) will be one too.
But ſhall our love do what in beaſts we ſee ?
Ev'n beaſts eat too, but not ſo well as we.
And you as juſtly might in thirſt refuſe
The uſe of wine, becauſe beaſts water uſe :
They taſte thoſe pleaſures as they do their food;
Undreſs'd they take it, devour it raw and crude :
But to us men Love cooks it at his fire,
And adds the poignant ſauce of ſharp deſire.
Beaſts do the ſame; 't is true; but ancient Fame
Says, gods themſelves turn'd beaſts to do the ſame.
The Thund'rer, who, without the female bed,
Could goddeſſes bring forth from out his head,
Choſe rather mortals this way to create,
So much h' eſteem'd his pleaſure 'bove his ſtate.
Ye talk of fires which ſhine, but never burn;
In this cold world they'll hardly ſerve our turn;
As uſeleſs to deſpairing lovers grown,
As lambent flames to men i' th' Frigid Zone.

The Sun does his pure fires on earth beſtow
With nuptial warmth, to bring forth things below:
Such is Love's nobleſt and divineſt heat,
That warms like his, and does, like his, beget.
Luſt you call this; a name to your's more juſt,
If an inordinate deſire be luſt.
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More luſtful was than the hot youth of Troy.

The vain-love. Loving one firſt, becauſe ſhe could love nobody, afterwards loving her with deſire.

What new-found witchcraft was in thee,
With thine own cold to kindle me?
Strange art! like him that ſhould deviſe
To make a burning glaſs of ice:
When Winter ſo the plants would harm,
Her ſnow itſelf does keep them warm.
Fool that I was! who having found
A rich and ſunny diamond,
Admir'd the hardneſs of the ſtone,
But not the light with which it ſhone.
Your brave and haughty ſcorn at all
Was ſtately and monarchical:
All gentleneſs, with that eſteem'd,
A dull and ſlaviſh virtue ſeem'd:
Shouldſt thou have yielded then to me,
Thou'dſt loſt what I moſt lov'd in thee;
For who would ſerve one whom he ſees
That he can conquer if he pleaſe?
It far'd with me as if a ſlave
In triumph led, that does perceive
With what a gay majeſtic pride
His conqu'ror through the ſtreets does ride,
Should be contented with his wo,
Which makes up ſuch a comely ſhew.
I ſought not from thee a return,
But without hopes or fears did burn;
My cov'tous paſſion did approve
The hoarding up, not uſe, of love.
My love a kind of dream was grown,
A fooliſh, but a pleaſant one;
From which I'm waken'd now, but, oh!
Priſoners to die are waken'd ſo:
For now th' effects of loving are
Nothing but longings with deſpair:
Deſpair, whoſe torments no men, ſure,
But lovers, and the damn'd, endure.
Her ſcorn I doted once upon,
Ill object for affection;
But ſince, alas! too much 'tis prov'd
That yet 't was ſomething that I lov'd:
Now my deſires are worſe, and fly
At any impoſſibility:
Deſires which, whilſt ſo high they ſoar,
Are proud as that I lov'd before.
What lover can like me complain,
Who firſt lov'd vainly, next in vain?

The Soul.

I.

If mine eyes do e'er declare
They 'ave ſeen a ſecond thing that's fair;
Or ears that they have muſic ſound,
Beſides thy voice, in any ſound;
If my taſte do ever meet,
After thy kiſs with ought that's ſweet;
If my abuſed touch allow
Ought to be ſmooth or ſoft but you;
If what ſeaſonable ſprings,
Or the eaſtern ſummer brings,
Do my ſmell perſuade at all
Ought perfume but thy breath to call;
If all my ſenſes objects be
Not contracted into thee,
And ſo through thee more pow'rful paſs,
As beams do through a burning-glaſs;
If all things that in Nature are
Either ſoft, or ſweet, or fair,
Be not in thee ſo' epitomiz'd,
That nought material's not compris'd,
May I as worthleſs ſeem to thee,
As all but thou appear to me.

II.

If I ever anger know,
Till ſome wrong be done to you;
If gods or kings my envy move,
Without their crowns, crown'd by thy love;
If ever I an hope admit,
Without thy image ſtamp'd on it,
Or any fear, till I begin
To find that you're concern'd therein;
If a joy e'er come to me,
That taſtes of any thing but thee;
If any ſorrow touch my mind
Whilſt you are well, and not unkind;
If I a minute's ſpace debate,
Whether I ſhall curſe and hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the world, myſelf and all;
And for love, if ever I
Approach to it again ſo nigh
As to allow a toleration
To the leaſt glimm'ring inclination;
If thou alone doſt not control
All thoſe tyrants of my ſoul,
And to thy beauties ty'ſt them ſo,
That conſtant they as habits grow;
If any paſſion of my heart,
By any force, or any art,
Be brought to move one ſtep from thee,
May'ſt thou no paſſion have for me.

III.

If my buſy imagination
Do not thee in all things faſhion
So, that all fair ſpecies be
Hieroglyphic marks of thee;
If when ſhe her ſports does keep
(The lower ſoul being all aſleep)
She play one dream with all her art,
Where thou haſt not the longeſt part;
If ought get place in my rememb'rance,

Without some badge of thy resemblance,
So that thy parts become to me
A kind of art of memory;
If my understanding do
Seek any knowledge but of you,
If she do near thy body prize
Her bodies of Philosophies;
If she to the will do shew
Ought desirable but you,
Or if that would not rebel,
Should she another doctrine tell;
If my will do not resign
All her liberty to thine;
If she would not follow thee,
Though Fate and thou shouldst disagree;
And if (for I a curse will give
Such as shall force thee to believe)
My soul be not entirely thine,
May thy dear body ne'er be mine.

The Passions

I.

From hate, fear, hope, anger, and envy, free,
And all the passions else that be,
In vain I boast of liberty;
In vain this state a freedom call,
Since I have love, and love is all:
Sot that I am! who think it fit to brag
That I have no disease besides the plague!

II.

So in a zeal the sons of Israel
Sometimes upon their idols fell,
And they depos'd the powers of hell;
Baal and Astarte down they threw,
And Accarón and Moloch too:
All this imperfect piety did no good,
Whilst yet alas! the calf of Bethel stood.

III.

Fondly I boast that I have dress'd my vine
With painful art, and that the wine
Is of a taste rich and divine;
Since love, by mixing poison there,
Has made it worse than vinegar:
Love ev'n the taste of nectar changes so,
That gods choose rather water here below.

IV.

Fear, anger, hope, all passions else that be,
Drive this one tyrant out of me,
And practice all your tyranny.
The change of ills some good will do;
Th' oppressed wretched Indians so,
Being slaves by the great Spanish monarch made,
Call in the States of Holand to their aid.

Wisdom.

'Tis mighty wise that you would now be thought,
With your grave rules from musty morals brought;
Through which some streaks, too, of divin'ty ran,
Partly of Monk, and partly Puritan;
With tedious repetitions, too, you 'ave ta'en
Often the name of Vanity in vain:
Things which, I take it, Friend! you'd ne'er recite,
Should she I love but say to you, Come at night.
The wisest king refus'd all pleasures quite,
Till wisdom from above did him enlight;
But when that gift his ign'rance did remove,
Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in love.
And if by' event the counsels may be seen,
This wisdom 't was that brought the Southern queen.
She came not, like a good old wife, to know
The wholesome nature of all plants that grow;
Nor did so far from her own country roam,
To cure scall'd heads and broken shins at home:
She came for that which more befits all wives,
The art of giving, not of saving, lives.

The Despair.

I.

Beneath this gloomy shade,
By Nature only for my sorrows made,
I'll spend this voice in cries,
In tears I'll waste these eyes,
By love so vainly fed;
So Lust of old the deluge punished.
Ah! wretched Youth said I;
Ah! wretched youth! twice did I sadly cry;
Ah! wretched Youth! the fields and floods reply.

II.

When thoughts of love I entertain,
I meet no words but Never, and, In vain:
Never, alas! that dreadful name
Which fuels the infernal flame:
Never! my time to come must waste;
In vain! torments the present and the past:
In vain! in vain! said I,
In vain! in vain! twice did I sadly cry;
In vain! in vain! the fields and floods reply.

III.

No more shall fields or floods do so,
For I to shades more dark and silent go:
All this world's noise appears to me
A dull ill-acted comedy:
No comfort to my wounded sight,
In the sun's busy and impert'nent light.
Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth, and for awhile was dead,
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled.

IV.

Ah! sottish soul! said I,
When back to' its cage again I saw it fly:
Fool! to resume her broken chain,
And row her galley here again!
Fool! to that body to return
Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to burn!
Once dead, how can it be
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
That thou shouldst come to live it o'er again in me?

The Wiſh.

I.

Well, then, I now do plainly ſee,
This buſy world and I ſhall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the ſooneſt cloy:
And they (methinks) deſerve my pity
Who for it can endure the ſtings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the City.

II.

Ah! yet, e'er I deſcend to the grave,
May I a ſmall houſe and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wiſe, and both delightful too!
And ſince Love ne'er will from me flee,
A miſtreſs moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

III.

Oh! Fountains! when in you ſhall I
Myſelf, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, eſpy?
Oh! Fields! oh! Woods! when, when ſhall I be made
The happy tenant of your ſhade?
Here's the ſpring-head of Pleaſure's flood,
Where all the riches lie that ſhe
Has coin'd and ſtamp'd for good.

IV.

Pride and ambition here,
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs ſcatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they deſcended hither
From heav'n, did always chooſe their way;
And therefore we may boldly ſay,
That 't is the way, too, thither.

V.

How happy here ſhould I
And one dear ſhe live, and embracing die?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deſerts ſolitude!
I ſhould have then this only fear,
Leſt men, when they my pleaſures ſee,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And ſo make a city here.

My Diet.

I.

Now by my Love, the greateſt oath that is,
None loves you half ſo well as I;
I do not aſk your love for this,
But for Heav'n's ſake believe me or die.
No ſervant e'er but did deſerve
His maſter ſhould believe that he does ſerve,
And I'll aſk no more wages, though I ſtarve.

II.

'Tis no luxurious diet this, and ſure
I ſhall not by it too luſty prove;
Yet ſhall it willingly endure,
If it can but keep together life and love.
Being your priſ'ner and your ſlave,
I do not feaſts and banquets look to have;
A little bread and water's all I crave.

III.

On a ſigh of pity I a year can live;
One tear will keep me twenty at leaſt;
Fifty a gentle look will give;
An hundred years on one kind word I'll feaſt;
A thouſand more will added be,
If you an inclination have for me;
And all beyond is vaſt eternity.

The Thief.

I.

Thou robb'ſt my days of buſ'neſs and delights,
Of ſleep thou robb'ſt my nights:
Ah! lovely Thief! what wilt thou do?
What! rob me of heav'n too?
Thou ev'n my pray'rs doſt ſteal from me,
And I with wild idolatry,
Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

II.

Is it a ſign to love, that it ſhould thus,
Like an ill conſcience, torture us?
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
(None guiltleſs e'er was haunted ſo)
Still, ſtill, methinks thy face I view,
And ſtill thy ſhape does me purſue,
As if not you me, but I had murder'd you.

III.

From books I ſtrive ſome remedy to take,
But thy name all the letters make;
Whate'er 't is writ, I find that there,
Like points and commas, every where;
Me bleſs'd for this let no man hold,
For I, as Midas did of old,
Periſh by turning ev'ry thing to gold.

IV.

What do I ſeek, alas! or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
For making thee my deity,
I give thee then ubiquity,
My pains reſemble hell in this,
The Divine Preſence there, too, is,
But to torment men, not to give them bliſs.

All over Love.

I.

'Tis well, 't is well with them, ſay I.
Whoſe ſhort liv'd paſſions with themſelves can die;
For none can be unhappy who,
'Midſt all his ills, a time does know
(Though ne'er ſo long) when he ſhall not be ſo.

II.

Whatever parts of me remain,
Thoſe parts will ſtill the love of thee retain;
For 't was not only in my heart,
But like a God by pow'rful art,
'Twas all in all, and all in ev'ry part.

III.

My affection no more periſh can
Than the firſt matter that compounds a man.
Hereafter if one duſt of me
Mix'd with another's ſubſtance be,
'Twill leaven that whole lump with love of thee.

IV.

Let Nature, if ſhe pleaſe, diſperſe
My atoms over all the univerſe;
At the laſt they eas'ly ſhall
Themſelves know, and together call;
For thy love, like a mark, is ſtamp'd on all.

Love and Life.

I.

Now, ſure, within this twelve-month paſt,
I 'ave lov'd at leaſt ſome twenty years or more:
Th' account of love runs much more faſt
Than that with which our life does ſcore:
So though my life be ſhort, yet I may prove
The great Methuſalem of love.

II.

Not that Love's hours or minutes are
Shorter than thoſe our being's meaſur'd by;
But they're more cloſe compacted far,
And ſo in leſſer room do lie.
The airy things extend themſelves in ſpace,
Things ſolid take up little place.

III.

Yet love, alas! and life, in me
Are not two ſev'ral things, but purely one;
At once how can there in it be
A double diff'rent motion?
O yes, there may; for ſo the ſelfſame ſun
At once does flow and ſwiftly run.

IV.

Swiftly his daily journey he goes,
And treads his annual with a ſtatelier pace,
And does three hundred rounds encloſe
Within one yearly circle's ſpace;
At once with double courſe, in the ſame ſphere,
He runs the day, and walks the year.

V.

When Sol does to myſelf refer,
'Tis then my life, and does but ſlowly move;
But when it does relate to her,
It ſwiftly flies, and then is love.
Love's my diurnal courſe, divided right
'Twixt hope and fear, my day night.

The Bargain.

I.

Take heed, take heed, thou lovely maid!
Nor be by glitt'ring ills betray'd;
Thyſelf for money? Oh! let no man know
The price of beauty fall'n ſo low!
What dangers ought'ſt thou not to dread,
When love that's blind is by blind Fortune led?

II.

The fooliſh Indian, that ſells
His precious gold for beads and bells,
Does a more wiſe and gainful traffic hold,
Than thou who ſelleſt thyſelf for gold.
What gains in ſuch a bargain are?
He'll in thy mines dig better treaſures far

III.

Can gold, alas! with thee compare!
The ſun that makes it is not ſo fair;
The ſun which can nor make nor ever ſee
A thing ſo beautiful as thee,
In all the journies he does paſs,
Though the ſea ſerv'd him for a looking-glaſs.

IV.

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd thee;
Since Magus none ſo bold as he:
Thou'rt ſo divine a thing, that thee to buy
Is to be counted Simony;
Too dear he'll find his fordid price;
He 'as forefeited that and the benefice.

V.

If it be lawful thee to buy,
There's none can pay that rate but I;
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
But what on earth's moſt like to thee:
And that my heart does only bear,
For there thyſelf, thy very ſelf, is there.

VI.

So much myſelf does in me live,
That when it for thyſelf I give,
'Tis but to change that piece of gold for this,
Whoſe ſtamp and value equal is:
And that full weight, too, may be had,
My ſoul and body, two grains more, I'll add.

The long Life.

I.

Love from Time's wings hath ſtol'n the feathers ſure,
He has, and put them to his own,
For hours, of fate, as long as days endure,
And very minutes hours are grown.

II.

The various motions of the turning year
Belong not now at all to me;
Each ſummer's night does Lucy's now appear,
Each winter's day St. Barnaby.

III.

How long a ſpace ſince firſt I lov'd it is!
To look into a glaſs I fear,
And am ſurpris'd with wonder when I miſs
Gray hairs and wrinkles there.

IV.

Th' old Patriarch's age, and not their happineſs too,
Why does hard Fate to us reſtore?

Why does Love's fire thus to mankind renew
What the flood waſh'd away before!

V.

Sure thoſe are happy people that complain
O' the ſhortneſs of the days of man:
Contract mine, Heav'n, and bring them back again
To th' ordinary ſpan.

VI.

If when your gift, long life, I diſapprove,
I too ungrateful ſeem to be,
Puniſh me juſtly, Heav'n! make her to love,
And then 't will be too ſhort for me.

Counſel.

I.

Gently, ah! gently, Madam, touch
The wound which you yourſelf have made;
That pain muſt needs be very much,
Which makes me of your hand afraid.
Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak for purgings grow.

II.

Do but a while with patience ſtay,
For Counſel yet will do no good,
Till time, and reſt, and heav'n, allay
The vi'lent burnings of my blood;
For what effect from this can flow,
To chide men drunk for being ſo?

III.

Perhaps the phyſic's good you give,
But ne'er to me can uſeful prove;
Med'cines may cure, but not revive;
And I'm not ſick, but dead in love,
In Love's hell, not his world, am I;
At once I live, am dead, and die.

IV.

What new-found rhetoric is thine?
Ev'n thy diſſuaſions me perſuade,
And thy great pow'r does cleareſt ſhine
When thy commands are diſobey'd.
In vain thou bidſt me to forbear;
Obedience were rebellion here.

V.

Thy tongue comes in, as if it meant
Againſt thine eyes t' aſſiſt my heart;
But diff'rent far was his intent,
For ſtraight the traitor took their part;
And by this new foe I'm bereſt
Of all that little which was left.

VI.

The act, I muſt confeſs, was wiſe,
As a diſhoneſt act could be!
Well knew the tongue, alas! your eyes
Would be too ſtrong for that and me,
And part o' th' triumph choſe to get,
Rather than be a part of it.

Reſolved to be beloved.

I.

'Tis true, I 'ave lov'd already three or four,
And ſhall three or four hundred more;
I'll love each fair one that I ſee,
Till I find one at laſt that ſhall love me.

II.

That ſhall my Canaan be, the fatal ſoil
That ends my wand'rings and my toil:
I'll ſettle there, and happy grow;
The country does with milk and honey flow.

III.

The needle trembles ſo, and turns about,
'Till it the Northern point find out;
But conſtant, then, and fix'd, does prove,
Fix'd, that his deareſt pole as ſoon may move.

IV.

Then may my veſſel torn and ſhipwreck'd be,
If it put forth again to ſea;
It never more abroad ſhall roam,
Tho' it could next voyage bring the Indies home.

V.

But I muſt ſweat in love and labour yet,
Till I a competency get;
They're ſlothful fools who leave a trade,
Till they a moderate fortune by it have made.

VI.

Variety I aſk not; give me one
To live perpetually upon.
The perſon Love does to us fit,
Like manna, has the taſte of all in it.

The Same.

I.

For Heav'n's ſake, what do' you mean to do?
Keep me, or let me go, one of the two;
Youth and warm hours let me not idly loſe,
The little time that love does chooſe;
If always here I muſt not ſtay,
Let me be gone whilſt yet 't is day,
Leſt I, faint and benighted, loſe my way.

II.

'Tis diſmal one ſo long to love
In vain, till to love more as vain muſt prove;
To hunt ſo long on nimble prey, till we
Too weary to take others be:
Alas 't is folly to remain,
And waſte our army thus in vain,
Before a city which will ne'er be ta'en.

III.

At ſeveral hopes wiſely to fly,
Ought not to be eſteem'd inconſtancy;
'Tis more inconſtant always to purſue
A thing that always flies from you;
For that at laſt may meet a bound,
But no end can to this be found;
'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitleſs round.

IV.

When it does hardneſs meet, and pride,
My love does then rebound t' another ſide;
But if it ought, that 's ſoft and yielding hit
It lodges there, and ſtays in it.
Whatever 't is ſhall firſt love me,

That it my heav'n may truly be,
I shall be sure to give it eternity.

The Discovery.

I.

By Heav'n I'll tell her boldly that 't is she;
Why should she asham'd or angry be
To be belov'd by me?
The gods may give their altars o'er,
They'll smoke but seldom any more,
If none but happy men must them adore.

II.

The lightning which tall oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain
The humble furzes of the plain.
She being so high, and I so low,
Her pow'r by this does greater shew,
Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.

III.

Compar'd with her, all things so worthless prove,
That nought on earth can tow'rds her move,
Till it be exalted by her love.
Equal to her, alas! there's none;
She like a deity is grown,
That must create, or else must be alone.

IV.

If there be man who thinks himself so high
As to pretend equality,
He deserves her less than I;
For he would cheat for his relief,
And one would give with lesser grief
To' an undeserving beggar than a thief.

Against Fruition.

No; thou'rt a fool, I'll swear, if e'er thou grant;
Much of my veneration thou must want,
When once thy kindness puts my ign'rance out,
For a learn'd age is always least devout.
Keep still thy distance; for at once, to me,
Goddess and woman, too, thou canst not be.
Thou'rt queen of all that sees thee, and, as such,
Must neither tyrannize nor yield too much.
Such freedoms give as may admit command,
But keep the forts and magazines in thine hand.
Thou'rt yet a whole world to me, and dost fill
My large ambition; but 't is dang'rous still,
Lest I like the Pellæan prince should be,
And weep for other worlds, having conquer'd thee.
When love has taken all thou hast away,
His strength, by too much riches, will decay.
Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand
Than women can be plac'd by Nature's hand;
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
To change thee, as thou'rt there, for very thee.
Thy sweetness is so much within me plac'd,
That shouldst thou nectar give, 't would spoil the taste.
Beauty at first moves wonder and delight;
'Tis Nature's juggling trick to cheat the sight:
W' admire it whilst unknown, but after, more
Admire ourselves for liking it before.
Love, like a greedy hawk, if we give way,
Does overgorge himself with his own prey;
Of very hopes a surfeit he'll sustain,
Unless by fears he cast them up again:
His spirit and sweetness dangers keep alone;
If once he lose his sting, he grows a drone.

Love undiscovered.

I.

Some others may with safety tell
The mod'rate flames which in them dwell,
And either find some med'cine there,
Or cure themselves ev'n by despair:
My love's so great, that it might prove
Dang'rous to tell her that I love:
So tender is my wound, it must not bear
Any salute, tho' of the kindest air.

II.

I would not have her know the pain,
The torments, for her I sustain,
Lest too much goodness make her throw
Her love upon a fate too low.
Forbid it, Heav'n! my life should be
Weigh'd with her least convenience:
No, let me perish rather with my grief,
Than to her disadvantage find relief.

III.

Yet when I die, my last breath shall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all;
Like cov'tous men who ne'er descry
Their dear hid treasures till they die.
Ah! fairest Maid! how will it cheer
My ghost, to get from thee a tear!
But take heed; for if me thou pitiest then,
Twenty to one but I shall live again.

The Given Heart.

I.

I wonder what those lovers mean who say
They have giv'n their hearts away:
Some good kind lover tell me how,
For mine is but a torment to me now.

II.

If so it be one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courtesy can Love do more,
Than to join hearts that parted were before?

III.

Wo to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
Into the self-same room;

'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a grenado shot into a magazine.

IV.

Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts
Of both our broken hearts;
Shall out of both one new one make,
From her's th' alloy, from mine the metal, take:

V.

For of her heart he from the flames will find
But little left behind:
Mine only will remain entire;
No dross was there to perish in the fire.

The Prophet.

I.

TEACH me to love? go teach thyself more wit;
I chief professor am of it.
Teach craft to Scots, and thrift to Jews;
Teach boldness to the stews;
In tyrants' courts teach supple flattery;
Teach Jesuits, that have travell'd far, to lie;
Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow;
Teach restless fountains how to flow;
Teach the dull earth fix'd to abide;
Teach woman-kind inconstancy and pride:
See if your diligence here will useful prove;
But, prithee, teach not me to love.

II.

The god of Love, if such a thing there be,
May learn to love from me.
He who does boast that he has been
In every heart since Adam's sin,
I'll lay my life, nay, Mistress, on 't, that's more,
I'll teach him things he never knew before;
I'll teach him a receipt to make
Words that weep, and tears that speak;
I'll teach him sighs, like those in death,
At which the souls go out, too, with the breath:
Still the soul stays, yet still does from me run,
As light and heat does with the sun.

III.

'Tis I who Love's Columbus am; 't is I
Who must new worlds in it descry;
Rich worlds, that yield of treasure more
Than all that has been known before:
And yet, like his, I fear, my fate must be,
To find them out for others, not for me.
Me times to come, I know it, shall
Love's last and greatest Prophet call;
But, ah! what's that, if she refuse
To hear the wholesome doctrines of my Muse?
If to my share the Prophet's fate must come,
Hereafter fame, here martyrdom?

The Resolution.

I.

THE devil take those foolish men
Who gave you first such pow'rs;
We stood on even grounds till then;
If any odds, creation made it ours.

II.

For shame! let these weak chains be broke;
Let's our flight bonds like Samson tear,
And nobly cast away that yoke
Which we nor our forefathers e'er could bear.

III.

French laws forbid the female reign,
Yet Love does them to slav'ry draw:
Alas if we'll our rights maintain,
'Tis all mankind must make a Salique law.

Called inconstant.

I.

HA! ha! you think you 'ave kill'd my fame
By this not understood, yet common name;
A name that 's full and proper when assign'd
To womankind;
But when you call us so,
It can at best but for a metaphor go.

II.

Can you the shore inconstant call,
Which still, as waves pass by, embraces all,
That had as lief the same waves always love,
Did they not from him move;
Or can you fault with pilots find
For changing course, yet never blame the wind?

III.

Since drunk with vanity you fell,
The things turn round to you that stedfast dwell;
And you yourself, who from us take your flight,
Wonder to find us out of sight;
So the same error seizes you,
As men in motion think the trees move too.

The Welcome.

I.

GO! let the fatted calf he kill'd,
My prodigal 's come home at last,
With noble resolutions fill'd,
And fill'd with sorrow for the past:
No more will burn with love or wine,
But quite has left his women and his swine.

II.

Welcome, ah! welcome, my poor Heart!
Welcome; I little thought, I'll swear,
('Tis now so long since we did part)
Ever again to see thee here:
Dear Wanderer! since from me you fled,
How often have I heard that thou wert dead?

III.

Hast thou not found each woman's breast
(The lands where thou hast travelled)
Either by savages possess'd,
Or wild, and uninhabited?
What joy couldst take, or what repose,
In countries so unciviliz'd as those?

IV.

Luſt, the ſcorching dogſtar, here
Rages with immoderate heat,
Whilſt Pride, the rugged Northern Bear,
In others makes the cold too great:
And where theſe are temp'rate known,
The ſoil is all barren ſand or rocky ſtone.

V.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
A rich well-govern'd heart,
Like China, it admitted you
But to the frontier-part.
From Paradiſe ſhut out for evermore,
What good is 't that an angel kept the door?

VI.

Well fare the pride, and the diſdain,
And vanities with beauty join'd,
I ne'er had ſeen this heart again,
If any fair one had been kind:
My dove, but once let looſe, I doubt
Would ne'er return, had not the flood been out.

The Heart fled again.

I.

False, fooliſh Heart! didſt thou not ſay
That thou wouldſt never leave me more?
Behold again 't is fled away.
Fled as far from me as before:
I ſtrove to bring it back again;
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

II.

Ev'n ſo the gentle Tyrian dame,
When neither grief nor love prevail,
Saw the dear object of her flame,
Th' ingrateful Trojan, hoiſt his ſail;
Aloud ſhe call'd to him to ſtay;
The wind bore him and her loſt words away.

III.

The doleful Ariadne ſo
On the wide ſhore forſaken ſtood;
"False Theſeus! whither doſt thou go?"
Afar falſe Theſeus cut the flood.
But Bacchus came to her relief;
Bacchus himſelf 's too weak to eaſe my grief.

IV.

Ah! ſenſeleſs Heart! to take no reſt,
But travel thus eternally!
Thus to be froz'n in every breaſt,
And to be ſcorch'd in ev'ry eye!
Wand'ring about like wretched Cain,
Thruſt out, ill us'd by all, but by none ſlain!

V.

Well, ſince thou wilt not here remain,
I'll e'en to live without thee try;
My head ſhall take the greater pain,
And all thy duties ſhall ſupply;
I can more eaſily live, I know,
Without thee, than without a Miſtreſs thou.

Women's ſuperſtition.

I.

Or I'm a very dunce, or womankind
Is a moſt unintelligible thing;
I can no ſenſe, nor no contexture find,
Nor their looſe parts to method bring.
I know not what the learn'd may ſee,
But they're ſtrange Hebrew things to me.

II.

By cuſtoms and traditions they live,
And fooliſh ceremonies of antique date;
We lovers new and better doctrines give,
Yet they continue obſtinate:
Preach we, Love's prophets, what we will,
Like Jews, they keep their old law ſtill.

III.

Before their mothers' gods they fondly fall,
Vain idol-gods that have no ſenſe nor mind:
Honour's their Aſhtaroth, and pride their Baal,
The thund'ring Baal of womankind,
With twenty other devils more,
Which they, as we do them, adore.

IV.

But then, like men both cov'tous and devout,
Their coſtly ſuperſtition loth t' omit,
And yet more loth to iſſue monies out,
At their own charge to furniſh it,
To theſe expenſive deities
The hearts of men they ſacrifice.

The Soul.

I.

Some dull philoſ'pher, when he hears me ſay
My Soul is from me fled away,
Nor has of late inform'd my body here,
But in another's breaſt does lie,
That neither is nor will be I,
As a form ſervient and aſſiſting there;

II.

Will cry, Abſurd! and aſk me how I live,
And ſyllogiſms againſt it give.
A curſe on all your vain philoſophies,
Which on weak Nature's law depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and religion, thoſe great myſteries.

III.

Her body is my Soul; laugh not at this,
For by my life I ſwear it is:
'Tis that preſerves my being and my breath;
From that proceeds all that I do,
Nay, all my thoughts and ſpeeches too,
And ſeparation from it is my death.

Echo.

I.

Tir'd with the rough denials of my prayer,
From that hard ſhe whom I obey,

I come, and find a nymph much gentler here,
That gives consent to all I say.
Ah! gentle Nymph! who lik'st so well
In hollow solitary caves to dwell;
Her heart being such, into it go,
And do but once from thence answer me so.

II.

Complaisant Nymph! why dost thus kindly share
In griefs whose cause thou dost not know?
Hadst thou but eyes, as well as tongue and ear,
How much compassion wouldst thou shew!
Thy flame, whilst living, or a flower,
Was of less beauty, and less rav'shing power;
Alas! I might as easily
Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.

III.

By repercussion beams engender fire,
Shapes by reflection shapes beget;
The voice itself, when stopp'd, does back retire,
And a new voice is made by it.
Thus things by opposition
The gainers grow; my barren love alone
Does from her stony breast rebound,
Producing neither image, fire, nor sound.

The rich Rival.

I.

They say you're angry, and rant mightily,
Because I love the same as you;
Alas! you're very rich, 't is true;
But, prithee, Fool! what's that to love and me?
You 'ave land and money, let that serve;
And know you 'ave more by thatthan you deserve.

II.

When next I see my fair one, she shall know
How worthless thou art of her bed;
And, Wretch! I'll strike thee dumb and dead,
With noble verse not understood by you;
Whilst thy sole rhetoric shall be
Joint ure and jewels, and our friends agree.

III.

Pox o' your friends, that dote and domineer;
Lovers are better friends than they:
Let's those in other things obey;
The Fates, and stars, and gods, must govern here.
Vain names of Blood! in love let none
Advise with any blood but with their own.

IV.

'Tis that which bids me this bright maid adore;
No other thought has had access;
Did she now beg, I'd love no less,
And were she an empress, I should love no more;
Were she as just and true to me,
Ah! simple Soul! what would become of thee?

Against Hope.

I.

Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike if it succeed and if it miss,
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound;
Vain shadow! which dost vanish quite,
But at full noon and perfect night!
The stars have not a possibility
Of blessing thee:
If things, then, from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

II.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight,
Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite!
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!
The joys which we entire should wed,
Come deflow'red virgins to our bed.
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty customs paid to thee:
For joy, like wine, kept close does better taste;
If it take air before, its spirits waste.

III.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
Fond Archer! Hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,
That still or short or wide thine arrows are!
Thin empty cloud, which th' eye deceives
With shapes that our own fancy gives!
A cloud which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in tears!
When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,
By *ignes fatui* for North-stars we fail.

IV.

Brother of Fear! more gayly clad;
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite mad;
Sire of Repentance! child of fond Desire!
That blow'st the chemic's and the lover's fire!
Leading them still insensibly' on
By the strange witchcraft of Anon!
By thee the one does changing Nature through
Her endless labyrinths pursue,
And th' other chases woman, whilst she goes
More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.

For Hope.

I.

Hope, of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom! and thou sick man's health!
Thou loser's vict'ry! and thou beggar's wealth!
Thou manna, which from heav'n we eat,
To ev'ry taste a sev'ral meat!
Thou strong retreat! thou sure entail'd estate,
Which nought has pow'r to alienate!
Thou pleasant, honest Flatterer! for none
Flatter unhappy men but thou alone!

II.

Hope! thou first-fruits of happiness!
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!
Thou good prepar'tive, without which our joy
Does work too strong, and whilst it cures, destroy;

Who out of Fortune's reach doſt ſtand,
And art a bleſſing ſtill in hand!
Whilſt thee, her earneſt-money, we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether ſhe her bargain break or elſe fulfil;
Thou only good, not worſe for ending ill!

III.

Brother of faith! 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of heav'n and earth divided be!
Though Faith be heir, and have the fix'd eſtate,
Thy portion yet in moveables is great.
Happineſs itſelf is all one
In thee or in poſſeſſion!
Only the future is thine, the preſent his!
Thine is the more hard and noble bliſs;
Beſt apprehender of our joys, which haſt
So long a reach, and yet canſt hold ſo faſt!

IV.

Hope! thou ſad lover's only friend!
Thou way, that may'ſt diſpute it with the end!
For love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
The taſte itſelf leſs than the ſmell and ſight.
Fruition more deceitful is
Than thou canſt be when thou doſt miſs;
Men leave thee by obtaining, and ſtraight flee
Some other way again to thee:
And that 's a pleaſant country, without doubt,
To which all ſoon return that travel out.

Love's Ingratitude.

I.

I LITTLE thought, thou fond ungrateful ſin?
When firſt I let thee in,
And gave thee but a part
In my unwary heart,
That thou wouldſt e'er have grown
So falſe or ſtrong to make it all thine own.

II.

At mine own breaſt with care I feed thee ſtill,
Letting thee ſuck thy fill,
And daintily I nouriſh'd thee
With idle thoughts and poetry!
What ill returns doſt thou allow?
I fed thee then, and thou doſt ſtarve me now.

III.

There was a time when thou waſt cold and chill,
Nor had'ſt the pow'r of doing ill;
Into my boſom did I take
This frozen and benumbed ſnake,
Not fearing from it any harm;
But now it ſtings that breaſt which made it warm.

IV.

What curſed weed 's this love! but one grain ſow,
And the whole field 't will overgrow;
Straight will it choke up and devour
Each wholeſome herb and beauteous flow'r;
Nay, unleſs ſomething ſoon I do,
'Twill kill, I fear, my very laurel too.

V.

But now all's gone; I now, alas! complain,
Declare, proteſt, and threat, in vain;
Since by my own unforc'd conſent
The traitor has my government,
And is ſo ſettled in the throne,
That 't were rebellion now to claim mine own.

The Frailty.

I.

I KNOW 't is fordid, and 't is low,
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I ſo hotly now purſue;
(I know all this as well as you)
But whilſt this curſed fleſh I bear,
And all the weakneſs and the baſeneſs there,
Alas! alas! it will be always ſo.

II.

In vain, exceedingly in vain,
I rage ſometimes and bite my chain;
For to what purpoſe do I bite
With teeth which ne'er will break it quite?
For if the chiefeſt Chriſtian head,
Was by this ſturdy tyrant buffeted,
What wonder is it if weak I be ſlain?

Coldneſs.

I.

As water fluid is, till it do grow
Solid and fix'd by cold;
So in warm ſeaſons Love does looſely flow,
Froſt only can it hold:
A woman's rigour and diſdain
Does his ſwift courſe reſtrain.

II.

Though conſtant and conſiſtent now it be,
Yet when kind beams appear,
It melts, and glides apace into the ſea,
And looſes itſelf there:
So the Sun's am'rous play
Kiſſes the ice away.

III.

You may in vulgar loves find always this,
But my ſubſtantial love
Of a more firm and perfect nature is;
No weathers can it move;
Though heat diſſolve the ice again,
The cryſtal ſolid does remain.

I.*

THEN like ſome wealthy iſland thou ſhalt lie,
And like the ſea about it I;
Thou like fair Albion to the ſailor's ſight,
Spreading her beauteous boſom all in white:
Like the kind Ocean I will be,
With loving arms for ever claſping thee.

* This poem has no title in any of the editions.

ii.

But I'll embrace thee gentlier far than so,
As their fresh banks soft rivers do;
Nor shall the proudest planet boast a pow'r
Of making my full love to ebb one hour;
It never dry or low can prove,
Whilst thy unwasted fountain feeds my love.

iii.

Such heat and vigour shall our kisses bear,
As if like doves we' engender'd there.
No bound nor rule my pleasures shall endure;
In love there's none too much an epicure.
Nought shall my hands or lips controul;
I'll kiss thee through; I'll kiss thy very soul.

iv.

Yet nothing but the night our sports shall know;
Night, that is both blind and silent too.
Alphæus found not a more secret trace,
His lov'd Sicanian fountain to embrace,
Creeping so far beneath the sea,
Than I will do t' enjoy and feast on thee.

v.

Men out of wisdom, women out of pride,
The pleasant thefts of love do hide.
That may secure thee; but thou 'ast yet from me
A more infallible security;
For there 's no danger I should tell
The joys which are to me unspeakable.

Sleep.

i.

In vain, thou drowsy God! I thee invoke;
For thou, who dost from fumes arise,
Thou, who man's soul dost overshade
With a thick cloud by vapours made,
Canst have no pow'r to shut his eyes,
Or passage of his sp'rits to choke,
Whose flame 's so pure that it sends up no smoke.

ii.

Yet how do tears but from some vapours rise?
Tears that bewinter all my year?
The fate of Egypt I sustain,
And never feel the dew of rain,
From clouds which in the head appear,
But all my too much moisture owe
To overflowings of the heart below.

iii.

Thou who dost men (as nights to colours do)
Bring all to an equality;
Come, thou just God! and equal me
Awhile to my disdainful she:
In that condition let me lie,
Till Love does me the favour shew;
Love equals all a better way than you.

iv.

Then never more shalt thou b' invok'd by me;
Watchful as spirits and gods I'll prove:
Let her but grant, and then will I
Thee and thy kinsman Death defy:
For betwixt thee and them that love
Never will an agreement be;
Thou scorn'st th' unhappy, and the happy thee.

Beauty.

i.

Beauty! thou wild fantastic ape,
Who dost in ev'ry country change thy shape!
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;
Thou Flatt'rer! which comply'st with ev'ry sight!
Thou Babel! which confound'st the eye
With unintelligible variety!
Who hast no certain what nor where,
But vary still, and dost thyself declare
Inconstant, as thy she-professors are.

ii.

Beauty! Love's scene and masquerade,
So gay by well-plac'd lights and distance made!
False coin! with which th' impostor cheats us still!
The stamp and colour good, but metal ill!
Which light or base we find, when we
Weigh by enjoyment, and examine thee!
For though thy being be but shew,
'Tis chiefly night which men to thee allow.
And chuse t' enjoy thee when thou least art thou.

iii.

Beauty! thou active, passive ill!
Which dy'st thyself as fast as thou dost kill!
Thou tulip! who thy stock in paint dost waste,
Neither for physic good, nor smell, nor taste.
Beauty; whose flames but meteors are,
Short liv'd and low, though thou wouldst seem a star,
Who dar'st not thine own home descry,
Pretending to dwell richly in the eye,
When thou, alas! dost in thy fancy lie.

iv.

Beauty! whose conquests still are made
O'er hearts by cowards kept, or else betray'd;
Weak victor! who thyself destroy'd must be,
When Sickness storms, or Time besieges thee!
Thou unwholesome thaw to frozen age!
Thou strong wine which youth's fever dost enrage!
Thou tyrant! which leav'st no man free!
Thou subtle thief! from whom nought safe can be!
Thou murd'rer, which hast kill'd! and devil,
which wouldst damn me!

The Parting.

i.

As men in Greenland left beheld the sun
From their horizon run,
And thought upon the sad half year
Of cold and darkness they must suffer there;

ii.

So on my parting Mistress did I look,
With such swol'n eyes my farewell took:
Ah! my fair Star! said I;
Ah! those bless'd lands to which bright thou dost

iii.

In vain the men of learning comfort me,
And say I 'm in a warm degree;
Say what they please, I say and swear
'Tis beyond eighty, at least, if you're not here.

iv.

It is, it is; I tremble with the frost,
And know that I the day have lost;
And those wild things which men they call,
I find to be but bears or foxes all.

v.

Return, return, gay Planet of mine East!
Of all that shines thou much the best!
And as thou now descend'st to sea,
More fair and fresh rise up from thence to me.

vi.

Thou who, in many a propriety,
So truly art the sun to me,
Add one more likeness, which I 'm sure you can,
And let me and my sun beget a man.

My Picture.

i.

Here, take my likeness with you, whilst 't is so;
For when from hence you go,
The next sun's rising will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old.
The man who did this picture draw,
Will swear next day my face he never saw.

ii.

I really believe, within a while,
If you upon this shadow smile,
Your presence will such vigour give,
(Your presence, which makes all things live)
And absence so much alter me,
This will the substance, I the shadow, be.

iii.

When from your well-wrought cabinet you take it,
And your bright looks awake it,
Ah! be not frighted if you see
The new-foul'd Picture gaze on thee,
And hear it breathe a sigh or two;
For those are the first things that it will do.

iv.

My rival image will be then thought bless'd,
And laugh at me as dispossess'd;
But thou who, (if I know thee right)
I' th' substance dost not much delight,
Wilt rather send again for me,
Who then shall but my picture's picture be.

The Concealment.

i.

No; to what purpose should I speak?
No; wretched Heart! swell till you break:
She cannot love me if she would,
And, to say truth, 't were pity that she should.

No; to the grave thy sorrows bear,
As silent as they will be there:
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handsomely the thing contrive,
That she may guiltless of it live:
So perish, that her killing thee
May a chance-medley, and no murder, be.

ii.

'Tis nobler much for me that I
By her beauty, not her anger, die:
This will look justly, and become
An execution, that a martyrdom.
The censuring world will ne'er refrain
From judging men by thunder slain.
She must be angry sure if I should be
So bold to ask her to make me,
By being her's, happier than she.
I will not; 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her not loving than her hate.

iii.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear,
When, found in ev'ry other part,
Her sacrifice is found without an heart:
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that, too, with my breath:
Then shall the world my noble ruin see,
Some pity, and some envy me;
Then she herself, the mighty she!
Shall grace my funerals with this truth,
'Twas only love destroy'd the gentle youth.

The Monopoly.

i.

What mines of sulphur in my breast do lie,
That feed the eternal burnings of my heart?
Not Ætna flames more fierce or constantly,
The sounding shop of Vulcan's smoky art;
Vulcan his shop has placed there,
And Cupid's forge is set up here.

ii.

Here all those arrows' mortal heads are made
That fly so thick unseen thro' yielding air:
The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade,
Are Jealousy, Fear, Sadness, and Despair.
Ah! cruel God! and why to me
Gave you this curs'd Monopoly?

iii.

I have the trouble, not the gains of it;
Give me but the disposal of one dart,
And then (I'll ask no other benefit)
Heat as you please your furnace in my heart:
So sweet's revenge to me, that I
Upon my foe would gladly die.

iv.

Deep into her bosom would I strike the dart,
Deeper than woman e'er was struck by thee;
Thou giv'st them small wounds, and so far from the heart,
They flutter still about inconstantly.

Curſe on thy goodneſs, whom we find
Civil to none but womankind!

V.

Vain God! who women doſt thyſelf adore!
Their wounded hearts do ſtill retain the pow'rs
To travel and to wander as before;
Thy broken arrows 'twixt that ſex and our's
So unjuſtly are diſtributed,
They take the feathers, we the head.

The Diſtance.

I.

I 'ave follow'd thee a year, at leaſt,
And never ſtopp'd myſelf to reſt;
But yet can thee o'ertake no more
Than this day can the day that went before.

II.

In this our fortunes equal prove
To ſtars, which govern them above;
Our ſtars that move for ever round,
With the ſame diſtance ſtill betwixt them found.

III.

In vain, alas! in vain I ſtrive
The wheel of Fate faſter to drive,
Since, if around it ſwiftlier fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as I.

IV.

Hearts by Love ſtrangely ſhuffled are,
That there can never meet a pair!
Tamelier than worms are lovers ſlain;
The wounded heart ne'er turns to wound again.

The Increaſe.

I.

I thought, I'll ſwear, I could have lov'd no more
Than I had done before;
But you as eas'ly might account
Till to the top of numbers you amount,
As caſt up my love's ſcore.
Ten thouſand millions was the ſum;
Millions of endleſs millions are to come.

II.

I'm ſure her beauties cannot greater grow;
Why ſhould my love do ſo?
A real cauſe at firſt did move,
But mine own fancy now drives on my love,
With ſhadows from itſelf that flow.
My love, as we in numbers ſee,
By cyphers is increas'd eternally.

III.

So the new-made and untry'd ſpheres above
Took their firſt turn from th' hand of Jove,
But are ſince that beginning found
By their own forms to move for ever round.
All violent motions ſhort do prove,
But by the length 'tis plain to ſee
That love's a motion natural to me.

Love's Viſibility.

I.

With much of pain, and all the art I knew,
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To hide my love, and yet all will not do.

II.

The world perceives it, and it may be ſhe,
Tho' ſo diſcreet and good ſhe be,
By hiding it, to teach that ſkill to me.

III.

Men without love have oft' ſo cunning grown,
That ſomething like it they have ſhewn,
But none who had it ever ſeem'd t' have none.

IV.

Love's of a ſtrangely open, ſimple, kind,
Can no arts or diſguiſes find,
But thinks none ſees it 'cauſe itſelf is blind.

V.

The very eye betrays our inward ſmart;
Love of himſelf left there a part,
When thorough it he paſs'd into the heart.

VI.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
But keep the ſecret wiſely, yet
Like drunkenneſs, into the tongue 'twill get.

Looking on, and diſcourſing with, his Miſtreſs.

I.

These full two hours now have I gazing been,
What comfort by it can I gain?
To look on heav'n, with mighty gulfs between,
Was the great miſer's greateſt pain;
So near was he to heav'n's delight,
As with the bleſs'd converſe he might,
Yet could not get one drop of water by't.

II.

Ah! Wretch! I ſeem to touch her now; but, oh!
What boundleſs ſpaces do us part?
Fortune, and friends, and all earth's empty ſhew,
My lowneſs, and her high deſert:
But theſe might conquerable prove;
Nothing does me ſo far remove,
As her hard ſoul's averſion from my love.

III.

So travellers that loſe their way by night,
If from afar they chance t' eſpy
Th' uncertain glimm'rings of a taper's light,
Take flatt'ring hopes, and think it nigh;
Till, wearied with the fruitleſs pain,
They ſit them down and weep in vain,
And there in darkneſs and deſpair remain.

Reſolved to love.

I.

I wonder what the grave and wiſe
Think of all us that love;
Whether our pretty fooleries
Their mirth or anger move;

They underſtand not breath that words does want;
Our ſighs to them are inſignificant.

II.

One of them ſaw me th' other day,
Touch the dear hand which I admire,
My ſoul was melting ſtraight away,
And dropp'd before the fire.
This ſilly wiſe man who pretends to know,
Aſk'd why I look'd ſo pale, and trembled ſo?

III.

Another from my Miſtreſs' door
Saw me with eyes all wat'ry come,
Nor could the hidden cauſe explore,
But thought ſome ſmoke was in the room:
Such ign'rance from unwounded Learning came,
He knew tears made by ſmoke, but not by flame.

IV.

If learn'd in other things you be,
And have in love no ſkill,
For God's ſake keep your arts from me,
For I'll be ign'rant ſtill.
Study or action others may embrace;
My love's my buſineſs, and my books her face.

V.

Theſe are but trifles, I confeſs,
Which me, weak Mortal! move;
Nor is your buſy ſerioufneſs
Leſs trifling than my love.
The wiſeſt king who from his ſacred breaſt
Pronounc'd all vanity, choſe it for the beſt.

My Fate.

I.

Go bid the Needle his dear North forſake,
To which with trembling rev'rence it does bend;
Go bid the ſtones a journey upwards make;
Go bid th' ambitious flame no more aſcend:
And when theſe falſe to their old motions prove,
Then ſhall I ceaſe thee, thee alone, to love.

II.

The faſt-link'd chain of everlaſting Fate
Does nothing tie more ſtrong than me to you;
My fix'd love hangs not on your love or hate,
But will be ſtill the ſame whate'er you do.
You cannot kill my love with your diſdain;
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

III.

Me mine example let the Stoics uſe,
Their ſad and cruel doctrine to maintain,
Let all Predeſtinators me produce,
Who ſtruggle with eternal bonds in vain:
'Tis fire I'm born to; but 'tis ſhe muſt tell
Whether 't be beams of heav'n, or flames of hell.

IV.

You who men's fortunes in their faces read,
To find out mine, look not, alas! on me;
But mark her face, and all the features heed,
For only there is writ my deſtiny:
Or if ſtars ſhew it, gaze not on the ſkies,
But ſtudy th' aſtrology of her eyes.

V.

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
What Mars or Saturn threaten I'll not fear;
I well believe the fate of mortal days
Is writ in heaven, but, oh! my heav'n is there.
What can men learn from ſtars they ſcarce can ſee?
Two great lights rule the world, and her two me.

The Heart-breaking.

I.

It gave a piteous groan, and ſo it broke;
In vain it ſomething would have ſpoke;
The love within too ſtrong for't was,
Like poiſon put into a Venice-glaſs.

II.

I thought that this ſome remedy might prove,
But, oh! the mighty ſerpent, Love,
Cut by this chance in pieces ſmall,
In all ſtill liv'd, and ſtill it ſtung in all.

III.

And now, alas! each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my heart,
And every ſmalleſt corner ſtill
Lives with the torment which the whole did kill.

IV.

Ev'n ſo rude armies, when the field they quit,
And into ſeveral quarters get,
Each troop does ſpoil and ruin more,
Than all join'd in one body did before.

V.

How many loves reign in my boſom now?
How many loves! yet all of you:
Thus have I chang'd, with evil fate,
My monarch-love into a tyrant-ſtate.

The Uſurpation.

I.

Thou 'adſt to my ſoul no title or pretence;
I was mine own, and free,
Till I had giv'n myſelf to thee;
But thou haſt kept me ſlave and pris'ner ſince.
Well, ſince ſo inſolent thou'rt grown,
Fond Tyrant! I'll depoſe thee from thy throne:
Such outrages muſt not admitted be
In an elective monarchy.

II.

Part of my heart by gift did to thee fall;
My country, kindred, and my beſt
Acquaintance, were to ſhare the reſt;
But thou, their cov'tous neighbour, drav'ſt out all:
Nay, more, thou mak'ſt me worſhip thee,
And wouldſt the rule of my religion be.
Was ever tyrant claim'd ſuch pow'r as you,
To be both Emp'ror and Pope too?

III.

The public miſ'ries and my private fate
Deſerve ſome tears; but greedy thou

(Insatiate Maid!) wilt not allow
That I one drop from thee should alienate:
Nor wilt thou grant my sins a part,
Tho' the sole cause of most of them thou art;
Counting my tears thy tribute and thy due,
Since first mine eyes I gave to you.

IV.

Thou all my joys and all my hopes dost claim;
Thou rageſt like a fire in me,
Converting all things into thee;
Nought can resist or not increase the flame:
Nay, every grief and every fear
Thou dost devour, unless thy stamp it bear.
Thy presence, like the crowned basilisk's breath,
All other serpents puts to death.

V.

As men in hell are from diseases free,
So from all other ills am I;
Free from their known formality;
But all pains eminently lie in thee.
Alas! alas! I hope in vain
My conquer'd soul from out thine hands to gain,
Since all the natives there thou 'ast overthrown,
And planted garrisons of thine own.

Maidenhead.

I.

Thou worst estate ev'n of the sex that's worst,
Therefore by Nature made at first
T' attend the weakness of our birth!
Slight outward curtain to the nuptial bed!
Thou case to buildings not yet finished!
Who, like the centre of the earth,
Dost heaviest things attract to thee,
Though thou a point imaginary be.

II.

A thing God thought for mankind so unfit,
That his first blessing ruin'd it.
Cold frozen nurse of fiercest fires!
Who, like the parched plains of Afric's sand,
(A steril and a wild unlovely land)
Art always scorch'd with hot desires,
Yet barren quite, didst thou not bring
Monsters and serpents forth, thyself to sting!

III.

Thou that bewitcheſt men, whilst thou dost dwell
Like a close conjurer in his cell!
And fear'st the Day's discov'ring eye!
No wonder 't is at all that thou shouldst be
Such tedious and unpleasant company,
Who liv'st so melancholily!
Thou thing of subtile, slippery kind,
Which women lose, and yet no man can find!

IV.

Altho' I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee;
The search itself rewards the pains:
So though the chymic his great secret miss,
(For neither in it art nor nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains,
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unsought experiments by the way.

V.

Say what thou wilt, chastity is no more
Thee, than a porter is his door.
In vain to honour they pretend, [walls;
Who guard themselves with ramparts and with
Them only Fame the truly valiant calls,
Who can an open breach defend.
Of thy quick loss can be no doubt,
Within so hated, and so lov'd without.

Impossibilities.

I.

Impossibilities! Oh, no, there's none;
Could mine bring thy heart captive home,
As eas'ly other dangers were o'erthrown,
As Cæsar, after vanquish'd Rome,
His little Asian foes did overcome.

II.

True lovers oft' by Fortune are envy'd,
Oft' earth and hell against them strive;
But Providence engages on their side,
And a good end at last does give;
At last just men and lovers always thrive.

III.

As stars, (not pow'rful else) when they conjoin,
Change, as they please, the world's estate;
So thy heart in conjunction with mine
Shall our own fortunes regulate,
And to our stars themselves prescribe a fate.

IV.

'Twould grieve me much to find some bold romance
That should two kind examples shew,
Which before us in wonders did advance;
Not that I thought that story true,
But none should fancy more than I would do.

V.

Thro' spite of our worst enemies, thy friends,
Thro' local banishment from thee;
Thro' the loud thoughts of less-concerning ends,
As easy shall my passage be,
As was the am'rous youth's o'er Helle's sea.

VI.

In vain the winds, in vain the billows, roar;
In vain the stars their aid deny'd;
He saw the Sestian tow'r on th' other shore;
Shall th' Hellespont our loves divide?
No, not th' Atlantick ocean's boundless tide.

VII.

Such seas betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd are;
But, gentle Maid! do not deny
To let thy beams shine on me from afar,
And still the taper let me espy;
For when thy light goes out, I sink and die.

Silence.

I.

Curse on the tongue that has my heart betray'd,
And his great secret open laid!

For of all persons chiefly she
Should not the ills I suffer know,
Since 't is a thing might dang'rous grow,
Only in her to pity me;
Since 't is for me to lose my life more fit,
Than 't is for her to save and ransom it.

II.

Ah! never more shall thy unwilling ear
My helpless story hear.
Discourse and talk awake does keep
The rude unquiet pain
That in my breast does reign;
Silence, perhaps, may make it sleep:
I'll bind that sore up I did ill reveal;
The wound, if once it close, may chance to heal.

III.

No, 't will ne'er heal; my love will never die,
Though it should speechless lie.
A river, e'er it meet the sea,
As well might stay its source
As my love can his course,
Unless it join and mix with thee.
If any end or stop of it be found,
We know the flood runs still, though under ground.

The Dissembler.

I.

Unhurt, untouch'd, did I complain,
And terrify'd all others with the pain;
But now I feel the mighty evil;
Ah! there's no fooling with the devil!
So wanton men, whilst others they would fright,
Themselves have met a real sprite.

II.

I thought, I'll swear, an handsome lie
Had been no sin at all in poetry;
But now I suffer an arrest
For words were spoke by me in jest.
Dull, sottish God of Love! and can it be
Thou understand'st not raillery?

III.

Darts, and wounds, and flame, and heat,
I nam'd but for the rhyme or the conceit,
Nor meant my verse should raised be
To this sad fame of prophesy;
Truth gives a dull propriety to my style,
And all the metaphors does spoil.

IV.

In things where fancy much does reign,
'Tis dang'rous too cunningly to feign;
The play at last a truth does grow,
And custom into nature go.
By this curs'd art of begging I became
Lame, with counterfeiting lame.

V.

My lines of amorous desire
I wrote to kindle and blow others' fire;
And 't was a barbarous delight
My fancy promis'd from the fight:
But now, by love, the mighty Phalaris! I
My Burning Bull the first do try.

The Inconstant.

I.

I never yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years to fifty's space,
They all victorious be.
Love! thou'rt a devil, if I may call thee one;
For sure in me thy name is Legion.

II.

Colour or shape, good limbs or face;
Goodness or wit, in all I find;
In motion or in speech a grace;
If all fail, yet 'tis womankind;
And I'm so weak, the pistol need not be
Double or treble charg'd to murder me.

III.

If tall, the name of Proper slays;
If fair, she is pleasant as the light;
If low, her prettiness does please;
If black, what lover loves not night?
If yellow-hair'd, I love, lest it should be
Th' excuse to others for not loving me.

IV.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart;
The lean, with love makes me, too, so;
If straight, her body's Cupid's dart
To me; if crooked, 'tis his bow.
Nay, Age itself does me to rage incline,
And strength to women gives, as well as wine.

V.

Just half as large as Charity
My richly-landed love's become,
And judg'd aright is Constancy
Tho' it takes up a larger room:
Him who loves always one, why should they call
More constant than the man loves always all?

VI.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Thro' all love's gardens and his fields,
And like the wise industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields!
Honey still spent this diligence still supplies,
Though I return not home with laden thighs.

VII.

My soul at first indeed did prove
Of pretty strength against a dart,
Till I this habit got of love;
But my consum'd and wasted heart,
Once burnt to tinder with a strong desire,
Since that by every spark is set on fire.

The Constant.

I.

Great and wise Conqu'ror! who where'er
Thou com'st, dost fortify and settle there!
Who canst defend as well as get,
And never hadst one quarter beat up yet;
Now thou art in, thou ne'er wilt part
With one inch of my vanquish'd heart;

For ſince thou took'ſt it by aſſault from me,
'Tis garriſon'd ſo ſtrong with thoughts of thee,
It fears no beauteous enemy.

II.

Had thy charming ſtrength been leſs,
I'd ſerv'd e'er this an hundred Miſtreſſes.
I'm better thus, nor would compound
To leave my pris'n to be a vagabond:
A pris'n in which I ſtill would be,
Though ev'ry door ſtood ope to me.
In ſpite both of thy coldneſs and thy pride,
All love is marriage on thy lover's ſide,
For only death can them divide.

III.

Cloſe, narrow chain, yet ſoft and kind,
As that which ſp'rits above to good does bind;
Gentle and ſweet neceſſity,
Which does not force, but guide our liberty!
Your love on me were ſpent in vain,
Since my love ſtill could but remain
Juſt as it is; for what, alas! can be
Added to that which hath infinity
Both in extent and quality?

Her Name.

I.

With more than Jewiſh reverence as yet
Do I the ſacred Name conceal;
When, ye kind Stars! ah! when will it be fit
This gentle myſt'ry to reveal?
When will our love be nam'd, and we poſſeſs
That chriſt'ning as a badge of happineſs?

II.

So bold as yet no verſe of mine has been,
To wear that gem on any line;
Nor, till the happy nuptial Muſe be ſeen,
Shall any ſtanza with it ſhine.
Reſt, mighty Name! till then; for thou muſt be
Laid down by her e'er taken up by me.

III.

Then all the fields and woods ſhall with it ring;
Then Echo's burden it ſhall be;
Then all the birds in ſev'ral notes ſhall ſing,
And all the rivers murmur thee;
Then ev'ry wind the ſound ſhall upwards bear,
And ſoftly whiſper 't to ſome angel's ear.

IV.

Then ſhall thy Name through all my verſe be ſpread,
Thick as the flow'rs in meadows lie,
And when in future times they ſhall be read,
(As ſure, I think, they will not die)
If any critic doubt that they be mine,
Men by that ſtamp ſhall quickly know the coin.

V.

Meanwhile I will not dare to make a Name
To repreſent thee by;
Adam (God's nomenclator) could not frame
One that enough ſhould ſignify.
Aſtræa or Celia as unfit would prove
For thee, as 'tis to call the Deity Jove.

Weeping.

I.

See where ſhe ſits, and in what comely wiſe
Drops tears more fair than others' eyes!
Ah! charming Maid! let not ill Fortune ſee
Th' attire thy ſorrow wears,
Nor know the beauty of thy tears,
For ſhe'll ſtill come to dreſs herſelf in thee.

II.

As ſtars reflect on waters, ſo I ſpy
In ev'ry drop, methinks, her eye:
The baby which lives there, and always plays
In that illuſtrious ſphere,
Like a Narciſſus does appear,
Whilſt in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.

III.

Ne'er yet did I behold ſo glorious weather
As this ſunſhine and rain together;
Pray Heav'n her forehead, that pure hill of ſnow,
(For ſome ſuch fountain we muſt find
To waters of ſo fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous ſtream below.

IV.

Ah! mighty Love! that it were inward heat
Which made this precious limbeck ſweat!
But what, alas! ah! what does it avail,
That ſhe weeps tears ſo wond'rous cold,
As ſcarce the aſs's hoof can hold;
So cold, that I admire they fall not hail?

Diſcretion.

I.

Discreet! what means this word Diſcreet?
A curſe on all Diſcretion!
This barbarous term you will not meet
In all Love's Lexicon.

II.

Jointure, portion, gold, eſtate,
Houſes, houſehold-ſtuff, or land,
(The low conveniencies of Fate)
Are Greek no lovers underſtand.

III.

Believe me, beauteous One! when love
Enters into a breaſt,
The two firſt things it does remove
Are friends and intereſt.

IV.

Paſſion's half blind, nor can endure
The careful ſcrup'lous eyes,
Or elſe I could not love, I'm ſure,
One who in love were wiſe.

V.

Men in ſuch tempeſts toſs'd about
Will, without grief or pain,
Caſt all their goods and riches out,
Themſelves their port to gain.

VI.

As well might martyrs, who do chooſe
That ſacred death to take,
Mourn for the clothes which they muſt loſe,
When they're bound naked to the ſtake.

The Waiting-Maid.

I.

Thy Maid! Ah! find ſome nobler theme
Whereon thy doubts to place,
Nor by a low ſuſpect blaſpheme
The glories of thy face.

II.

Alas! ſhe makes thee ſhine ſo fair,
So exquiſitely bright,
That her dim lamp muſt diſappear
Before thy potent light.

III.

Three hours each morn in dreſſing thee
Maliciouſly are ſpent,
And make that beauty tyranny,
That's elſe a civil government.

IV.

Th' adorning thee with ſo much art
Is but a barb'rous ſkill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

V.

The min'ſt'ring angels none can ſee;
'Tis not their beauty or their face,
For which by men they worſhipp'd be,
But their high office and their place.
Thou art my goddeſs, my ſaint ſhe;
I pray to her only to pray to thee.

Counſel.

I.

Ah! what advice can I receive?
No, ſatisfy me firſt;
For who would phyſic-potions give
To one that dies with thirſt?

II.

A little puff of breath, we find,
Small fires can quench and kill,
But when they're great, the adverſe wind
Does make them greater ſtill.

III.

Now, whilſt you ſpeak, it moves me much,
But ſtraight I'm juſt the ſame;
Alas! th' effect muſt needs be ſuch
Of cutting through a flame.

The Cure.

I.

Come, Doctor! uſe thy roughcſt art,
Thou canſt not cruel prove;
Cut, burn, and torture every part,
To heal me of my love.

II.

There is no danger; if the pain
Should me to a fever bring,
Compar'd with heats I now ſuſtain,
A fever is ſo cool a thing,
(Like drink which feveriſh men deſire)
That I ſhould hope 'twould almoſt quench my fire.

The Separation.

I.

Ask me not what my love ſhall do or be
(Love! which is foul to body, and foul of me)
When I am ſep'rated from thee,
Alas! I might as eas'ly ſhew
What after death the ſoul will do;
'Twill laſt, I'm ſure, and that is all we know.

II.

The thing call'd Soul will never ſtir nor move,
But all that while a lifeleſs carcaſs prove,
For 'tis the body of my love;
Not that my love will fly away,
But ſtill continüe, as they ſay
Sad troubled ghoſts about their graves do ſtray.

The Tree.

I.

I chose the flour'ſhing'ſt Tree in all the park,
With freſheſt boughs and faireſt head;
I cut my love into his gentle bark,
And in three days behold 'tis dead;
My very written flames ſo violent be,
They 'ave burnt and wither'd up the Tree.

II.

How ſhould I live myſelf, whoſe heart is found
Deeply engraven every where
With the large hiſtory of many a wound,
Larger than thy trunk can bear?
With art as ſtrange as Homer in the Nut,
Love in my heart has volumes put.

III.

What a few words from thy rich ſtock did take
The leaves and beauties all?
As a ſtrong poiſon with one drop does make
The nails and hairs to fall.
Love (I ſee now) a kind of witcheraſt is,
Or characters could ne'er do this.

IV.

Pardon, ye Birds and Nymphs! who lov'd this ſhade;
And pardon me, thou gentle Tree!
I thought her name would thee have happy made,
And bleſſed omens hop'd from thee:
Notes of my love, thrive here, ſaid I, and grow,
And with ye let my love do ſo.

V.

Alas! poor youth! thy love will never thrive!
This blaſted Tree predeſtines it;
Go, tie the diſmal knot, (why ſhouldſt thou live?)
And by the lines thou there haſt writ
Deform'dly hanging, the ſad picture be
To that unlucky hiſtory.

Her Unbelief.

I.

'Tis a ſtrange kind of ign'rance this in you,
That you your victories ſhould not ſpy,
Victories gotten by your eye!
That your bright beams, as thoſe of comets do,
Should kill, but not know how nor who.

II.

That truly you my idol might appear,
Whilſt all the people ſmell and ſee
The odorous flames I offer thee,
Thou fit'ſt, and doſt not ſee, nor ſmell, nor hear,
Thy conſtant zealous worſhipper.

III.

They ſee't too well who at my fires repine;
Nay, th' unconcern'd themſelves do prove
Quick-ey'd enough to ſpy my love;
Nor does the cauſe in thy face clearlier ſhine,
Than the effect appears in mine.

IV.

Fair infidel! by what unjuſt decree
Muſt I, who with ſuch reſtleſs care
Would make this truth to thee appear;
Muſt I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
Damn'd by thy incredulity?

V.

I by thy Unbelief am guiltleſs ſlain:
Oh! have but faith, and then that you
May know that faith for to be true,
It ſhall itſelf by a miracle maintain,
And raiſe me from the dead again.

VI.

Mean-while my hopes may ſeem to be o'erthrown;
But lovers' hopes are full of art,
And thus diſpute, that ſince my heart,
Tho' in thy breaſt, yet is not by thee known;
Perhaps thou may'ſt not know thine own.

The Gazers.

I.

Come let's go on where Love and Youth does
I 'ave ſeen too much if this be all. [call;
Alas! how far more wealthy might I be
With a contented ign'rant poverty?
To ſhew ſuch ſtores, and nothing grant;
Is to enrage and vex my want:
For Love to die an infant is leſſer ill,
Than to live long, yet live in childhood ſtill.

II.

We 'ave both ſat gazing only hitherto,
As man and wife in picture do.
The richeſt crop of joy is ſtill behind,
And he who only ſees in love is blind.
So at firſt Pygmalion lov'd,
But th' amour at laſt improv'd;
The ſtatue itſelf at laſt a woman grew,
And ſo at laſt, my Dear! ſhould you do too.

III.

Beauty to man the greateſt torture is,
Unleſs it lead to farther bliſs;
Beyond the tyrannous pleaſures of the eye,
It grows too ſerious a cruelty,
Unleſs it heal as well as ſtrike;
I would not, ſalamander-like,
In ſcorching heats always to live deſire,
But like a martyr paſs to heav'n through fire.

IV.

Mark how the luſty ſun ſalutes the Spring,
And gently kiſſes every thing:
His loving beams unlock each maiden flow'r,
Search all the treaſures, all the ſweets devour:
Then on the earth with bridegroom-heat,
He does ſtill new flow'rs beget:
The Sun himſelf, although all eye he be,
Can find in love more pleaſure than to ſee.

The Incurable.

I.

I try'd if books would cure my love, but found
Love made them nonſenſe all:
I apply'd receipts of bus'neſs to my wound,
But ſtirring did the pain recall.

II.

As well might men who in a fever fry,
Mathematic doubts debate;
As well might men, who mad in darkneſs lie,
Write the diſpatches of a ſtate.

III.

I try'd devotion, ſermons, frequent pray'r,
But thoſe did worſe than uſeleſs prove;
For pray'rs are turn'd to ſin in thoſe who are
Out of charity, or in love.

IV.

I try'd in wine to drown the mighty care,
But wine, alas! was oil to th' fire;
Like drunkards' eyes, my troubled fancy there
Did double the deſire.

V.

I try'd what mirth and gaiety would do,
And mix'd with pleaſant companies;
My mirth did graceleſs and inſipid grow,
And 'bove a clinch it could not riſe.

VI.

Nay, God forgive me for't, at laſt I try'd
'Gainſt this ſome new deſire to ſtir,
And lov'd again, but 'twas where I eſpy'd
Some faint reſemblances of her.

VII.

The phyſic made me worſe with which I ſtrove
This mortal ill t' expel;
As wholeſome med'cines the diſeaſe improve
There where they work not well.

Honour.

I.

She loves, and ſhe confeſſes too;
There's then, at laſt, no more to do:
The happy work's entirely done;
Enter the town, which thou haſt won;

The fruits of conqueſt now begin;
Iö, triumph! enter in.

II.

What is this, ye Gods! what can it be?
Remains there ſtill an enemy?
Bold Honour ſtands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate;
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And ſhall this phantom me oppoſe?

III.

Noiſy Nothing! ſtalking Shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cauſe of ſolid harms!
But I ſhall find out countercharms
Thy airy devilſhip to remove
From this circle here of love.

IV.

Sure I ſhall rid myſelf of thee
By the night's obſcurity,
And obſcurer ſecrecy:
Unlike to ev'ry other ſprite,
Thou attempt'ſt not men t' affright,
Nor appear'ſt but in the light,

The innocent Ill.

I.

Though all thy geſtures and diſcourſes be
Coin'd and ſtamp'd by Modeſty;
Tho' from thy tongue ne'er ſlipp'd away
One word which nuns at th' altar might not ſay;
Yet ſuch a ſweetneſs, ſuch a grace,
In all thy ſpeech appear,
That what to th' eye a beauteous face,
That thy tongue's to th' ear:
So cunningly it wounds the heart,
It ſtrikes ſuch heat through ev'ry part,
That thou a tempter worſe than Satan art.

II.

Though in thy thoughts ſcarce any tracks have been
So much as of orig'nal ſin,
Such charms thy beauty wears, as might
Deſires in dying confeſs'd ſaints excite:
Thou with ſtrange adultery
Doſt in each breaſt a brothel keep:
Awake, all men do luſt for thee,
And ſome enjoy thee when they ſleep.
Ne'er before did woman live
Who to ſuch multitudes did give
The root and cauſe of ſin, but only Eve.

III.

Though in thy breaſt ſo quick a pity be,
That a fly's death's a wound to thee;
Though ſavage and rock-hearted thoſe
Appear, that weep not ev'n romances' woes;
Yet ne'er before was tyrant known
Whoſe rage was of ſo large extent,
The ills thou doſt are whole thine own,
Thou'rt principal and inſtrument;
In all the deaths that come from you,
You do the treble office do
Of judge, of tort'rer, and of weapon, too.

IV.

Thou lovely inſtrument of angry Fate,
Which God did for our faults create!
Thou pleaſant univerſal ill,
Which ſweet as health, yet like a plague doſt kill!
Thou kind, wellnatur'd tyranny!
Thou chaſte committer of a rape!
Thou voluntary deſtiny,
Which no man can or would eſcape!
So gentle, and ſo glad to ſpare,
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
(We know) ev'n the deſtroying angels are.

Dialogue.

I.

SHE. WHAT have we done? what cruel paſſion mov'd thee
Thus to ruin her that lov'd thee?
Me thou 'aſt robb'd, but what art thou
Thyſelf the richer now?
Shame ſucceeds the ſhort-liv'd pleaſure; [ſure.
So ſoon is ſpent and gone this thy ill-gotten trea-

II.

HE. We 'ave done no harm, nor was it theft in me,
But nobleſt charity in thee. [me,
I'll the well-gotten pleaſure
Safe in my mem'ry treaſure;
What though the flow'r itſelf do waſte, [laſt.
The eſſence from it drawn does long and ſweeter

III.

SHE. No; I'm undone; my honour thou haſt ſlain,
And nothing can reſtore 't again: [flain,
Art and labour to beſtow
Upon the carcaſs of it now,
Is but to embalm a body dead;
The figure may remain, the life and beauty's fled.

IV.

HE. Never, my Dear! was honour yet undone
By love, but indiſcretion.
To the wiſe it all things does allow,
And cares not what we do, but how;
Like tapers ſhut in ancient urns,
Unleſs it let in air, for ever ſhines and burns.

V.

SHE. Thou firſt, perhaps, who didſt the fault commit,
Wilt make thy wicked boaſt of it: [commit,
For men, with Roman pride, above
The conqueſt do the triumph love;
Nor think a perfect vict'ry gain'd,
Unleſs they through the ſtreets their captive lead enchain'd.

VI.

HE. Whoe'er his ſecret joys has open laid,
The bawd to his own wife is made.
Beſide, what boaſt is left for me,
Whoſe whole wealth is a gift from thee?
'Tis you the conq'ror are, 'tis you [too.
Who 'ave not only ta'en, but bound and gagg'd me

VII.

SHE. Though public puniſhment we eſcape, the
Will rack and torture us within: [fin

Guilt and sin our bosom bears,
And though fair yet the fruit appears,
That worm which now the core does waste,
When long 't has gnaw'd within, will break the skin at last.

VIII.

HE. That thirsty drink, that hungry food I sought,
That wounded balm, is all my fault;
And thou in pity didst apply
The kind and only remedy:
The cause absolves the crime; since me
So mighty force did move, so mighty goodness thee.

IX.

SHE. Curse on thine arts! methinks I hate thee now,
And yet I'm sure I love thee too!
I'm angry, but my wrath will prove
More innocent than did thy love.
Thou hast this day undone me quite,
Yet will undo me more shouldst thou not come at night.

Verses lost upon a Wager.

I.

As soon hereafter will I Wagers lay
'Gainst what an oracle shall say:
Fool that I was! to venture to deny
A tongue so us'd to victory!
A tongue so bless'd by Nature and by Art,
That never yet it spoke but gain'd an heart;
Though what you said had not been true,
If spoke by any else but you:
Your speech will govern Destiny,
And Fate will change rather than you should lie.

II.

'Tis true, if human reason were the guide,
Reason, methinks, was on my side;
But that's a guide, alas! we must resign,
When th' authority's divine.
She said, she said herself, it would be so;
And I, bold unbeliever, answer'd, No.
Never so justly sure before,
Error the name of Blindness bore,
For whatsoe'er the question be
There's no man that has eyes would bet for me.

III.

If Truth itself (as other angels do
When they descend to human view)
In a material form would deign to shine,
'Twould imitate or borrow thine:
So dazzling bright, yet so transparent clear,
So well-proportion'd would the parts appear,
Happy the eye which Truth could see
Cloth'd in a shape like thee;
But happier far the eye
Which could thy shape naked like Truth espy!

IV.

Yet this lost Wager costs me nothing more
Than what I ow'd to thee before.
Who would not venture for that debt to play,
Which he were bound howe'er to pay?
If nature gave me pow'r to write in verse,
She gave it me thy praises to rehearse!
Thy wondrous beauty and thy wit
Has such a sov'reign right to it,
That no man's Muse for public vent is free,
Till she has paid her customs first to thee.

Bathing in the River.

I.

The fish around her crowded, as they do
To the false light that treach'rous fishers shew,
And all with as much ease might taken be
As she at first took me.
For ne'er did light so clear
Among the waves appear,
Though ev'ry night the sun himself set there.

II.

Why to mute fish shouldst thou thyself discover,
And not to me, thy no less silent lover?
As some from men their buried gold commit
To ghosts, that have no use of it!
Half their rich treasures so
Maids bury, and, for ought we know,
(Poor Ignorants!) they're mermaids all below.

III.

The am'rous waves would fain about her stay,
But still new am'rous waves drive them away,
And with swift current to those joys they haste,
That do as swiftly waste;
I laugh'd the wanton play to view,
But 'tis, alas! at land so too,
And still old lovers yield the place to new.

IV.

Kiss her, and as you part, you am'rous waves!
(My happier rivals, and my fellow-slaves).
Point to your flow'ry banks, and to her shew
The good your bounties do;
Then tell her what your pride doth cost,
And how your youth and beauty's lost,
When rig'rous Winter binds you up with frost.

V.

Tell her, her beauties and her youth, like thee,
Haste without stop to a devouring sea,
Where they will mix'd and undistinguish'd lie
With all the meanest things that die:
As in the ocean thou
No privilege dost know
Above th' impurest streams that thither flow.

VI.

Tell her, kind Flood! when this has made her sad,
Tell her there is yet one rem'dy to be had;
Shew her how thou, though long since past, dost find
Thyself yet still behind.
Marriage, say to her, will bring
About the self-same thing:
But she, fond Maid! shuts and seals up the spring.

Love Given Over.

I.

It is enough; enough of time and pain
Hast thou consum'd in vain;

Leave, wretched Cowley! leave
Thyſelf with ſhadows to deceive; [gain.
Think that already loſt which thou muſt never

II.

Three of thy luſtieſt and thy freſheſt years,
(Toſs'd in ſtorms of hopes and fears)
Like helpleſs ſhips that be
Set on fire i' th' midſt o' the ſea, [in tears.
Have all been burnt in love, and all been drown'd

III.

Reſolve then on it, and by force or art,
Free thy unlucky heart;
Since Fate does diſapprove
Th' ambition of thy love,
And not one ſtar in heav'n offers to take thy part.

IV.

If e'er I clear my heart from this deſire,
If e'er it home to its breaſt retire,
It ne'er ſhall wander more about,
Though thouſand beauties call'd it out:
A lover burnt like me for ever dreads the fire.

V.

The pox, the plague, and ev'ry ſmall diſeaſe,
May come as oft' as ill Fate pleaſe;
But Death and Love are never found
To give a ſecond wound:
We're by thoſe ſerpents bit; but we're devour'd by theſe.

VI.

Alas! what comfort is't, that I'm grown
Secure of being again o'erthrown?
Since ſuch an enemy needs not fear
Leſt any elſe ſhould quarter there,
Who has not only ſack'd, but quite burnt down the town.

ODES.

Ode. Of Wit.

I.

Tell me, O tell! what kind of thing is Wit,
Thou who maſter art of it:
For the firſt matter loves variety leſs;
Leſs women love it, either in love or dreſs:
A thouſand diff'rent ſhapes it bears,
Comely in thouſand ſhapes appears:
Yonder we ſaw it plain, and here 'tis now,
Like ſpirits, in a place, we know not how.

II.

London, that vends of falſe ware ſo much ſtore,
In no ware deceives us more:
For men, led by the colour and the ſhape,
Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.
Some things do through our judgment paſs,
As through a multiplying-glaſs;
And ſometimes, if the object be too far,
We take a falling meteor for a ſtar.

III.

Hence 'tis a Wit, that greateſt word of Fame,
Grows ſuch a common name;
And wits by our creation they become,
Juſt ſo as tit'lar biſhops made at Rome.
'Tis not a tale, 't is not a jeſt,
Admir'd with laughter at a feaſt,
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain;
The proofs of Wit for ever muſt remain.

IV.

'Tis not to force ſome lifeleſs verſes meet
With their five gouty feet:
All ev'ry where, like man's, muſt be the ſoul,
And reaſon the inferior pow'rs controul.
Such were the numbers which could call
The ſtones into the Theban wall.
Such miracles are ceas'd; and now wo ſee
No towns or houſes rais'd by poetry.

V.

Yet 't is not to adorn and gild each part;
That ſhews more coſt than art.
Jewels at noſe and lips but ill appear;
Rather than all things Wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be ſeen,
If there be nothing elſe between.
Men doubt, becauſe they ſtand ſo thick i' th' ſky,
If thoſe be ſtars which paint the Galaxy.

VI.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noiſe,
Jeſts for Dutchmen and Engliſh boys;
In which who finds out Wit, the ſame may ſee
In an'grams and acroſtics poetry.
Much leſs can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face;
Such droſs the fire muſt purge away; 't is juſt
The author bluſh there where the reader muſt.

VII.

'Tis not ſuch lines as almoſt crack the ſtage,
When Bajazet begins to rage:
Nor a tall met'phor in the bombaſt way,
Nor the dry chips of ſhort-lung'd Seneca:
Nor upon all things to obtrude,
And force ſome odd ſimilitude.
What is it then, which, like the Power Divine,
We only can by negatives define?

VIII.

In a true piece of Wit all things muſt be,
Yet all things there agree:
As in the Ark, join'd without force or ſtrife,
All creatures dwelt, all creatures that had life.
Or as the primitive forms of all,
(If we compare great things with ſmall)
Which without diſcord or confuſion lie,
In that ſtrange mirror of the Deity.

IX.

But Love, that moulds one man up out of two,
Makes me forget and injure you.
I took you for myſelf, ſure, when I thought
That you in any thing were to be taught.
Correct my error with thy pen,
And if any aſk me then
What thing right Wit, and height of genius is,
I'll only ſhew your lines, and ſay, 'Tis this.

Ode.

I.

Here 's to thee, Dick: this whining love deſpiſe:
Pledge me, my friend, and drink till thou be'ſt
It ſparkles brighter far than ſhe; [wiſe.
'Tis pure and right, without deceit,
And ſuch no woman e'er will be:
No; they are all ſophiſticate.

II.

With all thy ſervile pains what canſt thou win,
But an ill-favour'd and uncleanly ſin?
A thing ſo vile, and ſo ſhortliv'd,
That Venus' joys as well as ſhe

With reaſon may be ſaid to be
From the neglected ſoam deriv'd.

III.

Whom would that painted toy, a beauty, move;
Whom would it e'er perſuade to court and love;
Could he a woman's heart have ſeen,
(But, oh! no light does thither come)
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay ſhut up in her womb?

IV.

Follies they have ſo numberleſs in ſtore,
That only he who loves them can have more.
Neither their ſighs nor tears are true;
Thoſe idly blow, theſe idly fall,
Nothing like to our's at all:
But ſighs and tears have ſexes too.

V.

Here's to thee again; thy ſenſeleſs ſorrows drown'd,
Let the glaſs walk till all things, too, go round:
Again; till theſe too lights be four;
No error here can dang'rous prove;
Thy paſſion, man! deceiv'd thee more;
None double ſee like men in love.

Ode, in imitation of Horace's Ode,

Quis multa gracilis te puer in roſa,
Perfuſus, &c. Lib. I. ode v.

I.

To whom now, Pyrrha! art thou kind?
To what heart-raviſh'd lover
Doſt thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden ſweets diſcover,
And with large bounty open ſet
All the bright ſtores of thy rich cabinet?

II.

Ah! ſimple youth! how oft' will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain?
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and ſo vain,
Of ſo camelion-like an hue,
That ſtill their colour changes with it too?

III.

How oft', alas! will he admire
The blackneſs of the ſkies?
Trembling to hear the winds ſound high'r
And ſee the billows riſe:
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er, alas! before had been at ſea!

IV.

He enjoys thy calmy ſunſhine now,
And no breath ſtirring hears
In the clear heav'n of thy brow
No ſmalleſt cloud appears.
He ſees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And truſts the faithleſs April of thy May.

V.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy! he
To whom thou untry'd doſt ſhine:
But there 's no danger now for me,
Since o'er Loretto's ſhrine,
In witneſs of the ſhipwreck paſt,
My conſecrated veſſel hangs at laſt.

Ode on Orinda's poems.

I.

We allow'd you beauty, and we did ſubmit
To all the tyrannies of it:
Ah! cruel Sex! will you depoſe us too in wit?
Orinda does in that, too, reign,
Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,
And cancel great Apollo's Salique law.
We our old title plead in vain;
Man may be head, but woman's now the brain.
Verſe was Love's fire-arms heretofore;
In Beauty's camp it was not known;
Too many arms beſides that conqu'ror bore:
'Twas the great cannon we brought down
T' aſſault a ſtubborn town;
Orinda firſt did a bold ſally make,
Our ſtrongeſt quarter take,
And ſo ſucceſsful prov'd, that ſhe
Turn'd upon Love himſelf his own artillery.

II.

Women, as if the body were their whole,
Did that, and not the ſoul,
Tranſmit to their poſterity:
If in it ſometime they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive iſſue never liv'd.
'Twere ſhame and pity, Orinda! if in thee
A ſpirit ſo rich, ſo noble, and ſo high,
Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
But thou induſtriouſly haſt ſow'd and till'd
The fair and fruitful field,
And 't is a ſtrange increaſe that it does yield.
As when the happy gods above
Meet all together at a feaſt,
A ſecret joy unſpeakably does move
In their great mother Cybele's contented breaſt:
With no leſs pleaſure thou, methinks, ſhould ſee
This thy no leſs immortal progeny:
And in their birth thou no one touch doſt find
Of th' ancient curſe to womankind;
Thou bring'ſt not forth with pain;
It neither travail is, nor labour of the brain:
So eaſily they from thee come,
And there is ſo much room
In th' inexhauſted and unfathom'd womb,
That, like the Holland Counteſs, thou may'ſt bear
A child for ev'ry day of all the fertile year.

III.

Thou doſt my wonder, wouldſt my envy raiſe.
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praiſe,
Where'er I ſee an excellence,
I muſt admire to ſee thy well-knit ſenſe,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high,
Thoſe as thy forehead ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thine eye.
'Tis ſolid, and 't is manly all,
Or rather 't is angelical;
For as in angels, we
Do in thy verſes ſee
Both improv'd ſexes eminently meet;
They are than man more ſtrong, and more than woman ſweet.

IV.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female chimeras that o'er poets reign;
I ne'er could find that fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft' I'm ſure in vain:

hey talk of Sappho, but, alas! the ſhame!
Ill manners foil the luſtre of her fame.
Orinda's inward virtue is ſo bright,
That, like a lantern's fair incloſed light,
It through the paper ſhines where ſhe does write.
Honour and friendſhip, and the gen'rous ſcorn
Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond deſeaſe,
Like that of girls, our vicious ſtomachs pleaſe)
Are the inſtructive ſubjects of her pen,
And as the Roman victory
Taught our rude lands arts and civility,
At once ſhe overcomes, enſlaves, and betters, men.

v.

But Rome, with all her arts, could ne'er inſpire
A female breaſt with ſuch a fire.
The warlike Amazonian train,
Who in Elyſium now do peaceful reign,
And Wit's mild empire before arms prefer,
Hope 't will be ſettled in their ſex by her.
Merlin the ſeer (and ſure he would not lie
In ſuch a ſacred company)
Does propheſies of learn'd Orinda ſhew,
Which he had darkly ſpoke ſo long ago.
Ev'n Boadicea's angry ghoſt
Forgets her own misfortune and diſgrace,
And to her injur'd daughters now does boaſt,
That Rome's o'ercome at laſt by a woman of her race.

Ode, upon occaſion of a copy of verſes of my Lord Broghill's.

I.

Begone, ſaid I, ungrateful Muſe! and ſee
What others thou canſt fool as well as me:
Since I grew man, and wiſer ought to be,
My bus'neſs and my hopes I left for thee;
For thee (which was more hardly giv'n away)
I left, ev'n when a boy, my play.
But ſay, ungrateful Miſtreſs! ſay,
What for all this, what didſt thou ever pay?
Thou 'lt ſay, perhaps, that riches are
Not of the growth of lands where thou doſt trade,
And I as well my country might upbraid,
Becauſe I have no vineyard there.
Well; but in love thou doſt pretend to reign,
There thine the pow'r and lordſhip is;
Thou bad'ſt me write, and write, and write again;
'Twas ſuch a way as could not miſs.
I, like a fool, did thee obey,
I wrote, and wrote, but ſtill I wrote in vain;
For after all my' expenſe of wit and pain,
A rich, unwriting hand, carry'd the prize away.

II.

Thus I complain'd, and ſtraight the Muſe reply'd,
That ſhe had given me fame;
Bounty immenſe! and that, too, muſt be try'd
When I myſelf am nothing but a name.
Who now, what reader does not ſtrive
T' invalidate the gift whil'ſt we're alive?
For when a poet now himſelf doth ſhew,
As if he were a common foe,
All draw upon him, all around,
And ev'ry part of him they wound;
Happy the man that gives the deepeſt blow;
And this is all, kind Muſe! to thee we owe.
Then in a rage I took,
And out at window threw
Ovid and Horace, all the chiming crew;
Homer himſelf went with them too;
Hardly eſcap'd the ſacred Mantuan book:
I my own offspring, like Agave, tore,
And I reſolv'd, nay, and I think I ſwore,
That I no more the ground would till and ſow,
Where only flow'ry weeds inſtead of corn did grow.

III.

When (ſee the ſubtle ways which Fate does find
Rebellious man to bind,
Juſt to the work for which he is aſſign'd)
The Muſe came in more cheerful than before,
And bad me quarrel with her now no more.
" Lo, thy reward! look here and ſee,
" What I have made," ſaid ſhe,
" My lover, and belov'd, my Broghill! do for thee.
" Though thy own verſe no laſting fame can give,
" Thou ſhalt at leaſt in his for ever live.
" What critics, the great Hectors now in wit,
" Who rant and challenge all men that have writ,
" Will dare t' oppoſe thee, when
" Broghill in thy defence has drawn his conqu'ring pen?"
I roſe, and bow'd my head,
And pardon aſk'd for all that I had ſaid;
Well ſatisfy'd and proud,
I ſtraight reſolv'd, and ſolemnly I vow'd,
That from her ſervice now I ne'er would part;
So ſtrongly large rewards work on a grateful heart.

IV.

Nothing ſo ſoon the drooping ſp'rits can raiſe,
As praiſes from the men whom all men praiſe:
'Tis the beſt cordial, and which only thoſe
Who have at home th' ingredients can compoſe:
A cordial that reſtores our fainting breath,
And keeps up life ev'n after death:
The only danger is, leſt it ſhould be
Too ſtrong a remedy;
Leſt, in removing cold, it ſhould beget
Too violent a heat,
And into madneſs turn the lethargy.
Ah! gracious God! that I might ſee
A time when it were dangerous for me
To be o'erheat with praiſe!
But I within me bear, alas! too great allays.

V.

'Tis ſaid Apelles, when he Venus drew,
Did naked women for his pattern view,
And with his pow'rful fancy did refine
Their human ſhapes into a form divine;
None who had ſat could her own picture ſee,
Or ſay one part was drawn for me.
So, though this nobler painter, when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit
That my Book ſhould before him ſit,
Not as a cauſe, but an occaſion to his wit;
Yet what have I to boaſt, or to apply,
To my advantage out of it, ſince I,
Inſtead of my own likeneſs, only find
The bright idea there of the great writer's mind?

Ode. Mr. Cowley's Book presenting itself to the University Library of Oxford.

I.

Hail, Learning's Pantheon! hail, the sacred Ark!
Where all the world of Science does embark!
Which ever shall withstand, and hast so long with-
Insatiate Time's devouring flood. [stood
Hail tree of Knowledge! thy leaves fruit! which
Dost in the midst of Paradise arise, [well
Oxford! the muse's paradise,
From which may never sword the blest's'd expel.
Hail! Bank of all past ages! where they lie
T' enrich with interest posterity!
Hail! Wit's illustrious Galaxy!
Where thousand lights into one brightness spread;
Hail! living University of the dead!

II.

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues, which e'er
The mighty linguist, Fame, or Time, the mighty
That could speak, or this could hear; [traveller,
Majestic monument and pyramid,
Where still the shapes of parted souls abide,
Embalm'd in verse, exalted Souls! which now
Enjoy those arts they woo'd so well below;
Which now all wonders plainly see
That have been, are, or are to be,
In the mysterious Library,
The beatific Bodley of the Deity.

III.

Will you into your sacred throng admit
The meanest British wit?
You Gen'ral Council of the Priests of Fame!
Will you not murmur and disdain
That I a place among you claim,
The humblest deacon of her train?
Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
The chain of ornament which here
Your noble prisoners proudly wear;
A chain which will more pleasant seem to me
Than all my own Pindaric liberty?
Will ye to bind me with those mighty names submit,
Like an Apocrypha with Holy Writ?
Whatever happy book is chained here,
No other place or people need to fear;
His chain's a passport to go ev'ry where.

IV.

As when a seat in heav'n
Is to an unmalicious sinner giv'n,
Who casting round his wond'ring eye,
Does none but patriarchs and apostles there espy,
Martyrs who did their lives bestow,
And saints who martyrs liv'd below;
With trembling and amazement he begins
To recollect his frailties past, and sins;
He doubts almost his station there,
His Soul says to itself, How came I here?
It fares not otherwise with me,
When I myself, with conscious wonder see,
Amidst this purify'd elected company:
With hardship they, and pain,
Did to this happiness attain;
No labour I, nor merits, can pretend;
I think Predestination only was my friend.

V.

Ah! that my author had been ty'd like me
To such a place and such a company!
Instead of sev'ral countries, sev'ral men,
And business which the Muses hate,
He might have then improv'd that small estate
Which Nature sparingly did to him give:
He might, perhaps, have thriven then,
And settled upon me, his child, somewhat to live.
It had happier been for him as well as me;
For when all, alas! is done,
We books, I mean, you Books, will prove to be
The best and noblest conversation:
For though some errors will get in,
Like tinctures of orig'nal sin,
Yet, sure, we from our fathers' wit
Draw all the strength and spirit of it,
Leaving the grosser parts for conversation,
As the best blood of man's employ'd in generation.

Ode. Sitting and drinking in the Chair made out of the Relic of Sir Srancis Drake's Ship.

I.

Cheer up, my Mates! the wind does fairly blow;
Clap on more sail, and never spare;
Farewell all lands, for now we are
In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.
Bless me! 't is hot: another bowl of wine,
And we shall cut the burning line. [know
Hey, Boys! she scuds away, and by my head I
We round the world are sailing now.
What dull men are those who tarry at home,
When abroad they might wantonly roam,
And gain such experience, and spy too,
Such countries and wonders as I do?
But, prithee, good Pilot! take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at Peru;
With gold there the vessel we'll store,
And never, and never be poor;
No, never be poor any more.

II.

What do I mean? what thoughts do me misguide?
As well upon a staff may witches ride
Their fancied journies in the air,
As I sail round the ocean in this Chair:
'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you see
For all its quiet now and gravity,
Has wander'd and has travell'd more
Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree, be-
In ev'ry air and ev'ry sea 't has been, [fore.
'T has compass'd all the earth, and all the heav'ns
't has seen.
Let not the Pope's itself with this compare;
This is the only universal Chair.

III.

The pious wand'rer's fleet, sav'd from the flame,
(Which did the relics still of Troy pursue,
And took them for its due)
A squadron of immortal nymphs became;

Still with their arms they row about the seas,
And still make new and greater voyages:
Nor has the first poetic ship of Greece
(Though now a star she so triumphant shew,
And guide her sailing successors below,
Bright as her ancient freight, the shining Fleece)
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,
The tide of heav'n still carries her around:
Only Drake's sacred vessel, which before
Had done, and had seen more
Than those have done or seen,
Ev'n since they goddesses and this a star has been,
As a reward for all her labour past,
Is made the seat of rest at last.
Let the case now quite alter'd be,
And as thou went'st abroad the world to see,
Let the world now come to see thee.

IV.

The world will do't; for curiosity
Does, no less than devotion, pilgrims make;
And I myself, who now love quiet, too,
As much almost as any Chair can do,
Would yet a journey take
An old wheel of that chariot to see
Which Phaeton so rashly brake: [of Drake?
Yet what could that say more than these remains
Great Relic! thou, too, in this port of ease,
Hast still one way of making voyages;
The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale,
(The greater trade-wind which ne'er does fail)
Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt
As long around it as the sun. [run
The Streights of Time too narrow are for thee,
Launch forth into an indiscover'd sea,
And steer the endless course of vast eternity;
Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot me.

Ode upon Dr. Hervey.

I.

Coy Nature, (which remain'd, though aged
A beauteous virgin still, enjoy'd by none, [grown,
Nor seen unveil'd by any one)
When Harvey's violent passion she did see,
Began to tremble and to flee,
Took sanctu'ry, like Daphne, in a tree:
There Daphne's lover stopp'd, and thought it
The very leaves of her to touch; [much
But Harvey! our Apollo, stop'd not so,
Into the bark and root he after her did go:
No smallest fibres of a plant, [want,
For which the eye beam's point doth sharpness
His passage after her withstood. [wood
What should she do? through all the moving
Of lives endow'd with sense she took her flight;
Harvey pursues and keeps her still in sight:
But as the deer long hunted takes a flood, [blood;
She leap'd at last into the winding streams of
Of man's meander all the purple reaches made,
Till at the heart she stay'd,
Where turning head, and at a bay, [say:
Thus, by well-purg'd ears, was she o'erhead to

II.

"Here, sure, shall I be safe," said she,
"None will be able, sure, to see
"This my retreat, but only he
"Who made both it and me.
"The Heart of man what art can e'er reveal?
"A wall impervious between
"Divides the very parts within, [conceal."
"And doth the Heart of man even from itself
She spoke; but e'er she was aware,
Harvey was with her there,
And held this slipp'ry Proteus in a chain,
Till all her mighty mysteries he descry'd,
Which from his wit th' attempt before to hide,
Was the first thing that nature did in vain.

III.

He the young practice of new Life did see,
Whilst, to conceal its toilsome poverty,
It for a living wrought both hard and privately.
Before the liver understood
The noble scarlet dye of blood,
Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it to set up the trade;
Before the untaught Heart began to beat
The tuneful march to vital heat,
From all the souls that living buildings rear,
Whether imply'd for earth, or sea, or air,
Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought,
A strict account to him is hourly brought
How the great fabric does procceed,
What time and what materials it does need:
He so exactly does the work survey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

IV. [book,

Thus Harvey sought for truth in Truth's own
The creatures, which by God himself was writ;
And wisely thought 't was fit
Not to read comments only upon it,
But on the original itself to look.
Methinks in Art's great circle others stand
Lock'd up together hand in hand,
Ev'ry one leads as he is led,
The same bare path they tread,
And dance, like fairies, a fantastic round,
But neither change their motion nor their ground:
Had Harvey to this road confin'd his wit, [yet.
His noble Circle of the blood had been untrodden
Great Doctor! the art of curing's cur'd by thee;
We now thy patient, Physic, see
From all inveterate diseases free,
Purg'd of old errors by thy care,
New-dieted, put forth to clearer air;
It now will strong and healthful prove:
Itself before lethargic lay, and could not move.

V.

These useful secrets to his pen we owe,
And thousands more 't was ready to bestow,
Of which a barb'rous war's unlearned rage
Has robb'd the ruin'd age.
O cruel loss! as if the Golden Fleece,
With so much cost and labour bought,
And from afar by a great hero brought,

Had ſunk ev'n in the ports of Greece,
O curſed War! who can forgive thee this?
Houſes and towns may riſe again,
And ten times eaſier it is
To rebuild St. Paul's than any work of his.
That mighty taſk none but himſelf can do;
Nay, ſcarce himſelf, too, now;
For though his wit the force of Age withſtand,
His body, alas! and time, it muſt command;
And Nature now, ſo long by him ſurpaſs'd,
Will, ſure, have her revenge on him at laſt:

Ode. Acme and Septimus, out of Cattullus.

Acme Septimus ſuos amores
Tenens in gremio, &c.

Whilst on Septimus' panting breaſt
(Meaning nothing leſs than reſt)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd Septimus ſaid:

"My deareſt Acme! if I be
"Once alive, and love not thee
"With a paſſion far above
"All that e'er was called love,
"In a Lybian deſert may
"I become ſome lion's prey;
"Let him, Acme! let him tear
"My breaſt when Acme is not there."

The god of love who ſtood to hear him,
(The god of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickled with the ſound,
Sneez'd aloud; and all around
The little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd, and bleſs'd the augury.
Acme, inflam'd with what he ſaid,
Rear'd her gently-bending head,
And her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious boy,
Twice (and twice could ſcarce ſuffice)
She kiſs'd his drunken rolling eyes.

"My little Life! my all!" ſaid ſhe,
"So may we ever ſervants be
"To this beſt god, and ne'er regain
"Our hated liberty again;
"So may thy paſſion laſt for me,
"As I a paſſion have for thee,
"Greater and fiercer much they can
"Be conceiv'd by thee, a man;
"Into my marrow it is gone,
"Fix'd and ſettled in the bone:
"It reigns not only in my heart,
"But runs, like life, through ev'ry part."

She ſpoke; the God of Love aloud
Sneez'd again, and all the crowd
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bleſs'd the augury.

This good omen, thus from heav'n,
Like a happy ſignal giv'n,
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.

The poor Septimus (who did now
Nothing elſe but Acme grow)
Acme's boſom was alone
The whole world's imperial throne,
And to faithful Acme's mind
Septimus was all humankind.

If the gods would pleaſe to be
But adviſ'd for once by me,
I'd adviſe 'em, when they ſpy
Any illuſtrious piety,
To reward her, if it be ſhe,
To reward him, if it be he,
With ſuch a huſband, ſuch a wife,
With Acme's and Septimus' life.

Ode. Upon his Majeſty's reſtoration and return.

Quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderat, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro. VIRG

I.

Now bleſſings on you all, ye peaceful Stars!
Which meet at laſt ſo kindly, and diſpenſe
Your univerſal gentle influence
To calm the ſtormy world, and ſtill the rage of wars.
Nor whilſt around the Continent
Plenipotentiary beams ye ſent,
Did your pacific lights diſdain,
In their large treaty, to contain
The world apart, o'er which do reign
Your ſev'n fair brethren of great Charles his Wane;
No ſtar amongſt ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous aſſiſtance give
As that which thirty years ago,
At Charles his birth *, did, in deſpite
Of the proud Sun's meridian light,
His future glories and this year foreſhew:
No leſs effects that theſe we may
B' aſſur'd of from that pow'rful ray
Which could outface the ſun, and overcome the day.

II.

Auſpicious Star! again ariſe,
And take thy noontide ſtation in the ſkies;
Again all heav'n prodigiouſly adorn,
For, lo! thy Charles again is born:
He then was born with and to pain,
With and to joy he's born again:
And wiſely for this ſecond birth,
By which thou certain wert to bleſs
The land with full and flouriſhing happineſs,
Thou mad'ſt of that fair month thy choice,
In which heav'n, air, and ſea, and earth,
And all that's in them, all does ſmile and does rejoice.
'Twas a right ſeaſon, and the very ground
Ought with a face of paradiſe to be found,
Then when we were to entertain
Felicity and Innocence again.

* The ſtar that appeared at noon the day of the King's birth, juſt as the king his father was riding to St. Paul's to give thanks to God for that bleſſing.

III.

Shall we again (good Heav'n!) that bleſſed pair behold,
Which the abuſed people fondly ſold
For the bright fruit of the forbidden tree,
By ſeeking all like gods to be?
Will peace her halcyon neſt venture to build
Upon a ſhore with ſhipwrecks fill'd,
And truſt that ſea where ſhe can hardly ſay,
She has known, theſe twenty years, one calmy day?
Ah! mild and gallefs Dove!
Which doſt the pure and candid dwellings love,
Canſt thou in Albion ſtill delight?
Still canſt thou think it White?
Will ever fair Religion appear
In theſe deformed ruins? will ſhe clear
Th' Augæan ſtables of her churches here?
Will Juſtice hazard to be ſeen,
Where a high-court of juſtice e'er has been?
Will not the tragic ſcene,
And Bradſhaw's bloody ghoſt, affright her there,
Her who ſhall never fear?
Then may Whitehall for Charles his ſeat be fit,
If Juſtice ſhall endure at Weſtminſter to ſit.

IV.

Of all, methinks, we leaſt ſhould ſee
The cheerful looks again of Liberty.
That name of Cromwell! which does freſhly ſtill
The curſes of ſo many ſuff'rers fill,
Is ſtill enough to make her ſtay,
And jealous for a while remain,
Leſt, as a tempeſt carried him away,
Some hurricane ſhould bring him back again.
Or ſhe might juſtlier be afraid
Leſt that great ſerpent, which was all a tail,
(And in his pois'nous folds whole nations pris'ners made)
Should a third time perhaps prevail
To join again, and with worſe ſting ariſe,
As it had done when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye ſacred Four!
And dread your periſh'd enemies no more;
Your fears are cauſeleſs all, and vain,
Whilſt you return in Charles's train;
For God does him, that he might you reſtore;
Nor ſhall the world him only call
Defender of the Faith, but of ye all.

V.

Along with you plenty and riches go,
With a full tide to ev'ry port they flow,
With a warm fruitful wind o'er all the country blow.
Honour does, as ye march, her trumpet ſound,
The arts encompaſs you around,
And, againſt all alarms of Fear,
Safety itſelf brings up the rear:
And in the head of this angelic band,
Lo! how the goodly Prince at laſt does ſtand
(Oh! righteous God!) on his own happy land.
'Tis happy now, which could with ſo much caſe,
Recover from ſo deſp'rate a diſeaſe;
A various complicated ill,
Whoſe ev'ry ſymptom was enough to kill,
In which one part of three frenzy poſſeſs'd,
And lethargy the reſt.

'Tis happy which no bleeding does endure,
A ſurfeit of ſuch blood to cure.
'Tis happy which beholds the flame,
In which by hoſtile hands it ought to burn,
Or that which, if from Heaven it came,
It did but well deſerve, all into bonfire turn.

VI.

We fear'd (and almoſt touch'd the black degree
Of inſtant expectation)
That the three dreadful angels we,
Of famine, ſword, and plague, ſhould here eſtabliſh'd ſee;
(God's great triumvirate of deſolation)
To ſcourge and to deſtroy the ſinful nation.
Juſtly might Heav'n Protectors ſuch as thoſe,
And ſuch Committees, for their ſafety impoſe
Upon a land which ſcarcely better choſe.
We fear'd that the fanatic war,
Which men againſt God's houſes did declare,
Would from th' almighty enemy bring down
A ſure deſtruction on our own.
We read th' inſtructive hiſtories, which tell
Of all thoſe endleſs miſchiefs that befel
The ſacred Town which God had lov'd ſo well,
After that fatal curſe had once been ſaid,
"His blood be upon ours, and on our children's head."
We knew, though there a greater blood was ſpilt,
'Twas ſcarcely done with greater guilt.
We know thoſe mis'ries did befal,
Whilſt they rebell'd againſt the Prince, whom all
The reſt of mankind did the Love and Joy of mankind call.

VII.

Already was the ſhaken nation
Into a wild and deform'd chaos brought,
And it was haſting on (we thought)
Ev'n to the laſt of ills, annihilation;
When in the midſt of this confuſed night,
Lo! the bleſs'd Spirit mov'd, and "there was light:"
For in the glorious General's previous ray
We ſaw a new-created day:
We by it ſaw, though yet in miſts it ſhone,
The beauteous work of order moving on.
Where are the men who bragg'd that God did bleſs,
And with the marks of good ſucceſs
Sign his allowance of their wickedneſs?
Vain Men! who thought the divine power to find
In the fierce thunder and the violent wind:
God came not till the ſtorm was paſt;
In the ſtill voice of peace he came at laſt.
The cruel buſineſs of deſtruction
May by the claws of the great fiend be done.
Here, here we ſee the Almighty's hand indeed,
Both by the beauty of the work we ſee 't, and by the ſpeed.

VIII.

He who had ſeen the noble Britiſh heir,
Ev'n in that ill diſadvantageous light
With which misfortune ſtrives to abuſe our ſight;
He who had ſeen him in his cloud ſo bright;
He who had [illegible] fair,
Of brothers, heav'nly good, and ſiſter, heavn'nly

Might have perceiv'd, methinks, with eaſe,
(But wicked men ſee only what they pleaſe)
That God had no intent t' extinguiſh quite
The pious King's eclipſed right.
He who had ſeen how, by the Pow'r divine,
All the young branches of this royal line
Did in their fire, without conſuming, ſhine;
How thro' a rough Red-ſea they had been led,
By wonders guarded, and by wonders fed;
How many years of trouble and diſtreſs
They 'ad wander'd in their fatal wilderneſs,
And yet did never murmur or repine,
Might, methinks, plainly underſtand
That, after all theſe conquer'd trials paſs'd,
Th' Almighty mercy would at laſt,
Conduct them, with a ſtrong unerring hand,
To their own promis'd land;
For all the glories of the earth
Ought to b' entail'd by right of birth,
And all Heav'n's bleſſings to come down
Upon his race, to whom alone was giv'n
The double royalty of earth and heav'n,
Who crown'd the kingly with the martyrs' crown.

IX.

The martyrs' blood was ſaid, of old, to be
The ſeed from whence the church did grow:
The royal blood which dying Charles did ſow,
Becomes no leſs the ſeed of royalty:
'Twas in diſhonour ſown,
We find it now in glory grown:
The grave could but the droſs of it devour:
'Twas ſown in weakneſs, and 't is rais'd in pow'r.
We now the queſtion well decided ſee,
Which Eaſtern wits did once conteſt
At the great monarch's feaſt,
"Of all on earth what things the ſtrongeſt be?"
And ſome for women, ſome for wine did plead;
That is, for folly and for rage,
Two things which we have known, indeed,
Strong in this latter age;
But as 't is prov'd by heav'n at length;
The King and Truth have greateſt ſtrength;
When they their ſacred force unite,
And twine into one right,
No frantic commonwealths or tyrannies,
No cheats, and perjuries, and lies,
No nets of human policies,
No ſtores of arms or gold, (though you could join
Thoſe of Peru to the great London mine)
No towns, no fleets by ſea, or troops by land,
No deeply entrench'd iſlands can withſtand,
Or any ſmall reſiſtance bring,
Againſt the naked Truth and the unarmed King.

X.

The fooliſh lights which travellers beguile,
End the ſame night when they begin;
No art ſo far can upon nature win,
As e'er to put out ſtars, or long keep meteors in.
Where is now that *ignis fatuus* which e'erwhile,
Miſled our wand'ring iſle?
Where 's the impoſtor Cromwell gone?
Where 's now that falling ſtar, his ſon?
Where 's the large comet now, whoſe raging flame
So fatal to our monarchy became?
Which o'er our heads in ſuch proud horror ſtood,
Inſatiate with our ruin and our blood?
The fiery tail did to vaſt length extend,
And twice, for want of fuel, did expire;
And twice renew'd the diſmal fire;
Though long the tail, we ſaw at laſt its end:
The flames of one triumphant day,
Which, like an anti-comet here,
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away.
Then did th' allotted hour of dawning right
Firſt ſtrike our raviſh'd ſight,
Which malice, or which art no more could ſtay,
Than witches' charms can a retardment bring
To the reſuſcitation of the day,
Or reſurrection of the ſpring.
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight,
Bleſs the preceding winter and the night.

XI.

Man ought his future happineſs to fear,
If he be always happy here;
He wants the bleeding mark of grace,
The circumciſion of the choſen race.
If no one part of him ſupplies
The duty of a ſacrifice,
He is (we doubt) reſerv'd entire,
As a whole victim for the fire.
Beſides, ev'n in this world below,
To thoſe who never did ill fortune know,
The good does nauſeous or inſipid grow.
Conſider man's whole life, and you'll confeſs,
The ſharp ingredient of ſome bad ſucceſs
Is that which gives the taſte to all his happineſs.
But the true method of felicity,
Is when the worſt
Of human life is plac'd the firſt,
And when the ſoul's correction proves to be
The cauſe of perfecting the man.
Let our weak days lead up the van;
Let the brave ſecond and Triarian band
Firm againſt all impreſſion ſtand:
The firſt we may defeated ſee,
The virtue and the force of theſe are ſure of victory.

XII.

Such are the years, great Charles! which now we
Begin their glorious march with thee; [ſee
Long may their march to heav'n, and ſtill triumphant be.
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill fortune never ſhall o'ertake thee more.
To ſee it again, and pleaſure in it find
Caſt a diſdainful look behind.
Things which offend, when preſent, and affright,
In memory, well painted, move delight.
Enjoy, then, all thy afflictions now;
Thy royal father's came at laſt;
Thy martyrdom is already paſs'd,
And diff'rent crowns to both ye owe.
No gold did e'er the kingly temples bind
Than thine more try'd and more refin'd.
As a choice medal for heav'n's treaſury,
God did ſtamp firſt upon one ſide of thee,
The image of his ſuff'ring humanity;

On th' other ſide, turn'd now to fight, does ſhine
The glorious image of his power divine.

XIII.

So when the wiſeſt poets ſeek,
In all their livelieſt colours, to ſet forth
A picture of heroic worth,
(The pious Trojan, or the prudent Greek)
They chooſe ſome comely prince of heav'nly birth,
(No proud gigantic ſon of earth,
Who ſtrives t' uſurp the gods' forbidden ſeat)
They feed him not with nectar, and the meat
That cannot without joy be ate, [chance,
But in the cold of want, and ſtorms of adverſe
They harden his young virtue by degrees:
The beauteous drop firſt into ice does freeze,
And into ſolid cryſtal next advance,
His murder'd friends and kindred he does ſee,
And from his flaming country flee.
Much is he toſs'd at ſea and much at land,
Does long the force of angry gods withſtand:
He does long troubles and long wars ſuſtain,
E'er he his fatal birthright gain.
With no leſs time or labour can
Deſtiny build up ſuch a man,
Who is with ſufficient virtue fill'd,
His ruin'd country to rebuild.

XIV.

Nor without cauſe are arms from heav'n
To ſuch a hero by the poets giv'n.
No human metal is of force t' oppoſe
So many and ſo violent blows,
Such was the helmet, breaſtplate, ſhield,
Which Charles in all attacks did wield:
And all the weapons Malice e'er could try,
Of all the ſeveral makes of wicked Policy,
Againſt this armour ſtruck, but at the ſtroke,
Like ſwords of ice, in thouſand pieces broke.
To angels and their brethren ſp'rits above
No ſhew on earth can, ſure, ſo pleaſant prove,
As when they great misfortunes ſee
With courage borne, and decency.
So were they borne, when Worc'ſter's diſmal day
Did all the terrors of black Fate diſplay:
So were they borne, when no diſguiſes cloud
His inward royalty could ſhroud;
And one of th' angels whom juſt God did ſend
To guard him in his noble flight,
(A troop of angels did him then attend)
Aſſur'd me, in a viſion, th' other night,
That he (and who could better judge than he?)
Did then more greatneſs in him ſee,
More luſtre and more majeſty, [eye,
Than all his coronation pomp can ſhew to human

XV.

Him and his royal brothers when I ſaw
New marks of honour and of glory
From their affronts and ſuff'rings draw,
And look like heav'nly ſaints ev'n in their purgatory;
Methought I ſaw the three Judean youths,
Three unhurt martyrs for the nobleſt truths)
In the Chaldean furnace walk;
How cheerfully and unconcern'd they talk!
No hair is ſing'd, no ſmalleſt beauty blaſted;
Like painted lamps they ſhine unwaſted.
The greedy fire itſelf dares not be fed
With the bleſs'd oil of an anointed head.
The honourable flame
(Which rather light we ought to name)
Does, like a glory, compaſs them around,
And their whole bodies crown'd
What are thoſe two bright creatures which we ſee
Walk with the royal three
In the ſame ordeal fire,
And mutual joys inſpire
Sure they the beauteous ſiſters are,
Who, whilſt they ſeek to bear their ſhare,
Will ſuffer no affliction to be there.
Leſs favour to thoſe three of old was ſhewn;
To ſolace with their company
The fiery trials of adverſity, [one.
Two angels join with theſe, the others had but

XVI.

Come forth, come forth, ye Men of God belov'd!
And let the pow'r now of that flame,
Which againſt you ſo important became,
On all your enemies be prov'd.
Come, mighty Charles! deſire of nations! come;
Come, you triumphant Exile! home.
He's come, he's ſafe at ſhore; I hear the noiſe
Of a whole land, which does at once rejoice;
I hear th' united people's ſacred voice;
The ſea, which circles us around,
Ne'er ſent to land ſo loud a ſound;
The mighty ſhout ſends to the ſea a gale,
And ſwells up ev'ry ſail;
The bells and guns are ſcarcely heard at all,
The artificial joy 's drown'd by the natural,
All England but one bonefire ſeems to be,
One Ætna ſhooting flames into the ſea.
The ſtarry worlds, which ſhine to us afar,
Take ours at this time for a ſtar.
With wine all rooms, with wine the conduits flow;
And we, the prieſts of a poetic rage,
Wonder that, in this Golden Age,
The rivers, too, ſhould not do ſo.
There is no ſtoic, ſure, who would not now,
Ev'n ſome exceſs allow;
And grant that one wild fit of cheerful folly
Should end our twenty years of diſmal melancholy.

XVII.

Where is now the royal mother, where,
To take her mighty ſhare
In this ſo raviſhing ſight, [light?
And with the parts ſhe takes to add to the de-
Ah! why art thou not here,
Thou always beſt, and now the happieſt queen,
To ſee our joy, and with new joy be ſeen?
God has a bright example made of thee,
To ſhew that womankind may be
Above that ſex which her ſuperior ſeems,
In wiſely managing the wide extremes
Of great affliction, great felicity.
How well thoſe diff'rent virtues thee become,
Daughter of Triumphs! wife of Martyrdom!
Thy princely mind with ſo much courage bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more;
With ſo much goodneſs us'd felicity,

That it cannot refrain from coming back to thee ;
'Tis come and seen to-day in all its bravery.

XVIII.

Who's that heroic person leads it on,
And gives it, like a glorious bride,
(Richly adorn'd with nuptial pride)
Into the hands now of thy son ?
'Tis the good General, the man of praise,
Whom God at last, in gracious pity,
Did to th' enthrall'd nation raise,
Their great Zerubbabel to be,
To loose the bonds of long captivity,
And to rebuild their temple and their city.
For ever bless'd may he and his remain,
Who, with a vast, tho' less-appearing gain,
Preferr'd the solid great above the vain,
And to the world this princely truth has shewn,
That more 't is to restore than to usurp a crown.
Thou worthiest person of the British story,
(Tho' 't is not small the British glory)
Did I not know my humble verse must be
But ill-proportion'd to the height of thee,
Thou and the world should see
How much my Muse, the foe of flattery,
Does make true praise her labour and design ;
An Iliad or an Æneid should be thine.

XIX.

And ill should we deserve this happy day,
If no acknowledgements we pay
To you, great Patriots ! of the two
Most truly other Houses now,
Who have redeem'd from hatred, and from shame,
A Parliament's once venerable name ;
And now the title of a House restore,
To that which was but slaughterhouse before.
If my advice, ye Worthies ! might be ta'en,
Within those reverend places,
Which now your living presence graces,
Your marble statues always should remain,
To keep alive your useful memory,
And to your successors the example be
Of Truth, Religion, Reason, Loyalty.
For tho' a firmly-settled peace
May shortly make your public labours cease,
The grateful nation will with joy consent
That in this sense you should be said
(Tho' yet the name sounds with some dread)
To be the long, the endless Parliament.

Ode upon Liberty.

I.

Freedom with Virtue takes her seat ;
Her proper place, her only scene,
Is in the golden mean ;
She lives not with the poor, nor with the great ;
The wings of those Necessity has clipp'd,
And they're in Fortune's Bridewell whipp'd
To the laborious task of bread ;
These are by vast, but tyrants captives led,
Now wild Ambition, with imperious Force,
Rides, reigns, and spurs them, like th' unruly horse ;
And servile Av'rice yokes them now,
Like toilsome oxen, to the plough ;
And sometimes Lust, like the misguiding light,
Draws them thro' all the labyrinths of night.
If any few among the great there be
From these insulting passions free,
Yet we ev'n those, too, fetter'd see,
By custom, bus'ness, crowds, and formal Decency ;
And wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,
Impertinencies round them flow.
These are the small uneasy things
Which about Greatness still are found,
And rather it molest than wound ;
Like gnats, which too much heat of summer brings ;
But cares do swarm there, too, and those have stings :
As when the honey does too open lie,
A thousand wasps about it fly,
Nor will the master ev'n to share admit ;
The master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

II.

'Tis morning ; well ; I fain would yet sleep on :
You cannot now ; you must begone
To Court, or to the noisy Hall :
Besides, the rooms without are crouded all ;
The stream of business does begin,
And a spring-tide of clients is come in.
Ah ! cruel Guards ! which this poor pris'ner keep !
Will they not suffer him to sleep ?
Make an escape, out at the postern fly,
And get some blessed hours of liberty.
With a few friends and a few dishes, dine,
And much of mirth, and mod'rate wine.
To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
And steal one day out of thy life to live.
Oh ! happy Man ! he cries, to whom kind Heav'n
Has such a freedom always giv'n !
Why, mighty Madman ! what should hinder thee
From being ev'ry day as free ?

III.

In all the freeborn nations of the air,
Never did bird a spirit so mean and sordid bear,
As to exchange his native liberty,
Of soaring boldly up into the sky,
His liberty to sing, to perch, or fly,
When, and wherever he thought good,
And all his innocent pleasures of the wood,
For a more plentiful or constant food :
Nor ever did ambitious rage
Make him into a painted cage,
Or the false forest of a well-hung room,
For honour and preferment come.
Now, blessings on ye all, ye heroic Race !
Who keep their primitive powers and rights so well,
Tho' men and angels fell.
Of all material lives the highest place

To you is juſtly giv'n,
And ways and walks the neareſt heav'n;
Whilſt wretched we, yet vain and proud, think
To boaſt that we look up to it. [fit
Ev'n to the univerſal tyrant Love,
You homage pay but once a-year:
None ſo degenerous and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual yoke to bear:
None but a few unhappy houſehold fowl,
Whom human Lordſhip does control;
Who from their birth corrupted were
By bondage, and by man's example here.

IV.

He's no ſmall prince who ev'ry day
Thus to himſelf can ſay,
Now will I ſleep, now eat, now ſit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk:
This will I do, here I will ſtay,
Or if my fancy call me' away,
My man and I will preſently go ride
(For we before have nothing to provide,
Nor after are to render an account)
To Dover, Berwick, or the Corniſh Mount.
If thou but a ſhort journey take,
As if thy laſt thou wert to make,
Bus'neſs muſt be diſpatch'd e'er thou canſt part;
Nor canſt thou ſtir, unleſs there be
A hundred horſe and men to wait on thee,
And many a mule and many a cart;
What an unwieldy man thou art!
The Rhodian Coloſſus ſo
A journey, too, might go.

V.

Where honour, or where conſcience does not bind,
No other law ſhall ſhackle me;
Slave to myſelf I will not be:
Nor ſhall my future actions be confin'd
By my own preſent mind.
Who by reſolves and vows engag'd does ſtand
For days that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his eſtate
Before it falls into his hand.
The bondman of the cloiſter ſo
All that he does receive does always owe;
And ſtill as time comes in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy ſlave! and pupil to a bell!
Which his hour's work, as well as hours, does tell!
Unhappy till the laſt, the kind releaſing knell.

VI.

If life ſhould a well-order'd poem be,
(In which he only hits the white
Who joins true profit with the beſt delight)
The more heroic ſtrain let others take,
Mine the Pindaric way I'll make;
The matter ſhall be grave, the numbers looſe and free;
It ſhall not keep one ſettled pace of time;
In the ſame tune it ſhall not always chime,
Nor ſhall each day juſt to his neighbour rhyme:
A thouſand liberties it ſhall diſpenſe,
And yet ſhall manage all without offence,
Or to the ſweetneſs of the ſound or greatneſs of the ſenſe;
Nor ſhall it never from one ſubject ſtart,
Nor ſeek tranſitions to depart,
Nor its ſet way o'er ſtiles and bridges make,
Nor thorough lanes a compaſs take,
As if it fear'd ſome treſpaſs to commit,
When the wide air's a road for it.
So the imperial Eagle does not ſtay,
Till the whole carcaſs it devour
That is fall'n into its pow'r;
As if his gen'rous hunger underſtood
That he can never want plenty of food,
He only ſucks the taſteful blood,
And to freſh game flies cheerfully away; [prey.
To kites and meaner birds he leaves the mangled

Chriſt's Paſſion. Taken out of a Greek Ode, written by Mr. Maſters, of New-College in Oxford.

I.

Enough, my Muſe! of earthly things,
And inſpirations but of wind;
Take up thy lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlaſting ſtrings,
And on 'em play, and to 'em ſing,
The happy mournful ſtories,
The lamentable glories,
Of the great crucify'd King.
Mountainous heap of wonders! which doſt riſe
Till earth thou joineſt with the ſkies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half ſeen by mortal eye.
How ſhall I graſp this boundleſs thing?
What ſhall I play? what ſhall I ſing?
I'll ſing the mighty riddle of myſterious love,
Which neither wretched men below, nor bleſſed ſp'rits above,
With all their comments, can explain, [diſdain.
How all the whole world's Life to die did not

II.

I'll ſing the ſearchleſs depths of the compaſſion
The depths unfathom'd yet [divine,
By Reaſon's plummet, and the line of Wit;
Too light the plummet, and too ſhort the line,
How the eternal Father did beſtow
His own eternal Son as ranſom for his foe:
I'll ſing aloud, that all the world may hear
The triumph of the bury'd Conqueror;
How Hell was by its priſ'ner captive led,
And the great ſlayer Death, ſlain by the dead.

III.

Methinks I hear of murder'd men the voice,
Mix'd with the murderers' confuſed noiſe,
Sound from the top of Calvary;
My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and ſee
Who 'tis hangs there, the midmoſt of the three:
Oh, how unlike the others he!
Look how he bends his gentle head with bleſſings from the tree!

His gracious hands, ne'er ſtretch'd but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood;
And ſinful man does fondly bind [kind.
The arms which he extends t' embrace all human-

IV.

Unhappy Man! canſt thou ſtand by and ſee
All this as patient as he!
Since he thy ſins does bear,
Make thou his ſufferings thine own,
And weep, and ſigh, and groan,
And beat thy breaſt, and tear
Thy garments, and thy hair,
And let thy grief, and let thy love,
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
Doſt thou not ſee thy Prince in purple clad all o'er,
Not purple brought from the Sidonian ſhore,
But made at home with richer gore?
Doſt thou not ſee the roſes which adorn
The thorny garment by him worn?
Doſt thou not ſee the livid traces
Of the ſharp ſcourge's rude embraces?
If yet thou feeleſt not the ſmart
Of thorns and ſcourges in thy heart,
If that be yet not crucify'd [ſide
Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his

V.

Open, oh! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,
And let 'em call
Their ſtock of moiſture forth, where'er it lies,
For this will aſk it all.
'Twould all, alas! too little be,
Though thy ſalt tears came from a ſea:
Canſt thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital ſprings for thee?
Take heed; for by his ſide's myſterious flood
May well be underſtood,
That he will ſtill require ſome waters to his blood.

HORACE, Lib. III. ODE I.

Odi profanum vulgus, &c.

I.

HENCE, ye Profane! I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar, and the ſmall. [hold
To virgin Minds, which yet their native whiteneſs
Not yet diſcolour'd with the love of gold,
(That jaundice of the ſoul
Which makes it look ſo gilded and ſo foul)
To you, ye very few! theſe truths I tell;
The Muſe inſpires my ſong; hark, and obſerve it
well.

II.

We look on men, and wonder at ſuch odds
'Twixt things that were the ſame by birth;
We look on kings as giants of the earth;
Theſe giants are but pigmies to the gods.
The humbleſt bluſh and proudeſt oak
Are but of equal proof againſt the thunder-ſtroke.
Beauty, and ſtrength, and wit, and wealth, and
Have their ſhort flouriſhing hour, [pow'r,
And love to ſee themſelves, and ſmile,
And joy in their pre-eminence awhile;
Ev'n ſo in the ſame land
Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flow'rs, together ſtand:
Alas! Death mows down all with an impartial
hand.

III.

And all you men, whom greatneſs does ſo pleaſe,
Ye feaſt, I fear, like Damocles:
If you your eyes could upwards move,
(But you, I fear, think nothing is above)
You would perceive by what a little thread
The ſword ſtill hangs over your head:
No tide of wine would drown your cares,
No mirth or muſic over-noiſe your fears:
The fear of death would you ſo watchful keep,
As not t'admit the image of it, Sleep.

IV.

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet ſo humble, too, as not to ſcorn
The meaneſt country cottages;
His poppy grows among the corn.
The halcyon Sleep will never build his neſt
In any ſtormy breaſt:
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkneſs in their mind;
Darkneſs but half his work will do;
'Tis not enough, he muſt find quiet too.

V.

The man who in all wiſhes he does make,
Does only Nature's counſel take,
That wife and happy man will never fear
The evil aſpects of the year,
Nor tremble though two comets ſhould appear:
He does not look in almanacks, to ſee
Whether he fortunate ſhall be:
Let Mars and Saturn in the heav'ns conjoin,
And what they pleaſe againſt the world deſign,
So Jupiter within him ſhine.

VI.

If of your pleaſures and deſires no end be found,
God to your cares and fears will ſet no bound.
What would content you who can tell?
Ye fear ſo much to loſe what you have got,
As if you lik'd it well;
Ye ſtrive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.
Go, level hills, and fill up ſeas,
Spare nought that may your wanton fancy pleaſe;
But, truſt me, when you 'ave done all this,
Much will be miſſing ſtill, and much will be amiſs.

A Paraphraſe on an Ode in Horace's Third Book, beginning thus: Incluſam Danaen turris ahenea.

I.

A TOW'R of braſs, one would have ſaid,
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
And guards, as ſtrict as in the heat of wars,
Might have preſerv'd one innocent maidenhead.
The jealous father thought he well might ſpare
All further jealous care;

And, as he walk'd, t' himſelf alone he ſmil'd,
To think how Venus' arts he had beguil'd;
And when he ſlept, his reſt was deep,
But Venus laugh'd to ſee and hear him ſleep:
She taught the am'rous Jove
A magical receipt in love,
Which arm'd him ſtronger, and which help'd him more,
Than all his thunder did, and his almightyſhip before.

II.

She taught him Love's elixir, by which art
His godhead into gold he did convert;
No guards did then his paſſage ſtay;
He paſs'd with eaſe; Gold was the word;
Subtile as lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
Gold through doors and walls did pierce;
And as that works ſometimes upon the ſword,
Melted the maidenhead away,
Ev'n in the ſecret ſcabbard where it lay.
The prudent Macedonian king,
To blow up towns a golden mine did ſpring:
He broke through gates with this petar;
'Tis the great art of peace, the engine 'tis of war,
And fleets and armies follow it afar;
The enſign 'tis at land, and 'tis the ſeaman's ſtar.

III.

Let all the world ſlave to this tyrant be,
Creature to this diſguiſed deity,
Yet it ſhall never conquer me;
A guard of virtues will not let it paſs,
And wiſdom is a tow'r of ſtronger braſs.
The Muſes' laurel round my temples ſpread,
Does from this lightning's force ſecure my head:
Nor will I lift it up ſo high,
As in the violent meteor's way to lie.
Wealth for its pow'r do we honour and adore?
The things we hate, ill fate, and death, have more.

IV.

From towns and courts, camps of the rich and great,
The vaſt Xerxean army, I retreat,
And to the ſmall Laconic forces fly,
Which hold the ſtreights of Poverty.
Cellars and granaries in vain we fill
With all the bounteous ſummer's ſtore,
If the mind thirſt and hunger ſtill;
The poor rich man's emphatically poor.
Slaves to the things we too much prize,
We maſters grow of all that we deſpiſe.

V.

A field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,
Is all the wealth by Nature underſtood.
The monarch on whom fertile Nile beſtows
All which that grateful earth can bear,
Deceives himſelf, if he ſuppoſe
That more than this falls to his ſhare.
Whatever an eſtate does beyond this affords,
Is not a rent paid to the lord,
But is a tax illegal and unjuſt,
Exacted from it by the tyrant Luſt.
Much will always wanting be
To him who much deſires: Thrice happy he
To whom the wiſe indulgency of Heav'n
With ſparing hand, but juſt enough, has giv'n.

PINDARIC ODES.

Written in imitation of the

STYLE AND MANNER OF THE ODES OF PINDAR.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus. HOR. Ep. I. 1. 3.

PREFACE.

IF a man should undertake to translate Pindar, word for word, it would be thought that one madman had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the original, reads the verbal traduction of him into Latin prose, than which nothing seems more raving. And sure rhyme, without the addition of wit, and the spirit of poetry, (*quod nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum*) would but make it ten times more distracted than it is in prose. We must consider, in Pindar, the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in pictures, at least the colours of poetry; the no less difference betwixt the religions and customs of our countries, and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our eyes at so great a distance; and, lastly, (which were enough, alone, for my purpose) we must consider that our ears are strangers to the music of his numbers, which sometimes, (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet. For though the grammarians and critics have laboured to reduce his verses into regular feet and measures, (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin Comedies) yet, in effect, they are little better than prose to our ears: and I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of English poesy could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into French or Italian prose. And when we have confessed all this, we must needs confess, that after all these losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our wit and invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a richer man than he was in his own country. This is, in those measure, to be applied to all translations; and the not observing of it is the cause that all which ever I yet saw are so much inferior to their originals. The like happens, too, in pictures, from the false rule of exact imitation, which being a vile and unworthy kind of servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen originals, both in painting and poesy, much more beautiful than their natural objects; but I never saw a copy better than the original, which indeed cannot be otherwise; for men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me that the grammarians, perhaps, will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign authors to be called Translation; for I am not so much enamoured of the name Translator, as not to wish rather to be something better, though it want yet a name. I speak not so much all this in defence of my manner of translating or imitating or (what other title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar; for that would not deserve half these words, as by this occasion to rectify the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The Psalms of David, (which I believe to have been in their original, to the Hebrews of his time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted pieces of poesy) are a great example of what I have said; all the translators of which, (even Mr. Sands himself; for in despite of popular error I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost excellencies of another language with new ones in their own, are so far from doing honour, or at least justice, to that divine poet, that, methinks, they revile him worse than Shimei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great person) comes, in my opinion, no less short of David than his country does of Judaea. Upon this ground, I have, in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added, what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his way and manner of speaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse; and which might, perhaps, be put into the list of Pancirolus, among the lost inventions of Antiquity. This Essay is but to try how it will look in an English nal it; for which experiment I have chosen one of his Olympic, and another of his Nemeæan Odes, which are as followeth.

THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE OF PINDAR.

WRITTEN in praiſe of Theron, Prince of Agrigentum, (a famous city in Sicily, built by his anceſtors) who, in the ſeventy-ſeventh Olympic, won the Chariot-prize. He is commended from the nobility of his race, (whoſe ſtory is often touched on) from his great riches, (an ordinary common place in Pindar) from his hoſpitality, munificence, and other virtues. The Ode (according to the conſtant cuſtom of the Poet) conſiſts more in digreſſions than in the main ſubject; and the reader muſt not be ſhocked to hear him ſpeak ſo often of his own Muſe; for that is a liberty which this kind of poetry can hardly live without.

I.

QUEEN of all harmonious things,
Dancing words and ſpeaking ſtrings,
What god, what hero, wilt thou ſing?
What happy man to equal glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice,
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy voice.
Piſa does to Jove belong,
Jove and Piſa claim thy ſong.
The fair firſt-fruits of war, th' Olympic Games,
Alcides offer'd up to Jove;
Alcides, too, thy ſtrings may move,
But, oh! what man to join with theſe can worthy prove?
Join Theron boldly to their ſacred names;
Theron the next honour claims;
Theron to no man gives place,
Is firſt in Piſa's and in Virtue's race;
Theron there, and he alone,
Ev'n his own ſwift forefathers has outgone.

II.

They through rough ways, o'er many ſtops, they paſs'd,
Till on the fatal bank at laſt
They Agrigentum built, the beauteous eye
Of fair-fac'd Sicily,
Which does itſelf i' th' river by
With pride and joy eſpy:
Then cheerful notes their painted years did ſing,
And Wealth was one, and Honour the other wing:
Their genuine virtues did more ſweet and clear
In Fortune's graceful dreſs appear:
To which, great ſon of Rhea! ſay
The firm word which forbids things to decay.
If in Olympus' top, where thou
Sitt'ſt to behold thy ſacred ſhew,
If in Alpheus' ſilver flight,
If in my verſe thou doſt delight,
My verſe, O Rhea's ſon! which is
Lofty as that, and ſmooth as this.

III.

For the paſt ſufferings of this noble race
(Since things once paſt, and fled out of thine hand
Hearken no more to thy command)
Let preſent joys fill up their place,
And with Oblivion's ſilent ſtroke deface
Of foregone ills the very trace.
In no illuſtrious line
Do theſe happy changes ſhine
More brightly, Theron! than in thine.
So in the cryſtal palaces
Of the blue-ey'd Nereides,
Ino her endleſs youth does pleaſe,
And thanks her fall into the ſeas.
Beauteous Semele does no leſs
Her cruel midwife Thunder bleſs,
Whilſt ſporting with the gods on high,
Sh' enjoys ſecure their company,
Plays with lightnings as they fly,
Nor trembles at the bright embraces of the Deity.

IV.

But death did them from future dangers free;
What god, alas! will caution be
For living man's ſecurity,
Or will enſure our veſſel in this faithleſs ſea?
Never did the ſun as yet
So healthful a fair day beget,
That travelling mortals might rely on it.
But Fortune's favour and her ſpite
Roll with alternate waves, like day and night:
Viciſſitudes which thy great race purſue,
E'er ſince the fatal ſon his father flew,
And did old oracles fulfil [own will.
Of gods that cannot lie, for they foretel but their

V.

Erinnys ſaw it, and made in her own ſeed
The innocent parricide to bleed;
She flew his wrathful ſons with mutual blows;
But better things did then ſucceed, [paſt, aroſe:
And brave Therſander, in amends for what was

Brave Thesander was by none
In war or warlike sports outdone.
Thou, Theron! his great virtues dost revive,
He in my verse and thee again does live;
Loud Olympus, happy thee,
Isthmus and Nemea, does twice happy see:
For the well-natur'd honour there
Which with thy brother thou didst share,
Was to thee double grown
By not being all thine own;
And those kind pious glories do deface
The old fraternal quarrel of thy race.

VI.

Greatness of mind, and fortune too,
Th' Olympic trophies shew.
Both their several parts must do
In the noble chase of fame; [lame.
This without that is blind, that without this is
Nor is fair virtue's picture seen aright
But in Fortune's golden light.
Riches alone are of uncertain date,
And on short man long cannot wait;
The virtuous make of them the best,
And put them out to fame for interest;
With a frail good they wisely buy
The solid purchase of eternity. [and know
They, whilst life's air they breathe, consider well,
Th' account they must hereafter give below:
Whereas the unjust and covetous above,
In deep unlovely vaults,
By the just decrees of Jove,
Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy necessary effects of voluntary faults.

VII.

Whilst in the lands of unexhausted light
O'er which the godlike Sun's unwearied sight
Ne'er winks in clouds or sleeps in night,
And endless spring of age the good enjoy,
Where neither want does pinch nor plenty cloy;
There neither earth nor sea they plough,
Nor ought to labour owe
For food, that whilst it nourishes does decay,
And in the lamp of life consumes away.
Thrice had these men through mortal bodies pass'd,
Did thrice the trial undergo,
Till all their little dross was purg'd at last,
The furnace had no more to do.
Then in rich Saturn's peaceful state
Were they for sacred treasures plac'd,
The Mule-discovered world of Islands Fortunate.

VIII.

Soft-footed winds, with tuneful voices, there
Dance through the perfum'd air:
There silver rivers through enamelled meadows glide,
And golden trees enrich their side: [fear,
Th' illustrious leaves no dropping autumn
And jewels for their fruit they bear,
Which by the bless'd are gathered
For bracelets to the arm, and garlands to the head.
Here all the heroes and their poets live,
Wise Radamanthus did the sentence give,
Who, for his justice, was thought fit
With sovereign Saturn on the bench to sit.
Peleus here, and Cadmus reign;
Here great Achilles, wrathful now no more,
Since his bless'd mother (who before
Had try'd it on his body in vain)
Dipp'd now his soul in Stygian lake,
Which did from thence a divine hardness take,
That does from passion and from vice invulnerable make.

IX.

To Theron, Muse! bring back thy wand'ring song,
Whom those bright troops expect impatiently;
And may they do so long.
Now, noble Archer! do thy wanton arrows fly
At all the game that does but cross thine eye?
Shoot, and spare not, for I see
Thy sounding quiver can ne'er emptied be;
Let Art use method and good husbandry;
Art lives on Nature's alms, is weak and poor;
Nature herself has unexhausted store,
Wallows in wealth, and runs a turning maze,
That no vulgar eye can trace.
Art, instead of mounting high,
About her humble food does hov'ring fly;
Like the ignoble crow, rapine and noise does love,
Whilst Nature, like the sacred bird of Jove,
Now bears loud thunder; and anon, with silent joy,
The beauteous Phrygian boy
Defeats the strong, o'ertakes the flying prey,
And sometimes basks in th' open flames of day,
And sometimes, too, he shrowds
His soaring wings among the clouds.

X.

Leave, wanton Muse! thy roving flight,
To thy loud string the well-fletch'd arrow put;
Let Agrigentum be the butt,
And Theron be the white:
And lest the name of verse should give
Malicious men pretext to misbelieve,
By the Castalian waters swear,
(A sacred oath no poets dare
To take in vain,
No more than gods do that of Styx profane)
Swear in no city e'er before
A better man, or greater-soul'd, was born,
Swear that Theron, sure, has sworn
No man near him should be poor;
Swear that none e'er had such a graceful art,
Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart
With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.

XI.

But in this thankless world the givers
Are envy'd ev'n by the receivers:
'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion
Rather to hide than pay the obligation.
Nay, 'tis much worse than so;
It now an artifice does grow
Wrongs and outrages to do,
Lest men should think we owe.
Such monsters, Theron! has thy virtue found,
But all the malice they profess,
Thy secure honour cannot wound;
For thy vast bounties are so numberless,
That them or to conceal or else to tell,
Is equally impossible.

THE FIRST NEMEÆAN ODE OF PINDAR.

Chromius, the ſon of Ageſidamus, a young gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the Chariot-race in the Nemeæan games, (a ſolemnity inſtituted firſt to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, as is at large deſcribed by Statius, and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the conquerors in all the exerciſes there practiſed) upon which occaſion the poet begins with the commendation of his country, which I take to have been Ortygia, (an iſland belonging to Sicily, and a part of Syracuſe, being joined to it by a bridge) though the title of the Ode call him Ætnean Chromius, perhaps becauſe he was made governor of that town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praiſe of Chromius his perſon, which he draws from his great endowments of mind and body, and moſt eſpecially from his hoſpitality, and the worthy uſe of his riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules; and, according to his uſual manner of being tranſported with any good hint that meets him in his way, paſſing into a digreſſion of Hercules, and his ſlaying the two ſerpents in his cradle, concludes the Ode with that hiſtory.

I.

Beauteous Ortygia, the firſt breathing-place
Of great Alpheus' cloſe and amorous race,
Fair Delos' ſiſter, the childbed
Of bright Latona, where ſhe bred
The original new-moon, [grown;
Who ſaw'ſt her tender forehead e'er the horns were
Who, like a gentle ſcion, newly ſtarted out,
From Syracuſa's ſide doſt ſprout:
Thee firſt my ſong does greet
With numbers ſmooth and fleet
As thine own horſes' airy feet,
When the young Chromius' chariot drew,
And o'er the Nemeæan race triumphant flew.
Jove will approve my ſong and me;
Jove is concern'd in Nemea and in thee.

II.

With Jove my ſong, this happy man,
Young Chromius, too, with Jove began;
From hence came his ſucceſs;
Nor ought he, therefore, like it leſs,
Since the beſt fame is that of happineſs;
For whom ſhould we eſteem above
The men whom gods do love?
'Tis them alone the Muſe, too, does approve.
Lo, how it makes this vict'ry ſhine
O'er all the fruitful iſle of Proſerpine!
The torches which the mother brought,
When the raviſh'd maid ſhe ſought,
Appear'd not half ſo bright,
But caſt a weaker light [heavenly vault.
Through earth, and air, and ſeas, and up to th'

III.

To thee, O Proſerpine! this iſle I give,
Said Jove, and as he ſaid
Smil'd, and bent his gracious head.
And thou, O iſle! ſaid he, for ever thrive,
And keep the value of our gift alive:
As heav'n with ſtars, ſo let
The country thick with towns be ſet,
And, numberleſs as ſtars,
Let all the towns be then
Repleniſh'd thick with men
Wiſe in peace and bold in wars:
Of thouſand glorious towns the nation,
Of thouſand glorious men each town a conſtellation.
Nor let their warlike laurel ſcorn
With the Olympic Olive to be worn, [adorn.
Whoſe gentler honours do ſo well the brows of Peace

IV.

Go to great Syracuſe, my Muſe! and wait
At Chromius' hoſpitable gate;
'Twill open wide to let thee in,
When thy lyre's voice ſhall but begin:
Joy, Plenty, and free Welcome dwells within,
The Tyrian beds thou ſhalt find ready dreſs'd,
The ivory table crowded with a feaſt.
The table which is free for ev'ry gueſt
No doubt will thee admit,
And feaſt more upon thee, than thou on it:
Chromius and thou art met aright,
For as by Nature thou doſt write,
So he by Nature loves, and does by Nature fight.

v.

Nature herſelf, whilſt in the womb he was,
Sow'd ſtrength and beauty through the forming maſs;
They mov'd the vital lump in ev'ry part,
And carv'd the members out with wondrous art:
She fill'd his mind with courage and with wit,
And a vaſt bounty, apt and fit
For the great dowry which Fortune made to it.
'Tis madneſs, ſure, treaſures to hoard,
And make them uſeleſs, as in mines, remain,
To loſe the occaſion Fortune does afford
Fame and public love to gain.
Ev'n for ſelf-concerning ends
'Tis wiſer much to hoard up friends.
Though happy men the preſent goods poſſeſs,
Th' unhappy have their ſhare in future hopes noleſs.

vi.

How early has young Chromius begun
The race of virtue, and how ſwiftly run,
And borne the noble prize away,
Whilſt other youths yet at the barrier ſtay?
None but Alcides e'er ſet earlier forth than he;
The God his father's blood nought could reſtrain,
'Twas ripe at firſt, and did diſdain
The ſlow advance of dull humanity.
The big-limb'd babe in his huge cradle lay,
Too weighty to be rock'd by nurſes' hands,
Wrapp'd in purple ſwaddling bands;
When, lo! by jealous Juno's fierce commands
Two dreadful ſerpents come
Rolling and hiſſing loud into the room;
To the bold babe they trace their hidden way,
Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings went;
Their gaping mouths did forked tongues like thunderbolts preſent.

vii.

Some of th' amazed women dropp'd down dead
With fear, ſome wildly fled
About the room, ſome into corners crept,
Where ſilently they ſhook and wept.
All naked from her bed the paſſionate mother leap'd,
To ſave or periſh with her child;
She trembled, and ſhe cry'd; the mighty infant ſmil'd;
The mighty infant ſeem'd well pleas'd
At his gay gilded foes;
And as their ſpotted necks up to the cradle roſe,
With his young warlike hands on both he ſeiz'd,
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiſs'd,
In vain their armed tails they twiſt,
And angry circles caſt about;
Black blood, and fiery breath, and pois'nous ſoul,
he ſqueezes out.

viii.

With their drawn ſwords
In ran Amphitryo and the Theban lords:
With doubting wonder, and with troubled joy,
They ſaw the conqu'ring boy
Laugh and point downward to his prey,
Where in death's pangs and their own gore they
When wife Tireſias this beginning new, [folding lay.
He told with eaſe the things t' enſue,
From what monſters he ſhould free
The earth the air, and ſea;
What mighty tyrants he ſhould ſlay,
Greater monſters far than they;
How much at Phlægra's field the diſtreſs'd gods
To their great offspring here below, [ſhould owe
And how his club ſhould there outdo [too.
Apollo's ſilver bow, and his own father's thunder

ix.

And that the grateful gods at laſt,
The race of his laborious virtue paſs'd,
Heav'n, which he ſav'd, ſhould to him give,
Where, marry'd to eternal Youth, he ſhould for ever live,
Drink nectar with the gods, and all his ſenſes pleaſe
In their harmonious golden palaces;
Walk with ineffable delight
Through the thick groves of never-withering light,
And as he walks affright
The Lyon and the Bear, [there.
Bull, Centaur, Scorpion, all the radiant monſters

The praiſe of Pindar, in imitation of Horace his ſecond Ode, B. iv.

Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari, &c.

i.

Pindar is imitable by none:
The phœnix Pindar is a vaſt ſpecies alone.
Whoe'er but Dædalus with waxen wings could fly,
And neither ſink too low nor ſoar too high?
What he who follow'd claim,
But of vain boldneſs the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a ſea to name?
Pindar's unnavigable ſong
Like a ſwoln flood from ſome ſteep mountain pours
The ocean meets with ſuch a voice [along.
From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's noiſe.

ii.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
Which in no channel deigns t' abide,
Which neither banks nor dikes control.
Whether th' immortal gods he ſings,
In a no leſs immortal ſtrain,
Or the great acts of god-deſcended kings,
Who in his numbers ſtill ſurvive and reign;
Each rich embroidered line
Which their triumphant brows around
By his ſacred hand is bound.
Does all their ſtarry diadems outſhine.

iii.

Whether at Piſa's race he pleaſe
To carve in poliſh'd verſe the conqu'rors' images;
Whether the ſwift, the ſkilful or the ſtrong,
Be crowned in his numble, artful, vigorous, ſong;
Whether ſome brave young man's untimely fate
In words worth dying for he celebrate,
Such mournful and ſuch pleaſing words
As joy t' his mother's and his miſtreſs' grief affords,
He bids him live and grow in fame,
Among the ſtars he ſticks his name:
The grave can but the droſs of him devour,
So ſmall is Death, ſo great the Poet's power.

IV.

Lo! how th' obſequious wind and ſwelling air
The Theban ſwan does upwards bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way;
Whilſt, alas! my tim'rous Muſe
Unambitious tracks purſues;
Does with weak unballaſt wings,
About the moſſy brooks and ſprings,
About the trees' new-bloſſom'd heads,
About the gardens' painted beds,
About the fields and flow'ry meads,
And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey fly,
And there with humble ſweets contents her induſtry.

The Reſurrection.

I.

Not winds to voyagers at ſea,
Nor ſhow'rs to earth more neceſſary be,
(Heav'n's vital ſeed caſt on the womb of earth,
To give the fruitful year a birth)
Than verſe to virtue, which can do
The midwife's office and the nurſe's too;
It feeds it ſtrongly, and it clothes it gay,
And when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a pyramid
That never will decay
Till heav'n itſelf ſhall melt away,
And nought behind it ſtay.

II.

Begin the ſong and ſtrike the living lyre!
Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted quire!
All hand and hand do decently advance,
And to my ſong with ſmooth and equal meaſures
Whilſt the dance laſts, how long ſoe'er it be, [dance.
My Muſic's voice ſhall bear it company,
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the laſt trumpet's dreadful ſound.
That to the ſpheres themſelves ſhall ſilence bring,
Untune the univerſal ſtring:
Then all the wide-extended ſky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's ſacred work, ſhall die;
And he himſelf ſhall ſee in one fire ſhine [divine.
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands

III.

Whom thunder's diſmal noiſe,
And all that prophets and apoſtles louder ſpake,
And all the creatures' plain conſpiring voice,
Could not, whilſt they liv'd, awake,
This mightier ſound ſhall make
When dead to ariſe,
And open tombs, and open eyes,
To the long ſluggards of five thouſand years!
This mightier ſound ſhall make its hearers ears:
Then ſhall the ſcatter'd atoms crowding come
Back to their ancient home,
Some from birds, from fiſhes ſome,
Some from earth, and ſome from ſeas,
Some from beaſts, and ſome from trees;
Some deſcend from clouds on high,
Some from metals upwards fly,
And where th' attending ſoul naked and ſhiv'ring [ſtands,
Meet, ſalute, and join their hands;
As diſpers'd ſoldiers at the trumpet's call,
Haſte to their colours all:
Unhappy moſt, like tortur'd men,
Their joints new-ſet, to be new-rack'd again:
To mountains they for ſhelter pray,
The mountains ſhake, and run about no leſs confus'd than they.

IV.

Stop, ſtop, my Muſe! allay thy vig'rous heat,
Kindled at a hint ſo great:
Hold thy Pindaric Pegaſus cloſely in,
Which does to rage begin,
And this ſteep hill would gallop up with violent
'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horſe, [courſe;
Fierce and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the ſpur or bit;
Now prances ſtately, and anon flies o'er the place,
Diſdains the ſervile law of any ſettled pace,
Conſcious and proud of his own natural force,
'Twill no unſkilful touch endure,
But flings writer and reader, too, that ſits not ſure.

The Muſe.

I.

Go, the richeſt chariot inſtantly prepare;
The queen, my Muſe, will take the air;
Unruly Fancy with ſtrong judgment trace,
Put in nimble-footed Wit,
Smooth-pac'd Eloquence join with it,
Sound Memory with young Invention place,
Harneſs all the winged race:
Let the poſtilion, Nature, mount, and let
The coachman, Art, be ſet;
And let the airy footman running all beſide,
Make a long row of goodly pride;
Figures, conceits, raptures, and ſentences,
In a well-worded dreſs;
And innocent Loves, and pleaſant Truths, and uſe-
In all their gaudy liveries; [ful Lies.
Mount, glorious Queen! thy travelling throne,
And bid it to put on,
For long, though cheerful is the way,
And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.

II.

Where never foot of man or hoof of beaſt
The paſſage preſs'd,
Where never fiſh did fly,
And with ſhort ſilver wings cut the low liquid ſky;
Where bird with painted oars did ne'er
Row through the trackleſs ocean of the air:
Where never yet did pry
The buzy Morning's curious eye,
The wheels of thy bold coach paſs quick and free,
And all is an open road to thee;
Whatever God did ſay
Is all thy plain, and ſmooth, uninterrupted way:

Nay, ev'n beyond his works thy voyages are known;
Thou haſt thouſand worlds, too, of thine own:
Thou ſpeak'ſt, great Queen! in the ſame ſtyle as he,
And a new world leaps forth when thou ſay'ſt, Let it be.

III.

Thou fathom'ſt the deep gulph of ages paſt,
And canſt pluck up with eaſe
The years which thou doſt pleaſe;
Like ſhipwreck'd treaſures by rude tempeſts caſt
Long ſince into the ſea,
Brought up again to light and publick uſe by thee:
Nor doſt thou only dive ſo low,
But fly,
With an unweary'd wing the other way on high,
Where fates among the ſtars do grow;
There into the cloſe neſts of Time doſt peep,
And there, with piercing eye,
Through the firm ſhell and the thick white doſt ſpy
Years to come, a-forming lie,
Cloſe in their ſacred ſecondine aſleep,
Till hatch'd by the Sun's vital heat,
Which o'er them yet does brooding ſet,
They life and motion get,
And ripe at laſt, with vigorous might [flight.
Break through the ſhell and take their everlaſting

IV.

And ſure we may
The ſame, too, of the preſent ſay,
If paſt and future times do thee obey.
Thou ſtopp'ſt this current, and doſt make
This running river ſettle like a lake:
Thy certain hand holds faſt this ſlipp'ry ſnake:
The fruit which does ſo quickly waſte,
Men ſcarce can ſee it, much leſs taſte,
Thou conſiteſt in ſweets to make it laſt.
This ſhining piece of ice
Which melts ſo ſoon away
With the Sun's ray,
Thy verſe does ſolidate and cryſtallize,
Till it a laſting mirror be:
Nay, thy immortal rhyme
Makes this one ſhort point of time
To fill up half the orb of round eternity.

To Mr. Hobbes.

I.

VAST bodies of philoſophy
I oft' have ſeen and read,
But all are bodies dead,
Or bodies by art faſhioned;
I never yet the living ſoul could ſee,
But in thy books and thee:
'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair idea thou doſt ſhew
Agree entirely with his own or no.
This I dare boldly tell
'Tis ſo like truth, 't will ſerve our turn as well.
Juſt, as in Nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord their variety,
As firm the parts upon their centre reſt,
And all ſo ſolid are, that they at leaſt,
As much as Nature emptineſs deteſt.

II.

Long did the mighty Stagirite retain
The univerſal intellectual reign,
Saw his own country's ſhort liv'd Leopard ſlain
The ſtronger Roman Eagle did outfly,
Oft'ner renew'd his age, and ſaw that die.
Mecca itſelf, in ſpite of Mahomet, poſſeſs'd,
And, chas'd by a wild deluge from the Eaſt,
His monarchy new-planted in the Weſt:
But as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives ſome new one place,
So did this noble empire waſte,
Sunk by degrees from glories paſs'd,
And in the ſchoolmen's hands it periſh'd quite at laſt.
Then nought but words it grew,
And thoſe all barb'rous too:
It periſh'd and it vaniſh'd there; [air.
The life and ſoul, breath'd out, became but empty

III.

The fields which anſwer'd well the Ancients plough,
Spent and outworn return to harveſt now;
In barren age wild and inglorious lie,
And boaſt of paſt fertility,
The poor relief of preſent poverty:
Food and fruit we muſt now want,
Unleſs new lands we plant:
We break up tombs with ſacrilegious hands,
Old rubbiſh we remove;
To walk in ruins like vain ghoſts, we love,
And with fond divining wands,
We ſearch among the dead
For treaſures buried,
Whilſt ſtill the liberal earth does hold
So many virgin-mines of undiſcover'd gold.

IV.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caſpian,
And ſlender-lim'd Mediterranean,
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched fiſher boats of wit:
Thy nobler veſſel the vaſt ocean tries,
And nothing ſees but ſeas and ſkies,
Till unknown regions it deſcries.
Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philoſophies,
Thy taſk was harder much than his,
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found out firſt by thee,
And rudely left to future induſtry,
But thy eloquence and thy wit
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilized, it.

V.

I little thought before,
(Nor, being my ownſelf ſo poor,
Could comprehend ſo vaſt a ſtore)
That all the wardrobe of rich eloquence
Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and laſting, ſtuff,
To clothe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic ſenſe:
Thy ſolid reaſon, like the ſhield from heav'n
To the Trojan hero given,
Too ſtrong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet ſhines with gold and gems in every part, [Art,
And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of

A shield that gives delight
Ev'n to the enemies' sight,
Then when they're sure to lose the combat by it.

VI.

Nor can the snow, which now cold Age does shed
Upon thy rev'rend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within,
But all which thou hast been,
And all that youth can be, thou art yet,
So fully still dost thou
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too.
So contraries on Ætna's top conspire,
Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire.
A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep,
Th' embolden'd snow next to the flames does sleep:
And if we weigh, like thee,
Nature and causes, we shall see
That thus it needs must be.
To things immortal Time can do no wrong,
And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.

Destiny.

Hoc quoq; fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum. MANIL.

I.

Strange and unnatural! let us stay and see
This pageant of a prodigy.
Lo! of themselves the enlivened chessmen move,
Lo! the unbred ill-organ'd pieces prove,
As full of art and industry,
Of courage and of policy,
As we ourselves, who think there's nothing wise
Here a proud pawn I admire, [but we.
That, still advancing high'r,
At top of all became
Another thing and name.
Here I 'm amaz'd at th' actions of a knight,
That does bold wonders in the fight:
Here I the losing party blame
For those false moves that break the game, [bring,
That to their grave, the bag, the conquer'd pieces
And, above all, th' ill conduct of the mated king.

II.

Whate'er these seem, whate'er philosophy
And sense or reason tell said I,
These things have life, election, liberty;
'Tis their own wisdom moulds their state,
Their faults and virtues make their fate:
They do, they do, said I, but straight,
Lo! from my' enlight'ned eyes the mists and sha-
That hinder spirits from being visible; [dows fell,
And, lo! I saw two angels play'd the mate.
With man, alas! no otherwise it proves,
An unseen hand makes all their moves;
And some are great, and some are small;
Some climb to good, some from good fortune fall;
Some wise men, and some fools we call;
Figures, alas! of speech, for Destiny plays us all.

III.

Me from the womb the midwife Muse did take;
She cut my navel, wash'd me, and mine head
With her own hand she fashioned;
She did a cov'nant with me make,
And circumcis'd my tender soul, and thus she spake;
"Thou of my church shalt be:
"Hate and renounce," said she,
"Wealth, honour, pleasures, all the world, for me:
"Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
"Nor at th' Exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrang-
ling bar:
"That neglected verse does raise."
She spake, and all my years to come
Took their unlucky doom.
Their sev'ral ways of life let others choose,
Their sev'ral pleasures let them use,
But I was born for love, and for a Muse.

IV.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end.
The star that did my being frame
Was but a lambent flame,
And some small light it did dispense,
But neither heat nor influence.
No matter, Cowley! let proud Fortune see
That thou canst her despise no less than she does
Let all her gifts the portion be [thee;
Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,
Murder, Infidelity,
Rebellion, and Hypocrisy;
Do thou not grieve nor blush to be
As all th' inspir'd tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers were, from Homer down to Ben.

Brutus.

I.

Excellent Brutus! of all human race
The best, till Nature was improv'd by grace,
Till men above themselves faith raised more
Than reason above beasts before.
Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
Did silently and constantly dispense
The gentle vigorous influence
To all the wide and fair circumference;
And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,
Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,
That none could discord or disorder see
In all their contrariety:
Each had his motion natural and free, [could be.
And the whole no more mov'd than the whole world

II.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst
(Mistaken honest men) in Cæsar's blood; [swerve
What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve
From him who kill'd himself rather than serve?
Th' heroic exaltations of good
Are so far from understood,
We count them vice: alas! our sight 's so ill,
That things which swiftest move seem to stand still,

We look not upon Virtue in her height,
On her ſupreme idea, brave and bright,
In the original light;
But as her beams reflected paſs
Through our own nature or ill Cuſtom's glaſs:
And 't is no wonder ſo,
If with dejected eye
In ſtanding pools we ſeek the ſky,
That ſtars ſo high above ſhould ſeem to us below.

III.

Can we ſtand by and ſee
Our mother robb'd, and bound, and raviſh'd be,
Yet not to her aſſiſtance ſtir,
Pleas'd with the ſtrength and beauty of the ra-
Or ſhall we fear to kill him, if before [viſher?
The cancell'd name of friend he bore?
Ungrateful Brutus do they call?
Ungrateful Cæſar who could Rome inthrall!
An act more barb'rous and unnatural
(In th' exact balance of true virtue try'd)
Than his ſucceſſor Nero's parricide!
There 's none but Brutus could deſerve
That all men elſe ſhould wiſh to ſerve,
And Cæſar's uſurp'd place to him ſhould proffer;
None can deſerve 't but he who would refuſe the offer.

IV.

Ill Fate aſſum'd a body thee t' affright,
And wrapp'd itſelf i' th' terrors of the night:
"I'll meet thee at Philippi," ſaid the ſp'rit;
"I'll meet thee there," ſaidſt thou,
With ſuch a voice and ſuch a brow
As put the trembling ghoſt to ſudden flight;
It vaniſh'd as a taper's light
Goes out when ſpirits appear in ſight.
One would have thought it had heard the morning crow,
Or ſeen her well-appointed ſtar
Come marching up the eaſtern hill afar.
Nor durſt it in Philippi's field appear,
But, unſeen, attack'd thee there:
Had it preſum'd in any ſhape thee to oppoſe,
Thou wouldſt have forc'd it back upon thy foes,
Or ſlain it like Cæſar, though it be
A conqu'ror and a monarch mightier far than he.

V.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we ſee periſh thus by odd events,
Ill men, and wretched accidents,
The beſt cauſe and beſt man that ever drew a ſword?
When we ſee
The falſe Octavius, and wild Antony,
Godlike Brutus, conquer thee?
What can we ſay but thine own tragic word,
That virtue, which had worſhipp'd been by thee
As the moſt ſolid good, and greateſt deity,
By this fatal proof became
An idol only, and a name.
Hold, noble Brutus! and reſtrain
The bold voice of thy generous diſdain:
Theſe mighty gulfs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.
The time's ſet forth already which ſhall quell
Stiff Reaſon, when it offers to rebel;
Which theſe great ſecrets ſhall unſeal,
And new philoſophies reveal.
A few years more, ſo ſoon hadſt thou not dy'd,
Would have confounded human virtue's pride,
And ſhew'd thee a God crucify'd.

To Dr. Scarborough.

I.

How long, alas! has our mad nation been
Of epidemic war the tragic ſcene,
When Slaughter all the while
Seem'd, like its ſea, embracing round the iſle,
With tempeſts and red waves, noiſe and affright?
Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from White!
What province or what city did it ſpare?
It, like a plague, infected all the air.
Sure the unpeopled land
Would now untill'd, deſert, and naked ſtand,
Had God's almighty hand
At the ſame time let looſe Diſeaſes rage,
Their Civil wars in man to wage:
But thou by Heav'n wert ſent
This deſolation to prevent,
A med'cine and a counter-poiſon to the age:
Scarce could the ſword diſpatch more to the grave
Than thou didſt ſave;
By wondrous art, and by ſucceſsful care,
The ruins of a civil war thou doſt alone repair.

II.

The inundations of all liquid Pain,
And deluge dropſy thou doſt drain:
Fevers ſo hot, that one would ſay
Thou mightſt as ſoon hell-fires allay,
(The damn'd ſcarce more incurable than they)
Thou doſt ſo temper, that we find,
Like gold, the body but refin'd,
No unhealthful droſs behind:
The ſubtle Ague, that, for ſureneſs' ſake,
Takes its own times th' aſſault to make,
And at each battery the whole fort does ſhake,
When thy ſtrong guards and works it ſpies,
Trembles for itſelf, and flies.
The cruel Stone, that reſtleſs pain,
That's ſometimes roll'd away in vain,
But ſtill, like Siſyphus his ſtone, returns again,
Thou break'ſt and melteſt by learned juices' force,
(A greater work, though ſhort the way appear,
Than Hannibal 's by vinegar)
Oppreſſed Nature's neceſſary courſe
It ſtops in vain, like Moſes, thou
Strik'ſt but the rock, and ſtraight the waters flow.

III.

The Indian ſon of Luſt, (that foul diſeaſe
Which did on this his new-found world but lately
Yet ſince a tyranny has planted here, [ſeize,
As wide and cruel as the Spaniard there)
Is ſo quite rooted out by thee,
That they patients ſeem to be
Reſtor'd, not to health only, but virginity.
The plague itſelf, that proud imperial ill,
Which deſtroys towns, and does whole armies kill,

If thou but ſuccour the beſieged heart,
Calls all its poiſons forth, and does depart,
As if it fear'd no leſs thy art
Than Aaron's incenſe, or than Phineas' dart.
What need there here repeated be by me
The vaſt and barbarous lexicon
Of man's infirmity?
At thy ſtrong charms it muſt be gone, [gion.
Though a diſeaſe, as well as devil, were called Le-

IV.

From creeping moſs to ſoaring cedar thou
Doſt all the pow'rs and ſeveral portions know,
Which father-Sun and mother-Earth below
On their green infants here beſtow,
Canſt all thoſe magic virtues from them draw,
That keep Diſeaſe and Death in awe;
Who, whilſt thy wond'rous ſkill in plants they ſee,
Fear leſt the tree of life ſhould be found out by thee:
And, thy well-travell'd knowledge, too, does give
No leſs account of th' empire ſenſitive,
Chiefly of man, whoſe body is
That active ſoul's metropolis.
As the great artiſt, in his ſphere of glaſs,
Saw the whole ſcene of heav'nly motions paſs,
So thou know'ſt all ſo well that 's done within,
As if ſome living cryſtal man thou 'dſt ſeen.

V.

Nor does this ſcience make thy crown alone,
But whole Apollo is thine own:
His gentler arts, belov'd in vain by me,
Are wedded and enjoy'd by thee.
Thou 'rt by this noble mixture free
From the phyſician's frequent malady,
Fantaſtic incivility:
There are who all their patients' chagrin have,
As if they took each morn worſe potions than they
And this great race of learning thou haſt run, [gave:
E'er that of life be half yet done:
Thou ſee'ſt thyſelf ſtill freſh and ſtrong,
And like t' enjoy the conqueſts long.
The firſt fam'd aphoriſm thy great maſter ſpoke,
Did he live now, he would revoke,
And better things of man report;
For thou doſt make life long, and art but ſhort.

VI.

Ah! learned Friend! it grieves me when I think
That thou, with all thy art, muſt die
As certainly as I;
And all thy noble reparations ſink
Into the ſure-wrought mine of treach'rous morta-
Like Archimedes, honourably in vain, [lity.
Thou holdſt out towns that muſt at laſt be ta'en,
And thou thyſelf, their great defender, ſlain.
Let 's e'en compound, and for the preſent live,
'Tis all the ready money Fate can give;
Unbend ſometimes thy reſtleſs care,
And let thy friends ſo happy be
T' enjoy at once their health and thee:
Some hours at leaſt to thine own pleaſure ſpare;
Since the whole ſtock may ſoon exhauſted be,
Beſtow it not all in charity.
Let Nature and let Art do what they pleaſe,
When all is done, life 's an incurable diſeaſe.

Life and Fame.

I.

Oh, Life! thou Nothing's younger brother!
So like, that one might take one for the other
What 's Somebody, or Nobody?
In all the cobwebs of the ſchoolmen's trade,
We no ſuch nice diſtinction woven ſee
As 't is to be, or Not to be.
Dream of a ſhadow! a reflection made
From the Falſe glories of the gay-reflected bow,
Is a more ſolid thing than thou.
Vain, weak-built iſthmus, which doſt proudly riſe
Up betwixt two eternities,
Yet canſt not wave nor wind ſuſtain, [meet again.
But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endleſs oceans

II.

And with what rare inventions do we ſtrive
Ourſelves them to ſurvive?
Wiſe ſubtle arts, and ſuch as well befit
That nothing, man 's no wit;
Some with vaſt coſtly tombs would purchaſe it,
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.
Here lies the great——Falſe Marble! where?
Nothing but ſmall and ſordid duſt lies there.
Some build enormous mountain-palaces,
The fools and architects to pleaſe;
A laſting life in well-hewn ſtone they rear:
So he who on the Egyptian ſhore
Was ſlain ſo many hundred years before,
Lives ſtill, (oh! life moſt happy and moſt dear!
Oh! life that Epicures envy to hear!)
Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

III.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim
In the ſeraphic entity of Fame:
He, ſince that toy his death,
Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breath.
'Tis time the two immortal ſyllables remain,
But, oh! ye learned Men! explain,
What eſſence, what exiſtence this,
What ſubſtance, what ſubſiſtence, what hypoſtaſis,
In ſix poor letters is?
In thoſe alone does the great Cæſar live,
'Tis all the conquer'd world could give.
We poets madder yet than all,
With a refin'd fantaſtic vanity,
Think we not only have, but give eternity.
Fain would I ſee that prodigal,
Who his to-morrow would beſtow,
For all old Homer's life e'er ſince he dy'd till now.

The Eſtaſy.

I.

I leave mortality and things below;
I have no time in compliments to waſte;
Farewell to ye all in haſte,
For I am call'd to go.
A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,
Th' officious clouds beneath them meet;

And, lo! I mount, and lo! [shew!
How small the biggest parts of earth's proud title

II.

Where shall I find the noble British land?
Lo! at last a northern speck espy,
Which in the sea does lie,
And seems a grain of th' sand!
For this will any sin or bleed?
Of Civil wars is this the meed?
And is it this, alas! which we,
Oh irony of words! do call Great Britannic?

III.

I pass by th' arched magazines which hold
Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;
Dry and secure I go,
Nor shake with fear or cold.
Without affright or wonder,
I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,
And lightnings in my way, [play
Like harmless lambent fires, about my temples

IV.

Now into' a gentle sea of rolling flame
I 'm plung'd, and still mount higher there,
As flames mount up through air.
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright, a fire
Was that unfortunate desire
My faithful breast did cover
Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

V.

Through several orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold distinctly, as I pass,
The hints of Galilæo's glass,
I touch'd at last the spangled sphere:
Here all th' extended sky
Is but one Galaxy.
'Tis all so bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

VI.

Where am I now? angels and God is here;
An unexhausted ocean of delight
Swallows my senses quite,
And drowns all what, or how, or where.
Not Paul, who first did thither pass,
And this great world's Columbus was,
The tyrannous pleasure could express.
O! 't is too much for man! but let it ne'er be less.

VII.

The mighty' Elijah mounted so on high,
That second man who leap'd the ditch where all
The rest of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the sky;
With much of pomp and shew
(As conquering kings in triumph go)
Did he to heav'n approach, [coach.
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his

VIII.

'Twas gaudy all, and rich in every part;
Of essences, of gems, and spirit of gold
Was its substantial mould;
Drawn forth by chemic angels' art.
Here with moon-beams 't was silver'd bright,
There double-gilt with the sun's light,
And mystic shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

IX.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made,
Of all that in heav'ns beauteous pastures feed,
The noblest, sprightfull'st breed,
And flaming manes their necks array'd:
They all were shod with diamond,
Not such as here are found,
But such light solid ones as shine
On the transparent rocks o' th' heav'nly crystalline.

X.

Thus mounted the great Prophet to the skies.
Astonish'd men, who oft had seen stars fall,
Or that which so they call,
Wonder'd from hence to see one rise:
The soft clouds melted him away,
The snow and frosts which in it lay
Awhile the sacred footsteps bore.
The wheels and horses' hoofs hiss'd as they pass'd them o'er.

XI.

He pass'd by th' moon and planets, and did fright
All the worlds there, which at this meteor gaz'd,
And their astrologers amaz'd
With th' unexampled sight;
But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,
Till phœnix Nature, aged grown,
To a better being do aspire,
And mount herself, like him, to eternity in fire.

To the New Year.

I.

Great Janus! who dost, sure, my myst'ries view,
With all thine eyes, yet think'st them all too few,
If thy foreface do see
No better things prepar'd for me
Than did thy face behind;
If still her breast must shut against me be
(For 't is not peace that temple's gate does bind)
Oh! let my life, if thou so many deaths a-coming
With thine old year its voyage take, [find,
Borne down that stream of time which no return can make.

II.

Alas! what need I thus to pray?
Th' old avaricious year,
Whether I would or no, will bear
At least a part of me away:
His well-hors'd troops, the months, and days, and hours;
Tho' never any where they stay,
Make in their passage all their prey:
The months, days, hours, that march i' th' rear,
Nought of value left behind: [can find
All the good wine of life our drunken youth de-
Sournes and lees, which to the bottom sink, [vours,
Remain for latter years to drink,
Until some one offended with the taste, [at last.
The vessel breaks, and out the wretched relics run

III.

If then, young Year! thou needs must come
(For in Time's fruitful womb

The birth beyond its time can never tarry,
Nor ever can miscarry)
Chooſe thy attendants well; for 't is not thee
We fear, but 't is thy company.
Let neither loſs of friends, or fame, or liberty,
Nor pining ſickneſs, nor tormenting pain,
Nor ſadneſs, nor uncleanly poverty,
Be ſeen among thy train;
Nor let thy livery be,
Either black Sin, or gaudy Vanity:
Nay, if thou lov'ſt me, gentle Year!
Let not ſo much as Love be there,
Vain fruitleſs Love, I mean; for, gentle Year!
Altho' I fear
There's of this caution little need,
Yet, gentle Year! take heed
How thou doſt make
Such a miſtake:
Such love I mean alone
As by thy cruel predeceſſors has been ſhewn;
For tho' I 'ave too much cauſe to doubt it,
I fain would try for once if life can live without it.

IV.

Into the future times why do we pry,
And ſeek to antedate our miſery?
Like jealous men, why are we longing ſtill
To ſee the thing which only ſeeing makes an ill?
'Tis well the face is veil'd; for 't were a ſight,
That would even happieſt men affright,
And ſomething ſtill they'd ſpy that would deſtroy
The paſt and preſent joy:
In whatſoever character
The book of Fate is writ,
'Tis well we underſtand not it;
We ſhould grow mad with little learning there:
Upon the brink of every ill we did foreſee,
Undecently and fooliſhly
We ſhould ſtand ſhivering, and but ſlowly venture
The fatal flood to enter:
Since willing or unwilling we muſt do it,
They feel leaſt cold and pain who plunge at once into it.

Life.

Naſcentes morimur. MANIL.

I.

We 're ill by theſe grammarians us'd:
We are abus'd by words, groſsly abus'd;
From the maternal tomb
To the grave's fruitful womb
We call here Life; but Life's a name
That nothing here can truly claim:
This wretched inn, where we ſcarce ſtay to bait,
We call our Dwelling-place;
We call one ſtep a Race:
But angels in their full-enlighten'd ſtate,
Angels who live, and know what 'tis to be,
Who all the nonſenſe of our language ſee,
Who ſpeak things, and our words their ill-drawn
When we by a fooliſh figure ſay, [picture ſcorn.
Behold an old man dead! then they
Speak properly, and cry, Behold a manchild born.

II.

My eyes are open'd, and I ſee
Through the tranſparent fallacy;
Becauſe we ſeem wiſely to talk
Like men of buſineſs, and for buſineſs walk
From place to place,
And mighty voyages we take,
And mighty journies ſeem to make
O'er ſea and land, the little point that has no ſpace
Becauſe we fight, and battles gain,
Some captives call, and ſay the reſt are ſlain;
Becauſe we heap up yellow earth, and ſo
Rich, valiant, wiſe, and virtuous, ſeem to grow;
Becauſe we draw a long nobility
From hieroglyphic proofs of heraldry,
And impudently talk of a poſterity;
And, like Egyptian chroniclers,
Who write of twenty thouſand years,
With maravedies make th' account,
That ſingle time might to a ſum amount;
We grow at laſt by cuſtom to believe
That really we live;
Whilſt all theſe ſhadows that for things we take,
Are but the empty dreams which in death's ſleep we make.

III.

But theſe fantaſtic errors of our dream
Lead us to ſolid wrong;
We pray God our friends' torments to prolong,
And wiſh uncharitably for them
To be as long a-dying as Methuſalem.
The ripen'd ſoul longs from his pris'n to come,
But we would ſeal and ſew up, if we could, the [womb.
We ſeek to cloſe and plaſter up by art
The cracks and breaches of the extended ſhell,
And in that narrow cell
Would rudely force to dwell
The noble vigorous bird already wing'd to part.

Chap. XXXIV. *of the Prophet Iſaiah.*

I.

Awake, and with attention hear,
Thou drowſy World! for it concerns thee near;
Awake, I ſay, and liſten well,
To what from God, I his loud prophet, tell.
Bid both the poles ſuppreſs their ſtormy noiſe,
And bid the roaring ſea contain its voice.
Be ſtill thou Sea! be ſtill thou Air and Earth!
Still as old Chaos before Motion's birth;
A dreadful hoſt of judgments is gone out,
In ſtrength and number more
Than e'er was rais'd by God before, [about.
To ſcourge the rebel world, and march it round

II.

I ſee the ſword of God brandiſh'd above,
And from it ſtreams a diſmal ray;
I ſee the ſcabbard caſt away:
How red, anon, with ſlaughter will it prove!
How will it ſweat and reek in blood!
How will the ſcarlet-glutton be o'ergorged with [his food!
And devour all the mighty feaſt!

Nothing soon but bones will rest.
God does a solemn sacrifice prepare,
But not of oxen nor of rams,
Not of kids nor of their dams,
Not of heifers nor of lambs; [are.
The altar all the land, and all men in it the victims
Since, wicked men's more guilty blood to spare,
The beasts so long have sacrificed been,
Since men their birthright forfeit still by sin,
'Tis fit at last beasts their revenge should have,
And sacrificed men their better brethren save.

III.

So will they fall, so will they flee,
Such will the creatures' wild distraction be,
When, at the final doom.
Nature and time shall both be slain,
Shall struggle with Death's pangs in vain,
And the whole world their funeral pile become;
The wide stretch'd scroll of heav'n, which we
Immortal as the Deity think,
With all the beauteous characters that in it [writ,
With such deep sense by God's own hand were
Whose eloquence tho' we understand not we ad-
Shall crackle and the parts together shrink [mire,
Like parchment in a fire:
Th' exhausted sun to th' moon no more shall lend,
But truly then headlong into the sea descend;
The glitt'ring host now in such fair array,
So proud, so well appointed, and so gay,
Like fearful troops in some strong ambush ta'en,
Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,
Thick as ripe fruit or yellow leaves in autumn fall,
With such a violent storm as blows down tree
and all.

IV.

And thou, O cursed Land!
Which wilt not see the precipice where thou dost
Tho' thou stand'st just upon the brink, [stand,
Thou of this poison'd bowl the bitter dregs shalt
Thy rivers and thy lakes shall so [drink:
With human blood o'erflow,
That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corpse away,
Which in the fields around unburied lay, [prey.
And rob the beasts and birds to give the fish their
The rotting corpse shall so infect the air,
Beget such plagues and putrid venoms there,
That by thine own dead shall be slain
All thy few living that remain.
As one who buys surveys a ground,
So the destroying angel measures it around;
So careful and so strict he is,
Lest any nook or corner he should miss;
He walks about the perishing nation,
Ruin behind him stalks, and empty Desolation.

V.

Then shall the market and the pleading-place
Be choke'd with brambles and o'ergrown with grass;
The serpents thro' thy streets shall roll,
And in thy lower rooms the wolves shall howl,
And thy silt chambers lodge the raven and the
And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air, [owl,
Tho' no new ills can be foreboded there.
The lion then shall to the leopard say,
Brother Leopard! come away;
Behold a land which God has giv'n us in prey!
Behold a land from whence we see
Mankind expuls'd, his and our common enemy!
The brother leopard shakes himself, and does not
stay.

VI.

The glutted vultures shall expect in vain
New armies to be slain;
Shall find at last the business done,
Leave their consumed quarters, and be gone.
Th' unburied ghosts shall sadly moan,
The Satyrs laugh to hear them groan;
The evil spirits that delight
To dance and revel in the mask of night,
The moon and stars, their sole spectators, shall af-
And if of lost mankind [fright:
Ought happen to be left behind,
If any relics but remain, [shall reign.
They in the dens shall lurk, beasts in the palaces

The Plagues of Egypt.

I.

Is this thy brav'ry, Man! is this thy pride!
Rebel to God, and slave to all beside!
Captiv'd by ev'ry thing! and only free
To fly from thine own liberty!
All creatures the Creator said were thine;
No creature but might since say man is mine!
In black Egyptian slavery we lie,
And sweat and toil in the vain drudgery
Of tyrant Sin,
To which we trophies raise, and wear out all our
In building up the monuments of death. [breath
We, the choice race, to God and angels kin!
In vain the prophets and apostles come
To call us home,
Home to the promis'd Canaan above, (ney flow,
Which does with nourishing milk and pleasant ho-
And ev'n i' th' way to which we should be fed
With angels' tasteful bread:
But we, alas! the flesh-pots love.
We love the very leeks and sordid roots below.

II.

In vain we judgments feel, and wonders see;
In vain did God to descend hither deign,
He was his own ambassador in vain,
Our Moses and our guide himself to be.
We will not let ourselves to go,
And with worse harden'd hearts, do our own Pha-
Ah! lest at last we perish so. [roahs grow;
Think, stubborn Man! think of th' Egyptian
prince,
(Hard of belief and will, but not so hard as thou)
Think with what dreadful proofs God did convince
The feeble arguments that human pow'r could
shew;
Think what plagues attend on thee, [Moses he.
Who Moses' God dost now refuse more oft' than

III.

"If from some God you come," said the proud
With half a smile and half a frown, [king,
But what God can to Egypt be unknown?

" What ſign, what pow'rs, what credence do you
" Behold his ſeal! behold his hand!" [bring?"
Cries Moſes, and caſts down the almighty wand:
'Th' almighty wand ſcarce touch'd the earth,
When, with an undiſcerned birth,
Th' almighty wand a ſerpent grew,
And his long half in painted folds behind him
Upwards his threat'ning tail he threw, [drew:
Upwards he caſt his threat'ning head,
He gap'd and hiſs'd aloud,
With flaming eyes ſurvey'd the trembling crowd,
And, like a baſiliſk, almoſt look'd the aſſembly dead: [fled.
Swift fled th' amazed king, the guards before him

IV.

Jannes and Jambres ſtopp'd their flight,
And with proud words allay'd th' affright.
" The God of ſlaves!" ſaid they, " how can he be
" More pow'rful than their maſter's deity:"
And down they caſt their rods,
And mutter'd ſecret ſounds that charm the ſervile gods,
The evil ſpirits their charms obey, [gods,
And in a ſubtle cloud they ſnatch the rods away,
And ſerpents in their place the airy jugglers lay:
Serpents in Egypt's monſtrous land
Were ready ſtill at hand,
And all at th' Old Serpent's firſt command:
And they, too, gap'd, and they, too, hiſs'd,
And they their threat'ning tails did twiſt;
But ſtraight on both the Hebrew-ſerpent flew,
Broke both their active backs, and both it ſlew,
And both almoſt at once devour'd;
So much was overpow'r'd
By God's miraculous creation [generation.
His ſervants Nature's ſlightly wrought and feeble

V.

On the fam'd bank the prophets ſtood,
Touch'd with their rod, and wounded all the flood;
Flood now no more, but a long vein of putrid blood;
The helpleſs fiſh were found [blood;
In their ſtrange current drown'd;
The herbs and trees waſh'd by the mortal tide
About it bluſh'd and dy'd:
Th' amazed crocodiles made haſte to ground;
From their vaſt trunks the dropping gore they ſpied,
Thought it their own, and dreadfully aloud they cried:
Nor all thy prieſts, nor thou, [cried:
O King! couldſt ever ſhew
From whence thy wand'ring Nile begins his courſe;
Of this new Nile thou ſeeſt the ſacred ſource,
And as thy land that does o'erflow,
Take heed leſt this do ſo.
What plague more juſt could on thy waters fall?
The Hebrew infants' murder ſtains them all.
The kind, inſtructing puniſhment, enjoy;
Whom the Red river cannot mend, the Red-ſea ſhall deſtroy.

VI.

The river yet gave one inſtruction more,
And from the rotting fiſh and unconcocted gore,
Which was but water juſt before,
A loathſome hoſt was quickly made,
That ſcal'd the banks, and with loud noiſe did all the country invade,
As Nilus when he quits his ſacred bed.
(But like a friend he viſits all the land
With welcome preſents in his hand)
So did this living tide the fields o'erſpread.
In vain th' alarmed country tries
To kill their noiſome enemies, [ariſe:
From th' unexhauſted ſource ſtill new recruits
Nor does the earth theſe greedy troops ſuffice;
The towns and houſes they poſſeſs,
The temples and the palaces,
Nor Pharoah nor his gods they fear,
Both their importune croakings hear:
Unſatiate yet they mount up high'r,
Where never ſun-born frog durſt to aſpire,
And in the ſilken beds their ſlimy members place,
A luxury unknown before to all the wat'ry race.

VII.

The water thus her wonders did produce,
But both were to no uſe: [ceaſe.
As yet the Sorcerer's mimic power ſerv'd for ex-
Try what the earth will do, ſaid God, and, lo!
They ſtruck the earth a fertile blow,
And all the duſt did ſtraight to ſtir begin,
One would have thought ſome ſudden wind it had been
But, lo! 't was nimble Life was got within! [been
And all the little ſprings did move,
And ev'ry duſt did an arm'd vermine prove,
Of an unknown and new-created kind,
Such as the magic gods could neither make or find.
The wretched ſhameful foe allow'd no reſt
Either to man or beaſt;
Not Pharoah from th' unquiet plague could be,
With all his change of raiments, free;
The devils themſelves confeſs'd
This was God's hand; and 't was but juſt [duſt.
To puniſh thus man's pride, to puniſh duſt with

VIII.

Lo! the third element does his plagues prepare,
And ſwarming clouds of inſects fill the air;
With ſullen noiſe they take their flight,
And march in bodies infinite;
In vain 'tis day above, 'tis ſtill beneath them night,
Of harmful flies the nations numberleſs
Compos'd this mighty army's ſpacious boaſt;
Of different manners, different languages,
And different habits, too, they wore,
And different arms they bore;
And ſome, like Scythians, liv'd on blood,
And ſome on green, and ſome on flow'ry food,
And Accaron, the airy prince, led on this various hoſt.
Houſes ſecure not men; the populous ill
Did all the houſes fill:
The country all around,
Did with the cries of tortur'd cattle ſound;
About the fields enrag'd they flew,
And wiſh'd the plague that was t' enſue.

IX.

From poiſonous ſtars a mortal influence came,
(The mingled malice of their flame)
A ſkilful angel did th' ingredients take,
And with juſt hands the ſad compoſure make,
And over all the land did the full vial ſhake.
Thirſt, giddineſs, faintneſs, and putrid heats,
And pining pains, and ſhivering ſweats,
On all the cattle, all the beaſts, did fall;

With deform'd death the country's cover'd all.
The labouring ox drops down before the plough;
The crowned victims to the altar led
Sink, and prevent the lifted blow:
The generous horse from the full manger turns his head,
Does his lov'd floods and pastures scorn,
Hates the shrill trumpet and the horn,
Nor can his lifeless nostril please
With the once-ravishing smell of all his dappled mistresses;
The starving sheep refuse to feed,
They bleet their innocent souls out into air;
The faithful dogs lie gasping by them there;
Th' astonish'd shepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful reed.

X.

Thus did the beasts for man's rebellion die;
God did on man a gentler medicine try,
And a disease for physic did apply.
Warm ashes from the furnace Moses took,
The Sorcerers did with wonder on him look,
And smil'd at th' unaccustom'd spell
Which no Egyptian rituals tell.
He flings the pregnant ashes thro' the air,
And speaks a mighty pray'r,
Both which the minist'ring winds around all Egypt bear,
As gentle western blasts, with downy wings
Hatching the tender springs,
To th' unborn buds with vital whispers say,
Ye living Buds why do ye stay?
The passionate buds break thro' the bark their way;
So wheresoe'er this tainted wind but blew,
Swelling pains and ulcers grew;
It from the body call'd all sleeping poisons out,
And to them added new; [sprout.
A noisome spring of sores as thick as leaves did

XI.

Heav'n itself is angry next;
Wo to man when Heav'n is vex'd;
With sullen brow it frown'd,
And murmur'd first in an imperfect sound;
Till Moses, lifting up his hand,
Waves the expected signal of his wand,
And all the full-charg'd clouds in ranged squadrons move,
And fill the spacious plains above;
Thro' which the rolling thunder first does play,
And opens wide the tempest's noisy way:
And straight a stony shower
Of monstrous hail does downwards pour,
Such as ne'er Winter yet brought forth,
From all her stormy magazines of the North:
It all the beasts and men abroad did slay,
O'er the defaced corpse, like monuments, lay;
The houses and strong body'd trees it broke,
Nor ask'd aid from the thunder's stroke;
The thunder but for terror through it flew,
The hail alone the work could do.
The dismal lightnings all around,
Some flying through the air, some running on the ground,
Some swimming o'er the waters' face,
Fill'd with bright horror every place;
One would have thought their dreadful day to have seen
The very hail and rain itself had kindled been.

XII.

The infant corn, which yet did scarce appear,
Escap'd this general massacre
Of ev'ry thing that grew,
And the well-stor'd Egyptian year
Began to clothe her fields and trees anew;
When lo! a scorching wind from the burnt countries blew,
And endless legions with it drew
Of greedy locusts, who, where'er
With sounding wings they flew,
Left all the earth depopulate and bare,
As if Winter itself had march'd by there.
Whate'er the Sun and Nile
Gave with large bounty to the thankful soil,
The wretched pillagers bore away,
And the whole Summer was their prey;
Till Moses with a prayer,
Breath'd forth a violent western wind,
Which all these living clouds did headlong bear
(No straggler left behind)
Into the purple sea, and there bestow
On the luxurious fish a feast they ne'er did know.
With untaught joy Pharoah the news does hear,
And little thinks their fate attends on him and his so near.

XIII.

What blindness or what darkness did there e'er
Like this undocile king's appear?
Whate'er but that which now does represent
And paint the crime out in the punishment?
From the deep baleful caves of hell below,
Where the old mother Night does grow,
Substantial Night, that does disclaim
Privation's empty name,
Through secret conduits monstrous shapes arose,
Such as the sun's whole force could not oppose;
They with a solid cloud
All heav'n's eclipsed face did shroud; [earth,
Seem'd with large wings spread o'er the sea and
To brood up a new Chaos his deformed birth;
And every lamp, and every fire,
Did, at the dreadful sight, wink and expire,
To th' empyrean source all streams of light seem'd to retire.
The living men were in their standing houses buried,
But the long night no slumber knows,
But the short death finds no repose.
Ten thousand terrors thro' the darkness fled,
And ghosts complain'd, and spirits murmured,
And fancies multiplying sight
View'd all the scenes invisible of night.

XIV.

Of God's dreadful anger these
Were but the first light skirmishes;
The shock and bloody battle now begins,
The plenteous harvest of full-ripen'd sins.
It was the time when the still noon
Was mounted softly to her noon,
And dewy sleep, which from Night's secret springs
Gently as Nile the land o'erflows;
When, lo! from the high countries of refined day,
The golden heaven without allay,
Whose dross, in the creation purg'd away,
Made up the sun's adulterate ray,
Michael, the warlike prince, does downwards fly,
Swift as the journies of the sight,
Swift as the race of light,
And with his winged will cuts thro' the yielding sky.

He pafs'd through many a ftar, and as he pafs'd
Shone (like a ftar in them) more brightly there
Than they did in their fphere :
On a tall pyramid's pointed head he ftopp'd at laft,
And a mild look of facred pity caft
Down on the ſinful land where he was ſent
T' inflict the tardy puniſhment,
" Ah! yet," ſaid he, " yet, ſtubborn King! re-
" Whilſt thus unarm'd I ſtand, [pent,
" E'er the keen ſword of God fill my commanded
" Suffer but yet thyſelf and thine to live; [hand;
" Who would, alas! believe
" That it for man, ſaid he,
" So hard to be forgiv'n ſhould be,
" And yet for God ſo eaſy to forgive!"

XV.

He ſpoke, and downwards flew,
And o'er his ſhining form a well-cut cloud he
Made of the blackeſt fleece of night, [threw
And cloſe-wrought to keep in the pow'rful light;
Yet, wrought ſo fine, it hinder'd not his flight,
But thro' the key-holes and the chinks of doors,
And thro' the narroweſt walks of crooked pores,
He paſs'd more ſwift and free
Than in wide air the wanton ſwallows flee :
He took a pointed peſtilence in his hand,
The ſpirits of thouſand mortal poiſons made
The ſtrongly-temper'd blade,
The ſharpeſt ſword that e'er was laid [land :
Up in the magazines of God to ſcourge a wicked
Thro' Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
And as he march'd the ſacred firſt-born ſtruck
Of every womb; none did he ſpare; [heir.
None from the meaneſt beaſt to Cenchre's purple

XVI.

The ſwift approach of endleſs night
Breaks ope the wounded ſleepers's rolling eyes;
They awake the reſt with dying cries,
And darkneſs doubles the affright.
The mixed ſounds of ſcatter'd deaths they hear,
And loſe their parted ſouls 'twixt grief and fear.
Louder than all the ſhrieking women's voice
Pierces this chaos of confuſed noiſe;
As brighter lightning cuts a way,
Clear, and diſtinguiſh'd thro' the day :
With leſs complaints the Zoan temples ſound,
When the adored heifer's drown'd,
And no true mark'd ſucceſſor to be found :
While health, and ſtrength, and gladneſs, does
The feſtal Hebrew cottages; [poſſeſs
The bleſs'd deſtroyer comes not there,
To interrupt the ſacred cheer,
That new begins their well-reformed year.
Upon their doors he read and underſtood
God's protection writ in blood;
Well was he ſkill'd i' th' character divine,
And tho' he paſs'd by it in haſte,
He bow'd and worſhipp'd as he paſs'd,
The mighty myſtery thro' its humble ſign.

XVII.

The ſword ſtrikes now too deep and near,
Longer with its edge to play,
No diligence or coſt they ſpare
To haſte the Hebrews now away,
Pharoah himſelf chides their delay;
So kind and bountiful is fear!
But, oh! the bounty which to fear we owe,
Is but like fire ſtruck out of ſtone,
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it ſcarce outlives the blow.
Sorrow and fear ſoon quit the tyrant's breaſt,
Rage and revenge their place poſſeſs'd :
With a vaſt hoſt of chariots and of horſe,
And all his pow'rful kingdom's ready force,
The travelling nation he purſues, [news.
Ten times o'ercome, he ſtill th' unequal war re-
Fill'd with proud hopes, " At leaſt," ſaid he,
" The Egyptian gods, from Syrian magic free,
" Will now revenge themſelves and me;
" Behold what paſſleſs rocks on either hand,
" Like priſon walls, about them ſtand!
" Whilſt the ſea bounds their flight before,
" And in our injur'd juſtice they muſt find
" A far worſe ſtop than rocks and ſeas behind;
" Which ſhall with crimſon gore
" New paint the water's name, and double dye
" the ſhore."

XVIII.

He ſpoke; and all his hoſt
Approv'd with ſhouts th' unhappy boaſt;
A bidden wind bore his vain words away,
And drown'd them in the neighb'ring ſea.
No means t' eſcape the faithleſs travellers ſpy,
And with degenerous fear to die,
Curſe their new-gotten liberty :
But the great Guide well knew he led them right,
And ſaw a path hid yet from human ſight :
He ſtrikes the raging waves; the waves on either
Unlooſe their cloſe embraces, and divide, [ſide
And backwards preſs, as in ſome ſolemn ſhew
The crowding people do,
(Tho' juſt before no ſpace was ſeen)
To let the admired triumph paſs between.
The wond'ring army ſaw, on either hand,
The no leſs wond'ring waves like rocks of cryſtal
They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod [ſtand.
The ſecret paths of God :
And here and there, all ſcatter'd in their way,
The ſeas old ſpoils and gaping fiſhes lay
Deſerted on the ſandy plain :
The Sun did with aſtoniſhment behold
The inmoſt chambers of the open'd main,
For whatſoe'er of old
By his own prieſts, the poets, has been ſaid,
He never ſunk till then into the Ocean's bed.

XIX.

Led cheerfully by a bright captain, Flame,
To th' other ſhore at morning-dawn they came,
And ſaw behind th' unguided foe
March diſorderly and ſlow :
The prophet ſtraight from th' Idumean ſtrand
Shakes his imperious wand;
The upper waves, that higheſt crowded lie,
The beck'ning wand eſpy;
Straight their firſt right-hand files begin to move,
And with a murmuring wind
Give the word march to all behind;
The left hand ſquadrons no leſs ready prove,
But with a joyful louder noiſe,
Anſwer their diſtant fellows' voice,
And haſte to meet them make,

As ſeveral troops do all at once a common ſignal take.
What tongue th' amazement and th' affright can tell,
Which on the Chamian army fell,
When on both ſides they ſaw the roaring main
Broke looſe from his inviſible chain?
They ſaw the monſtrous death and wat'ry war,
Come rolling down loud ruin from afar;
In vain ſome backward and ſome forwards fly
With helpleſs haſte, in vain they cry
To their celeſtial beaſts for aid;
In vain their guilty king they' upbraid,
In vain on Moſes he, and Moſes' God, does call,
With a repentance true too late;
They're compaſs'd round with a devouring fate
That draws, like a ſtrong net, the mighty ſea upon them all.

ANACREONTICS.

OR,

Some Copies of Verſes tranſlated paraphraſtically out of Anacreon.

I. *Love.*

I'll ſing of heroes, and of kings,
In mighty numbers, mighty things.
Begin, my Muſe! but, lo! the ſtrings
To my great ſong rebellious prove;
The ſtrings will ſound of nought but love,
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing, ſure, will do.
Theſe, ſure, ſaid I will me obey;
Theſe, ſure, heroic notes will play.
Straight I began with thund'ring Jove,
And all th' immortal powers but Love;
Love ſmil'd, and from my' enfeebled lyre
Came gentle airs, ſuch as inſpire
Melting love, ſoft deſire.
Farewell then heroes, farewell kings,
And mighty numbers, mighty things;
Love tunes my heart juſt to my ſtrings.

II. *Drinking.*

The thirſty earth ſoaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants ſuck in the earth and are
With conſtant drinking freſh and fair.
The ſea itſelf, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thouſand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The buſy ſun, and one would gueſs
By's drunken fiery face no leſs)
Drinks up the ſea, and when he 'as done,
The moon and ſtars drink up the ſun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in Nature's ſober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high
Fill all the glaſſes there, for why
Should ev'ry creature drink but I;
Why, men of morals, tell me why?

III. *Beauty.*

Liberal Nature did diſpenſe
To all things arms for their defence;
And ſome ſhe arms with ſin'wy force,
And ſome with ſwiftneſs in the courſe;
Some with hard hoofs, or forked claws,
And ſome with horns, or tuſked jaws;
And ſome with ſcales, and ſome with wings,
And ſome with teeth, and ſome with ſtings:
Wiſdom to man ſhe did afford,
Wiſdom for ſhield, and wit for ſword:
What to beauteous womankind,
What arms, what armour, has ſhe aſſign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the fair
What arms, what armour, can compare?
What ſteel, what gold, or diamond,
More impaſſible is found?
And yet what flame, what lightning e'er
So great an active force did bear?
They are all weapon, and they dart,
Like porcupines, from ev'ry part.
Who can, alas! their ſtrength expreſs,
Arm'd, when they themſelves undreſs,
Cape-à-pè with nakedneſs.

IV. *The Duel.*

Es, I will love then, I will love,
I will not now Love's rebel prove;
Tho' I was once his enemy;
Tho' ill-adviſ'd and ſtubborn, I
Did to the combat him defy.
An helmet, ſpear, and mighty ſhield,
Like ſome new Ajax I did wield.
Love in one hand his bow did take,
In th' other hand a dart did ſhake;
But yet in vain the dart did throw,
In vain he often drew the bow;
So well my armour did reſiſt,
So oft' by flight the bow'l miſs'd;

But when I thought all danger paſt.
His quiver empty'd quite at laſt,
Inſtead of arrow or of dart,
He ſhot himſelf into my heart;
The living and the killing arrow
Ran thro' the ſkin, the fleſh, the blood,
And broke the bones, and ſcorch'd the marrow,
No trench or work of life withſtood.
In vain I now the walls maintain,
I ſet out guards and ſcouts in vain,
Since th' en'my does within remain;
In vain a breaſtplate now I wear,
Since in my breaſt the foe I bear;
In vain my feet their ſwiftneſs try,
For from the body can they fly?

V. *Age.*

Oft' am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'ſt old,
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon! how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know;
This I know without being told,
'Tis time to live if I grow old;
'Tis time ſhort pleaſures now to take,
Of little life the beſt to make,
And manage wiſely the laſt ſtake.

VI. *The Account.*

When all the ſtars are by thee told,
(The endleſs ſums of heav'nly gold)
Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,
From ſickly Autumn's head that fall,
Or when the drops that make the ſea,
Whilſt all her ſands thy counters be,
Thou then, and thou alone, muſt prove
Th' arithmetician of my love.
An hundred loves at Athens ſcore,
At Corinth write an hundred more;
Fair Corinth does ſuch beauties bear,
So few is an eſcaping there.
Write then at Chios ſeventy-three,
Write then at Leſbos (let me ſee);
Write me at Leſbos ninety down,
Full ninety loves, and half a one;
And next to theſe let me preſent
The fair Ionian regiment;
And next the Carian company,
Five hundred both effectively;
Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
Three hundred 'tis, I am ſure, complete;
For arms at Crete each face does bear,
And ev'ry eye's an archer there.
Go on, this ſtop why doſt thou make?
Thou think'ſt perhaps, that I miſtake.
Seems this to thee too great a ſum?
Why, many thouſands are to come;
The mighty Xerxes could not boaſt
Such diff'rent nations in his hoſt.
On; for my love, if thou be'ſt weary,
Muſt find ſome better ſecretary.
I have not yet my Perſian told,
Nor yet my Syrian loves inroll'd,
Nor Indian nor Arabian,
Nor Cyprian loves nor African,
Nor Scythian nor Italian flames;
There's a whole map behind of names,
Of gentle loves i' th' Temp'rate Zone,
And cold ones in the Frigid one,
Cold frozen loves with which I pine,
And parched loves beneath the Line.

VII. *Gold.*

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miſs;
But of all pain the greateſt pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit, by love is underſtood;
Gold alone does paſſion move,
Gold monopolizes love!
A curſe on her, and on the man,
Who this traffic firſt began!
A curſe on him who found the ore!
A curſe on him who digg'd the ſtore!
A curſe on him who did refine it!
A curſe on him who firſt did coin it!
A curſe, all curſes elſe above,
On him who us'd it firſt in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate,
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendſhip ſeparate,
Gold does Civil wars create;
Theſe the ſmalleſt harms of it!
Gold, alas! does love beget.

VIII. *The Epicure.*

Fill the bowl with roſy wine,
Around our temples roſes twine,
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roſes ſmile;
Crown'd with roſes we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours, we have it here:
Let us treat it kindly, that it may
Wiſh, at leaſt, with us to ſtay:
Let us baniſh buſ'neſs, baniſh ſorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

IX. *Another.*

Underneath this myrtle ſhade,
On flow'ry beds ſupinely laid,
With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,
And around it roſes growing,
What ſhould I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly ſtate,
Love himſelf ſhall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love! nay fill it up,
And mingled caſt into the cup
Wit and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health, and gay deſires.
The wheel of life no leſs will ſtay
In a ſmooth than rugged way;

Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious ointments show'r,
Nobler wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flow'rs why do we spread,
Upon the mon'ments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can shew,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give;
After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive your pleasures have,
All are Stoics in the grave.

X. *The Grashopper.*

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice:
Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy Insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know:
But when thou 'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

XI. *The Swallow.*

Foolish Prater! what dost thou
So early at my window do
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well it had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscover'd nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys
Free from the stormy season's noise;
Free from th' ill thou' st done to me;
Who disturbs or seeks out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the woods' poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou 'st ta'en from me away.
Cruel Bird! thou'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day;
A dream that ne'er must equall'd be
By all that waking eyes may see:
Thou this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good can'st bring,
Tho' men say thou bring'st the Spring.

Elegy upon Anacreon, who was choaked by a grape-stone. Spoken by the God of Love.

How shall I lament thine end,
My best servant and my friend?
Nay, and if from a deity
So much deify'd as I,
It sound not too profane and odd,
Oh! my Master, and my God!
For 't is true, most mighty Poet!
(Tho' I like not men should know it)
I am in naked Nature less,
Less by much than in thy dress.
All thy verse is softer far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves or sparrows;
Sweet as lovers' freshest kisses,
Or their riper following blisses,
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound,
And thy life was all the while
Kind and gentle as thy style:
The smooth pac'd hours of ev'ry day
Glided num'rously away;
Like thy verse each hour did pass,
Sweet and short, like that it was.
Some do but their youth allow me,
Just what they by Nature owe me,
The time that 's mine, and not their own,
The certain tribute of my crown;
When they grow old, they grow to be
oo busy or too wise for me.
Thou wert wiser, and didst know
None too wise for love can grow.
Love was with thy life entwin'd,
Close as heat with fire is join'd;
A pow'rful brand prescrib'd the date
Of thine, like Meleager's fate.
Th' antiperistasis of age
More inflam'd thy amorous rage;
Thy silver hairs yielded me more
Than even golden curls before.
Had I the power of creation,
As I have of generation,
Where I the matter must obey,
And cannot work plate out of clay,
'My creatures should be all like thee;
'Tis thou shouldst their idea be.

They, like thee, ſhould thoroughly hate
Bus'neſs, honour, title, ſtate:
Other wealth they ſhould not know
But what my living mines beſtow:
The pomp of kings they ſhould confeſs
At their crownings to be leſs
Than a lover's humbleſt guiſe,
When at his miſtreſs' feet he lies.
Rumour they no more ſhould mind
Than men ſafe-landed, do the wind.
Wiſdom itſelf they ſhould not hear
When it preſumes to be ſevere.
Beauty alone they ſhould admire,
Nor look at Fortune's vain attire,
Nor aſk what parents it can ſhew;
With dead or old it has nought to do.
They ſhould not love yet all, or any,
But very much, and very many.
All their life ſhould gilded be
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety,
Well rememb'ring, and applying
The neceſſity of dying.
Their cheerful heads ſhould always wear
All that crowns the flow'ry year.
They ſhould always laugh and ſing,
And dance, and ſtrike th' harmonious ſtring.
Verſe ſhould from their tongue ſo flow,
As if it in the mouth did grow;
As ſwiftly anſw'ring their command,
As tunes obey the artful hand:
And whilſt I do thus diſcover
Th' ingredients of a happy lover,
'Tis, my Anacreon! for thy ſake
I of the Grape no mention make
'Till my Anacreon by thee fell,

Curſed Plant! I lov'd thee well,
And 't was oft my wanton uſe
To dip my arrows in thy juice.
Curſed Plant! 'tis true I ſee
Th' old report that goes of thee,
That with giants' blood th' earth
Stain'd and poiſon'd gave thee birth.
And now thou wreak'ſt thy ancient ſpite
On men in whom the gods delight.
Thy patron Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in flames and thunder;
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worſe than his tigers he delights;
In all our heav'n, I think there be
No ſuch ill-natur'd god as he.
Thou pretendeſt, trait'rous Wine!
To be the Muſes' friend and mine:
With love and wit thou doſt begin,
Falſe fires, alas! to draw us in;
Which, if our courſe we by them keep,
Miſguide to madneſs or to ſleep:
Sleep were well: thou haſt learn'd a way
To death itſelf now to betray.
It grieves me when I ſee what fate
Does on the beſt of mankind wait.
Poets or lovers let them be,
'Tis neither love nor poeſy
Can arm againſt Death's ſmalleſt dart
The poet's head or lover's heart;
But when their life in its decline
Touches th' inevitable line,
All the world's mortal to 'em then,
As wine is aconite to men:
Nay, in Death's hand the Grape-ſtone proves
As ſtrong as thunder is in Jove's.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO

HIS FIRST BOOK OF PLANTS.

PUBLISHED BEFORE THE REST.

CONSIDERING the incredible veneration which the beſt poets always had for gardens, fields, and woods, inſomuch that in all other ſubjects they ſeemed to be baniſhed from the Muſes' territories, I wondered what evil planet was ſo malicious to the breed of Plants, as to permit none of the inſpired tribe to celebrate their beauty and admirable virtues; certainly a copious field of matter, and what would yield them a plentiful return of fruit, where each particular, beſides its pleaſant hiſtory, (the extent whereof every body, or, to ſpeak more truly, nobody, can ſufficiently underſtand) contains the whole fabric of the human frame, and a complete body of phyſic: from whence I am induced to believe, that thoſe great men did not ſo much think them improper ſubjects of poetry, as diſcouraged by the greatneſs and almoſt inexplicable variety of the matter, and that they were unwilling to begin a work which they deſpaired of finiſhing. I, therefore, who am but a pigmy in learning, and ſcarce ſufficient to expreſs the virtues of the vile ſea-weed, attempt that work which thoſe giants declin'd! Yet wherefore ſhould I not attempt? foraſmuch as they diſdained to take up with leſs than comprehending the whole, and I am proud of conquering ſome part. I ſhall think it reputation enough for me to have my name carved on the barks of ſome Trees or (what is reckoned a royal prerogative) inſcribed upon a few Flowers. You muſt not, therefore, expect to find ſo many Herbs collected for this fardel as ſometimes go to the compounding of one ſingle medicine; theſe two little Books are therefore offered as ſmall pills made up of ſundry Herbs, and gilt with a certain brightneſs of ſtyle; in the choice whereof I have not much laboured, but took them as they came to hand, there being none amongſt them which contained not plenty of juice, if it were drawn out according to art; none ſo inſipid that would not afford matter for a whole book, if well contracted. The method which I judged moſt genuine and proper for this Work, was not to preſs out their liquid crude, in a ſimple enumeration, but as it were in a limbeck, by the gentle heat of poetry, to diſtil and extract their ſpirits: nor have I choſen to put them together which had affinity in nature, that might create a diſguſt for want of variety; I rather connected thoſe of the moſt different qualities, that their contrary colours, being mixed, might the better ſet off each other.

I have added ſhort Notes, not for oſtentation of learning, (whereof there is no occaſion here offered; for what is more eaſy than to turn over one or two herbaliſts) but becauſe that, beſide phyſicians, (whom I pretend not to inſtruct, but divert) there are few ſo well verſed in the hiſtory of Plants as to be acquainted with the names of them all: it is a part of philoſophy that lies out of the common road of learning. To ſuch perſons I was to ſupply the place of a lexicon. But for the ſake of the very Plants themſelves, leſt the treating of them in a poetical way might derogate from their real merit, and that ſhould ſeem not to attribute to them thoſe faculties wherewith Nature has endued them, (who ſtudies what is beſt to be done, not what is moſt capable of verbal ornaments) but to have feigned thoſe qualities which would afford the greateſt matter for pomp and empty pleaſure: for, becauſe poets are ſometimes allowed to make fictions, and ſome have too exceſſively abuſed that liberty, truſt is ſo wholly denied to us, that we may not without heſitation be believed when we ſay,

O Laertiade, quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non. Hor. Serm. 25.

I was therefore willing to cite proper witneſſes, that is, ſuch as wrote in looſe and free proſe, which, compared with verſe, bears the authority of an oath. I have yet contented myſelf with two of thoſe, (which is the number required by law) Pliny and Fernelius I have chiefly made choice of, the firſt being an author of unqueſtioned Latin, and the latter amongſt the Moderns of the trueſt ſentiments, and no ill maſter of expreſſion. If any except againſt the former as too credulous of the Greekiſh idle tales, that he may not ſafely be cre-

dited, he will find nothing in this ſubject mentioned by him which is not repreſented by all that write of Herbs. Nor would I have the reader, becauſe I have made my Plants to diſcourſe, forthwith (as if he were in Dodona's grove) to expect oracles, which, I fear, my verſes will only reſemble in this, that they are as bad metre as what the gods of old delivered from their temples to thoſe who conſulted them.

Having given you this account, if any ſhall light upon this Book, who have read my former, publiſhed not long ſince by me in Engliſh, I fear they may take occaſion, from thence, of reprehending ſome things, concerning which it will not be impertinent briefly to clear myſelf before I proceed. In the firſt place, I foreſee that I ſhall be accuſed by ſome of too much delicacy and levity, in that having undertaken great ſubjects, and after a day or two's journey, I have ſtopt, through lazineſs and deſpondency of reaching home; or poſſeſſed with ſome new frenzy, have ſtartled into ſome other road, inſomuch that not only the half, as they ſay, but the third part of the taſk has been greater than my whole performance: "Away," they cry, "with this deſultory writer: yet with what ſpirit, "what voice, threatening mighty matters, he "begins,

Of war and turns of Fate I ſing.

"Thou ſing of wars, thou Daſtard! who throweſt "away thy arms ſo ſoon, or betakeſt thyſelf to "the enemy's camp, a renegade, before the firſt "charge is ſounded! or if at any time thou ad-"ventureſt to engage, it is like the ancient Gauls, "making the onſet with more than the courage "of a man, and preſently retreating with more "than that of coward; whereas he that has once "applied himſelf to a poem, as if he had married "a wife, ſhould ſtick to it for better for worſe; "whether the matter be grateful and eaſy, or harſh "and almoſt intractable, ought neither to quit it "for tireſomeneſs, nor be diverted by new loves, "nor think of a divorce, or, at any time to relin-"quiſh, till he has brought it to a concluſion, as "wedlock terminates with life." This is imputed to me as a fault; and ſince I cannot deny the charges, whether I am therein to be blamed or not, let us examine.

In the firſt place, therefore, that which is moſt truly aſſerted of human life is too applicable to my poetry; that it is beſt never to have been born, or, being born, forthwith to die; and if my Eſſays ſhould be carried on to their Omega, (to which the works of Homer, by a peculiar felicity, were continued vigorous) there would be great danger of their falling into dotage before that time. The only thing that can recommend trifles, or make them tolerable, is, that they give off ſeaſonably, that is, ſuddenly; for that author goes very much too far who leaves his reader tired behind him. Theſe conſiderations, if I write ill, will excuſe my brevity, though not ſo eaſily excuſe the undertaking; nor ſhall my inconſtancy in not finiſhing what I have begun, be ſo much blamed, as my conſtancy in ceaſing not continually to begin, and being, like Fortune, conſtant in levity. But if, Reader, (as it is my deſire) we have furniſhed you with what is agreeable to your appetite, you ought to take it in good part that we have uſed ſuch moderation as neither to ſend you away hungry, nor cloy your ſtomach with too much ſatiety: to this you muſt add, that our attempts, ſuch as they are, may excite the induſtry of others, who are enabled by a greater genius and ſtrength to undertake the very ſame, or more noble ſubjects: as Ageſilaus of old, who thought he had made no great progreſs into Aſia, yet being the firſt in that adventure, he opened the way to Alexander for a glorious and entire conqueſt. Laſtly, (to confeſs to thee as a friend, for ſuch I will preſume thee) I thus employed myſelf not ſo much out of deſign, as carried on by a warmth of mind; for I am not able to do nothing, and had no other diverſion of my troubles; therefore through a wearineſs of human affairs, to theſe more pleaſing ſolaces of literature (made agreeable to me by cuſtom and Nature) my ſick mind betakes itſelf; and not long after, from an irkſomeneſs of the ſame things, it changes its courſe, and turns off to ſome other theme. But they preſs more dangerouſly upon me, and, as it were, ſtab me with my own weapon, who bring thoſe things to my mind which I declaimed ſo vehemently againſt, the uſe of exolete and interpolated repetitions of old fables in poetry, when Truth itſelf, in the Sacred Books of God, and awful regiſters of the Church, has laid open a new, more rich, and ample world of poetry, for the wits of men to be exerciſed upon.

"When thou thyſelf," ſay they, "haſt thus de-"clared, with the approbation of all good men, "and given an example, in thy Davideis, for "others to imitate, doſt thou, like an apoſtate "Jew, loathing manna, return to the leeks and "garlic of Egypt? After the appearance of Chriſt "himſelf in thy verſe, and impoſing ſilence on "the oracles of demons, ſhall we again hear the "voice of Apollo from thy profane tripod? After "the reſtoration of Sion, and the purgation of it "from monſters, ſhall it again be poſſeſſed by "the dreary ghoſts of antiquated deities, and "what the prophet threatened as the extremity "of evils? Your Muſe is in this no leſs an object "of ſhame and pity than if Magdalen ſhould "backſlide again to the brothel. Behold how the "juſt puniſhment does not (as in other offenders) "follow your crime, but even accompanies it. "The very lowneſs of your ſubject has retrench-"ed your wings: you are faſtened to the ground "with your Herbs, and cannot ſoar as formerly "to the clouds; nor can we more admire at your "halting, than at your fabulous Vulcan, when "he had fallen from the ſkies."

A heavy charge indeed, and terrible at the firſt ſight: but I eſteem that which celebrates the wonderful works of Providence not to be far diſtant from a ſacred poem. Nothing can be found more admirable in Nature than the virtues of ſeveral Plants; therefore, amongſt other things of a moſt noble ſtrain, the divine poet upon that account praiſes the Deity, "who brings forth graſs upon "the mountains, and herbs for the uſe of man," *Pſalm* civ. *ver.* 14. Nor do I think the liberty in-

modeſt, where I introduce Plants ſpeaking, to whom the Sacred Writ itſelf does ſpeak as to intelligent beings: "Bleſs the Lord, all ye green "things upon the earth; praiſe and exalt him for "ever," *Dan. ch.* iii. *ver.* 54. *Apocr.* Thoſe fictions are not to be accounted for lies which cannot be believed, nor deſire to be ſo. But that the names of Heathen deities and fabulous transformations are ſometimes intermixed, the matter itſelf compelled me againſt my will, being no other way capable of embelliſhment; and it is well if, by that means, we are ſo. No painted garb is to be preferred to the native dreſs and living colours of truth; yet in ſome perſons, and on ſome occaſions, it is more agreeable. There was a time when it did not miſbecome a king to dance, yet it had certainly been indecent for him to have danced in his coronation-robes. You are not, therefore, to expect in a work of this nature, the majeſty of an heroic ſtyle, (which I never found any Plant to ſpeak in) for I propoſe not here to fly, but only to walk in my garden, partly for health's ſake, and partly for recreation.

There remains a third difficulty, which will not, perhaps, ſo eaſily be ſolved. I had ſome time ſince been reſolved in myſelf to write more verſes, and made thereof ſuch public and ſolemn proteſtation as almoſt amounts to an oath:

> Si quidem hercle poſſim nil prius, neque fortius.
> Eunuch. Scen. I

When, behold! I have ſet in anew. Concerning which matter, becauſe I remember myſelf to have formerly given an account in metre, I am willing (and Martial affirms it to be a poet's right) to cloſe my Epiſtle therewith; they were written to a learned and a moſt ingenious friend, who laboured under the very ſame diſeaſe, tho' not with the ſame dangerous ſymptoms.

More poetry! you'll cry. Doſt thou return,
Fond Man! to the diſeaſe thou haſt ſeref'worn?
It has reach'd thy marrow, ſeiz'd thy inmoſt ſenſe,
And force or reaſon cannot draw it thence.
Think'ſt thou that Heav'n thy liberty allows,
And laughs at poets' as at lovers' vows?
Forbear, my Friends! to wound with ſharp diſcourſe
A wretched man that feels too much remorſe,
Fate drags me on againſt my will, in vain
I ſtruggle, fret, and try to break my chain.
Thrice I took hellebore, and, muſt confeſs,
Hop'd I was fairly quit of the diſeaſe;
But the Moon's pow'r, to which all Herbs muſt yield,
Bids me be mad again, and gains the field:
At her command for pen and ink I call,
And in one morn three hundred rhymes let fall;
Which, in the tranſport of my frantic fit,
I throw, like ſtones, at the next man I meet:
Ev'n thee, my Friend! Apollo-like I wound,
The arrows fly, the ſtring and bow reſound.
What methods canſt thou ſtudy to reclaim
Whom nor his own nor public griefs can tame?
Who in all ſeaſons keep my chirping ſtrain,
A graſshopper that ſings in froſt and rain.
Like her whom boys, and youths, and elders, knew,
I ſee the path my judgment ſhould purſue,
But what can naked I 'gainſt armed Nature do?
I'm no Tydides, whom a pow'r divine
Could overcome; I muſt, I muſt reſign.
Ev'n thou, my Friend! (unleſs I much miſtake)
Whoſe thund'ring ſermons make the pulpit ſhake,
Unfold the ſecrets of the world to come,
And bid the trembling earth expect its doom,
As if Elias were come down in fire;
Yet thou at night does to thy glaſs retire
Like one of us, and (after mod'rate uſe
Of th' Indian fume, and European juice)
Sett'ſt into rhyme, and doſt thy Muſe careſs,
In learn'd conceits and harmleſs wantonneſs:
'Tis therefore juſt thou ſhouldſt excuſe thy friend,
Who's none of thoſe that triſle without end;
I can be ſerious, too, when bus'neſs calls,
My frenzy ſtill has lucid intervals.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK I. OF HERBS.

TRANSLATED BY J. O.

Life's loweſt but far greateſt ſphere I ſing,
Of all things that adorn the gaudy Spring;
Such as in deſerts live, whom, unconfin'd,
None but the ſimple laws of Nature bind;
And thoſe who, growing tame by human care,
The wellbred citizens of gardens are;
Thoſe that aſpire to Sol their fire's bright face,
Or ſtoop into their mother-Earth's embrace;
Such as drink ſtreams or wells, or thoſe, dry fed,
Who have Jove only for their Ganymede;
And all that Solomon's loſt work of old,
(Ah! fatal loſs!) ſo wiſely did unfold.
Tho' I the oak's vivacious age ſhould live,
I ne'er to all their names in verſe could give.
Yet I the riſe of groves will briefly ſhew
In verſes like their trees, rang'd all a-row;
To which ſome one, perhaps, new ſhades may join,
Till mine at laſt become a grove divine.
Aſſiſt me, Phœbus! wit of Heav'n whoſe care
So bounteouſly both Plants and Poets ſhare:
Where'er thou com'ſt, hurl light and heat around,
And with new life enamel all the ground;
As when the Spring feels thee, with magic light,
Break thro' the bonds of the dead Winter's night;
When thee to Colchis the gilt Ram conveys,
And the warm'd North rejoices in thy rays.
Where ſhall I firſt begin? for with delight
Each gentle Plant me kindly does invite.
Myſelf to ſlaviſh method I'll not tie,
But, like the bee, where'er I pleaſe, will fly,
Where I the glorious hopes of honey ſee,
Or the free wing of Fancy carries me.
Here no fine garden-emblems ſhall reſide,
In well-made beds to proſtitute their pride;
But we rich Nature, who her gifts beſtows,
Unlimited (nor the vaſt treaſure knows)
And various plenty of the pathleſs woods
Will follow; poor men only count their goods.
Do thou, bright Phœbus! guide me luckily
To the firſt Plant by ſome kind augury.
The omen's good; ſo we may hope the beſt;
The god's mild looks our grand deſign have bleſs'd:
For thou, kind Betony! at the firſt we ſee,
And opportunely com'ſt, dear Plant! for me;
For me, becauſe the brain thou doſt protect;
See, if ye're wiſe, my brain you don't neglect;
For it concerns you that in health that be;
I ſing thy ſiſters, Betony! and thee;
But who, bleſs'd Plant! can praiſe thee to thy
Or number the perfections you inherit? [merit,
The trees he in th' Hercynian woods as well,
Or roſes that in Pæſtum grow, may tell.
Muſa * at large, they ſay, thy praiſes writ,
But I ſuppoſe did part of them omit.
Cæſar his triumphs would recount; do thou,
Greater than he, a Conquereſs! do ſo now.

Betony ¶.

To know my virtues briefly you in vain
Deſire, all which this whole Book can't contain.
O'er all the world of man great I preſide,
Where'er red ſtreams thro' milky meadows glide;
O'er all you ſee throughout the body ſpread,
Between the diſtant poles of heel and head;
But in the head my chief dominions are,
The ſoul commits her palace to my care:
I all the corners purge, refreſh, ſecure,
Nor let it be, for want of light, obſcure: [dorn.
That ſoul that came from heav'n, which ſtars a-
Her God's great daughter, by Creation born,
Alas! to what a frail apartment now,
And ruinated cottage does ſhe bow!
Her very manſion to infection turns,
And in the place wherein ſhe lives ſhe burns.
When falling ſickneſs thunderſtrikes the brain,
Oft' men, like victims, fall, as thunderſlain;
Oft' does the head with a ſwift whimſy reel,
And the ſoul's turned, as on Ixion's wheel:
Oft' pains i' th' head an anvil ſeem to beat,
And like a forge the brain-pan burns with heat.

* Antonius Muſa, phyſician to Auguſtus.

¶ Betony is hot and dry in the ſecond degree: wine or vinegar impregnated with it is excellent for the ſtomach and ſight. The ſmell of it alone refreſhes the brain. It is an Italian proverb, He has as many virtues as Betony; i. e. innumerable.

Some parts the palſy oft' of ſenſe deprives
And motion, (ſtrange effect!) one ſide ſurvives
The other. This Mezentius' fury quite
Outdoes; in this diſeaſe dead limbs unite
With live ones. Some, with lethargy oppreſs'd,
Under Death's weight ſeem fatally to reſt.
Ah! Life! thou art Death's image, but that thee
In nought reſembles ſave thy brevity,
Vain phantoms oft' the mind diſtracted keep,
And roving thoughts poſſeſs the place of ſleep.
Oft' when the nerves for want of juice grow dry,
(That heav'nly juice, unknown to th' outward eye)
Each feeble limb as 't were grows looſe, and quakes,
Yea, the whole fabric of the body ſhakes,
Theſe, and all evils which the brain infeſt,
(For numerous ſaucy griefs that part moleſt)
Me Phœbus bade by conſtant war reſtrain,
Saying, "My kingdom, Child? ſee you maintain."
And ſtraight he gave me arms well-forg'd from heav'n,
Like thoſe to Æneas or Achilles giv'n.
One wondrous leaf he wiſely did create
'Gainſt all the darts of Sickneſs and of Fate,
And into that a ſov'reign myſtic juice,
With ſubtile heat from heav'n, he did infuſe.
'Tis not in vain, bright Sire! that you beſtow
Such arms on me, nor ſhall they ruſty grow:
No; from that crime not the juſt head alone
Acquits me, but th' inferiour limbs will own
I'm guiltleſs. When the lungs, with phlegm oppreſs'd,
Want air to fan the heart, and cool the breaſt,
A fainty cough ſtrives to expel the foe,
But ſeeks the help of pow'rful med'cines too;
It comes to me, I my aſſiſtance lend,
Open th' obſtructed pores, and gently ſend
Refreſhment to the heart. Cool gales abate
Th' internal heat, and it grows temperate.
The quartan ague its dry holes forſakes,
As adders do; dropſies, like water-ſnakes,
With liquid aliment no longer fed,
By me are forc'd to fly their wat'ry bed.
I loſs of appetite repair, and heat
The ſtomach, to concoct the food men eat.
Torturing gripes I in the guts allay,
And ſend out murm'ring blaſts the backward way.
I waſh the ſaffron jaundice off the ſkin,
And eaſe the kidneys of dire ſtones within.
Thick blood that ſtands in women's veins I ſoon
Force to flow down, more pow'rful than the moon:
But then th' unnatural floods of whites ariſe;
Ah me! that common filth will not ſuffice.
I likewiſe ſtop the current, when the blood
Thro' ſome new channel ſeeks a purple flood.
I all the tumults of the womb appeaſe,
And to the head, which that diſturbs, give eaſe.
Women's conceptions I corroborate,
And let no births their time anticipate;
But in the ſacred time of labour I
The careful midwife's hands with help ſupply.
The lazy Gout my virtue ſwiftly ſhuns,
Whilſt from the joints with nimble heels it runs.
All poiſons I expel that men annoy,
And baneful ſerpents by my pow'r deſtroy;
My pointed odour thro' its marrow flies,
And of a ſecret wound the adder dies.
So Phœbus, I ſuppoſe, the Python ſlew,
And with my juice his arrows did imbrue.
From ev'ry limb all kinds of ach and pain
I baniſh, never to return again.
The weary'd clown I with new vigour bleſs,
And pains as pleaſant make as idleneſs.
Nor do I only life's fatigue relieve,
But t' is adorn'd with what I freely give:
I make the colour of the blood more bright,
And clothe the ſkin with a more graceful white.
Spain in her happy woods firſt gave me birth,
Then kindly baniſh'd me o'er all the earth;
Nor gain'd ſhe greater honour when ſhe bore
Trajan to rule the world, and to reſtore
Rome's joys. 'Tis true, he juſtly might compare
With my deſerts; his virtues equal were:
But a good prince is the ſhort grant of Fate,
The world's ſoon robb'd of ſuch a vaſt eſtate:
But of my bounty men for ever taſte,
And what he once was, I am like to laſt.

Maidenhair, or Veniſhair *.

I BEING the chief of all the Hairy ſtate,
Me they have choſen for their advocate,
To ſpeak on their behalf: now we, you know,
Among the other Plants make no ſmall ſhew;
And fern, too, far and near which does preſide
O'er the wild fields, is to our kind ally'd.
Some hairy comets alſo hence derive,
And marriages of ſtars with Plants contrive:
But we ſuch kindred do not care to own;
Rather than rude relations, we'll have none.
My hair of parentage far better came;
'Tis not for nought it has Love's gentle name.
Beauty herſelf my debtor is, ſhe knows,
And of my threads Love does his nets compoſe.
Their thanks to me the beauteous women pay
For wanton curls, and ſhady locks, that play
Upon their ſhoulders. Friend! whoe'er thou art,
(If thou'rt in love) to me perform thy part:
Keep thy hair florid, and let dangling toils
Around thy head make ladies' hearts thy ſpoils;
For when your head is bald, or hair grows thin,
In vain you boaſt of treaſures lodg'd within:
The women won't believe you, nor will prize
Such wealth: all lovers ought to pleaſe the eyes.
So I to Venus my aſſiſtance lend,
(I'm pleas'd to be my heav'nly nameſake's friend.)
Tho' I am modeſt, and content to go
In ſimple weeds, that make no gaudy ſhew;
For I am cloth'd as when I firſt was born,
No painted flow'rs my rural head adorn:
But above all, I'm ſober; I ne'er drink
Sweet ſtreams, nor does my thirſt make rivers ſink.
When Jove to Plants begins an health in ſhow'rs,
And from the ſky large bowls of water pours,
You ſee the Herbs quaff all the liquor up,
When they ought only modeſtly to ſup: [Rhine,
You'd think the German drunkards, near the
Were keeping holyday with them in wine;

* The name it bears, becauſe it tinges the hair, and is to this purpoſe boiled in wine with parſley ſeed, and plenty of oil, which renders the hair thick and curling, and keeps it from falling. It is always green, but never flowers. It delights in dry places, and is green in ſummer, but withers not in winter. Plin.

Meanwhile I bluſh, ſhake from my trembling leaves
The drops, and Jove my thanks in drought receives.
But I no topers envy; for my mien
Is always gay, and my complexion green:
Winter itſelf does not exhauſt the juice
That makes me look ſo verdant and ſo ſpruce:
Yet the phyſicians ſteep me cruelly
In hateful water, which I drink and die.
But I ev'n dead on humours operate,
Such force my aſhes have beyond my fate.
I thro' the liver, ſpleen, and reins, the ſoe
Purſue, whilſt they with ſpeed before me flow:
Ten thouſand maladies down with 'em they,
Like monſters fell, in brackiſh waves convey.
For this I might deſerve, above the air,
An higher place than Berenice's hair;
But if into the ſea the ſtars turn round,
Rather than heav'n itſelf I'd chooſe dry ground.

Sage ¶.

SAGE! who by many virtues gain'ſt renown,
Sage! whoſe deſerts all happy mortals own,
Since thou, dear Sage! preſerv'ſt the memory,
I cannot, ſure, forgetful prove of thee:
Thee! who Mnemoſyne doſt recreate,
Her daughter Muſes ought to celebrate,
Nor ſhalt thou e'er complain that they're ingrate.
High on a mount the ſoul's firm manſion ſtands,
And with a view the limbs below commands:
Sure ſome great architect this pile deſign'd,
Where all the world is to a ſpan confin'd.
A mighty throng of ſpirits here reſide,
Which to the ſoul are very near ally'd:
Here the grand council s held; hence to and fro
The ſpirits ſcout to ſee what news below;
Buſy as bees thro' ev'ry part they run,
Thick as the rays ſtream from the glittering ſun:
Their ſubtile limbs ſilk, thin as air, arrays,
And therefore nought their rapid journey ſtays;
But with much toil they weary grow; at length
Perpetual labour tires the greateſt ſtrength.
Oft', too, as they in pains beſtow their hours,
The airy vagrants hoſtile heat devours.
Oft' in venereal raptures they expire,
Or burnt by wine, and drown'd in liquid fire.
Then leaden Sleep does on the ſenſes ſeize,
And with dull drowzineſs the vitals freeze.
Cold floods of dire diſtempers ſwifty roll,
For want of dams and fences, o'er the ſoul:
Then are the nerves diſſolv'd, each member quakes,
And the whole ruinated fabric ſhakes:
You'd think the hands fear'd poiſon in the cup,
They tremble ſo, and cannot lift it up:
Hence, Sage! 'tis manifeſt what thou canſt do.
And glorious dangers beg relief from you.
The foe, by cold and humours ſo enclos'd,
From his chill throne by thy ſtrong heat's depos'd,
And to the ſpirits thou bring'ſt freſh recruits,
When they are wearied in ſuch long diſputes:
To life, whoſe body was almoſt its urn,
New life (if I may ſay it) does return:
The members by the nerves are ſteady ty'd;
A pilot, not the waves, the veſſel guide.
You all things fix: who this for truth would take,
That thy weak fibres ſuch ſtrong bonds ſhould make!
Looſe teeth thou faſten'ſt, which at thy command
Well-riveted in their firm ſockets ſtand:
May that fair uſeful bulwark ne'er decay,
Nor the mouth's iv'ry fences e'er give way!
Conceptions women by thy help retain,
Nor does the injected ſeed flow back again.
Ah! Death! do not life itſelf anticipate;
Let a man live before he meets his fate;
Thou'rt too ſevere, if, in the very dock,
Our ſhip, before 'tis built, ſtrikes on a rock.
Of thy perfections this is but a taſte;
You bring to view things abſent, and what's paſt
Recal: ſuch tracks i' th' mind of things you make,
None can the well-form'd characters miſtake;
And leſt the colours there ſhould fade away,
Your oil embalms, and keeps 'em from decay.

Baum ¶.

HENCE, Cares! my conſtant troubleſome company;
Begone! Meliſſa's come, and ſmiles on me:
Smiling ſhe comes, and courteouſly my head
With chaplets binds from ev'ry fragrant bed,
Bidding me ſing of her, and for my ſtrains
Herſelf will be the guerdon of my pains. [grown,
My heart, methinks, is much more lightſome
And I thy influence, kind Plant! muſt own:
Juſtly thy leaves may repreſent the heart,
For that, among its wealth, counts thee a part:
As of kings' heads guineas th' impreſſion bear,
That princely part you in effigy wear.
All ſtorms and clouds you baniſh from the mind,
But leave ſerenity and peace behind.
Bacchus himſelf not more revives our blood,
When he infuſes his hot purple flood;
When in full bowls he all our ſorrow drowns,
And flatt'ring hopes with ſhort-liv'd riches crowns:
But thoſe enjoyments ſome diſturbance bring,
And ſuch delights flow from a muddy ſpring;
For Bacchus does not kill, but wound the foe,
Whoſe rage and ſtrength increaſes by the blow:
But without force or dregs thy pleaſures flow,
Thy joys no afterclaps of torments know:
Thy honey, gentle Baum! no pointed ſtings,
Like bees, thy great admirers, with it brings.
Oh! heav'nly gift to ſickly humankind,
All goddeſs, if from care thou freeſt the mind:
All plagues annoy, but cares the whole man ſeize,
Whene'er we labour under this diſeaſe:
Theſe, though in proſp'rous affluence we live,
To all our joys a bitter tincture give:
Frail human nature its own poiſon breeds,
And life itſelf thy healing virtue needs.

¶ The virtues of Sage are highly celebrated in all authors, particularly the writers of Scuola Salernitana, who may be conſulted. It is hot in the firſt, and dry in the ſecond degree. It is eaſily aſſimilated, and its juice bleeding. It ſtrengthens the ſtomach and brains, and reſtores a dull appetite; but its peculiar faculty is to corroborate the nerves, and to oppoſe all diſeaſes incident to them: hence it hath the higheſt reputation among medicaments for the memory.

¶ Baum is hot and dry, in the firſt degree. It is excellent againſt melancholy, and the evils ariſing therefrom. It cauſes cheerfulneſs, a good digeſtion, and a florid colour. The leaves are ſaid, by thoſe who mind ſignatures, to reſemble a heart.

Scurvygraſs ¶.

A MALADY there is that runs through all
The northern world, which they the Scurvy call,
Thrice happy Greece! that ſcorns the barb'rous [word,
Nor in its tongue a nearer does afford.
Deſtructive Monſter! God ne'er laid a curſe
On man like this, nor could he ſend a worſe.
A thouſand horrid ſhapes the monſter wears,
And in as many hands fierce arms it bears.
This water-ſerpent in the belly's bred,
By muddy ſens and ſulph'rous moiſtures fed.
Him either ſloth, or too much labour breeds,
He both from eaſe and pain itſelf proceeds;
Oft' from a dying fever he receives
His birth, and in the aſhes of it lives.
Of him juſt born you eaſily may diſpoſe,
Then he's a dwarf, but ſoon a giant grows.
That a ſmall egg ſhould breed a crocodile
Of ſuch vaſt bulk and ſtrength, the wond'ring Nile
Thinks that as much amaz'd he ought to ſtand,
As men, when he o'erflows the drowned land.
With naſty humours and dry ſalts he's fed,
By ſtinking wind and vapours nouriſhed.
Even in his cradle he unlucky grows;
(Though he be ſon of Sloth, no ſloth this ſhews)
His toils no ſooner Hercules began;
Monſters now ape that monſter-murd'ring man.
E'er he's well born, the limbs he does oppreſs,
And they are tir'd with very idleneſs;
They languiſh, and deliberating ſtand,
Loath to obey the active ſoul's command.
Nor does it to your wilder'd ſenſe appear
Where their pain is, 'cauſe 'tis ev'ry where.
When men for want of breath can hardly blow,
Nor purple ſtreams in azure channels flow,
Then the bold enemy ſhews he is too nigh;
One ſo miſchievous cannot hidden lie.
The teeth drop out, and noiſome grows the breath,
The man not only ſmells, but looks like Death.
Qualms, vomiting, and torturing gripes within,
Beſides unſeemly ſpots upon the ſkin,
His other ſymptoms are; with clouds the mind
He overcaſts, and, fettering the ſenſe,
To life itſelf makes living an offence.
This monſter Nature gave me to ſubdue,
(Such feats with Herbs t' accompliſh 'tis not new)
So the fierce Bull, and watchful Dragon too,
On Colchis' ſhore the valiant Jaſon ſlew;
But whether thoſe defeated monſters fell
By virtue of my juice I cannot tell:
But them he conquer'd, and then back he row'd
O'er the proud waves; nor was it only gold
He got; he brought away a royal maid
Beſide, (may all phyſicians ſo be paid.)
The hardneſs of my taſk my courage fir'd,
A pow'rful foe was that I moſt deſir'd.
I love to be commended, I muſt own,
And that my name in phyſic-books be ſhewn.
I envy them whom Galen deigns to name,
Or old Hippocrates, great ſons of Fame.
Achilles Alexander envy'd; why,
If he complain'd ſo juſtly, may not I;
When Grecian names did other Plants adorn,
And were by them as marks of honour born,
I grew inglorious on the Britiſh coaſt,
(For Britain then no reaſon had to boaſt)
Hapleſs I on the Gothic ſhore did lie,
Nor was the ſea-weed leſs eſteem'd than I.
Now ſure 'tis time thoſe loſſes were regain'd,
Which in my youth and fame ſo long I have ſuſtain'd:
'Tis time, and ſo they are; now I am known,
Thro' all the univerſe my fame has flown:
Who my deſerts denies, when by my hands
That tyrant falls that plagues the northern lands?
Sing Iö Pæan; yea, thrice Iö ſing.
And let the Gothic ſhore with triumphs ring;
That wild diſeaſe which ſuch diſturbance gave,
Is led before my chariot like a ſlave.

¶ Scurvygraſs is reckoned among the medicines peculiar to this diſeaſe. It opens, penetrates, renders volatile the crude and groſs humours, purges by urine and ſweat, and ſtrengthens the entrails.

Dodder.

THOU neither leaf, nor ſtalk, nor root, can'ſt ſhew
How, in this penſile poſture, doſt thou grow?
Thou'rt perfect magic: and I cannot now
Thoſe things you do for miracles allow;
Thoſe wonders, if compar'd to you, are none,
Since you yourſelf are a far greater one.
To make the ſtrength of other Herbs thy prey,
The huntreſs thou thyſelf for nets doſt lay.
Live, Riddle! he that would thy myſteries
Unfold, muſt with ſome Oedipus adviſe.
No wonder in your arms the Plants you hold.
Thou being all arms muſt needs them ſo infold:
For thee large threads the Fatal Siſters ſpin,
But to your work, nor woof, nor web, put in:
Hence 'tis that you ſo intricately twine
About the flax which yields ſo long a line.
Oh! ſpouſe moſt conſtant to a Plant moſt dear,
Than whom no couple e'er more loving were.
No more let Love of wanton ivy boaſt,
Her kindneſs is th' effect of nought but luſt:
Another ſhe enjoys; but that her love
And ſhe are two, many diſtinctions prove.
Their ſtrength and leaves are diff'rent, and her fruit
Puts all the difference beyond diſpute.
The likeneſs to the parent does profeſs
That ſhe in that is no adultereſs.
Her root with different juices is ſupply'd,
And ſhe her maiden-name bears, tho' a bride:
But Dodder on her ſpouſe depends alone,
And nothing in herſelf can call her own:
Fed with his juice, ſhe on his ſtalk is born,
And thinks his leaves her head full well adorn.
Whoe'er he be, ſhe loves to take his name,
And muſt with him be ev'ry way the ſame.
Alceſte and Evadne, thus inflam'd,
Are, with ſome others, for their paſſion fam'd:
So, Dodder! for thy huſband Flax thou'dſt die,
I gueſs, but may'ſt thou ſpeed more luckily.
This is her living paſſion, but ſhe grows
Still more renown'd for kindneſs which ſhe ſhews
To mortal men when ſhe 'as reſign'd her breath,
For ſhe of them is mindful even in death.
The liver and the ſpleen moſt faithfully
Of all oppreſſions ſhe does eaſe and free.

Where has so small a Plant such strength and store
Of virtues, when her husband 's weak and poor?
Who 'd think the liver should assistance need,
A noble part, from such a wretched weed?
Use, therefore, little things, nor take it ill
That men small things preserve, for less may kill.

Wormwood *.

'Mong children I a baneful weed am thought,
By none but hags or fiends desir'd or sought:
They think a doctor is in jest, or mad,
If he agrees not that my juice is bad.
The women also I offend, I know,
Tho' to my bounteous hands so much they owe.
Few palates do my bitter taste approve;
How few, alas! are well inform'd by Jove?
Sweet things alone they love: but in the end
They find what bitter gusts those sweets attend.
Long nauseousness succeeds their short-liv'd joys,
And that which so much pleas'd the palate cloys.
The palate justly suffers for the wrong
She has done the stomach, into which so long
All tasteful food she cramm'd, till now, quite tir'd,
She loaths the dainties she before admir'd.
A grievous stench does from the stomach rise,
And from the mouth Lernæan poison flies:
Then they 're content to drink my harsher juice,
Which for its bitterness they ne'er refuse.
It does not idle in the stomach lie,
But, like some god, gives present remedy.
(So the warm sun my vigour does restore,
When he returns, and the cold winter 's o'er.)
There I a jakes out of a stable throw,
And Hercules's labour undergo.
The stomach eas'd, its office does repeat,
And with new-living fire concocts the meat:
The purple tincture soon it does devour,
Nor does that chyle the hungry veins o'erpower.
The visage by degrees fresh roses stain,
And the perfumed breath grows sweet again.
The good I do Venus herself will own;
She, tho' all sweets, yet loves not sweets alone;
She wisely mixes with my juice her joys,
And her delights with bitter things alloys.
We Herbs to different studies are inclined,
And every faction does its author find:
Some Epicurus' sentiments defend,
And follow pleasure as their only end:
It is their pride and boast sweet fruits to bear,
And on their heads they flow'ry chaplets wear;
Whilst others, courting rigid Zeno's sect,
In virtue fruitful, all things else neglect:
They love not pomp, or what delights the sense,
And think all 's well if they give no offence.
And none a greater Stoic is than I,
The Stoa's pillars on my stalk rely.
Let others please, to profit is my pleasure,
The love I slowly gain 's a lasting treasure.
In towns debauch'd he 's the best officer
Who most censorious is and most severe:
Such I am, and such you, dear Cato! were.

* It strengthens the stomach and purges it of choler, wind, and crudities. It is good against the dropsy and worms, which occasioned the name, Wormwood.

But I no dire revengeful passion shew,
Our schools in wise men anger don't allow.
No fault I punish more than that which lies
Within my province, wherefore from my eyes
Choler with hasty speed before me flies:
As soon as me it in the stomach spies,
Preparing for a war in martial guise,
Not daring in its lurking holes to stay,
It makes a swift escape the backward way:
I follow him at the heels, and by the scent
Find out which way the noisome en'my went.
Of water, too, I drain the flesh and blood,
When Winter threatens a devouring flood.
The Dutchmen with less skill their country drain,
And turn the course of waters back again.
Sometimes th' obstructed reins too narrow grow,
And the salt floods back to their fountains flow:
Unhappy state! the neighb'ring members quake,
And all th' adjacent country seems to shake:
Then I begin the waters thus to chide;
"Why, sluggish Waters! do you stop your tide?
"Glide on with me, I'll break the rampires down
"That stop the channel where you once have "flown."
This all the members does rejoice and cheer,
Who of a dismal deluge stood in fear.
Men-eating worms I from the body scare,
And conqu'ring arms against the plague prepare.
(Voracious Worm! thou wilt most certainly
Heir of our bodies be whene'er we die;
Defer a while the meal which, in the grave,
Of human viands thou e'er long must have.)
Those vermine infants' bowels make their food,
And love to suck their fill of tender blood:
They cannot stay till Death serves up their feast,
But greedily snatch up the meat undress'd.
Why should I speak of fleas? such foes I hate,
So basely born, ev'n to enumerate;
Such dust-born, skipping points of life, I say,
Whose only virtue is to run away.
My triumphs to such numbers do amount,
That I the greater ones can hardly count:
To such a bulk the vast account does swell,
That I some trophies lose which I should tell.
Oft' wand'ring Death is scatter'd thro' the skies,
And thro' the elements infection flies:
The earth below is sick, the air above;
Slow rivers prove they 're sickly whilst they move:
All things Death's arms in cold embraces catch,
Life even the vital air away doth snatch.
To remedy such evils God took care,
Nor me as least of med'cines did prepare.
Oft', too, they say, I (tho' no giant neither)
Have born the shock of three strong foes together:
Not without reason, therefore, or in vain,
Did conqu'ring Rome my honour so maintain:
The conqu'ror a triumphal draught of me
Drank as the guerdon of his victory;
Holding the crowned goblet in his hand,
He cry'd aloud, "This cup can health command;
"Not does it 'cause 'tis bitter please me less;
"My toils were so in which I met success."

Waterlily *.

D' ye ſlight me, 'cauſe a bog my belly feeds,
And I am found among a crowd of reeds?
I'm no green vulgar daughter of the Earth,
But to the noble Waters owe my birth.
I was a goddeſs of no mean degree,
But Love, alas! depos'd my deity:
He bade me love, and ſtraight my kindled heart
In Hercules's triumphs bore a part.
I with his fame and actions fell in love,
And limbs, that might become his father Jove;
And, by degrees, me a ſtrong impulſe hurl'd,
That man t' enjoy who conquer'd all the world.
To tell you true, that night I moſt admir'd
When he got fifty ſons, and was not tir'd.
Now, bluſhing, ſuch deeds hate I to profeſs;
But 't was a night of noble wickedneſs.
He (to be ſhort) my honour ſtain'd, and he
Had the firſt flower of my virginity:
But he, by his father Jove's example led,
Rambled, and could not brook a ſingle bed.
Fierce monſtrous beaſts, and tyrants, worſe than they,
All o'er the world he ran to ſeek and ſlay;
But he, the tyrant, for his guerdon ſtill
A maid requires, if he a monſter kill.
All womankind to me his harlots are,
Ev'n goddeſſes in my ſuſpicion ſhare.
Periſh me, let the ſun this water dry,
And may I ſcorch'd in this burnt puddle die,
If I of Juno were not jealous grown,
And thought I ſhew'd her hatred in my own;
(Perhaps, ſaid I, my paſſion he derides,
And I 'm the ſcorn of all his virtuous brides.
Grief, anger, ſhame, and fury vex my mind,
But, maugre all, Love's darts thoſe paſſions blind)
If I from tortures of eternal grief
Did not deſign by death to ſeek relief.
But goddeſſes in love can never die;
Hard fate! our puniſhment 's eternity.
Meantime, I'm all in tears both night and day,
And as they drop, my tedious hours decay.
Into a lake the ſtanding ſhowers grow,
And o'er my feet th' united waters flow:
Then (as the diſmal boaſt of miſery)
I triumph in my grief's fertility,
Till Jove at length, in pity, from above,
Said I ſhould never from that fen remove.
His word my body of its form bereft,
And ſtraight all vaniſh'd that my grief had left.
My knotty root under the earth does ſink,
And makes me of a club too often think.
My thirſty leaves no liquor can ſuffice;
My tears are now return'd into my eyes.
My form its ancient whiteneſs ſtill retains,
And priſtine paleneſs in my cheeks remains.
Now in perpetual mirth my days I paſs;
We Plants, believe me, are an happy race;
We truly feel the ſun's kind influence,
Cool winds and warmer air refreſh our ſenſe.
Nectar in dew does from Aurora riſe,
And earth ambroſia untill'd ſupplies.

I pity man, whom thouſand cares perplex,
And cruel love, that greateſt plague, does vex;
Whilſt mindful of the ills I once endur'd,
His flames by me are quench'd, his wounds are cur'd.
I triumph that my victor I o'erthrow;
Such changes tyrants' thrones ſhould undergo.
Don't wonder, Love! that thee thy ſlave ſhould beat;
Alcides' monſters taught me to defeat:
And leſt, unhappy Boy! thou ſhouldſt believe
All handſome folks thy cruel yoke receive,
I have a waſh that beautifies the face,
Yet chaſtly look in my own wat'ry glaſs.
Diana's mien, and Venus' face I lend,
So to both deities I prove a friend:
But leſt that god ſhould artfully his flame
Conceal, and burn me in another's name,
All heats in general I reſiſt, nay I
To all that's hot am a ſworn enemy.
Whether diſtracting flames with fury fly
Thro' the burnt brain, like comets thro' the ſky,
Or whether from the belly they aſcend,
And fumes all o'er the body ſwiftly ſend;
Whether with ſulph'rous fire the veins within
They kindle, or juſt ſinge the outward ſkin;
Whate'er they are, my awful juice they fly,
When glimmering through the pores they run and die.
Why wink'ſt thou? why doſt ſo with half an eye
Look on me! Oh! my ſleepy root 's too nigh:
Beſides, my tedious diſcourſe might make
Any man have but little mind to wake
Without that's help; thus then our leaves we take

Spleenwort; or, Miltwaſte ¶.

Me cruel Nature, when ſhe made me, gave
Nor ſtalk, nor ſeed, nor flow'r, as others have.
The ſun ne'er warms me, nor will Nature' allow
I ſhould in cultivated gardens grow;
And, to augment the torment of my years,
No lovely colour in my leaves appears.
You 'd think me heav'n's averſion, and the earth
Had brought me forth at ſome chance ſpurious birth:
Vain outward gaudy ſhews mankind ſurpriſe,
And they reſign their reaſon to their eyes.
To gardens no poor Plant admittance gains,
For there, God wot, the painted tulip reigns:
But the wiſe gods mind no ſuch vanity;
Phœbus, above all tulips, values me;
So does that Coan, old Hippocrates,
Who the next place to Phœbus challenges:
For when the members Nature did divide,
And over ſuch or ſuch bade Herbs preſide,
I of the ſavage and unruly ſpleen,
A ſtubborn province, was created queen:
I that reſtrain, though it reſiſt my power,
And bring its ſwelling rebel humour lower:
The paſſages with rampires it in vain
Obſtructs: I quickly break them down again.
All commerce I with ſpeedy force reſtore,
And the ways open all my kingdom o'er.

* It takes away morphews and freckles. It is cold in the ſecond degree. Its root and ſeed are drying, but the flower moiſtens. Being applied to the forehead and noſtrils, it cures the headach ariſing from phlegm, and is very cooling. *Ray.*

¶ The virtues of this Herb are told in its name. Vitruvius ſays, that in Crete, where this Herb abounds, the ſwine have no ſpleen.

If I don't take that courſe, it furious grows,
And into every part contagion throws.
With pois'nous vapours it infects the blood,
And life itſelf drinks of a ven'mous flood.
Foul leproſy upon the ſkin appears,
And the chang'd viſage Death's pale colours wears:
Hence watchfulneſs, diſtracting cares and tears,
And pain proceeds, with haſty killing fears:
Hence halters, cruel Love! our necks releaſe
From thy more fatal yoke, and daggers eaſe
Our ſouls of life's incurable diſeaſe.
May no ſuch monſtrous evils good men hurt;
Jove and my virtue all ſuch things avert!
The treaſurer Trajan rightly to the ſpleen
Compar'd; for when that ſwells, the body's lean.
Why do you laugh? is it becauſe that I
Pretend to know the Roman hiſtory?
I a dull ſtock, and not a Plant, ſhould be,
Having ſo long kept doctors' company,
If their diſcourſe ſhould not advantage me.
It has, and I great wonders could relate,
But I 'm a Plant that ne'er was given to prate.
But, to return from whence I have digreſs'd,
I many creatures eaſe by ſpleen oppreſs'd.
Crete, though ſo us'd to lie, you may believe,
When for their ſwine their thanks to me they give.
The wretched aſs, whom conſtant labour tires,
Sick of the ſpleen my ſpeedy aid deſires.
Eating my leaves (for I relieve his pain)
He cheerfully reſumes his work again.
Now, if you can, vain painted flow'rs admire,
Delights ſcarce ſooner born than they expire;
They're fair, 'tis true, they're cheerful, and they're green;
But I, though ſad, procure a gladſome mien.

Lettuce.

Some think your commendation you deſerve,
Cauſe you of old Auguſtus ¶ did preſerve.
Why did you ſtill prolong that fatal breath
That baniſh'd Ovid, and was Tully's death?
But I ſuppoſe that neither of 'em you,
Nor orator, nor poet ever knew;
Wherefore I wonder not you ſhould comply,
And the world's tyrant ſo far gratify.
Thou truly to all tyrants art of uſe,
Their madneſs flies before thy pow'rful juice;
Their heads with better wreaths, I prithee, crown,
And let the world in them thy kindneſs own.
At thy command forth from its ſcorched heart,
Of tyrants Love, the greateſt does depart;
Falſe love, I mean, for thou ne'er try'ſt to expel
True Love, who, like a good king, governs well:
Juſtly that dogſtar, Cupid, thou do'ſt hate,
Whoſe fire kills Herbs, and monſters does create.

Upon the ſame.

Eat me with bread and oil, you'll ne'er repine,
Or ſay in ſummer you want meat to dine.
The world's firſt Golden Age ſuch viands bleſs'd,
I was the chief ingredient at a feaſt:
Large bodies for the demi-gods my juice,
And blood proportionable, did produce:
Then neither fraud, nor force, nor luſt, was known;
Such ills their riſe from too much heat muſt own.
Let their vile name religiouſly be curs'd,
Who to baſe glutt'ny gave dominion firſt;
For thence ſprang vice, whoſe train diſtempers were,
And death did in new ghaſtly ſhapes appear.
Shun cruel tables, that with blood are dy'd,
And banquets by deſtructive Death ſupply'd.
Sick, if not well, thou 'lt Herbs deſire, and we
Shall prove, if not thy meat, thy remedy.

¶ Auguſtus is ſaid to have been preſerved in his ſickneſs by Lettuce. Plin.

Eyebright.

Enter, ſweet Stranger! to my eyes reveal
Thyſelf, and gratefully thy poet heal,
If I of Plants have any thing deſerv'd,
Or in my verſe their honour be preſerv'd.
Thus, lying on the graſs, and ſad, pray'd I,
Whilſt nimbly Eyebright came and ſtood juſt by:
I wonder'd that ſo noble an Herb ſo ſoon
Roſe by my ſide like a champignon;
I ſaw her not before, nor did ſhe appear,
For any thing I knew, to be ſo near.
On a black ſtalk, nine inches long, ſhe grew,
With leaves all notch'd, and of a greeniſh hue;
While pretty flowers on her top ſhe bore,
With yellow mix'd and purple ſtreaks all o'er:
I knew her ſtraight, her name and viſage ſuit,
And my glad eyes their patroneſs ſalute. [ſtalk,
Strange news! to me ſhe bow'd with flow'r and
And thus, in language fit for her, did talk:
"Twas low for Herbs that modeſt cuſtom love,
Hearſe murmurs of the trees they don't approve:
"Thou only Bard! (ſaid ſhe) o' th' verdant race,
Who in thy ſongs do'ſt all our virtues trace;
All men are not allow'd our voice to hear,
Tho' ſuch reſpect to you, our friend, we bear;
We hate the cuſtom which with men obtains,
To ſlight a kind ingenuous poet's pains.
I wiſh my root could heal you, and I 'm ſure
Our nation all would gladly ſee the cure;
But if by Nature's ſelf it be withſtood,
The pow'r of Herbs, alas! can do no good:
Nature's injunctions none of us withſtands,
We're ſlaves to all her Ladyſhip's commands.
Let what ſhe gives your appetite ſuffice,
Nor grumble when ſhe any thing denies,
For ſhe with ſparing hands large gifts ſupplies:
But if ſome malady impair the ſight,
Or wine, or love that 's blind, and hates the light;
Or ſurfeits, watchful cares, or putrid air,
Or numerous other things that hurtful are,
Then am I uſeful. If you would engage
To count my conqueſts, or the wars I wage,
The ev'ning-ſtar much ſooner would go down,
And all the fields in dewy nectar drown.
Oft' a ſalt flood, which from the head deſcends,
With the eyes' freſher ſtreams its current blends,
That pain which cauſes many wat'ry eyes,
From its own tears itſelf does here ariſe.
Oft' times the channels of a paler flood
Are fill'd, and ſwell with ſtrange unnatural blood,

And by a gueſt who thither lately came,
The houſe is ſet all on a raging flame.
Take care, if your ſmall world's bright ſun appear
Blood-red, or he'll ſoon leave your hemiſphere.
Oft' fumes and wand'ring flies obſcure the eye,
And in thoſe clouds ſtrange monſters ſeem to fly.
Fume! what does thy dull ſooty viſage here?
I ſee no fire, that thou ſhouldſt be ſo near:
Or what (with a miſchief) means the troubleſome
I 'd as ſoon have the god of Flies as nigh [fly?
Oft'-times the ſight is darken'd with falſe ſnow,
And night itſelf in blanched robes does go:
Whilſt ſhapes of diſtant things that real were,
In different colours, or in none, appear.
Tumours and cancers, puſtules, ulcers, why
Should I recount thoſe torments of the eye?
Or thouſands more, which I 'm afraid to name,
Leſt when I tell them they my tongue inflame,
Or that which from its hollow length men call
Piſtula [Pipe] a name too muſical.
All theſe I tame, the air my virtue clears,
Whilſt the clouds vaniſh, and the day appears.
The joyful face ſmiles with diffuſed light,
What comelineſs is mix'd with that delight!
You know Arnoldus (if you 'ave read him o'er)
Did ſight by me to men ſtoneblind reſtore.
'Tis true; and my known virtue ought to be
The more eſteem'd for that ſtrange prodigy.
With my kind leaves he bids you tinge your wines,
And profit with your pleaſure wiſely joins.
Thoſe light will truly give, and ſacred bowls,
Bacchus, will dwell in your enlarged ſouls:
Then call thy boy with a capacious cup,
And with that wine be ſure to fill it up,
Till thou haſt drunk for all the amorous dames
An health to ev'ry letter of their names:
Then drink an health to th' eyes, they won't refuſe
(I 'm confident) to pledge you in my juice.
But we loſe time; go; carefully rehearſe
What I have ſaid in never-dying verſe."
She ſpake, then vaniſhing away ſhe flew;
I, Reader! tell you nothing but what 's true.

Winter-Cherries ¶.

When I ſtand muſing (as I often do)
I'm fill'd with ſhame and noble anger too,
To think that all we Plants (except ſome few
Whom Phœbus with more vigour did endue)
Cannot away with Winter's nipping fare,
But more effeminate than mankind are.
From father-Sun and mother-Earth in vain
We ſprang; they both your figure ſtill retain.
To our delights why don't the ſeaſons yield,
And baniſh Winter from each verdant field?
Why in Elyſian gardens don't we grow,
Where no chill blaſts may on our beauties blow?
We're halcyons forſooth, and can't with eaſe
Bring forth, unleſs the world be all at peace.
Nor is this ſoftneſs only to be found
Among ſmall Herbs, ſtill creeping on the ground;
Great elms and oaks themſelves it does control,
In their hard bark they wear a tender ſoul.
Theſe huffs effeminacy count no crime;
You'd think in ſummer they to heav'n would climb;
But if the year its back upon them turn,
Each giant creeps back into th' earth his urn;
Here lies—you on his bulky trunk may write.
For ſhame! there lie; let not the mold lie light.
But I, who very hardly dare receive
The name of Shrub (though Pliny gives me leave)
The dreadful Winter to the combat dare;
Though heav'n itſelf ſhould fall, I' d take no care.
The Winter comes, and I'm by ſtorms alarm'd,
She comes with legions numberleſs, well-arm'd;
Then I my fruit produce, and having firſt
Expos'd them to her, cry, Now, do thy worſt;
Pour, pour upon them all the rain i' th' ſky,
It will not waſte away their ſcarlet dye;
Pour ſnow, their purple thence will grow more bright,
Some red in a white veſſel gives delight:
So the red lip the ivory teeth befriends,
And a white ſkin the roſy cheeks commends.
With ſuch like rudiments do I inure
My virtue, and the force of it ſecure;
I who rebellious Sickneſs muſt ſubdue,
And ev'ry day freſh victories purſue.
Thus did I learn vaſt ſtones to break in twain,
And ice, at firſt, put me to little pain:
For I not only water do expel,
(That other weaker Plants can do as well)
But ſuch hard rocks of adamant I break,
As Hannibal to paſs would prove too weak.
Unhappy he who on this rock is toſs'd,
And ſhipwreck'd, is in his own waters loſt!
Ev'n Siſyphus might pity and bemoan
The wretch that's tortur'd with an inbred ſtone.
How does he envy, ah! how much, the dead,
Whoſe corpſe with ſtones are only covered!
Would I not help him? might the earth divide
And ſwallow me if I my aid deny'd;
Then I myſelf child of ſome rock muſt own,
And that my roots were veins of hardeſt ſtone:
But truly I do pity ſuch a man,
And the obdurate matter quickly can
Diſſolve; my piercing liquor round it lies,
And ſtraight into a thouſand parts it flies;
The long-obſtructed ſtreams then glide away,
And fragments with them of the ſtone convey.

¶ It is excellent againſt the ſtone, and all diſeaſes of the bladder thence in Latin called Veſicaria.

Sundew; or, Luſtwort ¶.

To ſay the truth, Nature 's too kind to thee,
For all thy days thou ſpend'ſt in luxury.
Thy flow'rs are ſilver, and a purple down
Covers thy body like a ſilken gown;
Whilſt, to increaſe thy pomp and pride, each vein
Of thine a golden humour does contain.
Each leaf is hollow made, juſt like a cup,
Which liquor always to the brim fills up.
The drunken ſun cannot exhauſt thy bowl,
Nor Sirius himſelf, that thirſty ſoul.
Full thou ſurvey'ſt the parched fields around,
And enviouſly in thy own floods art drown'd.
Drinking, the thirſty months thou laugh'ſt away,
The hydra of thy ſpring 's reviv'd each day.

¶ Vulgarly called alſo Roſa Solis.

Thy Nile from ſecret ſources moiſtens thee,
And bids thee merry, though Jove angry be.

Upon the ſame.

Thy conquer'd ivy, Bacchus! now throw down,
And of this Herb make a far nobler crown.
This Herb with Plenty's bounteous current feeds;
Plenty, which conſtantly itſelf ſucceeds:
So thy extended guts thy godſhip ſwills,
And its own ſelf thy tilted hogſhead fills:
So at Jove's table gods the goblet drain,
But ſtraight with nectar it grows full again.
Nor do the cups the Phrygian ſtripling need
To fill them, each is his own Ganymede.
So in the heart that double luſty bowl,
(In which the ſoul itſelf drinks life and ſoul)
That heav'nly bowl, made by an heav'nly hand,
With purple nectar always crown'd does ſtand:
Of what ſhe ſpends Nature ne'er feels the lack,
What one throws out, another brings it back.
Bleſs'd Plant! brimful of moiſture radical!
No wonder thou the ſpirits, left they fall,
Support'ſt, or that conſumptive bodies you,
And the firm limbs, bind with a laſting glue;
Or that life's lamp, which ready is to die,
With ſuch vivacious oil you can ſupply:
No wonder to the lungs thou grateful art,
Thy conſtant waters feed that ſpongy part.
You Venus alſo loves, for though you're wet,
Your inſide, like your outſide, is burnt with heat.
Theſe are Luſt's elements, of heat ſhe makes
A ſoul, and moiſture for her body takes.

Sowbread ¶.

The dropping bloody noſe you gently bind,
But looſen the cloſe hemorrhoids behind;
And 'tis but nat'ral that who ſhuts the ſore,
Should at the ſame time open the backdoor.

Upon the ſame.

See how with pride the grovelling potherb ſwells,
And faucily the generous vine repels:
Her, that great emp'rors oft' in triumph drew,
A baſe unworthy Colewort does ſubdue:
But though o'er that the wretch victorious be,
It cannot ſtand, puiſſant Plant! near thee:
For mee'o mea'cines ſtill muſt give the place,
That feeds diſeaſes, which away theſe chaſe.
You bravely men and other Plants outvie,
Who no kind office do until they die.
Thy virtues thou, yet living, do'ſt impart,
And ev'n to thy own garden phyſic art.
Though on me Greece beſtow'd a graceful name,
Which well the figure of my leaves became,
Th' apothecaries have a new one found,
(Dull knaves! that hate the very Greek word's ſound)
And from a naſty ſow, (whoſe very name
Sinks on my tongue) have ſtigmatiz'd my fame:

¶ Colewort is ſaid to kill the vine, and is itſelf killed by this

But I to them more than to ſwine give bread;
They are the hogs by my large bounty fed.

Upon the ſame.

My virtue dries all ulcerous running ſores,
And native ſoftneſs to the ſkin reſtores:
My pow'r hard tumours cannot, if I liſt,
Either with water or with fire reſiſt.
Of ſcares, by burning caus'd, I clear the face,
Nor let ſmallpox the countenance diſgrace.
My conqu'ring hand pimpgenets cannot ſhun,
Nor blackiſh yellow ſpots the face o'errun;
Morphew departs, and out each freckle flies,
Though from our god himſelf they had their riſe.
Nor leave I ought upon the cheeks of laſſes,
To make 'em ſhy of looking in their glaſſes
Nor doubt I but that ſex much thanks will give,
For that the pangs of childbirth I relieve.

Upon the ſame.

In my fire that falſe gold, the jaundice, I
Conſume, (true gold ſcarce does more injury)
Black blood, at my command, the back way flows;
Naſty itſelf, through naſty holes it goes.
Choler and phlegm yellow and white, I drain;
They wear the dear metals colours both in vain.
All meteors from the eyes I drive away,
And whatſoe'er obſcures the ſmall world 's day.
I of the gout remove the very ſeed,
And all the humours which that torment breed.
Thorns, ſplinters, nails, I draw, who wond'ring ſtand
How they could ſo come forth without an hand.
This is the leaſt; all poiſons I expel,
And Death force thence, where it was like to dwell.
Infants that know not what it is to live,
Before they 're wretched, from the womb I drive.
Oh, Heav'ns! ſays the ign'rant amaz'd world, what 's this?
Is 't a diſtemper to be born? Yes, 'tis;
For if we make a true account, 'tis more
Advantage life to hinder than reſtore.

Duck's-Meat.

A luſty frog a duck ſwears is ſuch meat
(Fatten'd by me) as Jove himſelf may eat;
And if the learn d Apicius knew that diſh,
He'd hungry grow, though dead, and life would wiſh.
By this our value's in ſome meaſure ſhewn;
But I'm not born to fatten ducks alone,
Nor o'er green ponds did Nature carpets ſtrow,
That ſhe to ſlimy frogs good will might ſhew.
From me great benefits all the world muſt own,
Tho' long time hid, they're many yet unknown.
In a ſmall ring the wits of learned men
Run, and the ſame, conſin'd, trace o'er agen.
The Plants which Nature through the univerſe
In various ſhapes and colours does diſperſe,
Why ſhould I mention? this their ign'rance ſhews,
That ev'n of me mankind ſo little knows:

Something they do, and more I would reveal,
Which Phœbus and the Fates bid me conceal:
But this I 'll tell you; dry blew cankers I
And choleric fire of hot St. Anthony,
Do soon extinguish, and all other flames,
Whatever are their natures or their names.
My native cold and wat'ry temper shew
Who my chill parent is, and where I grow:
Thus when the water in the joints inclos'd
Bubbles, by pain and natural heat oppos'd,
The boiling caldron my strong virtue rules,
And sprinkled with my dew the fury cools,

Rosemary. Touching the bite of the Tarantula.

Daunian Arachne! who spinn'st all the day,
Nor to Minerva will it ev'n yet give way;
Whilst thy own bowels thou to lawn dost weave,
What pleasure canst thou from such pains receive?
Why thy sad hours in such base deeds dost spill,
Or do things so ridiculously ill?
Why dost thou take delight to stop our breath,
Or act the serious sports of cruel Death?
Whom thou scarce touchest straight to rave he's found;
He raves although he hardly feels thy wound.
One atom of thy poison in the veins
Dominion soon o'er all the body gains;
Within upon the soul herself it preys,
Which it distracts a thousand cruel ways:
One's silent, whilst another roars aloud;
He's fearful, th' other fights with th' gazing crowd:
This cries, and this his sides with laughter shakes,
A thousand habits this same fury takes;
But all with love of dancing are possess'd,
All day and night they dance, and never rest;
As soon as music from struck strings rebounds,
Or the full pipes breathe forth their magic sounds,
The stiff old woman straight begins a round,
And the lethargic sleeper quits the ground:
The poor lame fellow, though he cannot prance
So nimble as the rest, he hops a dance:
The old man, whom this merry poison fires,
Satyrs themselves with dancing almost tires.
To such a sad frenetic dance as this
A Siren, sure, the fittest minstrel is.
Cruel distemper! thy wild fury proves
Worst master of the revels which it loves;
When this sad Pyrrhic measure they begin,
Ah! what a weight hangs on their hearts within.
Tell me, Physicians! which way shall I ease
Poor mortals of this strange unknown disease?
For me may Phœbus never more protect
(Whose godhead you and I so much respect)
If I know any more (to tell you true)
Whence this dire mischief springs, than one of you:
But to the heart (you know it) and the brain,
Those distant provinces in which I reign,
(To you, my Friends! I no false stories feign.)
Auxiliary troops of spirits I
Send, and the camp with fresh recruits supply.
Many kind Plants besides me to the war
Attend, nor blush that under me they soldiers are.
The merry Baum and Rue with serpents kills,
Cent'ry, and Saffron, from Cilician hills,
And thou, kind Birthwort! whose auspicious name
From thy good deeds to teeming women came;
The kind Pomegranate also does engage,
With her bright arms, and my dear sister Sage.
Berries of Laurel, Myrtle, Tamarisk,
Ivy nor Juniper are very brisk:
Lavender and sweet Marjoram march away,
Southernwood and Angelica do n't stay:
Plantain, the Thistle which they Blessed call,
And useful Wormwood, in their order fall;
Then Carrot, Anise, and white Cumin seed,
With Gith, that pretty, chaste, black rogue, proceed:
Next Vipers'-grass, a Plant but lately known,
And Tormentil, and Roses red, full blown;
To which I Garlic may, and Onions, join;
All these to fight I lead; go, give the sign.
With indignation I am vex'd, and hate
Soft music that great praise should arrogate.
Poets will say, 'tis true (they 're giv'n to lie)
Willing their mistress so to gratify;
But food I say it does, not physic, prove
To madmen, (witness all that are in love!)
She to a shortliv'd folly does supply
Constant additions of new vanity;
And here (to shew her wit and courage too)
Flatters the tyrant whom she should subdue.
It is the greatest part of the disease,
That she does so immoderately please;
'Tis part of the disease, that so they throw
And toss themselves, which does for physic go,
This plague itself is plagu'd so night and day,
That tir'd with labour, it flies quite away.
I also lend an hand to ease her grief,
When from her own strength Nature seeks relief.
'Tis something that I do; but truly I
Think the disease is its own remedy.

Mint.

Take my advice, Men! and no riddles use;
Why will not you rather to speak plainly choose?
If you 're afraid your secrets should be told,
Your tongues you (that 's the surest way) may hold.
Why should we Sense, with barbarous cruelty,
Put to the rack, to make it tell a lie?
Of this just reason I have to complain;
Old dubious saws long since my fame do stain.
How many ill conjectures grounded are
On this, that I must ne'er be set in war ¶.
The reader of a thing obscure will be
Inclin'd to carp, and to take liberty:
Hence one says Mint Mars does entirely hate,
And Mint to Venus also is ingrate.
Mars loves as well to get as to destroy
Mankind, the booty of his fierce employ.
Mint from the seed all seminal virtue takes,
And of brisk men dull frigid eunuchs makes.

¶ Aristotle gave the world a rule, Neither eat Mint nor plant it in time of war; which being variously understood by his followers, the said Herb does, in his speech, make out that it can with no sense be interpreted to its dishonour, by telling her virtues in cheering the spirits, and exciting the stomach.

And then (to make the ſpreading error creep
Farther and farther ſtill) they hear I keep
Their milk from thick'nings; but how this I do,
I'll tell you on theſe terms alone, that you
Shall me before reſolve how firſt you gain
Notions of things, then how you them retain.
This I dare boldly ſay, the fire of love
With genial heat I gently do improve;
Though conſtantly the noble human ſeed
That ſacred lamp with vital oil does feed:
For what to Venus e'er will faithful ſeem,
If heat itſelf an enemy you eſteem?
Whether I know her Proſerpine can tell,
I by my puniſhment am clear'd too well.
Beſides, nought more the ſtomach rectifies,
Or ſtrengthens the digeſtive faculties.
Such, ſuch a Plant, that feeds the am'rous flame,
If Venus loves not, ſhe is much to blame;
And with ingratitude the ſeed I may
Charge, if to me great thanks it do not pay.
But other cauſes others have aſſign'd,
Who make the reaſon which they cannot find.
They ſay wounds, if I touch them, bleed anew,
And I wound wounds themſelves; 't is very true;
For I a dry aſtringent pow'r retain,
By which all ulcers of their gore I drain:
I bloody-fluxes ſtop; my virtues ſure
The wounds that Nature's ſelf has made to cure:
On bites of ſerpents and mad dogs I ſeize,
And them (war's hurts are ſlight) I heal with eaſe.
I ſcarce dare mention that from galling I,
If in the hand I 'm born, preſerve the thigh.
D' ye laugh? laugh on, ſo I with laughter may
Requite the ſcandals which on me you lay;
Of which ſome I omit, and the true cauſe
Of all will tell, (and then ſhe made a pauſe.)
Though I abhor my ſorrows to recall,
(And here the tears down her green cheeks did fall,
I did not always in your gardens grow,
But once a comely virgin's face could ſhew,
Black though I was, (Cocytus was my ſire)
Yet beauty had to kindle amorous fire.
Leſt any one ſhould think this is a lie,
Ovid will tell you ſo, as well as I.
My father had a pleaſant ſhady grove,
Where he perpetually to walk did love;
There mournful yew and ſun'ral cypreſs grow,
Whoſe melancholy greens no Winter know,
With other trees whoſe looks their ſorrow ſhew.
Here Pluto (Jove of th' infernal throne)
Saw me as I was walking all alone;
He ſaw me, and was pleas'd; for his deſire
At any face, or white or black, takes fire.
Ah! if you knew him but ſo well as I,
He is an unſatiable deity;
He never ſtands a tender maid to woo,
But cruelly by violence falls to.
He caught me, though I fled till out of breath
I was; I thought he would have been my death.
What could I do? his ſtrength was far above
Mine; he the ſtrength has of his brother Jove.
In ſhort, me to a ſecret cave he led,
And there the raviſher got my maidenhead;
But in the midſt of all his wickedneſs,
(How it fell out the poets don't expreſs,
Nor can you think that I, poor creature, well
The cauſe, at ſuch a time as that, could tell)
Lo! Proſerpine, his wife, came in, and found
My wretched limbs all proſtrate on the ground.
She no excuſe would hear, nor me again
Let riſe; but ſaid, there fix'd I ſhould remain.
She ſpake, and ſtraight my body I perceiv'd
(Each limb diſſolv'd) of all its ſtrength bereav'd;
My veins are all ſtraight rooted in the earth.
(From whence my ruddy ſtalk receives its birth)
A bluſhing crown of flow'rs adorn my head,
My leaves are jagged, of a darkiſh red;
And ſo a lovely bed of Mint I make
In the ſame poſture that ſhe did me take.
But the infernal raviſher my fate
('Twould move a devil) did commiſerate;
And his reſpect for what I was to ſhew,
Great virtue on my leaves he did beſtow:
Rich qualities to humble me he gave,
Of which my fragrant ſmell's the leaſt I have
All this the Ancients underſtood was true,
And thence their great religious caution grew:
They thought me ſacred to th' Infernal King,
And that 't was ominous for me to ſpring
In times of death and danger, nor would let
Me in the midſt of war and blood be ſet:
But they miſtaken were; for I take care
That others be not caught in his ſtrong ſnare,
Nor paſs the Stygian lake without grey hair.

Miſſeltoe.

Welcome, thrice welcome, ſacred Miſſeltoe!
The greateſt gift Teutates ¶ does beſtow:
With more religion Druid prieſts invoke
Thee, than thy ſacred ſturdy fire the oak:
Raiſe holy altars from the verdant ground,
And ſtrow your various flow'rs all around;
Next let the prieſt, when to the gods he 'as paid
All due devotion, and his oriſons made,
Cloth'd all in white, by the attendants be
With hands and necks rais'd to the ſacred tree;
Where, that he may more freely it receive,
Let him firſt beg the ſhrub's indulgent leave,
And when he 'as cut it with a golden hook,
Let the expecting crowd, that upward look,
Array'd in white, the falling treaſure meet,
And catch it in a pure, clean, ſnowy ſheet;
Then let two ſpotleſs bulls before him lie,
And with their grateful blood the altars dye;
Which when you 'ave done, then feaſt, and dance, and ſing,
And let the wood with their loud voices ring.
Such honour had the Miſſeltoe, which hate
And envy to it did in gods create.
Th' Egyptian temples do not louder ſound,
When there again the adored heifers found;
Nor did ſhe ſeem leſs majeſty to wear
(If any tree there Miſſeltoe did bear)
When in Dodona's grove upon an oak
She grew, that in its hollow oracles ſpoke;
For this one Plant the Ancients, above all
Protectreſs of their life did think and call;
She only from the earth loaths to be born,
And on the meaner ground to tread thinks ſcorn;

¶ Teutates and Heſus were the two greateſt gods of the Gauls.

Nor did she from prolific matter come, [womb.
But, like the world, from Nothing's fruitful
Others are set, and grow by human care,
Her leaves the product of mere Nature are;
Hence serpents she of their black stings disarms,
And baffles (man's worst poison) magic charms,
Besides all other kinds of maladies
(How numberless, alas!) that on us seize,
Nor wonder that all other ills it beats,
Since the Herculean sickness it defeats;
Than which none more chimera-like appears,
One part of it is dead, the other raves and tears.
This monster she subdues, hence 't was believ'd
(And truly though it was false, it was receiv'd
On no bad grounds) that lesser monsters she
Could make the trophies of her victory.
The Ancients thought so in the infancy
O' th' world, they then knew nought of fallacy:
Nor was she then thought only to defend
And guard life's fort, but life itself to lend,
Ev'n the womb's fruitful soil t' improve and mend:
For what soil barren to that Plant can be,
Which without seed has its nativity?
Or what to her close shut and lock'd can seem,
That makes th' obdurate oak's hard entrails teem?
That from a tree comes forth in pangs and pain,
Like the Athenian goddess from Jove's brain?
But if that's true, which ancient bards have writ,
(For though they 're ancient bards, I question it)
I wonder not that Mistletoes so kind
To us, since her the ties of Nature bind:
For men of old (if you'll believe 'twas so)
Born out of oaks, were the first Mistletoe.

Celandine ¶.

See how the yellow gall the delug'd eyes,
And saffron-jaundice, the whole visage dyes!
That colour which on gold we think so fair,
That hue which most adorns the tressed hair,
When, like a tyrant it unjustly gains,
Another's throne, and there usurping reigns,
It frightful grows, and far more beauty lacks
Than, with their saddle-noses, dusky Blacks?
So, I suppose, to the gods' eyes the foul
O' th' miser looks as yellow and as foul;
For, if with gold alone the soul's inflam'd,
It has th' *aurigo* from the metal nam'd.
This the almighty gods can only cure,
And reason, more than Herbs, our minds secure.
But th' outward jaundice does our help implore,
When with gall-floods the body 's dy'd all o'er.
I cannot tell what others do, but I
Give to that jaundice present remedy;
Nor do I rashly undertake the cure,
I an assistant have that makes me sure,
Nature's own patent gives me my command;
See, here's her own sign manual, here's her hand:
Thro' leaves, and stalk, and roots themselves, it goes,
The yellow blood through my whole body flows:
Whoever me dissects, would think, nay swear,
O'erflown with gall I sick o' the jaundice were;
Mean-time my skin all o'er is fresh and green,
And colour good, as in an Herb you 'ave seen,

¶ A decoction hereof with white wine and annise-seeds, is said to be excellent against the jaundice. Matthiolus says it will cure the same, being applied to the soles of the feet.

Upon the same.

Ten thousand blessings may the gods bestow
Upon thee, tuneful swallow! and ne'er shew
They bear the least resentment of that crime
Which thou hast suffer'd for so long a time:
For that the use of a choice Plant thou 'st taught,
Which ne'er before blind ¶ man had seen or sought,
Of thee large rent now ev'ry house receives
For th' nests which they to thee let under th' caves.
The painted Spring's whole train on thee attend,
Yet nought thou seest which thou canst more com-
For this it is that makes thee all things see, [mend:
This plant a special favour has for thee;
When thou com'st, th' others come; that wont suf-
At thy return, away this with thee flies; [fice;
Yet we to it must more engagements own;
'Tis a small thing to heal the eyes alone;
Ten thousand torments of our life it cures,
From which good Fortune you, blest'd Birds! se-
The gripes * by its approach it mitigates, [cures,
And tortures of an aching tooth abates;
The golden jaundice quickly it defeats,
And with gilt arms at his own weapons beats;
Jaundice, which *morbus regius* they call
From a king, but falsely; 'tis tyrannical.
Foul ulcers too, that from the body bud,
This dries and drains of all their putrid blood.
A gaping wound's one lip, like any brother,
Approaches nearer, and salutes the other.
Nor do thy shankers now, foul Lust! remain,
But all thy shelling scabs rub off again.
The burning cancer, and the tetter, fly,
Whilst all hot, angry, red biles, sink and dry.
Diseases paint wears off, and places where
The Sun once printed kisses, disappear;
Purg'd of all blemishes, the smiling face
Is cleaner far, and smoother, than its glass.
Kind friend to th' eyes! who gives not only sight,
But with it also objects that delight;
She may be seen, as well as come to see,
Whatever woman 's doubly bless'd by thee.
The gaudy Spring by thy approach is known,
And blooming beauties thy arrival own.

¶ The extraordinary faculty of this Herb in healing the eyes is said to have been found out by the Swallow, who cures its young therewith.

* Its other virtues.

Rocket ‖.

You! who in sacred wedlock coupled are,
(Where all joys lawful, all joys seemly are)
Be not shy to eat of my leaves heartily;
They do not hunger only satisfy;
They'll be a banquet to you all the night,
On them the body chews with fresh delight.
But you! chaste lads and girls, that lie alone,
And none of love's enjoyments yet have known,
Take care, and stand aloof, if you are wise
Touch not this Plant, Venus her sacrifice;
I bring a poison for your modesties.

‖ Rocket hot and dry in the third degree, of a contrary nature to Lettice, a friend to Venus and her affairs.

In my graſs, like a ſnake, blind Cupid lies,
And with my juice his deadly weapons dyes,
The god of Gardens no Herb values more,
Or courts, preſents, or does himſelf devour.
This is the reaſon, hot Priapus! why
(As I ſuppoſe) you itch ſo conſtantly,
And that your arms ſtill ready are to do
The wicked buſineſs that you put 'em to.
Let him who love would ſhun from me remove,
Says Naſo, that Hippocrates in love;
Yet to his table I was duly ſerv'd,
Who me, choice dainty! to himſelf reſerv'd.
Prove that from love he ever would be free,
More chaſte than Lettuce I'll conſent to be.
The praiſe of chaſtity let others keep,
And gratify the widow'd bed with ſleep,
Action's my taſk, bold lovers to engage,
And to precipitate the ſportive rage.
Frankly I own my nature, I delight
In love unmix'd and reſtleſs appetite.
From curing maladies I ſeek no fame
(Tho' ev'n for that I might put in my claim)
Fuel I bring that pleaſure may not ceaſe:
Take that from life, and life is a diſeaſe.
If thus you like me, make me your repaſt,
I would not gratify a Stoic's taſte;
If morals groſs and crude be your delight,
Marſh-weeds can beſt oblige your appetite.
Go from my Book, foul bawd of Pleaſure! go,
(For what have I, lewd Bawd! with thee to do?)
From theſe chaſte Herbs and their chaſte poet flee;
Us thou offend'ſt, and we 're aſham'd of thee.
With ſuch a proſtitute to come in view,
Chaſte matrons think a ſin and ſcandal too;
Bluſhes pale Waterlilies' cheeks o'erſpread,
To be with thee in the ſame volume read,
Who ſtill the ſad remembrance does retain
How, when a nymph, in thee ſhe gorg'd her bane;
That very night to Alcides' arms betray'd,
Through thy deceitful force, the yielding maid.
While I but mention thee (who would believe?)
And but thy image in my thoughts conceive,
Through all my bones I felt thy lightning move,
The ſure forerunner of approaching Love.
With this, of old, he us'd t' attack my ſenſe,
Before the dreadful fight he did commence;
But love and luſt I now alike deteſt,
My Muſe and mind with nobler themes poſſeſs'd.
Laſcivious Plant! ſome other Poet find,
For Ovid's or Catullus' verſe deſign'd,
For thou in mine ſhalt have no place at all,
Or in the liſt of pois'nous Herbs ſhalt fall.
The flames of Luſt of fuel have no need;
His appetite without thy ſauce can feed.
Love, in our very diet, finds his way,
And makes the guards that ſhould defend, betray.
Our other ills permit our Herbs to cure,
Venus! who plague enough in thee endure;
Thoſe Plants which Nature made of ſex devoid,
Improperly are in thy work employ'd;
Yet Venus, too, much ſkill'd in impious arts,
Theſe foreign aids to her own uſe converts [ply'd,
Who'd think green Plants, with conſtant dew ſup-
(Life's friends deſign'd) ſuch mortal flame ſhould hide?
What wonder, therefore, if, when monarchs feaſt,
Luſt is of Luxury the conſtant gueſt?
When he ¶ who with the herd on herbage fed,
Could find her lurking in the verdant bed.

¶ Pythagoras.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK II. OF HERBS.

TRANSLATED BY J. O.

Cybele's ¶ holy myſteries now begin:
Hence, all you Males! for you it is a ſin
One moment in this hallow'd place to ſtay,
You gibing Males! who no devotion pay:
Into the female ſecrets do not pry,
Or them at leaſt pretend you do'nt deſcry:
'Tis rude that ſex to inſpect too narrowly,
Whoſe outſide with ſuch beauty treats the eye.
Auſpicious glory of th' enlighten'd ſky,
More ſacred than thy brother's deity,
With thy whole horns, kind Luna! favour me,
And let thy creſcent face look luckily.
Thee many names and offices adorn;
By thy kind aid poor tender babes are born *;
Thou eaſeſt women when their labour's hard,
And the womb's vital gates you, Jana, guard,
The menſtruous courſes you bring down, and them
Changing, convert into a milky ſtream.
Women inconſtant as the ſea, you bind
To rules; both flow according to thy mind.
Oh! may the rivulets of my fancy glide
By the ſame ſecret force which move the tide;
Be thou the midwife to my teeming brain,
And let it fruitful be as free from pain.
It was the time when April decks the year,
And the glad fields in pompous garbs appear,
That the recruited Plants now leave their beds,
And at the Sun's command dare ſhew their heads.
How pleas'd they are the heav'ns again to ſee!
And that from Winter's fetters free!
The world around, and ſiſters whom they love,
They view; ſuch objects ſure their ſmiles muſt move,
Straight their great work the diligent nation ply,
And bus'neſs mind amidſt their luxury.
Each one contends, with all her might and main,
Each day an higher verdant crown to gain;
Each one does leaves with beauteous flow'rs pro-
And haſtens to be fit for human uſe. [duce,
Equipp'd, they make no ſtay, but, one and all,
Intent upon th' affair, a council call.
Each tribe (for there are many) as of old
Their cuſtom was, a ſeparate council hold.
They 're near a thouſand tribes; their minutes well
An hundred clerk-like tongues can ſcarcely tell,
Nor could I know them (for they don't reveal
Their ſacred acts, but cautiouſly conceal)
Had not my Laurel told me (whoſe tribe's name
The Female's ſtil'd) which ſummon'd, thither came:
The ſecrets of the houſe ſhe open laid,
Telling how each Herb ſpoke, and what it ſaid.
Ye gentle, florid part of humankind!
(To you and not to men I ſpeak) pray mind
My words, and them moſt ſtedfaſtly believe,
Which from the Delphic Laurel you receive.
'Twas midnight (whilſt the moon at full ſhone bright,
And her cheeks ſeem'd to ſwell with moiſten'd light)
When on their looſen'd roots the Plants that grow
In th' Oxford Gardens did to council go,
And ſuch I mean, as ſuccour women's pains;
Orpheus, you 'd think, had mov'd them by his ſtrains.
They met upon a bed, neat, ſmooth, and round,
And ſoftly ſat in order on the ground.
Mugwort firſt took her place, (at that time ſhe
The Preſident of the Council chanc'd to be)
Birthwort, her predeceſſor in the chair,
Next ſat, whoſe virtues breeding women ſhare;
Then Baum, with ſmiles and pleaſure in her face,
Without regard to dignity, took place; [ly,
Thyme, Sav'ry, Wormwood, which looks rugged-
'Sparagus, Southernwood, both he and ſhe,
And Crocus, too, glad ſtill ſoft maids to cheer,
Once a ſad lover, merry does appear;
And thou, Amaracus! who a trifling ill [ſpill
Didſt mourn, when thou the fragrant box didſt

¶ This book treating only of female plants, is dedicated to Cybele, at whoſe myſteries no man ought to be preſent.

* The moon is called Lucina, the goddeſs of Midwifery; and Jana, as the ſun, Janus; and Mena, as ſhe is the governeſs of women's menſtruous courſes.

Of ointment in this place, now far more ſweet
Than the occaſion of thy death doſt meet:
There Lilies with red Peonies find a room,
And purple Violets the place perfume;
Yea, noiſome Devil's-turd, becauſe ſhe knows
Her worth, into that ſweet Aſſembly goes;
The milky Lettuce, too, does thither move,
And Waterlily, though a foe to love;
Sweet Ladies-glove with ſtinking Horehound come,
And kind Germander, which relieves the womb;
Poley and Calamint, which on mountains dwell,
But againſt froſt and ſnow are guarded well;
Next vital Sage, well-join'd with wholeſome Rue,
And Flower-de-luce, nam'd from its ſplendid hue;
Then Hartwort (much more grateful to the deer
Than Dittany), with Wild-carots, enters there;
Confound and Plantain, frugal Herbs are they,
Who all things keep ſafe under lock and key?
And Maſterwort, whoſe name dominion wears,
With her who an Angelic title bears;
Lavender, Corn-roſe, Pennyroyal ſat,
And that which cats eſteem ſo delicate;
After a while, ſlow-pac'd, with much ado, [too,
Ground-pine, with her ſhort legs, crept thither
Behind the reſt Camomile could not ſtay,
Through ſtones and craggy rocks ſhe cut her way;
From Spaniſh woods the wholeſome Vett'ny came,
The only glory of the Vettons' name;
Minerva's Plant did likewiſe thither hie,
And was companion to Mercury;
There ſcarlet Madder, too, a place did find,
Drawing a train of its long root behind;
Thither at laſt, too, Dittany did repair,
Half-ſtarv'd, and griev'd to leave the Cretan air;
With her the bold ſtrong Sowbread came along,
And hundreds more, in ſhort, to them did throng;
Many, beſides, from th' Indies croſs'd the main,
Plants that of our chill clime did much complain;
But Oxford's fame through both the Indies told,
Eas'd all their cares, and warm'd the nipping cold.
The Pigmy and gigantic ſons o' th' Wood
Betwixt all theſe in equal ſpaces ſtood,
Spreading their verdant glories round above,
Which did delight and admiration move.
The ſcarlet Oak, that worms for fruit brings forth,
Which the Heſperian fruit exceed in worth,
Was there, good women's maladies to eaſe,
And ſprains, which we as truly call diſeaſe;
Her treacherouſly the Ivy does embrace,
And kills the tree, with kindneſs in her face;
Hardly in nobler ſcarlet clad, the Roſe,
The envy of thoſe ſtately berries grows;
Near which the Birch her rigid arms extends,
And Savin, which kind ſinners much befriends;
Next them the Beech, with limbs ſo ſtrong and large,
With the Buſh purchas'd at ſo ſmall a charge;
Nor did the golden Quince herſelf conceal,
Or Myrrh, whoſe wounds diſtemper'd mortals heal;
Laſtly (ye Plants! whom I forget to name,
Excuſe me) Juniper, too, thither came,
And Laurel, ſacred to the ſons of Fame:
Such rev'rend heads did the green Senate fill,
The night was calm, all things were huſh'd and ſtill,
Each Plant, with liſt'ning leaves, ſtood mute to hear
Their Pres'dent ſpeak, and theſe her dictates were.

Mugwort (the Preſident) begins.

After long cold, grave Matrons! in this place,
For the good of our's (I hope) and human race,
This ſacred Garden we, whilſt others ſleep,
Bleſs'd April's ſacred nights come here to keep.
Our thanks to thee, great father-Sun! we pay,
And to thee, Luna! for thy nurſing ray,
Who the bright witneſs art of what we ſay.
But the ſhort moments of our liberty
(Who fetter'd at daybreak again muſt lie)
Let us improve, and our affairs attend,
Nor feſtal hours, like idle mortals, ſpend.
'Tis fit at this time we ſhould truly live,
When winter us of half our life deprive.
Come then, from uſeful pains make no delay,
Winter will give you too much time to play.
How many foes Jove has to you aſſign'd,
And what a taſk you in the conqueſt find,
By numerous and great fatigues you 'ave try'd,
And to th' oppreſs'd kind aid have oft' ſupply'd.
You 're generous, noble, Female Plants! nor ought
The glory of your ſex cheap to be bought:
The ſelfſame battles you muſt wage again,
Which will as long as teeming wombs remain:
But that to war you may ſecurer go,
'Tis fit the foe's and your own ſtrength you know.
Call the bright Moon to witneſs what you ſay,
Whilſt each ſuch tributes to their country pay:
Let each one willingly both teach and learn,
Nor let that move their envy or their ſcorn.
And firſt, I think, upon the menſtruous ſource,
My conſtant taſk, 'tis fit me ſhould diſcourſe;
From what orig'nal ſpring that Nilus goes,
Or by what influx it ſo oft' o'erflows;
What will reſtrain, and what drive on, the tide,
And what goods or what miſchiefs in it glide:
See you its ſecret myſteries diſcloſe,
A thing ſo weighty 'tis no ſhame to expoſe.
She ſpake, the reſt began, and hotly all
(As ſcholars uſe) upon the bus'neſs fall.

Pennyroyal.

First Pennyroyal, to advance her fame,
(And from her mouth a grateful odour came)
Tells 'em, they ſay, how many ills that ſource
Threatens, whene'er it ſtops its purple courſe:
That foggy dulneſs in the limbs attends,
And under its own weight the body bends.
Things ne'er ſo pleaſant once, now will not pleaſe,
And life itſelf becomes a mere diſeaſe:
Ulcers and inflammations, too, it breeds,
And dreadful bloody vomiting ſucceeds. [breath,
The womb now lab'ring ſeems to ſtrive for
And the ſoul ſtruggles with a ſhort-liv'd death:
The lungs oppreſſ'd hard reſpiration make,
And breathleſs coughs ſoon all the fabric ſhake;
Yea, the proud foes the capitol, in time,
And all the mind's well-guarded towers, climb:

Hence watchful nights, but frightful dreams proceed,
And minds that ſuffer true, falſe evils breed.
Dropſy at laſt the wearied life o'erflows,
Which floating from its ſhipwreck'd veſſel goes.
How oft', alas! poor, tender, blooming Maids!
(Before Love's pow'r their kinder hearts invades)
Does this ſad malady with clouds o'ercaſt,
Which all the longing lover's paſſion blaſt?
The face looks green, the ruddy lips grow pale,
Like roſes tinctur'd by a ſulph'rous gale:
To aſhes, coals, and lime, their appetite
(A loathſome treat) their ſtomach does invite:
But 'tis a ſin to ſay the ladies eat
Such things; thoſe are the vile diſtemper's meat.
Thus Pennyroyal ſpake, (more paſſionate
In words than human voice can e'er relate)
At which, they ſay, the whole Aſſembly mov'd,
Wept o'er the loſs of beauty once belov'd:
So that good company, when day returns,
The ſetting of the Moon, their miſtreſs, mourns.
She told the means, too, by what ſecret aid
That conqu'ring ill did all the limbs invade;
Through the wombs arteries, ſaid ſhe, it goes,
And unto all the noted paſſes flows;
(Whether the womb's magnetic pow'r's the cauſe,
As the whole body's floods the kidney draws,
Or that the Moon, the queen of fluid things,
Directs and rules that like the ocean's ſprings)
But if the gates it finds ſo fortify'd,
That the due current that way he deny'd,
It rages and it ſwells; the groſs part ſtays,
And in the neighb'ring parts dire revels plays,
Whilſt the more liquid parts does upward riſe,
And into veins of purer nature flies:
It taints the roſy channels as it goes,
And all the ſoil's corrupted where it flows:
The bane its journey through the *cava* takes,
And fierce attacks upon the liver makes;
And heart, whoſe right-ſide avenue it commands,
Whilſt that for fear amaz'd and trembling ſtands;
But the left region ſo well guarded ſeems,
That in her walls ſafe ſhe herſelf eſteems;
Nor ſtops it there, but on the lungs does ſeize,
Where drawing breath itſelf grows a diſeaſe;
Thence through a ſmall propontis carried down,
It makes the port, and takes the left-ſide town.
What will ſuffice that covetous diſeaſe,
Which all the heart's vaſt treaſures cannot pleaſe?
But avarice ſtill craves for more and more,
And if it all things don't enjoy is poor.
Th' *aörta* its wild legions next engage,
Bleſs me! how uncontroll'd in that they rage!
The diſtant head and heel no ſafety knows,
Through ev'ry part th' unbounded victor flows;
But as the blood through all the body 's us'd
To run, this plague through all the blood's diffus'd.
They all agreed; for none of them e'er doubt,
How life in purple circles wheels about;
That Plant they'd hiſs out of their company,
Which Harvey's circulation ſhould deny.

Dittany.

Dittany, though cold winds her lips did cloſe,
Put on her winter-gown, and up ſhe roſe;
For what can hinder Grecian Plants to be
Rhetorical, when they occaſion ſee?
For Pennyroyal painting that diſeaſe,
Her nice and quainter fancy did not pleaſe.
She ſpake to what the other did omit,
And pleas'd herſelf with her own prating wit.
If this dire poiſon's force their duller eyes
Can't ſee whilſt in the body warm it lies,
Think with yourſelves how it offends the ſenſe,
When all alone, (nay dead) if driv'n thence;
Let dogs or men by chance but taſte of it,
(But on dogs rather let ſuch miſchiefs light)
Madneſs the tainted ſoul invades within,
And ſordid leproſy roughcaſts the ſkin;
Whilſt panting dogs quite raving mad appear,
And thirſt for water, but the water fear.
It ſtabs an half-man by abortive birth,
And from the womb (Oh, horrid!) drags it forth.
Now fancy children born of ſuch baſe blood,
Which gives the embryo poiſon 'ſtead of food;
Nor is this all; for corn and vines too know
Its baneful force, by which fields barren grow.
A tree, once us'd to bear, its fruit denies;
If young it fades, and if new born it dies.
Witneſs the Ivies: ('tis no ſhame) to you
What good does their med'cinal virtue do?
Thee alſo, Rue! who all things doſt o'ercome,
From this ſtrong venom muſt receive thy doom.
Plants dry and yellow, as in autumn, grow,
And Herbs as if they had the jaundice ſhew.
Offended bees with one ſmall touch it drives
(Though murm'ring to be exil'd) from their hives;
The wretched creatures leave their golden ſtore,
And ſweet abodes, which they muſt ſee no more;
Nor do ſtrong vats their vines within defend,
Which in their very youth draw to their end;
But I name things of little eminence;
The warlike ſword itſelf makes no defence;
And metals which ſo oft' have won the field,
To this effeminate diſtemper yield.
For frequent bloodſhed, blood now vengeance takes,
And mortal wounds ev'n in the weapons makes.
Beauty, the thing for which we women love,
Th' occaſion of keen ſwords does often prove;
Let then the female-plague thoſe ſwords rebate,
Yea, ev'n the mem'ry of what's ſo ingrate.
Maids with proud thoughts, alas! themſelves deceive,
Whilſt each herſelf a goddeſs does believe; [ceive,
Like tyrants they miſuſe the pow'r they have,
And make their very worſhipper their ſlave:
But if they truly would conſider things,
And think what filth each month returning brings,
If they their cheating glaſſes then would mind,
(Which now they think ſo faithful and ſo kind)
How beautiful they are they needs muſt find.
The ſmooth corrupter of their looks they taint,
Which long and certain ſigns at that time paint;
Each maid in that ſtill ſuffers the diſgrace
Of being pois'ner to her own ſweet face.
What an unnatural diſtemper 's this,
Which ev'n to their own ſhadows mortal is?
Thus ſhe; and as much more ſhe was about
To ſay, the whole Aſſembly gave a ſhout:
Through all the boughs, and all the leaves around
There went an angry, loud, and murm'ring
ſound

For they of women's honour tender are,
Though she thereof had seem'd to take no care.

Plantain; or Waybread ¶.

Next Waybread rose, propt by her seven nerves,
Who th' honour of a noble house preserves.
Her nature is astringent, which great hate
Of her among blood-letters does create.
But her no quarrels more than words engage,
Nor does she ever, like mad mortals, rage.
I envy not the praises which to you,
Ye num'rous race of Leachy kind! are due:
The purple tyrant wisely you expel,
And banishing such murdering blood do well;
Prondly he o'er the vital spirits reigns,
And cruelly insults in all the veins;
Arms he of dreadful poison bears about,
And leads of maladies a mighty rout.
But why should you such vain additions make,
And ills already great for greater take?
Whilst you so tragically paint the foe,
More dreadful, but less credible they grow.
He lessens, that would raise an hero's fame
By lies, false praises cloud a glorious name.
One Geryon slew, (a mighty feat) and he
Three bodies had; in this I can't agree;
You any monster easily subdue,
But I scarce think such monstrous lies are true.
Greek poets, Ditt'ny! you who oft' have read,
Keep up their art of lying though they 're dead;
But what their countrymen once said of you
Pray mind it, for I fear 'tis very true.
Let that which blasts the corn a goddess be,
I cannot think her courses e'er could be
So hurtful to the grain; and then, I'm sure,
A vat of lusty wine is more secure
From danger, where a thousand damsels sit,
Than if one drunken beldam come at it. [had
None, 'cause a taste of that rank blood they 'ave
But for the place from whence it comes run mad.
Madness of dogs most certainly it cures,
As thy own author Pliny us assures.
Whether by women's touch the bee's annoy'd
I cannot tell; but maids should bees avoid.
Rue ought to let the fatal blood remain
Within its vessel, and ne'er force the vein,
If for her pains nought but her death she gain.
Thou, Ivy! too, more careful ought'st to be
Both of thyself and thy great deity.
But when she says swords' edges it rebates,
I could rejoice, methinks, and bless the Fates,
If that be all the mischief it creates.
I only wish a beauty might remain
Perfect, till that the looking-glass would stain.
But I waste time.——By this sufficiently
These Grecian wonders are o'erthrown, that I
No woman see of this dread poison die.

At which the Bramble rose, (whose fluent tongue
With thorny sharpness arm'd is neatly hung)
And said, All serpents have the gift to be,
As much as these, from their own venom free;
Nor would the basilisk, whose baneful eye
All other kills, by his own image die.

¶ The many virtues of Plantain are to be read in Pliny and Fernelius. The old physician himself wrote a whole volume concerning them.

This mov'd 'em, and they quaver'd with a smile,
Some wind you would have thought pass'd by the while;
For by that Cynic shrub great freedom 's shewn,
Which he by constant use has made his own.
Waybread at this took pet, displeas'd that she
By such an one should interrupted be,
And sat her down; when straight before 'em all
These words the Rose from her fair lips let fall,
Whilst modest blushes beautify'd her face,
Like those in spring that blooming flowers grace.

The Rose.

You, Cretan Dittany! who such poisons mix
(For on my kinsman Wild-rose I'll not fix)
With women's blood, see what a sprightly grace
And ardent scarlet decks their lovely face!
No flower, no, not Flora's self to fight
Or touch than them appears more soft and white;
But at the same time also take a view
Of man's rough prickly limbs and rusty hue:
You'll say with Butchers'-broom sweet Violets grow,
And mourn that Lilies should with Brambles go:
Then let their eyes and reason testify
Whether pure veins their purer limbs supply.
You cannot say that dying-vat is bad
From whence a florid colour may be had;
But this, you'll say, committed some offence,
Or the just Moon had never driv'n it thence.
No: you 're mistaken; it has done no wrong,
But all the fault lies in its copious throng;
'Tis therefore from the rest, by the great law
Of public safety, order'd to withdraw.
So, if a nation to such numbers rise,
That them their native country can't suffice,
To seek new lands some part of them are sent,
And suffer, for their country, banishment.
But why does womankind so much abound;
Oh! think not Nature e'er was lavish found;
Nor does she lay up riches to the end
(Like prodigals) she more may have to spend.
Whate'er she does is good; what then remains?
No room for doubt, the thing itself explains.
This bloody vintage, see, lasts all the year,
And the fresh chyle duly does life repair;
The presses still with juice swell to the brink,
Of which their fill the hot male-bodies drink;
But temperate women seem to kiss the cup,
Nor does their heat suck all the liquor up.
A vital treasure for great uses he
Lays up, lest Nature should a bankrupt be;
Lest both the parents' shares of mingled love
Too little to beget a child should prove;
Unless the mother some addition made,
To perfect the design they both had laid;
One part of it is red, the other white as snow,
And both from springs of the same colour flow;
One wood you 'd think, and th' other stones did
Whilst out of both a living house they build; [yield
The former of such poisoning arts accus'd,
In which you fancy venom is infus'd,
(Perhaps with this the fatal robe was dy'd
Which Hercules had sent him from his bride)

The tender embryo's body does compose,
And for ten months to kind nutrition goes.
Nor is this all; but on the mother's breast
Again it meets the little infant guest;
Then chang'd, it comes both in its hue and course,
Like Arethusa through a secret source:
Then from the paps it flows in double tides,
Far whiter than the banks in which it glides.
The Golden Age, of old, such rivers drank,
That sprang from dogs of ev'ry happy bank.
The candour and simplicity of men
Deserv'd the milky food of th' infants then.
How just and prudent is Dame Nature's care!
Who for each age does proper food prepare?
Before the liver's form'd, the mother's blood
Supplies the babe with necessary food:
And when to work the novice Heat first goes,
In its new shop, and scarce its bus'ness knows,
Its first employment is in scarlet-grain
(A childish task for learners) milk to stain;
At last in ev'ry kind its skill it tries,
And spends itself in curiosities.
Now say it venom in the members breeds,
With which her child the careful mother feeds.
Their bane to infants cruel stepdames give,
Whilst mothers suck from better springs derive.
But how, you'll say, does that which infants love
So prejudicial to their mothers prove?
'Tis lively whilst i' th' native womb it lies,
But by the veins flung out, decays and dies;
Then shipwreck'd on the neighb'ring shore it lies,
And gasping wishes for its obsequies;
This being deny'd, new strength it does recover,
And flies in vapours all the body over.
But what first taste fruits from the tree receive,
When rotten they no natural sign can give;
So in pure seed the life's white mansion stands,
But surely Death corrupted seed commands.
Of Life Death's no good witness: do not think
A living man can like a carcase stink.
But you a running stream (that duly flows,
And no corruption by long standing knows)
To be as hurtful in their nature hold,
As if from some corrupted springs they roll'd:
But now do you go on, (for much you know,
Part false, I think, part very true) and shew
If any hurtful seeds you can descry
In human bodies, (where they often lie)
How quickly Nature's orders they obey,
When to the blood the floodgates once give way.
The courses this, perhaps, may putrify,
'Tis dangerous to keep bad company.
Is this the blood's fault? I'm no witch, I hope,
Though with my juice a man should poison taste.
She spake, and with ambrosial odours clos'd
Her speech, which many there, they say, oppos'd.
At last the Laurel's thoughts they all desir'd;
Th' oracular Laurel's words they all admir'd.

Laurel.

THAT fate which frequently attends on all
Great men, does thee, egregious Blood! befal.
Some praise what others too much disapprove,
Excessive in their hatred as their love.
This man in prejudice, that in favour lies,
Whilst to their ears a various rumour flies.
Hear Dittany; she says each woman's known
The moon to bring each month with poisons down.
Nor need we mingle Herbs or charms, each one
Medea proves in her own blood alone.
Yet the fair Rose, if all be true she as said,
Each woman has in that a goddess made:
From thence, she says, life spins its purple thread,
And tells you how the half-form'd embyro's fed.
But if my dear Apollo be not unkind,
Nor I in vain his sacred temples bind,
Such blood, nor form nor nourishment, supplies,
And so that triumphs in false victories.
The many reasons here I need not tell,
Which me induce, this one will serve as well:
Woman's the only animal we know
Whose veins with such immoderate courses flow:
Yet every beast produces young, we see,
And outdoes mankind in fertility.
How many do small mice at one time breed!
Scorning the product of the Trojan steed.
With what a bulk does your vast el'phant come!
She seems to have a castle in her womb.
Thy circuits, Luna! conies almost tell,
By kindling, near like thee their bellies swell;
And yet their young no bank of blood maintains,
Or nourishment that flows from gaping veins:
For when i' th' amorous war a couple vies,
A living spark from the male's body flies,
Which the womb's thirsty jaws, when they begin
To feel and taste, immediately suck in
Into receives, which so turn and wind,
That them dissecter's eyes can hardly find:
In the same chambers part o' th' female life
Keeps a brisk virgin, fit to make a wife;
Them Venus joins, and with connubial love
In mingled flames they both begin to move.
There redness, caus'd by motion, you may see,
And blood, the sign of lost virginity,
Of their invention, blood, they're mighty glad,
And to inventions easy 'tis to add:
The smallest spark 't is easy to augment
If you can get it proper nutriment.
You need not introduce new flames besides,
Th' elixir by this touch rich store provides.
All fires, (provide them fuel) think it shame
To yield to Vesta's never-dying flame.
Thus the first generous drop of blood is bred,
Which proudly scorns hereafter to be fed.
With the seed's native white at first 't is fill'd,
And takes delight with its own stock to build;
But when that fails, then life grows burdensome,
And aid it wisely borrows from the womb;
Herself the stuff she borrows, purifies,
And of a rosy scarlet colour dyes;
From whom the womb's full paps, with thirsty lips
Into its veiny mouths it daily sips.
Look where a child's new-born, how soon it goes,
And that food swallows, which of old it knows:
Kindly it plays, and smiles upon the breast,
O'erjoy'd again to find its former feast.
Shall Nature glut her tender young with blood?
No; that can't be their elemental food;
That, sure, would make them savage, were it so,
And all mankind fierce Cannibals would grow:
Nero's acts could hardly then dispraise,

Nor would Oreſtes' fury wonder raiſe,
If mother's blood for wretched infants firſt
By Heav'n's deſign'd, to ſatisfy their thirſt.
Yet ſtill that flux's cauſe we don't reveal,
Which does ſo cautiouſly its ſpring conceal.
A female brute whate'er her womb contains
Cheriſhes, yet no moon diſſolves her veins.
Some qual'ty then we for the cauſe muſt find,
Which is peculiar to the female kind.
This is the only thing which I can tell,
That man in form and ſoftneſs they excel.
No horſe a mare outdoes, nor bull a cow,
If through this Io, through that Jove may low.
The lions ſavage are both he and ſhe,
And in their aſpect equally agree.
The ſhe is no neater lick'd than rough he-bears,
Nor fitter to adorn the ſtarry ſpheres.
She-tigers have not than males more ſpotted charms,
And ſows are clean as boars whom thunder arms.
No painted bird for want of feathers ſcorns
Her mate, but Heav'n them both alike adorns.
The ſwans (who are ſo downy, ſoft, and white)
Leda can ſcarce diſtinguiſh by the ſight.
In fiſhes you no difference can ſee,
Both in the glitt'ring of their ſcales agree;
Venus in them, arm'd by their naked ſex,
The darts of beauty needed not t' annex;
In them no killing eyes the conqueſt gain,
Their ſmell alone their triumphs can maintain.
But human race in flames more bright are try'd,
By reaſon and reſplendent heat ſupply'd;
Nor is fruition their original,
(A paltry, ſhortliv'd joy) oh, may they all
Periſh who that alone true pleaſure call.
Kind Nature beauty has on maids beſtow'd,
And with a thouſand charms all o'er endow'd;
Men ſhe with golden fetters choſe to bind,
And with ſweet force their roving ſouls confin'd:
Nor women made for beſtial delight,
But with chaſte pleaſure, too, to raſe the ſight:
Hence all that blood which after preſſing ſqueeze
Out of the groſſer chyle, as dregs or lees,
And that which on the body and the chin
With duſky clouds o'ercaſts the hairy ſkin,
From their fair bodies conſtantly ſhe drains,
And Luna her commiſſion for 't obtains:
But if thoſe ſlimy floods, by chance ſuppreſs'd,
Exceſſive heats to nutriment digeſt,
Manlike in time the women's cheeks become,
And they, poor Iphis! undergo thy doom.
So Phaëthuſa, once ſo ſmooth and fair,
Wonder'd to feel her face o'ergrown with hair;
Her hand ſhe often blam'd, and for a glaſs
She call'd, to look how 't was; but there, alas!
A bearded chin and lips ſhe found, and then,
Blaming the glaſs, felt with her hands again:
Long looking, ſhe her own ſtrange viſage fear'd,
And ſtarted when an unknown voice ſhe heard.
Thus and much more (but who can all relate)
Apollo's Laurel did expatiate:
Hence to the wonders of the teeming bed
The way itſelf their grave diſcourſes led:
Then Birthwort, Juno's Plant, the court commands
To ſpeak, who women lends her midwife hands
Willing enough to talk, her ſtalk ſhe rais'd,
And her own virtues very boldly prais'd.

Birthwort.

Green berries I, and ſeed, and flowers, bear;
And Patroneſs o' th' womb's my character:
But deeper yet my great perfection lies,
For as my chiefeſt fruit my root I prize.
This Nature did with the womb's figure ſeal,
Nor ſuffer'd me its virtues to conceal:
Thence am I call'd Earth's Apple; ſuch a one
As in th' Heſperian gardens there are none.
Had this, fair Atalanta! then been thrown
Before you, when you ran, (I know you'll own)
Now you are married, it has ſo ſweet a face,
You for this ſooner would have ſlack'd your pace,
Than that for which you loſt your maiden race.
Hence in her own embraces mother-Earth
Retains and hugs it where ſhe gave it birth,
Nor truſts dull trees with things of ſo much worth.
Eaſing all births, 'tis I the wonder prove
O' th earth our univerſal parents' love.
That poet was no fool, nor did he lie,
Who ſaid each Herb could ſhew a Deity.
Nor ſhould we Egypt's piety deſpiſe,
Which to green gods paid daily ſacrifice.
Rome! why doſt jeer? "They are in gardens born,
'And vegetable gods the fields adorn."
What's Ceres elſe but corn, and Bacchus vines?
And every holy plain with godheads ſhines.
And I Lucina am; for I make way,
And life's ſtraight folding-doors wide open lay.
Oh! pardon, Luna! what I raſhly ſpoke,
That from my lips ſuch impious words have broke.
In me, in me, Lucina! you remain,
And in diſguiſe a goddeſs I contain;
For in my root's ſmall circle you incloſe
Part of thoſe virtues which your wiſdom knows.
Triumphant conqueſts over Death I make;
Arms from myſelf, but power from thee, I take:
O'erſeer o' thy ways, the body's roads I clear,
And ſtreets, as I that city's edile were.
Straight paſſages I widen, ſtops remove,
And every obſtacle down headlong ſhove:
The foul and her attendants nothing ſtays,
But they may freely come and go their ways.
I alſo dry each link and ſenny flood,
Leſt the ſwift meſſengers ſhould ſtick i' th' mud.
But to my ſtricter charge committed is
The pleaſant, ſacred way, that leads to bliſs.
When dawning Life Cimmerian night would leave,
And its relation, Day's bright rays, perceive,
I keep Death off the womb's ſtraight paſſages,
That them the watchful foe can ne'er poſſeſs.
You 'd wonder (for great Nature, when ſhe ſhews
Her greateſt wonders, nothing greater does)
Which way the narrow womb, ſo void of pain,
Such an unwieldy weight could e'er contain;
How ſuch a bulk, forc'd from its native place,
Through ſuch a narrow avenue ſhould paſs.
When ſuch croſs motions teeming wombs attain,
Firſt to delate, then fold themſelves again;

What knots unties, and solid bones divides,
And what again unites the distant sides;
But this I cannot do; nor all the earth,
Wherever pow'rful Plants receive their birth.
'Tis true, both I and you, my Sisters! share
In this great work, and humble handmaids are;
But God, you know, performs the chiefest part;
This work is fit for the Almighty art:
He to the growing embryo bids the womb
Extend, and bids the limbs for that make room.
He parts the meeting rocks, and with his hand
They gently forth at open order stand.
Mean-time th' industrious infant loath to stay,
Struggles, and with his head would make its way;
Whilst the tormented labouring wretch would fain
Be eas'd, both of her burden and her pain.
Them, too, my piercing heat both instigates,
And the inclining quarters separates.
Sometimes within his mother's fatal womb,
Before he's born, the infant finds his tomb.
Life from her native soil Death's terrors chase,
Who fertile is herself in such a place.
Th' included carcase breathes forth dire perfumes,
And its own grave the buried corpse consumes.
Strange! the prepost'rous child's his mother's death,
And, dead, deprives his living tomb of breath.
From that sad fate, ye Gods! chaste women guard,
And let it be adultery's reward.
As far as in me lies I save the tree,
And take the rotten thing away with me.
The goods to drown 'tis the best way I think,
Lest in a storm the ship and all should sink.
Rash infants often make escapes, unbind
Their cords, and leave their luggage all behind;
Their thicker coats and thinner shirts they leave,
And that sweet cake where they their food receive.
Lucina twice poor women then implore,
Their throes return, although the birth be o'er.
Here to the womb again my aid I lend,
And hard as well as noisome work attend.
What I to cleanse the passage undergo
You wot, but let no man, I pray you, know;
For if he do, 't will Cupid's power impair,
Nor will he such an awe o'er mortals bear.
But tho' in me a secret virtue lie,
Of pulling darts from deepest wounds, yet I
Thy pleasant darts, kind Cupid! never strove
To draw; that me no friend to the womb would prove.
In me one virtue I myself admire,
(Ah! who can know themselves as they desire)
For 'tis a riddle; wherefore I would know
How I so oft' have done the thing I do:
For though I life to human creatures give,
Yet if he eats of me, no fish can live;
As soon as me they taste, away they fly
Under the water, and in silence die.
What may the cause of this strange quarrel be?
I know them not, nor have they injur'd me:
No animals than these more fruitful prove,
Whom yet I hate, though fruitfulness I love.
Th' effect is plain and easy to be found,
But deep the cause lies rooted under ground.

The Mastic Tree.

Then Chian Mastic thus began. Said she,
This suits not with this opportunity.
To fishes, sister, do whate'er you please,
Depopulate and poison all the seas;
This let that Herb beware, who back again
Made Glaucus' fishes bounce into the main,
Which with new forms the wat'ry world supplies,
And changes men into sea-deities.
But these are trifles; since curs'd Savin here
Dares in a throng of pious Plants appear,
She who the altars of the womb profanes,
And deep in blood that living temple stains;
Impatient to be wicked, she destroys
The naked hopes of thousand future boys.
'Tis one of War's extreme and greatest harms
To snatch an infant from his mother's arms;
But here the womb (oh, strange!) close shut and barr'd,
The mother's very bowels are no guard.
Whilst poisons only in a civil rage,
And ling'ring ills the step-dames' hands engage
Oh! simple Colchis, rude and ignorant,
Who the new arts of wickedness dost want!
Medea, Savin knows a better way
Than thy Medea-children to destroy.
Thou, Progne! know'st not how revenge to take;
Let Itys live; thy stay amends will make.
Lie with thy husband, though against thy will,
Let thy swell'd womb with hopes fierce Tereus fill:
When you are ripe for hate, let Savin come,
And dress the fatal banquet in your womb;
The reeking bits let thy curs'd husband take,
And meat of thine and his own bowels make.
Abortion caus'd, for spite's a generous crime,
Th' effect of pleasure at the present time;
Officious Savin is at the expence
Of so much wit and so much diligence
To make the lewdest whore most chaste appear,
That of her crimes no token she may wear.
To make her lechery frugal, and provide
That thy apartment, Lust! be not made too wide,
The wrinkles from her belly to remove,
Which with disgrace may her a mother prove.
If men should all conspire with such a Plant,
The whole world soon inhabitants would want;
You then the brutes alone in vain would see,
And no employment for your art would be.
But you, who snatch the rapid wheeling days,
And Fate beguile with art and sweet delays;
You verdant Constellations here below,
To whom their birth and fate all mortals owe;
Do you take care this tree-like hag to burn,
Who makes the womb the infant's living urn;
Let Nature's mortal foe receive her doom,
And with moist Laurel purge the tainted room:
Or let her live in Crete, her native home,
And with her virtues purge Pasiphae's womb:
There two miscarriages she might have made
At once; oh! prize now never to be had!
But I suppose she never would have torn,
Or kept that hopeful monster from being born;
For seven boys, whose death to her was dear,
That half-man was to swallow ev'ry year.

Haſte, Savin! home to Crete; we won't complain
Though Ditt'ny, too, with thee return again.
At this they were divided, and the ſound
Of various murmurs flew the court around;
Whilſt ſharpen'd leaves did Savin's anger ſhew,
As when a lion briſtles at his foe:
Thoſe three degrees of heat which ſhe before
From Nature had, her anger now made four.

Savin.

Thou wretched Shrub! (in paſſionate tones)
Doſt thou pretend to be my enemy? [ſaid ſhe,
Doſt thou, a Plant which through the world is known,
Diſparage? All mankind my virtues own,
Whilſt thou for hollow teeth a med'cine art,
And ſcarcely bear'ſt in barbers' ſhops a part.
Go, hang thy tables up, to ſhew thy vows,
And with thy trophies load thy bending boughs:
Among the monuments of thy chivalry,
The greateſt ſome old rotten tooth will be.
What? 'cauſe thy tears ſtops weeping rheum, and
A dam, which currents of deſtruction ſtays, [ſlays
Doſt think thy force can keep the womb ſo right,
As to reſtrain conception's liquid flight?
No, ſure; but thou by cheats a name haſt fought,
And would'ſt, though vile thou art, too dear be bought.
By falſe pretences you on Fame impoſe,
But I the truth of what I am diſcloſe.
Children, I own, I from the belly wreſt;
Go now, of my confeſſion make your beſt.
I own, I ſay, nor canſt thou for thy heart,
Though thou more tender than the mother wert,
Prevent me with thy tears, or all thy art.
Thee let the pregnant mother eat, and fence
With thee her womb, with pitch and frankincenſe;
A loadſtone, too, about her let her bear:
(That, I ſuppoſe, does thy great virtues wear)
For that, we know, fix'd to their native place,
Retains the iron-ſeeds of human race ¶:
Let emeralds and coral her adorn,
And many jaſpers on her fingers worn;
With diamonds and pearl, child of a ſhell,
Whoſe fiſh herſelf and that ſecures ſo well;
But, above all, let her the eagle's ſtone
Carry, and two of them, not only one;
For nothing ſtrengthens Nature more than that,
Nothing the womb does more corroborate;
Let her do all, yet all ſhall prove in vain,
If once acceſs to her my juices gain.
I own it, nor will I ungrateful be
To bounteous Nature, leſt I anger thee,
Though thou haſt done thy worſt to anger me.
'Tis Nature's gift, whoſe wiſdom I eſteem
Much more than thine, though thou a Cato ſeem.
Into the womb by ſtealth I never creep,
Nor force myſelf on women whilſt they ſleep:
I'd rather far, untouch'd, uncropp'd, be ſeen
In gardens always growing, freſh and green.
I'm gather'd, pounded, and th' untimely blow
Muſt give, which I myſelf firſt undergo.

¶ Scaliger, and other phyſicians, recommended theſe ſtones to be held in the hand, or otherwiſe applied, to thoſe who fear abortion.

You juſtly blame Medea, but, for ſhame,
The guiltleſs knife ſhe cut with do not blame.
The liſt'ning trees will think thee drunk with wine,
If thou of drunkenneſs accuſe the vine.
Nor this bare pow'r do I to Heaven owe,
Which greater virtues did on me beſtow;
For I the courſes and the after-birth,
With the dead member's deadly weight, bring forth.
Poor infants from their native gaol I free,
And with aſtoniſh'd eyes the ſun they ſee.
But nothing can they find worth ſo much pain,
And would return into the dark again;
They wiſh my fatal draught had come befor
Ere the great work of life was yet quite o'er.
That which you call a crime I own to be,
But you muſt lay 't on men, and not on me.
Ah! what at firſt would tender infants give
(When newly form'd they ſcarce began to live)
For this, if poſſibly they could but know,
Through what a paſſage they muſt after go?
Ah! why did Heav'n (with rev'rence let me ſay)
Into this world make ſuch a narrow way?
You 'd think the child by his pains to heav'n ſhould go,
Whilſt he through pain is born to a world of wo.
Through deadly ſtrugglings, he receives his breath,
And pangs i' th' birth reſemble thoſe of death.
Mothers the name of mothers dearly buy,
And purchaſe pleaſure at a rate too high.
But thou, childbearing Woman! who in eaſe
Canſt find, (tormented with a dear diſeaſe)
Whoſe tortur'd bowels that ſweet viper gnaws,
(That living burden, of thy rack the cauſe)
Take but my leaves, with ſpeed their virtue try,
(In them, believe me, ſov'reign juices lie)
Thy barriers they by force ſoon open lay,
And out o' th' world 't is ſcarce a wider way.
The infant ripe, drops from the bows, and cries,
The whilſt his half-dead mother ſilent lies;
But hearing him, ſhe ſoon forgets her pain,
And thinks to do that pleaſant trick again.
But thou, on whom the ſilver Moon's moiſt rays
(For the womb's night its Lady-moon obeys)
No influence have; I charge thee do not take
My leaves, but haſte, though loaded, from 'em make.
Down from the trees, by my force ſhaken, all
The fruits, though ne'er ſo green and ſour, fall:
(This I foretel you, leſt, when you're aggriev'd,
You then ſhould ſay by me you are deceiv'd)
For innocent girls ſin ſore againſt their will,
None ever wiſh'd her womb a child might fill.
Yet if I were not in the world, they would
Incline to do the fact, but never could.
But many other plants the ſame can do,
Wherefore if baniſhment you think my due,
Companions in it I ſhall have I know,
And into Crete a troop of us ſhall go.
Thou, Myrrh! for one ſhalt go, who heretofore
For lewdneſs puniſh'd, now deſerv'ſt the more:
But thou, though lewd, did'ſt not prevent the birth ¶,
Though 't was a crime to bring the infant forth;

¶ Plants that procure abortion.

And All-heal too, who Death affrights, muſt pack,
With Galbanum and Gum-armoniac;
And Benzoin, to Cyrenians never ſold,
Unleſs they brought the ſweeter ſmell of gold:
Ground-pine and Saffron, too, will exiles prove,
Saffron, once Crocus, yellow-dy'd by Love;
Madder and Coloquintida with me,
And Dragon too, the Cretan ſhore muſt ſee;
And Sowbread too, whoſe ſecret darts are found
Childbearing women diſtantly to wound;
And Rue, as noble a Plant as any is here,
Phyſic to other things, is poiſon there.
What ſhould I name the reſt? we make a throng;
Thou, Birthwort! too, with us muſt troop along;
Nor muſt you, Preſident! behind us ſtay,
Riſe then, and into exile come away.
She ended with great favour and applauſe,
And there's no doubt but ſhe obtain'd her cauſe.
The Mugwort next began, whoſe awful face
Check'd all their ſtirs, and ſilence fill'd the place.

Mugwort [the Preſident].

If the Green nation, Sifter! baniſh thee,
I'll go along, and bear thee company:
If we for women's faults muſt bear diſgrace,
We the Ecbolics *, are a wretched race.
On her head let it, (if a woman ſhall
To her own bowels prove inhuman) fall,
Not part of death's ſad penalties, but all.
Why are we ſent for at untimely hours;
That day when lucky Juno ¶ comes is ours.
She's wicked, and deſerves the worſt of fates,
Who to ill ends that time anticipates;
For the admitted juice knows no delay,
But torpid as it is will force its way:
Nor is it hard a fabric to confound,
Ill fix'd within itſelf, or to the ground.
A ſhip well tackled, which the winds may ſcorn,
Ill rigg'd, away by ev'ry guſt is born.
The elements of life what can't o'erthrow?
No wonder, life itſelf's an empty ſhew.
Sometimes it ſmells a candle's ſnuff and dies **;
The weaker fume before the ſtronger flies.
Let Cæſar round the globe with his Eagles fly,
And grieve with Jove to ſhare equality;
Yet what a trifle might have been his death,
Preventing all his triumphs with his breath?
One farthing candle, by its dying flame,
Would have depriv'd the world of his great name;
Nor had we had ſuch numerous ſupplies
Of mighty lords and new-found deities.
Thou, Alexander! too, might'ſt ſo have dy'd,
(How well the world that ſmell had gratify'd!)
Thou! who, a petty king of th' univerſe,
Thought'ſt with thyſelf alone thou did converſe;
Yea, the ſame chance might have remov'd from us
Both thee, Jove's ſon, and thy Bucephalus;
And if thy groom ♄ his candle out had ſlept,
Bucephala he from being built had kept.

So ſlight a ſtink you'd ſcarce think this could do,
Unleſs the niceneſs of the womb you knew;
How ſhy it is of an ungrateful ſmell,
You by its ſecret coyneſs know full well.
(But that's no prudence in it, ſince that place
For pleaſure no good ſituation has)
But greedily ſweet things it meets half way,
And into its own boſom does convey:
The ſecret cauſe of which effect to find
Is hard, nor have the learned it aſſign'd.
Let's ſee if any thing farther we can ſay;
The night grows late, and now 'tis toward day,
Wherefore a thouſand wonders that remain
Concerning childbirth, us may entertain
I' th' next Aſſembly, when we meet again.
You, Myrrh! who from a line of monarchs came,
The glory of their angry fathers' name,
Sacred and grateful to the gods, again
A virgin, and ſhalt always ſo remain;
You know the ſecrets of the female kind,
And what you know, I hope, can call to mind:
Then, ſurely, you the nature of a ſmell,
Among rich odours born, muſt clearly tell:
Beſides, when formerly their reaſon ſtrove,
Weak as it was, to cope with conqu'ring Love,
You in the middle of the fight would fall,
They ſay, and lie in fits hyſterical.
Come, then, let's hear what you at laſt can ſay:
Speak, modeſt Myrrh! why do you ſo delay?
Why do the tears run down thy bark ſo faſt?
Thou need'ſt not bluſh for faults ſo long time paſt:
Ah! happy faults, that can ſuch tears produce,
Which to the world are of ſuch ſov'reign uſe.
No woman e'er deſerv'd, before this time,
So much for virtue as thou for a crime.

Myrrh.

At laſt when Myrrh had wip'd her od'rous tears,
Putting aſide her leaves, her face and head ſhe rears:
Then ſhe began, but bluſh'd and ſtopp'd anon,
Nor could ſhe be entreated to go on.
So a dry pump at firſt will hardly go,
From whence a river by and by will flow.
'Tis known the female tribe, of all that live,
Above the reſt is far more talkative,
And that a Plant, who was a maid before,
Speaks faſter much than all the reſt, and more.
Her ſtory, therefore, gently ſhe begins,
And with her art upon the audience wins.
Her wars with unchaſte Love ſhe reckon'd o'er;
For fear of doing ill, what ills ſhe bore!
She told how oft' her breaſts her hands had try'd
To ſtab, whilſt chaſte fair Myrrha might have [dy'd;
How long and oft' unequally with Love,
Who even goddeſſes ſubdu'd, ſhe ſtrove;
And many things beſides, which I'll not name,
Since Ovid with more wit has ſaid the ſame:
Then of the womb's intolerable pains
(She 'ad felt them) ſadly ſhe, 'tis ſaid, complains.
Had I an hundred fluent women's tongues,
Or made of ſturdy oak a pair of lungs,
The kinds, and forms, and names, of cruel Fate,
And monſtrous ſhapes, I hardly could relate.

* Ecbolics, i. e. ſuch medicines as bring away dead children, or cauſe abortion.
¶ The goddeſs of Childbearing.
** The ſmell of a candle's ſnuff, it is ſaid, will make women miſcarry.
♄ The ſtink of the ſnuff of a candle is ſaid alſo to cauſe abortion in mares.

What meant the gods, Life's native ſeat to fill
With ſuch a numerous hoſt, ſo arm'd to kill?
What is it, Pleaſure! guards man's happineſs,
If thy chief city, Pain, thy foe poſſeſs?
But me my Laurel told, then moſt ſhe rail'd
When the ſad fits o' th' mother ſhe bewail'd.
Wo to the body's wretched town, ſaid ſhe,
When the womb's fort contains the enemy!
Thence baneful vapours ev'ry way they throw,
Which rout the conquer'd ſoul where'er they go;
The troops of flying ſpirits they deſtroy,
As ſtenches from Avernus birds annoy.
If they the ſtomach ſeize, the appetite is gone,
And taſks deſign'd for veins lie by half done.
No meats it now endures, much leſs requires,
And the crude kitchen cools for want of fires.
If they the heart invade, that's walls they ſhake,
And in the vital work confuſion make;
New waves they thither bring, but thoſe the vein
Which *vena cava* is call'd, bears back again.
The art'ries by weak pulſings notify,
Or elſe by none, the ſoul's then paſſing by.
By that black cloud all joy's extinguiſh'd quite,
And hopes, that make the mind look gay and bright:
So when grim Stygian ſhades, they ſay, appear,
The candles tremble, and go out for fear.
Grief, fear, and hatred of the light, invade
Their heart, the ſoul a ſcene of trouble's made:
Then ſtraight the jaws themſelves, the tort'ring
With deadly ſtrangling vapours ſtrives to fill. [ill.
T' othereal air it never ſhews deſire,
But, ſalamander like, lives all on fire.
Sometimes theſe reſtleſs plagues the head do ſeize,
And riſe all the ſoul's rich palaces
In barbarous triumph led, then Reaſon ſtands,
Hoodwink'd and manacled her eyes and hands;
For the poor wretch a merry madneſs takes,
And her ſad ſides with doleful laughter ſhakes.
Her dreams (in vain awake) ſhe tells, and thoſe,
If nobody admire, amaz'd ſhe ſhews,
She ſears or threatens ev'ry thing ſhe ſpies;
A piteous ſhe, and dreadful, object lies;
One ſeems to rave, and from her ſparkling eyes
Fierce fire darts forth; another throbs and cries:
Some death's exacteſt image ſeizes, ſo
That ſleep compar'd to that like life would ſhew:
A ſolid quilnets all the ſenſes keeps
Lock'd up; no ſoul of trees more ſoundly ſleeps.
Her breath, if any from her noſtrils go,
The down from Poppy-tops would hardly blow.
If you one dead with her compar'd, you'd ſay,
Two dead ones there, or two hyſteric lay.
But then ('tis ſtrange, and yet we muſt believe
What we from long experience receive)
Under her noſe ſtrong-ſmelling odours lay,
The other vapours theſe will chaſe away:
Burn partridge feathers, hair of man or beaſt,
Horns, leather, warts, that horſe's legs moleſt,
All theſe are good, but what ſtrange accident
Firſt found them out, or could ſuch cures invent?
Burn oil, that nature from hard rocks diſtils,
And ſulphur, which all things with odour fills,
To which the ſtinking aſſa you may add,
And oil which from the beaver's ſtones is had:
Through pores, nerves, arteries, and all they go,
And throng t' invade the labʼring womb below:
But that each avenue, which upward lies,
With mounds and ſtrong-built rampires fortifies;
Then being contracted to a narrower place,
(For force decays, ſpread in too wide a ſpace)
No humours foul, or vapours, there muſt ſtay,
But out it purges them the lower way.
On foreign parts now no aſſaults ſhe makes,
But care of her domeſtic ſafety takes.
Carthage to Hannʼbal now ſends no ſupply,
To break the force of diſtant Italy,
When from their walls with horror they deſcry
The threat'ning Roman darts and Eagles fly.
This for the noſe; the womb, then, you muſt pleaſe
With ſuch ſweet odours as the gods appeaſe;
With Cinnamon, and Goat-bread, Laudanum,
With healing Balſam, and my oily Gum;
Civet, and Muſk, and Amber, too, apply,
(Scarce yet well known to human induſtry)
With all that my rich native ſoil ſupplies,
Such fumes as from the phœnix' neſt ariſe;
Nor fear from gods to take their Frankincenſe;
In ſuch a pious caſe 'tis no offence:
Then ſhalt thou ſee the limbs faint motions make,
A certain ſign that now the ſoul's awake;
Then will the guts, with an unuſual noiſe,
The enemy o'erthrown, ſeem to rejoice;
Blood will below the ſecret paſſage ſtain,
And arteries recruited beat again.
Oft', glad to ſee the light, themſelves the eyes
Lift up; the face returning purple dies;
One jaw from th' other, with a groan, retires;
And the diſeaſe itſelf, like life, expires.

Tell me, ſweet Odours! tell me what have you
With parts ſo diſtant from the noſe to do?
Or what have you, ill Smells! ſo near the noſe
To do, ſince that and you are mortal foes?
And why doſt thou, abominable ſtench!
Upon remote dominions ſo intrench?
Say by what ſecret force you fling your darts,
Whom from your bow, the noſe, ſuch diſtance
For ſome believe that to the brain alone [parts?
They fly, through ways which in the head are known;
And that the brain to the related womb
Sends (good and bad) all ſmells that to it come.
The womb, too, oft' rejoices for that's ſake,
And when that's griev'd, does all its griefs partake.
The womb is Oreſtes, Pylades the brain,
And what to one to th' other is a pain.
I don't deny the native ſympathy,
And like reſpects, in which theſe parts agree:
Each its conception has, and each its birth,
And both their offſprings like the ſire come forth;
Still to produce both have a conſtant vein,
And their ſtraight boſoms mighty things contain.
Much I omit in both; but know, that this
O' th' body, that o' th' ſoul, the matrix is;
But th' womb has this one proper faculty,
Its actions oft' from head and noſe are free;
Oft', when it ſtrives to break its bonds in vain,
(And often nought its fury can contain)
A ſweet perfume apply'd (unknown to the noſe)
Does with a grateful glew its body cloſe;

But when oppreſs'd with weight the womb falls down,
(As ſometimes it, when weak, does with its own)
With dreadful weapons arm'd, a noiſome ſmell
Meets it, and upward quickly does repel:
So when th' Helvetians their own land forſook,
(People which in their neighbours terror ſtrook)
A ſtronger foe, their wand'ring to reſtrain,
To their old quarters beat 'em back again.
Here different reaſons different authors ſhew,
But none worth ſpeaking of, I'm ſure, you know.
What can I add? You, learn'd Preſident! pleaſe
To bid me ſpeak; the caſe ſays hold your peace:
Yet you I muſt obey; Heav'n is ſo kind
To let us ſeek that truth we cannot find.
This truth muſt be i' th' well's dark bottom ſought,
Pardon me if I make an heavy draught.
You ſee the wond'rous wars and leagues of things
From whence the world's harmonious conſort ſprings;
This he that thinks from th' elements may be had,
Is a grave ſot, and ſtudiouſly mad:
Here many cauſes branch themſelves around,
But to 'em all one only root is found;
For thoſe which mortals the four elements call,
In the world's fabric are not firſt of all;
Treaſures in them wiſe Nature laid, as ſtore,
Ready at hand, of things that were before;
Whence ſhe might principles draw for her uſe,
And mixtures new eternally produce.
Infinite ſeeds in thoſe ſmall bodies lie
To us, but number'd by the Deity:
Nor is the heat to fire more natural,
Nor coldneſs more to water's ſhare does fall,
Than either bitter, ſweet, or white, or black,
Or any ſmells that noſes e'er attack.
Our purging or aſtringent quality
Have proper points of matter where they lie.
With earth, air, water, fire, Heav'n all things bore;
Why do I faintly ſpeak? they were before:
For what earth, air, fire, water, now we call,
Are compounds from the firſt original:
For---but a ſudden fright her ſenſes ſhock'd,
And ſtopp'd her ſpeech; ſhe heard the gate unlock'd;
And Rue from far the gard'ner ſaw come in,
Trembling, as ſhe an Aſpen leaf had been,
(For Rue, a ſov'reign Plant to purge the eyes,
Remoteſt objects eaſily deſcries)
She ſoftly whiſper'd, Hence, make haſte away;
Here's Robert ¶ come; make haſte; why do we ſtay?
Day was not broken, but 'twas almoſt light,
And Luna ſwiftly roll'd the wheeling night;
Nor was the fellow us'd ſo ſoon to riſe,
But him a ſudden chance did then ſurpriſe:
His wife in pangs of childbed loudly roar'd,
And gentle Juno's preſent aid implor'd:
But he who Plants that in his garden grew,
Than forty Junos of more value knew,
Came thither Sowbread, all in haſte together,
That he with greater eaſe might prove a father.
Soon as they ſaw the man, ſtraight up they got,
With gentle haſte, and ſtood upon the ſpot,
When briefly Mugwort, I this Court adjourn;
What we have left we'll do at our return.
Without tumultuous noiſe away they fled,
And ev'ry Plant crept to her proper bed.

¶ The name of the gardener of the Phyſic-garden in Oxford.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK III. OF FLOWERS.

TRANSLATED BY C. CLEVE.

Flora.

Now Muſe! if ever, now look briſk and gay,
The Spring's at hand; blithe looks like that diſplay:
Uſe all the ſchemes and colours now of ſpeech,
Uſe all the flow'rs that poetry enrich;
Its glories all, its blooming beauties, bring,
As may reſemble the returning Spring:
Let the ſame muſic through thy verſe reſound,
As in the woods and ſhady groves is found:
Let ev'ry line ſuch fragrant praiſe exhale,
As riſes up from ſome ſweet-ſmelling vale:
Let lights and ſhades, as in the woods, appear,
And ſhew in painted verſe the ſeaſon of the year.
Come then away, for the firſt welcome morn
Of the ſpruce month of May begins to dawn.
This day, ſo tells the poet's ſacred page,
Bright Chloris did in nuptial bands engage;
This very day the knot was ty'd, and thence
The lovely maid a goddeſs did commence:
The ſigns of joy did ev'ry where appear,
On earth, in heav'n, throughout the ſea and air;
No wand'ring cloud was ſeen in all the ſky,
And if there were, 'twas of a curious dye.
The air ſerene, not an ungentle blaſt
Ruffled the waters with its rude embrace;
The wind that was, breath'd odours all around,
And only fann'd the ſtreams, and only kiſs'd the ground.
Of unknown Flow'rs now ſuch a num'rous birth
Appear'd, as ever aſtoniſh'd mother-Earth.
The Lily grew 'midſt barren Heath and Sedge,
And the Roſe bluſh'd on each unprickly hedge;
The purple Violet and the Daffodil,
The places now of angry nettles fill.
This great and joyful day, on which ſhe knew
What 'twas to be a wife and goddeſs too,
The grateful Flora yearly did expreſs
In ſhews, religious pomp, and gaudineſs,
Long as ſhe thriv'd in Rome, and reign'd among
The other gods, a vaſt and num'rous throng;
But when the ſacred tribe was forc'd from Rome,
Among the reſt an exile ſhe became,
Stripp'd of her plays, and of her fane bereft,
Nought of the grandeur of a goddeſs left:
Since then no more ador'd on earth by men,
But forc'd o'er flowers to preſide and reign,
The beſt ſhe can ſhe ſtill keeps up the day,
Not as of old, when bleſs'd with ſtore ſhe lay;
When with a laviſh hand her bounties flew;
She 'as not the heart and means to do it now;
But in a way fitting her humble ſtate
She always did, and ſtill does celebrate:
And now that ſhe the better may attend
The Flow'ry empire under her command,
To all the world, at times, ſhe does reſort,
Now in this part, now that, ſhe keeps her court;
And ſo the ſeaſons of the year require,
For here 'tis ſpring, perhaps 'tis autumn there.
With eaſe ſhe flies to the remoteſt ſhores,
And viſits in the way a world of Flow'rs:
In Zephyr's painted car ſhe cuts the air,
Pleas'd with the way, her ſpouſe the charioteer.
It was the year, (thrice bleſs'd that beauteous Year!)
Which mighty Charles's ſacred name did bear;
A golden year the heavens brought about
In high proceſſion with a joyful ſhout;
A year that barr'd up Janus' brazen gates,
That brought home Peace, and laid our monſtrous heats:
A greater gift, bleſs'd Albion! thou did'ſt gain,
It brought home godlike Charles, and all his peaceful train,
Compos'd our chaos, cover'd o'er the ſcars,
And clos'd the bleeding wounds of twenty years.
Nor felt the gown alone the fruits of peace,
But gardens, woods, and all the Flow'ry race.
This year to ev'ry thing freſh honours brought,
Nor 'midſt theſe were the learned Arts forgot.
Poor exil'd Flora, with the ſylvan gods,
Came back again to their old lov'd abodes.

I saw her (through a glass my Muse vouchsaf'd)
Plac'd on the painted bow securely waft;
Triumphantly she rode, and made her course
Towards fair Albion's long-forsaken shores.
That she our goddess was, to me was plain
From the gay various colours of her train:
She light, renowned Thames! upon thy shore,
Long time belov'd, and known to her before:
'Twas here the goddess an appointment set
For all the Flow'rs: accordingly they met;
Those that are parch'd with heat, or pinch'd with cold,
Or those which a more temp'rate clime does hold,
Those drunk with dew the sun just rising sees,
Or those, when setting, with a face like his;
All sorts that East and West can boast were there,
But not such Flow'rs as you see growing here,
Poor mortal Flow'rs, obnoxious still to harms,
Which quickly die out of their mother's arms,
But those that Plato saw, Ideas nam'd,
Daughters of Jove, for heav'nly extract fam'd:
Ethereal Plants! what glories they disclose,
What excellence the first celestial Rose;
What blush, what smell! and yet on many scores,
The learned say, it much resembles ours;
Only 'tis ever fresh, with long life bless'd,
Not in your fading mortal colours dress'd.
This Rose the image of the heav'nly mind,
The other growing on our earth we find,
Which is the image of that image, then
No wonder it appears less fresh and fine.
These heav'n-born species of the Flow'ry race
Assembled all the wedding-morn to grace.
Phœbus! do thou the pencil take, the fame
With which thou gild'st the world's great checker'd frame;
Light's pencil take; try if thou canst display
The various scenes of this resplendent day:
And yet I doubt thy skill, though all must bow
To thee as god of Plants and Poets too:
I'm sure 'tis much too hard a task for me,
Yet some I'll touch in passing, like the bee:
Where the whole garden can't be had, we know
A nosegay may, and that, if sweet, will do.
Now when a part of this triumphant day
In sacred pompous rites had pass'd away,
Rites which no mortal tongue can duly tell,
And which, perhaps, 'tis not lawful to reveal;
At length the sporting goddess thought it best
(Though sure the humour went beyond a jest)
A pleasant sort of trial to propose,
And from among the Plants a queen to choose
Which should preside over the Flow'ry race,
Be a vice-goddess, and supply her place:
Each Plant was to appear, and make its plea,
To see which best deserv'd the dignity. [stood,
The scene arch'd o'er with wreathing branches
Which like a little hollow temple shew'd;
The shrubs and branches darting from aloof
Their pretty fragrant shades, compos'd the roof;
Red and white Jasmine, with the Myrtle-tree,
The favourite of the Cyprian deity;
The Golden Apple-tree with silver bud,
Both sorts of Pipe-tree, with the Sea-dew flood;
There was the twining Woodbine to be seen,
And Yellow Hather, Roses mix'd between.
Each Plant its notes and known distinctions brought,
With various art the gaudy scene was wrought.
Just in the nave of this new-model'd fane,
A throne the judging goddess did sustain,
Rob'd in a thousand several sorts of leaves,
And all the colours which the garden gives,
Which join'd together trim in wondrous wise,
With their deluding figures mock'd your eyes.
A noble checker'd-work, which real seems,
And firmly set with glist'ring stones and gems,
It real seem'd, though gods such bodies wear
For weight, as Flow'rs upon their down may bear.
The goddess, seated in majestic-wise,
With all the pride the wealthy Spring supplies,
Had Ariadne's crown, and such a vest
With which the rainbow on bright days is dress'd;
Before her throne did the officious band
Of Hours, Days, Months, in goodly order stand:
The Hours upon soft-painted wings were born,
Painted, but swift, alas! and quickly gone;
The Days with nimble feet advanc'd apace,
And then the Month, each with a different face;
On Cynthia's orb they tend with constant care,
In monthly courses whirling round her sphere.
First Spring, a rosy-colour'd youngster, stood,
With looks enough to bribe a judging god;
Summer appear'd, rob'd in a yellow gown,
Full ears of ripen'd corn compos'd her crown;
Then Autumn, proud of rich Pomona's store,
And Bacchus, too, treading the blushing floor;
Poor half-starv'd Winter shivering in the rear,
The Stoical and sullen part o' th' year:
Yet not by step-dame Nature wholly left
Of every grace is winter time bereft;
Some friends it has in this afflicted state,
Some Plants that faith and duty don't forget:
Some Plants the winter-season does supply,
Born purely for delight and luxury,
Which brave the frost and cold, and merit claim,
Though few, indeed, and of a lower frame.
The New Year did him this peculiar grace,
And Janus favouring with his double face,
That he should first be heard, and have the pow'r
To draw forth all his poor and slender store.
Winter obeys, and ranks 'em, best he can,
More trusting to the worth, than number of his men.
Just in the front of Winter's scanty band,
Two lofty Plants, or Flow'ry giants, stand;
Spurge-olive one, th' other a kind of Bay,
Both high, and largely spreading ev'ry way;
But did they in a milder season sprout,
Whether they e'er could pass for Flow'rs, I doubt;
But now they do, and such their looks and smell,
The place they hold they seem to merit well.
Next Wolfs'-bane, us'd in step-dames' poisoning trade,
Born of the foam of Pluto's porter said;
A baneful Plant, springing in craggy ground,
Thence its hard name, itself much harder found;
Briskly its gilded crest it does display,
And boldly stares i' th' face the god of Day,
Which Cerberus, its sire, durst ne'er assay.

The Plant call'd Snowdrop, next in courſe appear'd,
But trembling, by its frightful neighbour fear'd;
Yet clad in white herſelf, like fleecy ſnow,
Near her bad neighbour finer ſhe does ſhew.
The noble Liverwort does next appear,
Without a ſpeck, like the unclouded air,
A Plant of noble uſe and endleſs fame,
The liver's great preſerver, thence its name;
The humble Plant conſcious of inbred worth,
In winter's hardeſt froſt and cold ſhoots forth:
Let other Plants, ſaid ſhe, for ſeaſons wait,
For ſummer gales, or the ſun's kindly heat,
She ſcorns delay; naked, without a coat,
As 'twere in haſte, the noble Plant comes out.
Next the blue Primroſe, which in winter blows,
But wears the ſpring both in its name and clothes;
The Saffron then, and tardy Celandine;
To theſe our Lady's-ſeal and Sowbread join;
But theſe appearing out of ſeaſon, were
Bid to their homes and proper tribes repair:
There now remain'd of Winter's genuine ſtore
And offspring, Bear's-foot, or the Chriſtmas Flow'r,
The pride of Winter, which in froſt can live,
And now alone for empire dar'd to ſtrive:
On its black ſtalk it rear'd itſelf, and then
With pale, but fearleſs face to plead began.

Helleborus Niger; or, Chriſtmas Flower.

I MEAN not now my beauty to oppoſe
To that of Lilies or the bluſhing Roſe;
Old Prætus' daughters me from that do ſcare,
Who once with Juno durſt their face compare.
Mad with conceit, each thought herſelf a cow;
Juſt judgment! teaching all themſelves to know.
My noble Plant baniſh'd this wild caprice,
And gave 'em back their human voice and ſpeech.
Melampus by my aid ſoon brought relief,
And for the cure had one of 'em to wife:
And none will charge me with that madneſs, ſure,
Or the ſame folly I pretend to cure.
The goddeſſes above a beauty claim,
Laſting and firm as their immortal frame,
Which time can't furrow, or diſeaſes wreng;
To be immortal is to be forever young.
Flow'rs' or girls' beauty is a tranſient thing;
Expect as well the whole year will be ſpring.
Ye Flow'ry race! that open to the ſky,
And there have ſeen a cloud of curious dye,
The gaudy phantom now with pride appears,
Look up again, 'tis ſtraight diſſolv'd in tears;
Such is the ſhort-liv'd glory Flowers have,
Bending, they point ſtill tow'rds their womb and grave;
The wind and rain aim at their tender head;
Beſides, the ſtars their baneful influence ſhed;
Like the fam'd Semele, they die away.
In the embraces of the god of Day:
Expos'd to air, to heat an open prey,
Colds through their tender fibres force their way.
The ſwallow or the nightingale abhors
Not winter more than do th' whole race of Flow'rs.
If among theſe a Flow'r you can deſery
(Fitter to be tranſplanted to the ſky)
Which is ſo hardy as to ſtand the threat
Of ſtorms and tempeſts that around her beat;
That with contending winds dare boldly ſtrive,
Scorns cold, and under heaps of ſnow can live,
To this, great goddeſs! to this noble Plant
You ought the empire of the garden grant.
Kings are Jove's image; and, if that be true,
To virtue only ſovereign ſway is due.
Truſting to this, and not the empty name
Of beauty, I the Flow'ry empire claim:
Nor will this ſoft, luxurious, pamper'd race
Of Flow'rs, were things well weighed, deny me place;
For, lo! the winter's come; what change is there,
What looks, what diſmal aſpect of the year!
The winds, from priſon broke, no mercy yield,
But ſpoil the native glories of the field:
Firſt on the infant-boughs they ſpend their rage,
And ſcarcely ſpare the poor trunk's rev'rend age;
Either with ſwelling rains the ground below
Is drown'd, or cover'd thick in beds of ſnow;
Or ſtiff with froſt, the ſtreams, all iced o'er,
Are pent within a bank unknown before.
Each nymph complains, and ev'ry river-god
Feels on his ſhoulders an unuſual load;
Nature, a captive now to Froſt become,
Lies fairly buried in a marble tomb.
And can you wonder then that Flow'rs ſhould die,
Or, hid within their beds, the danger fly?
D'ye ſee the ſun, how faint his looks, that tell
The god of Plants himſelf is not o'er-well.
Now let me ſee the Violet, Tulip, Roſe,
Or any of 'em their fine face diſcloſe;
Ye Lilies! with your ſnowy treſſes, now
Come forth, this is the proper time for ſnow.
Deaf to the call, none of 'em all appear,
But cloſe in bed they lie, half-dead with fear;
I only in this univerſal dread
Of Nature dare exalt my fearleſs head:
Winter, with thouſand ſeveral arms prepar'd
To be my death, ſtill finds me on my guard.
Great umpire then of all this harmleſs fray,
If you are fix'd to crown ſome Plant to-day,
Let all appear and take the field, let all
Agree to give the chiefeſt Plant the ball;
Yet let it be in winter, I deſire;
That ſeaſon does a hardy chief require.
If any of theſe tender, dainty, dames,
Deck'd with their rich perfumes and gaudy names,
Dare but at ſuch a time ſhew half an eye,
I'll frankly yield, and ſtraight let fall my plea.
Not a Plant's ſeen, I'll warrant you; they hate
To gain a kingdom at ſo dear a rate;
They fear the unequal trial to ſuſtain;
None dare appear but thoſe that fill my train,
And none of theſe are ſo ambitious grown
To ſtand themſelves, but beg for me the crown.
Theſe num'rous hardſhips I can undergo;
I'll tell you now, fair Judge, what I can do,
My virtue active is, and paſſive too.
Kings get no fame by conquering at home;
That from ſome foreign vanquiſh'd land muſt come.
If equal to my triumphs names I bore,
And ev'ry vanquiſh'd foe increas'd the ſtore,

Old Rome's moſt haughty champion I'd defy
With me in honours, titles, names, to vie.
I act ſuch wonders, I may ſafely ſay,
The twelve Herculean labours were mere play.
The ſpreading cancer my bleſs'd Plant does chaſe,
And new-ſkins o'er the leper's monſtrous face;
The ling'ring quartan fever I oblige
To draw his forces off, and raiſe the ſiege:
Swimmings i' th' head that do from vapours come,
I exerciſe ſtraight by my counter fume:
In ev'ry ſwelling part, when dropſies reign,
I dry the fen, the ſtanding waters drain:
The falling ſickneſs, too, to wave the reſt,
Though ſacred that diſeaſe by ſome confeſs'd.
Why in theſe cures thus trifle I my breath?
Death yields to me, the apoplectic death;
Into each part my Plant new vigour ſends,
And quickly makes the ſoul and body friends.
Theſe are great things, you'll ſay, and yet the reſt
That follow muſt much greater be confeſs'd.
I do compoſe the mind's diſtracted frame,
A gift the gods and I alone can claim;
Madmen and fools are caſt beneath my pow'r;
What to my grandeur can the gods add more?
Who thus can do, the world his province is,
Cæſar can't boaſt a larger ſway than this.
She ſpoke; her train with ſhouts the area fill'd,
Nay, Winter (if you will believe it) ſmil'd.
Next the gay Spring draws out his warlike bands,
Which to the ſcene a grateful ſhadow lends.
Homer, though well the Grecian camp he paints,
Would fail, I fear, in muſtering up theſe Plants.
Bright Spring! what various nations doſt thou boaſt?
The Xerxes of a numerous Flow'ry hoſt,
Which could (ſince Flow'rs without due moiſture die)
Like his, I fancy, drink whole rivers dry.
His Flow'ry troops made the ſame ſtately ſhew,
Whoſe painted arms a dazzling luſtre threw.
Then a gay Flow'r, for ſhape the Trumpet nam'd,
Blew thrice, and with a ſtrenuous voice proclaim'd,
That all but candidates ſhould quit the place,
Firſt, as they went, bowing with awful grace.
And now, the pleaſure of the goddeſs known,
The Herb call'd Ragwort paſs'd before the throne;
A bunchy ſtalk, and painted bees ſhe bore,
With ſev'ral fooliſh fancies on her Flow'r.
Ragwort the Satyrs and Priapus love,
Venus herſelf and the fair Judge approve.
Dog's-tooth paſs'd next, to Ragwort near ally'd,
A faithful friend to love, and often try'd;
Next Hyacinths, of violet-kind, proceed,
A noble, pow'rful, and a num'rous breed;
They wanted courage, though, to keep the place
Lab'ring, alas! under a late diſgrace;
Of noble houſe themſelves they did pretend,
From Ajax' blood directly to deſcend;
The cauſe in Flora's court of chivalry [plea;
Was heard, where they fail'd to make out their
They bore no coat of arms, nor could they ſhew
Thoſe mournful notes ſaid from his blood to flow:
The next a-kin, a Flow'r which Greeks of old
From excrements of birds deſcended hold,
Which Britain, nurſe of Plants, a milder clime,
Gentilely calls the Star of Bethlehem;
The Daiſy next march'd off in modeſt wiſe,
Dreading to wait the iſſue of the prize,
Tho' the Spring don't a truſtier party know,
Afrer, before, and in the ſpring they grow,
Quick in the charge, and in retreating ſlow;
They dare not venture, though the ſons of Art
The name of Binders to 'em do impart;
They cure all wounds, yet make none, which you
Is the true office of a warlike Plant. [grant
Next ſpotted Sanicle and Navelwort,
Tho' both have ſigns of blood, forſake the court;
Moonwort goes next, borne on its reddiſh ſtalk,
And after that does gentle Cranebill walk;
They all gave way; 't is natural in a Flow'r
More in its form to truſt than worth and pow'r;
Nay, more than that, the Cornflag quits the field,
Tho' made ſword-wiſe, does to the Tulip yield;
Tho', like ſome tyrant, rounded with the ſame,
Yet to affected empire waves all claim;
How much this Swordflow'r differs as to harm
From theſe which we on mortal anvils form!
Nature on this an unguent has beſtow'd,
Which when our's make it iſſue ſtops the blood.
Next you might ſee the gaudy Columbine,
Call'd ſometimes Lion's-mouth, deſert the ſcene,
Though of try'd courage and of high renown
In other things, curing diſeaſes known;
The Seagull Flow'r expreſs'd an equal fear,
The tigers more and prettier ſpots don't bear;
Theſe beauty-ſpots ſhe ought to prize like gold,
Citron held her's at dearer rates of old:
The Perſian Lily, of a ruddy hue,
And next the Lily of the Vale, withdrew;
Lilies o' th' Vale ſuch looks and ſmell retain,
They're fit to furniſh ſnuff for gods and men;
Nor a plant kinder to the brain does live;
A glaſs of wine does leſs refreſhment give.
Next Periwinkle, or the Lady's-bow'r,
Weakly, and halting, crept along the floor;
All kinds of Crowfoot paſs'd, and bow'd their head,
The worſt ran wild, the beſt in gardens bred;
Daylily next, the root by Heſiod lov'd,
Although not for the chiefeſt diſh approv'd;
Then came a flow'r of a far diff'ring look,
Which on it thy lov'd name, Adonis! took;
But Celandine, thy genuine offſpring ſtyl'd,
They tell us at the proud uſurper ſmil'd;
Stockgilly flow'r the year's companion is,
Which the ſun ſcarce in all his rounds does miſs,
Officious Plant! which ev'ry month can bring,
But rather would be reckon'd to the ſpring;
This paſs'd along with a becoming mien,
And in her train the Wallflow'r would be ſeen:
The conſtant Marigold next theſe went out,
And Lady's-ſlipper, fit for Flora's foot; [peep;
Then Goat's-beard, which each morn abroad does
But ſhuts its Flow'r at noon, and goes to ſleep;
Then Oxeye did its rolling eyeball ſpread,
Such as Jove's wife and ſiſter had, they ſaid;
Next Viper-graſs, full of a milky juice,
Good againſt poiſon, which curs'd ſtep-dames uſe;

Then Hollowroot, cautious and full of fear,
Which neither ſummer's heat nor cold can bear,
Comes after ſpring, before it does retire ;
Then Satin-flow'r, and Mothmullen withdraw,
Worthy a nobler title to enjoy :
The Lady's-ſmock, and Lugwort, went their way,
With ſev'ral more, too tedious here to ſay ;
With many an humble Shrub that took their leaves,
To which the garden entertainment gives ;
As Honeyſuckle, Roſemary, and Broom,
That Broom which does of Spaniſh parents come ;
Both ſorts of Pipe-tree, neat in either dreſs,
White or ſky-colour'd, whether pleaſe you beſt ;
Next the round-headed Elder-roſe, which wears
A conſtellation of your little ſtars ;
The Cherry ; our's and Perſian Apple add,
Proud of the various Flow'rs adorn'd its head ;
Nature has iſſue, eunuch-like, deny'd,
But (like them too) by a fine face ſupply'd :
Theſe, and a thouſand more, were fain to yield,
And left the candidates to keep the field ;
Each Flow'r appear'd with all its kindred, dreſs'd,
Each in its richeſt robes of gaudieſt veſt :
The Violet firſt, Spring's uſher came in view,
From whoſe ſweet lips theſe pleaſing accents flew,

The Violet.

The Ram now ope the golden portal throws,
Which holds the various ſeaſons of the year,
And on his ſhining fleece the Spring does bear ;
Ye Mortals ! with a ſhout ſalute him as he goes.
(Ió, triumph !) now, now the ſpring comes on
In ſolemn ſtate and high proceſſion,
Whilſt I, the beauteous Violet, ſtill before him go,
And uſher in the gaudy ſhew :
As it becomes the child of ſuch a ſire,
I'm wrapp'd in purple ; the firſt-born of Spring
The marks of my legitimation bring,
And all the tokens of his verdant empire wear :
Clad like a princely babe, and born in ſtate,
I all your regal titles hate,
Nor priding in my blood and mighty birth,
Unnatural Plant, deſpiſe the lap of mother Earth.
Love's goddeſs ſmiles upon me juſt new-born,
Rejoicing at the year's return :
The ſwallow is not a more certain ſign
That love and warm embraces now begin,
To the lov'd babe a thouſand kiſſes
The goddeſs gives, a thouſand balmy bliſſes.
Beſides, my purple lips
In ſacred nectar dips :
Hence 'tis no ſooner does the Violet burſt,
By the warm air to a juſt ripeneſs nurs'd,
But from my opening, blooming head,
A thouſand fragrant odours ſpread.
I do not only pleaſe the ſmell,
And the moſt critic taſte beguile,
Not only with my pretty dye
Impoſe a cheat upon the eye ;
But more for profit than for pleaſure born,
I furniſh out a wholeſome juice,
Which the fam'd Epicurus did not ſcorn,
Upon a time, when ſick, to uſe.
O'er preſſing and vexatious pain
I ſuch a ſilent victʼry gain,
That though the body be the ſcene,
It ſcarcely knows whether a fight has been.
The fever's well-known valeur I invade,
Which bluſhes with mere rage to yield
To one that ne'er knew how to tread a field,
But only was for fights and nuptial banquets made ;
It yields, but in a grumbling way,
Juſt as the winds obedience pay,
When Neptune from the flood does peep,
And ſilences thoſe troublers of the deep.
What though ſome Flow'rs a greater courage know,
Or a much finer face can ſhew ?
That does but ſtill the fancy feed,
Whilſt I for bus'neſs fit, in real worth exceed.
Search over all the globe, you'll find
The glory of a princely Flower
Conſiſts not in tyrannic power,
But in a majeſty with mildneſs join'd.
She ſpoke, and from her balmy lips did come
A ſweet perfume that ſcented all the room ;
The ſmell ſo long continued, that you'd ſwear
The Violet, though you heard no ſound, was there.
Quitting the ſtage, the next that took her place
Were Oxlips, Pugles, with their num'rous race ;
A party-colour'd tribe, of various hue,
Red, yellow, purple, pale, white, duſky, blue :
The Primroſe and the Cowſlip, too, were there,
Both of 'em kin, but not ſo handſome far ;
Bear's-ear, ſo call'd, did the whole party head,
And Yellow, claiming merit, needs would plead ;
Toſſing her hundred heads in ſtanting rate,
Each had a mouth, and could at pleaſure prate.

Auricula Urſi ; Bear's-ear.

Great Queen of Flow'rs ! why is thy ſnowy breaſt
With ſuch a ſight of various poſies dreſs'd ?
Whereas one ſtalk of mine
Alone a noſegay is, alone can make thee fine.
A lovely, harmleſs monſter, I
Gorgon's many heads outvie ;
Others, as ſingle ſtars, may glory beam ;
Take me, for I a conſtellation am :
Let thoſe who ſubjects want purſue the flow'ry crown,
A flow'ry nation I alone ;
Nor did kind nature thus in vain
So many heads to me aſſign ;
I for a man's head, life's chiefeſt ſeat,
Am ſet apart and wholly conſecrate :
The mind's imperial tow'r, the brain,
(A poor apartment for ſo great a queen) ſhines,
The light-houſe where man's reaſon ſtands and
Maugre the malice of contending winds,
I guard the ſacred place, repel the rout,
And keep the everlaſting fire from going out.
Go now, and mock me with this monſtrous name
Which the late barbarous age did coin and frame ;
The true and proper names of things of old,
Through a religious ſilence ne'er were told ;

Thus guardian gods' true names were seldom known,
Lest some invading foe might charm 'em from the town.
Impudent Fool! that first styl'd beauteous Flow'rs
By a detested name, the Ears of Bears;
Worthy himself of asses' ears, a pair
Fairer than Midas once was said to wear.
At this rate singing (for your merry Flow'rs
Still sing their words, not bring 'em forth like [our's)
The Daffodil succeeded, once a youth,
(As many poets tell, a sacred truth)
And all his clients and his kindred came,
A num'rous train, to vote and poll for him;
All of 'em, pale or yellow, did appear,
The livery which wounded lovers wear.
Though Virgil purple honours has assign'd
And bluish dye, too liberal and kind,
The Chalcedonic, with white Flow'r, thought best
To be the mouth, and sing for all the rest.

The Daffodil; Narcissus.

What once I was, a boy, not ripen'd to a man,
My roots of one year's growth explain;
A lovely boy, of killing eyes,
Where ambuscading witchcraft lies,
Which did at last the owner's self surprise:
Of fatal beauty, such as could inspire
Love into coldest breasts, in water kindle fire.
Me the hotbeds of sand in Libya burn,
Or Ister's frozen banks to ruin turn.
I, when a boy, among the boys
Had still the noblest place;
The same my Plant among the Flow'rs enjoys,
And is the garden's ornament and grace;
Become a Flow'r, I cannot tell
Why my face should not please me still;
Downward I lean my bending head,
Longing my looks in the same glass to read;
Shew me a stream, that liquid glass
Will put me in the selfsame case.
In the colour with the same nymphs I'm dress'd,
Who wear me in their snowy breast,
Who with my Flow'rs their pride maintain,
And wish I were a boy again.
She spoke: Anemone her station took,
To whom the goddess deign'd a smiling look;
For with the Tulip's leave, I needs must say,
No race more num'rous, none more fine or gay.
The Purple, with its large and spreading leaf,
Was chosen, by consent, to be their chief;
Of fair Adonis' blood undoubted strain,
And to this hour it shews the dying stain:
As soon as Zephyr had unloos'd its tongue,
The beauteous Plant after this manner sung.

Anemone, or Emonies.

Thou, gentle Zephyr! who didst Flora wed
Thrice worthy of the goddess' bed;
Who in a winged chariot, hurl'd
With breezing airs, dost fan this nether world,
Which kind refreshing motion far
I before lazy rest prefer;
That air with which thou ev'ry thing dost cheer
Inspire into the goddess' ear,
That the fair Judge would mindful be
Of her lov'd consort and of me;
For since I take my name from thee,
Nay, of thy kindred said to be;
Since I with thee do sympathize,
Who in Æolian dungeon captive lies,
And viewing Zephyr's doleful state,
All dress and ornament I hate,
And locking up my mournful Flow'r, [dure:
Myself a pris'ner make, the same restraint en-
Since I have change of suits and gaudy vests,
Which in my various Flowers are express'd;
In brief, since I'm a-kin to gods above,
All these together, sure, may favour move;
Sprung from the fair Adonis' purple tide,
And Venus' tears, to both I am ally'd;
The rosy youth, the lov'd Adonis, stood
The pride and glory of the wood, [blood;
Till a boar's fatal tusk let out the precious
Into each flowing drop that still'd,
A falling tear the goddess spill'd,
Which to a bloody torrent swell'd:
The lovers' tears and blood combine,
As if they would in marriage join.
From such fair parents, and that wedding morn
Was I, their fairer offspring, born.
My force and pow'r, perhaps, you question now:
My power? why, I a handsome face can shew;
Besides, my heav'nly extract I can prove,
And that I'm sister to the god of Love.
The Crown Imperial (as she stepp'd aside)
Advanc'd with stately but becoming pride;
Not buskin'd heroes strut with nobler pride,
Nor gods in walking use a finer stride;
No friends or clients made her train, not one;
Conscious of native worth she came alone;
With an erect and sober countenance
In following terms she did her plea commence.

The Imperial Crown.

With furious heats and unbecoming rage,
Ye Flow'ry Nations! cease t' engage;
Since on my stately stem
Nature has plac'd th' Imperial diadem,
Why all these words in vain? why all this noise?
Be judg'd by Nature, and approve her choice.
Perhaps it does your envy move,
And to my right may hurtful prove,
That I an upstart novel Flower am,
Who have no rumbling hard Greek name,
Perhaps I may be thought
In some plebeian bed begot,
Because my lineage wears no stain,
Nor does romantic shameful stories feign
That I am sprung from Jove, or from his bastard strain.
I freely own I have not been
Long of your world a denizen;
But yet I reign'd for ages past,
In Persia and in Bactria plac'd,
The pride and joy of all the gardens of the East.

My Flow'r a large-fiz'd golden head does wear,
Much like the ball kings in their hands do bear,
Denoting fov'reign rule, and ſtriking fear.
My purple ſtalk I, like ſome ſceptre, wield,
Worthy in regal hands to ſhine,
Worthy of thine, great god of Wine!
When India to thy conquering arms did yield.
Beſides all this, I have a Flow'ry crown
My royal temples to adorn,
Whoſe buds a ſort of honey-liquor bear,
Which round the crown like ſtars or pearls appear:
Silver threads around it twine,
Saffron, like gold, with them does join;
And over all
My verdant hair does neatly fall.
Sometimes a threefold rank of Flowers
Grows on my top, like lofty towers.
Imperial ornaments I ſcorn,
And, like the Pope, affect a triple crown;
The Heav'ns look down, and envy earth
For teeming with ſo bright a birth;
For Ariadne's ſtarry crown
By mine is far outſhone,
And as they 'ave reaſon, let 'em envy on.
She thunder'd out her ſpeech, and walk'd to greet
The Judge, not falling meanly at her feet,
But as one goddeſs does another meet.

A Flow'r that would too happy be and bleſs'd,
Did but its odour anſwer all the reſt,
The Tulip! next appear'd, all over gay,
But wanton, full of pride, and full of play;
The world can't ſhew a dye but here has place,
Nay, by new mixtures ſhe can change her face.
Purple and gold are both beneath her care,
The richeſt needle-work ſhe loves to wear;
Her only ſtudy is to pleaſe the eye,
And to outſhine the reſt in finery;
Oft' of a mode or colour weary grown,
By which their family had long been known,
They'll change their faſhion ſtraight, I know not how,
And with much pain in other colours go;
As if Medea's furnace they had paſs'd,
(She without Plants old Æſon ne'er new-caſt)
And tho' they know this change will mortal prove,
They'll venture yet---to change ſo much they love.
Such love to beauty, ſuch the thirſt of praiſe,
That welcome death before inglorious days!
The cauſe by all was to the White aſſign'd,
Whether, becauſe the rareſt of the kind,
Or elſe, becauſe ev'ry petitioner,
In ancient times, for office, white did wear.

The Tulip.

Somewhere in Horace, if I don't forget,
(Flow'rs are no foes to poetry and wit,
For us that tribe the like affection bear,
And of all men the greateſt Florids are)
We find a wealthy man
Whoſe wardrobe did five thouſand ſuits contain;
He counted that a vaſt prodigious ſtore,
But I that number have twice told, and more.
Whate'er in ſpring the teeming earth commands;
What colours e'er the painted pride of birds,
Or various lights the gliſt'ring gem affords,
Cut by the artful lapidary's hands;
Whate'er the curtains of the heav'ns can ſhew,
Or light lays dyes upon the varniſh'd bow,
Reb'd in as many veſts I ſhine,
In ev'ry thing bearing a princely mien.
Pity I muſt the Lily and the Roſe,
(And the laſt bluſhes at her threadbare clothes)
Who think themſelves ſo highly bleſs'd,
Yet have but one poor tatter'd veſt.
Theſe ſtudious, unambitious things, in brief,
Would fit extremely well a college-life,
And when the god of Flow'rs a charter grants,
Admiſſion ſhall be given to theſe Plants:
Kings ſhould have plenty and ſuperfluous ſtore,
Whilſt thrift neſs becomes the poor.
Hence Spring himſelf does chiefly me regard:
Will any Flow'r refuſe to ſtand to his award?
Me for whole months he does retain,
And keeps me by him all his reign;
Careſs'd by Spring, the ſeaſon of the year
Which before all to Love is dear.
Beſides, the god of Love himſelf's my friend,
Not for my face alone, but for another end;
Lov'd by the god upon a private ſcore,
I know for what---but ſay no more.
But why ſhould I
Become ſo ſilent or ſo ſhy?
We Flow'rs were by no peeviſh fire begot,
Nor from that frigid ſullen tree did ſprout,
So fam'd in Ceres' ſacred rites;
Nor in moroſeneſs Flora's ſelf delights.
My root, like oil in ancient games, prepares
Lovers for battle, or thoſe ſofter wars;
My quick'ning heat their ſluggiſh veins inſpires
With vigorous and ſprightly fires;
Had but chaſte Lucrece us'd the ſame,
The night before bold Tarquin try'd his flame,
Upon record ſhe ne'er a fool had been,
But would have liv'd to reap the pleaſure once again.

The goddeſs, conſcious of the truth, a while
Contain'd, but then was ſeen to bluſh and ſmile.
The Flower-de-luce next loos'd her heav'nly tongue,
And thus, amidſt her ſweet companions, ſung.

Iris; or, The Flower-de-luce.

If empire is to beauty due,
(And that in Flow'rs, if any where, holds true)
Then I by nature was deſign'd for reign,
Elſe nature made a beauteous face in vain.
Beſides, I boaſt a ſparkling gem,
And brighter goddeſs of my name.
My lofty front towards the heav'ns I bear,
And repreſent the ſky, when 'tis ſerene and clear.
To me a godlike pow'r is given
With a mild face reſembling heav'n;
And in the kingly ſtyle no dignity
Sounds better than Serenity!
Beauty and Envy oft' together go;
Handſome myſelf, I help make others ſo *;

* The Juice of the root takes away freckles and morphews.

Both gods and men of the moſt curious eyes
With ſecret pleaſure I ſurpriſe;
Nor do I leſs oblige the noſe
With fragrance from my root that blows.
Not Sibaris or ſoft Capua did know
A choicer Flow'r for ſmell or ſhew,
Though both with pleaſure of all kinds did flow.
I own the Violet and the Roſe
Divineſt odours both diſcloſe;
The Saffron and Stockgillyflower,
With many more;
Yet yet none can ſo ſweet a root produce *.
My upper parts are trim and fair,
My lower breathe a grateful air.
I am a Flow'r for ſight, a drug for uſe.
Soft as I am, amidſt this luxury,
Before me rough diſeaſes fly.
Thus a bold Amazon with virgin-face,
Troops of daſtard men will chaſe:
Thus Mars and Venus often greet,
And in ſingle Pallas meet:
Equal to her in beauty's charms,
And not to him inferior in arms.
By ſecret virtue and reſiſtleſs power
Thoſe whom the jaundice ſeizes, I reſtore;
Though moiſt with unguent, and inclin'd to love,
I rather was for luxury deſign'd;
And yet, like ſome enraged lioneſs,
Before my painted arms the yellow foe does haſte.
The Dropſy headlong makes away
As ſoon as I my arms diſplay,
The Dropſy, which man's microcoſm drowns,
Pulling up all the ſluices in its rounds;
I follow it through ev'ry winding vein,
And make it quit in haſte the delug'd man.
The nation of the Jews, a pious folk,
Though our gods they don't invoke,
And not to you, ye Plants! unknown
I' th' days of that great floriſt Solomon,
Tell us that Jove, to cheer the drooping ball,
After the flood a promiſe paſt,
That ſo long as earth ſhould laſt,
No future deluge on the world ſhould fall;
And as a ſeal to this obliging grant,
The rainbow in the ſky did plant.
I am that bow, in poor hydropic man
The ſame refreſhing hopes contain;
I look as gay, and ſhew as fine,
I am the thing of which that only is the ſign:
My Plant performs the ſame,
Towards man's little worldly frame;
And when within him I appear,
He needs no deluge from a dropſy fear.

The Peony then, with large red Flow'r, came on,
And brought no train but his lov'd mate alone;
Numbers could not make him the cauſe eſpouſe,
'Las! the whole nation made but one poor houſe;
Nor did her coſtly wardrobe pride inſpire,
All dreſs'd alike, all did one colour wear;
And yet he wanted not for majeſty,
Appearing with a ſober gravity;
For he advanc'd his purple forehead, which
A Flower with thouſand foldings did enrich:
Some love to call it the Illuſtrious Plant,
And we may well, I think, that title grant;
Phyſicians in their public writing ſhew
What praiſe is to the firſt inventor due.
Pæon † was doctor to the gods, they ſay,
By the whole college honour'd to this day:
With her own merits, and this mighty name,
Hearten'd and buoy'd, ſhe thus maintain'd her claim.

Pæonia; the Peony.

If the fond Tulip, ſwell'd with pride,
In her fool's coat of motely colours dy'd
If lov'd Adonis' Flower, the Celandine,
Would proudly be preferr'd to mine,
Then let Jove's bird, the eagle, quit the field,
The thunder to the painted peacock yield;
Then let the tyrant of the woods be gone,
The lion yield to the cameleon.
You'll ſay, perhaps, the nymphs make much of you,
They gather me for garlands too:
And yet, do ye think I value that?
Not I, by Flora! not a jot.
Virtue and courage are the valuable things
On difficult occaſions ſhewn:
Not painted arms ennoble kings;
Virtue alone gives luſtre to a crown.
Hence I the known Herculean diſeaſe,
The falling-ſickneſs, cure with eaſe,
Which, like the club that hero once did wear,
Down with one ſingle blow mankind does bear.
I fancy hence the ſtory riſe,
That Pluto, wounded once by Hercules,
My juice, infus'd by Pæon, gave him eaſe,
And did the groaning god appeaſe.
Pæon was fam'd, I'm ſure, for curing this diſeaſe.
Pluto is god of Hell; it ſhould ſeem
Prince of inexorable Death;
Now this diſeaſe is death! but not like him,
Without a ſting, plac'd in the ſhades beneath.
I ſhould be vain, extremely vain, indeed,
A quarrel on punctilios to breed,
Since a more noble Flow'r than I
The Sun in all his journey does not ſpy:
Nor do I go in Phyſic's beaten road,
By other Plants before me trod,
But in a way worthy a healing god.
I never with the foe come hand to hand;
My odour death does at a diſtance ſend;
Hung round the neck, ſtraight, without more ado,
I put to flight the rampant foe:
I neither come (what think you, Cæſar! now)
Nor view the camp, and yet can overthrow.
She ſpoke, and bow'd, and ſo the court forſook.
Her conſort follow'd with a bluſhing look;
When ſtraight a fragrant air of ſtrong perfume,
And a new luſtre, darted through the room.
No wonder, for the Roſe did next appear;
Spring wiſely plac'd his beſt and choiceſt troops i' the rear.
Some wild in woods, yet worth and beauty ſhew,
Such as might in Heſperian gardens grow.

* Of the root is made that called Powder of Cyprus, or Orris Powder.

† Homer ſays, Pæon cured Pluto with this Plant when he was wounded by Hercules.

Nought by experience than the Wood Rose found,
Better to cure a mad dog's pois'nous wound:
This brings away the gravel and the stone,
And gives you ease though to a quarry grown.
The beauteous Garden Rose she did not shame,
Though better bred, and of a softer name;
Which in four squadrons drawn, the Damask Rose,
In name of all the rest maintain'd the cause;
Which sprung, they say, from Syrian Venus' blood ¶,
Long time the pride of rich Damascus stood.

The Rose.

And who can doubt my race, says she,
Who on my face Love's token see!
The god of Love is always soft, and always young;
I am the same; then to his blood what wrong?
My brother winged does appear;
I leaves instead of wings do wear:
He's drawn with lighted torches in his hand;
Upon my top bright flaming glories stand.
The Rose has prickles, so has Love,
Though these a little sharper prove:
There's nothing in the world above, or this below,
But would for Rosy-colour'd go;
This is the dye that still does please
Both mortal maids and heav'nly goddesses:
I am the standard by which beauty's try'd,
The wish of Chloe, and immortal Juno's pride.
The bright Aurora, queen of all the East,
Proud of her Rosy fingers is confess'd;
When from the gates of Light the rising Day
Breaks forth, his constant rounds to go,
The winged Hours prepare the way,
And Rosy clouds before him strow.
The windows of the sky with Roses shine;
I am Day's ornament as well as sign;
And when the glorious pomp and tour is o'er,
I greet it posting to the Western shore.
The god of Love, we must allow,
Should tolerably beauty know:
Yet never from those cheeks he goes,
Where he can spy the blushing Rose.
Thus the wise bee will never dwell
(That, like the god of Love, has wings;
That, too, has honey, that has stings)
On vulgar Flow'rs that have no grateful smell.
Tell me, bless'd Lover! what's a kiss,
Without a Rosy lip create the bliss?
Nor do I only charming sweets dispense,
But bear arms in my own and man's defence:
I, without the patient's pain,
Man's body, that Augean stable, clean;
Not with a rough and pressing hand,
As thunder-storms from clouds command,
But as the dew and gentle showers
Dissolving light on Herbs and Flowers:
Nor of a short and fading date,
Was I the less design'd for rule and state;
Let proud ambitious Floramour,
Usurping on the gods' immortal name,
Joy to be styl'd the Everlasting Flower,
I ne'er knew yet that plant that near to Nestor came.
We too, too bless'd, too pow'rful should be grown,
Which would but envy raise,
If we could say our beauty were our own,
Or boast long life and many days.
But why should I complain of Fate
For giving me so short a date?
Since Flowers, the emblems of mortality,
All the same way and manner die:
But the kind gods above forbid
That Virtue e'er a grave should find;
And though the Fatal Sisters cut my thread,
My odour, like the soul, remains behind.
To a dead lion a live worm's preferr'd,
Though once the king of all the savage herd.
After my death I still excel
The best of Flowers that are alive and well:
If that the name of dead will bear,
From whose mere corpse does come,
(Like the dead body's still-surviving heir)
So sweet a smell and strong perfume.
Let them invent a thousand ways
My mangled corpse to vex and squeeze,
Though in a sweating limbec pent,
My ashes shall preserve their scent.
Like a dead monarch to the grave I come,
Nature embalms me in my own perfume.
She spoke; a virgin blush came o'er her face,
And an ambrosian scent flew round the place;
But that which gave her words a finer grace,
Not without some constraints she seem'd to tell her praise.
Her rivals trembled; for the Judge's look
A secret pleasure and much kindness spoke.
The virgin did not for wellwishers lack,
Her kindred-squadrons stood behind her back:
The Yellow nearest stood, unfit for war,
Nor did the spoils of cur'd diseases bear;
The White was next, of great and good renown,
A kind assistant to the eye-sight known,
The third, a mighty warrior, was the Red,
Which terribly her bloody banner spread:
She binds the flux with her restringent arts,
And stops the humours' journey to those parts;
She brings a present and a sure relief
To head and heart, the fountains both of life:
The fever's fires by her are mildness taught,
And the hagg'd man to sweet composure brought.
By help of this, Jason of old, we read,
Yok'd and subdu'd the Bulls of fiery breed:
One dose to sleep the watchful Dragon sent,
By which no more but an high fever's meant.
Between this squadron and the White, we're told,
A long and grievous strife commenc'd of old;
Strife is too soft a word for many years,
Cruel, unnatural, and bloody, wars:
The fam'd Pharsalian fields, twice dy'd in blood,
Ne'er of a nobler quarrel witness stood;
The thirst of empire, ground of most our wars,
Was that which solely did occasion theirs;

¶ The rose is said at first to have grown white only, till Venus, running after Adonis, to succour her legs upon its thorns, and staining the flower with her blood.

For the Red Roſe could not an equal bear,
And the White would of no ſuperior hear:
The chiefs by York and Lancaſter ¶ upheld,
With civil rage harraſs'd the Britiſh field.
What madneſs drew ye, Roſes! to engage,
Kin againſt kin, to ſpend your thorns and rage?
Go, turn your arms where you may triumph gain,
And fame, unſully'd with a bluſhing ſtain;
See the French Lily ſpoils and waſtes your ſhore;
Go, conquer there, where you 'ave twice beat before:
Whilſt the Scotch Thiſtle, with audacious pride,
Taking advantage, gores your bleeding ſide.
Do Roſes no more ſenſe and prudence own,
Than to be fighting for domeſtic crown?
From Venus you much of the mother bear,
You both take pleaſure in the god of War;

¶ The Civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, of which the firſt bore the White Roſe, and the other the Red, coſt more Engliſh blood than did twice conquering France.

I now begin to think the fable true,
That Mars ſprung from a Flow'r, fulfill'd by you.
War ravages the field, and like the furious boar,
That turns up all the garden's beauteous ſtore,
O'erthrows the trees and hedges, and does wound
With his ungentle tuſk the bleeding ground;
Roots up the Saffron and the Violet bed,
And feaſts upon the gaudy Tulip's head:
You'd grieve to ſee a beauteous plat ſo ſoon
Into confuſion by a monſter thrown.
But, oh, my Muſe! oh, whither do'ſt thou tow'r!
This is a flight too high for thee to ſoar;
The harmleſs ſtriſe of Plants, their wanton play,
Thy pipe perhaps may well enough eſſay;
But for their wars, that is a theme ſo great,
Rather for Lucan's martial trumpet fit;
To him that ſung the Theban brothers' death,
To Maro, or ſome ſuch, that taſk bequeath.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK IV. OF FLOWERS.

TRANSLATED BY N. TATE.

HAPPY the man whom, from ambition free'd,
A little field and little garden feed:
The field does frugal Nature's wants supply,
The garden furniſhes for luxury:
What farther ſpecious clogs of life remain,
He leaves for fools to ſeek, and knaves to gain.
This happy life did th' old Corycian chooſe,
A life deſerving Maro's noble Muſe;
This happy life did wiſe Abdol'm'nus charm,
The mighty monarch of a little farm.
While hoeing weeds that on his walks encroach'd,
Great Alexander's meſſenger approach'd;
"Receive," ſaid he, "the enſigns of a crown
"A ſceptre, mitre, and Sidonian gown."
To empire call'd, unwillingly he goes,
And longing looks back on his cottage throws.
Thus Aglaus' farm did frequent viſits find
From gods, himſelf a ſtranger to mankind.
Gyges, the richeſt king of former times,
(Wicked, and ſwelling with ſucceſsful crimes)
"Is there," ſaid he, "a man more bleſs'd than I?"
Thus challeng'd he the Delphic deity.
"Yes, Aglaus," the plain-dealing god reply'd:
"Aglaus! who's he?" the angry monarch cry'd.
"Say, is there any king ſo call'd?" "There's none;
"No king was ever by that title known,
"Or any great commander of that name,
"Or hero, who with gods does kindred claim;
"Or any who does ſuch vaſt wealth enjoy,
"As all his luxury can ne'er deſtroy.
"Renown'd for arms, for wealth, or birth, no man
"Was found call'd Aglaus: who's this Aglaus,
"then?"
At laſt, in the retir'd Arcadian plains,
(Silence and ſhades ſurround Arcadian ſwains)
Near Ptophis town (where he but once had been)
At plough this man of happineſs was ſeen;
In this retirement was that Aglaus found,
Envy'd by kings, and by a god renown'd.
Almighty Pow'r! if lawful it may be,
Amongſt fictitious gods to mention thee,
Before encroaching age too far intrude,
Let this ſweet ſcene my life's dull farce conclude!
With this ſweet cloſe my uſeleſs toil be bleſs'd,
My long toſs'd bark in that calm ſtation reſt.
Once more my Muſe in wild digreſſion ſtrays,
Ne'er ſatisfy'd with dear Retirement's praiſe.
A pleaſant road—but from our purpoſe wide;
Turn off, and to our point directly guide.
Of Summer-flow'rs a mighty hoſt remain,
With thoſe which Autumn muſters on the plain,
Who with joint forces fill the ſhining field,
Grudging that Spring ſhould equal numbers yield
To both their liſts, or, 'cauſe ſome Plants had been
Under the ſervice of both ſeaſons ſeen.
Of theſe, my Muſe! rehearſe the chief, (for all,
Though Mem'ry's daughter thou can'ſt ne'er recall)
The ſpikes of Summer's corn thou may'ſt as well,
Or ev'ry grape of fruitful Autumn tell.
The flamy Panſy uſhers Summer in,
His friendly march with Summer does begin;
Autumn's companion too, (ſo Proſerpine
Hides half the year, and half the year is ſeen)
The Violet is leſs beautiful than thee,
That of one colour boaſts, and thou of three:
Gold, ſilver, purple, are thy ornament, [ſcent.
Thy rivals thou might'ſt ſcorn, hadſt thou but
The Heſperis aſſumes a Violet's name,
To that which juſtly from the Heſper came;
Heſper does all thy precious ſweets unfold,
Which coyly thou didſt from the day withhold:
In him more than the ſun thou tak'ſt delight;
To him, like a kind bride, thou yield'ſt thy ſweet
at night.
The Anthemis, a ſmall but glorious Flow'r,
Scarce rears his head, yet has a giant's tow'r;
Forces the lurking fever to retreat,
(Enſconc'd, like Cacus' in his ſmoky ſeat)
Recruits the feeble joints, and gives them eaſe;
He makes the burning inundation ceaſe;

And when his force againſt the ſtone is ſent,
He breaks the rock, and gives the waters vent.
Not thunder finds through rocks ſo ſwift a courſe,
Nor gold the rampir'd town ſo ſoon can force.
Bluebottle, thee my numbers fain would raiſe,
And thy complexion challenges my praiſe;
Thy countenance, like Summer-ſkies, is fair
But, ah! how diff'rent thy vile manners are!
Ceres for this excludes thee from my ſong,
And ſwains, to gods and me a ſacred throng:
A freach'rous gueſt, deſtruction thou doſt bring
To th' hoſpitable field where thou doſt ſpring:
Thou blunt'ſt the very reaper's ſickle, and ſo
In life and death becom'ſt the farmer's foe.
The Fenel Flow'r does next our ſong invite,
Dreadful at once, and lovely to the ſight:
His beard all briſtly, all unkemb'd his hair,
Ev'n his wreath'd horns the ſame rough aſpect bear
His viſage, too, a war'riſh blue adorns,
Like Achelous, e'er his head wore horns:
Nor without reaſon, (prudent Nature's care
Gives Plants a form that might their uſe declare)
Dropſies it cures, and makes moiſt bodies dry,
It bids the waters paſs, the frighted waters fly;
Does through the body's ſecret channels run,
A water-goddeſs in the little world of man.
But ſay, Corn Violet, why thou doſt claim
Of Venus' Looking-glaſs the pompous name?
Thy ſtudded purple vies, I muſt confeſs,
With the moſt noble and Patrician dreſs;
Yet wherefore Venus' Looking-glaſs? that name
Her offspring Roſe did ne'er preſume to claim.
Antirrhinon, more modeſt, takes the ſtyle
Of Lion's-mouth, ſometimes of Calf-ſnout vile,
By us Snapdragon call'd, to make amends,
But ſay what this chimera name intends?
Thou well deſerv'ſt it, if, as old wives ſay,
Thou driv'ſt nocturnal ghoſts and ſprights away.
Why does thy head, Napellus! armour wear?
Thy guilt, perfidious Plant! creates thy fear:
Thy helmet we could willingly allow,
But thou, alas! haſt mortal weapons too!
But wherefore arm'd, as if for open fight,
Who work'ſt by ſecret poiſon all thy ſpite?
Helmet 'gainſt helmet juſtly thou doſt wear,
Blue Anthora, upon thy lovely hair; [ſhield;
This cov'ring from fell wounds thy front does
With ſuch a headpiece Pallas goes to field.
What God to thee ſuch baneful force allow'd,
With ſuch heroic piety endow'd?
Thou poiſon'ſt more than e'er Medea flew,
Yet no ſuch antidote Medea knew.
Nor pow'rful only 'gainſt thy own dire harms,
Thy virtue ev'ry noxious Plant diſarms:
Serpents are harmleſs creatures made by thee,
And Africa itſelf is from poiſon free.
Air, earth, and ſeas, with ſecret taint oppreſs'd,
Diſcharge themſelves of the unwelcome gueſt;
Or, wretched us they ſhed the deadly bane,
Who die by them that ſhould our life maintain:
Then Nature ſeems to 'ave learnt the pois'ning trade,
Our common parent our ſtepmother made:
'Tis then the ſickly world perceives thy aid;
By thy prevailing force the plague is ſtaid.
A noble ſtriſe 'twixt Fate and thee we find,
That to deſtroy, thou to preſerve mankind.
Into thy liſts, thou martial Plant! admit
Goat's-rue, Goat's-rue is for thy ſquadrons fit.
Thy beauty, Campion! very much may claim,
But of Greek Roſe how didſt thou gain the name?
The Greeks were ever privileg'd to tell
Untruths they call thee Roſe, who haſt no ſmell:
Yet formerly thou waſt in garlands worn,
Thy ſtarry beams our temples ſtill adorn.
Thou crown'ſt our feaſts, where we in mirth ſuppoſe,
And in our drink allow, thee for a Roſe
The Chalcedonian ſoil did once produce
A Lychnis of much greater ſize and uſe;
Form'd like a ſconce, where various branches riſe,
Bearing more lights than Juno's bird has eyes:
Like thoſe in palaces, whoſe golden light
Strikes up, and makes the gilded roofs more bright:
This great men's tables ſerves, while that's preſerr'd
To altars, and the god's celeſtial board.
Should Maro aſk me in what region ſprings
The race of Flow'rs inſcrib'd with names of kings?
I anſwer, that of Flow'rs deſerv'dly crown'd
With royal titles many may be found;
The Royal Looſe-ſtriſe, Royal Gentian, grace
Our gardens, proud of ſuch a princely race.
Soapwort! though coarſe thy name, thou doſt excel
In form, and art enrich'd with fragrant ſmell:
As great in virtue, too, for thou giv'ſt eaſe
In dropſies and fair Venus' foul diſeaſe;
Yet doſt not ſervile offices decline,
But condeſcend'ſt to make our kitchens ſhine.
Rome's great Dictator thus, his triumph paſs'd,
Return'd to plough, nor thought his pomp debas'd;
The ſame right-hand guides now the humble ſtive,
And oxen yokes that did fierce nations drive.
Next comes the Flow'r in figure of a bell;
Thy ſportive meaning, Nature! who can tell?
In theſe what muſic, Flora! doſt thou find?
Say for what jocund rites they are deſign'd.
By us theſe bells are never heard to ſound
Our ears are dull, and ſtupid is our mind;
Nature is all a riddle to mankind.
Some Flow'rs give men as well as gods delight,
Theſe qualify, nor ſmell, nor taſte, nor ſight;
Why, therefore, ſhould not our fifth ſenſe be ſerv'd?
Or is that pleaſure for the gods reſerv'd?
But of all Bell-flow'rs Bindweed does ſurpaſs,
Of brighter metal than Corinthian braſs.
My muſe grows hoarſe, and can no longer ſing:
But Throatwort haſtes her kind relief to bring;
The Colleges with dignity inſtal
This Flow'r; at Rome he is a Cardinal.
The Foxglove on fair Flora's hand is worn,
Left while ſhe gathers Flow'rs ſhe meet a thorn;
Loveapple, though its Flow'r leſs fair appears,
Its golden fruit deſerves the name it bears:
But this is new in love, where the true crop
Proves nothing; all the pleaſure was i' th' hope.
The Indian Flow'ry Reed in figure vies,
And luſtre, with the Canter of the Skies.

The Indian Creſs our climate now does bear,
Call'd Lark's-heel, 'cauſe he wears a horſeman's ſpur.
This gilt-ſpur knight prepares his courſe to run,
Taking his ſignal from the riſing ſun,
And ſtimulates his Flow'r to meet the day;
So Caſtor mounted, ſpurs his ſteed away.
This warrior, ſure, has in ſome battle been,
For ſpots of blood upon his breaſt are ſeen.
Had Ovid ſeen him, how would he have told
His hiſtory, a taſk for me too bold?
His race at large and fortunes had expreſs'd,
And whence thoſe bleeding ſignals on thy breaſt:
From later bards ſuch myſteries are hid,
Nor does the god inſpire as heretofore he did.
With the ſame weapon, Larkſpur! thou doſt mount
Amongſt the Flow'rs, a knight of high account;
To want thoſe warlike enſigns were a ſhame
For thee, who kindred doſt with Ajax claim:
Of unarm'd Flow'rs he could not be the fire,
Who for the loſs of armour did expire.
Of th' ancient Hyacinth thou keep'ſt the form,
Thoſe lovely creatures, that ev'n Phœbus charm;
In thee thoſe ſkilful letters ſtill appear,
That prove thee Ajax his undoubted heir.
That upſtart Flow'r that has uſurp'd thy fame,
O'ercome by thee, is forc'd to quit his claim.
The Lily too, would fain thy rival be,
And brings, 'tis true, ſome ſigns that well agree.
But in complexion differs much from thee.
At ſpring thou may'ſt adorn the Aſian bow'rs;
We reap thee here among our Summer-flow'rs:
But Martagon a bolder challenge draws,
And offers reaſon to ſupport his cauſe;
Nor did Achilles' armour e'er create
Twixt Ajax and Ulyſſes ſuch debate,
So fierce, ſo great, as at this day we ſee,
For Ajax' ſpoils, 'twixt Martagon and thee.
That baſtard Dittany, of ſanguine hue,
From Hector's reeking blood conception drew;
I cannot ſay but ſtill a crimſon ſtain
Tinctures its ſkin, and colours every vein.
In man the three chief ſeats it does maintain,
Defends the heart, the ſtomach, and the brain:
But all in vain thy virtue is employ'd
To ſave a town muſt be at laſt deſtroy'd;
In vain thou fight'ſt with Heav'n and Deſtiny,
Our Troy muſt fall, and thou our Hector die.
Next comes the Candy-tufts, a Cretan Flower,
That rivals Jove in country and in power.
The Pellitory healing fire contains,
That from a raging tooth the humour drains;
At bottom red, above 'tis white and pure,
Reſembling teeth and gums, for both a certain cure.
The Sowbread does afford rich food for ſwine,
Phyſic for man, and garlands for the ſhrine.
Mouſe-ear, like to its nameſake, loves t' abide
In places out o' the way, from mankind hid;
It loves the ſhade, and Nature kindly lends
A ſhield againſt the darts that Phœbus ſends:
'Tis with ſuch ſilky briſtles cover'd o'er,
The tend'reſt virgin's hand may crop the Flow'r:
From all its num'rous darts no hurt is found;
Its weapons know to cure, but not to wound.
Sweetwilliam ſmall, has form and aſpect bright,
Like that ſweet Flower that yields great Jove delight:
Had he majeſtic bulk, he'd now be ſtyl'd
Jove's Flower; and if my ſkill is not beguil'd,
He was Jove's Flower when Jove was but a child.
Take him with many Flow'rs in one conferr'd,
He's worthy Jove ev'n now he has a beard.
The Catchfly with Sweetwilliam we confound,
Whoſe nets the ſtragglers of the ſwarm ſurround;
Thoſe viſcous threads that hold th' entangled prey
From its own treach'rous entrails force their way.
Three branches in the Barrenwort are found,
Each branch again with three leſs branches crown'd;
The leaves and Flowers adorning each are three;
This frame muſt needs contain ſome ſacred myſtery.
Small are thy bloſſoms, Double Pellitory,
Which yet united are the garden's glory:
Sneezing thou doſt provoke, and Love for thee,
When thou wert born, ſneez'd moſt auſpiciouſly.
But thou that from fair Mella tak'ſt thy name,
Thy front ſurrounded with a ſtarlike flame,
Scorn not the meads, for from the meads are horne
Wreaths, which the temples of the gods adorn;
Kind ſuſtenance thou yields the labouring bee,
When ſcarce thy mother-Earth affords it thee:
Thy winter ſtore in hardeſt months is found,
And more than once with Flow'rs in ſummer crown'd;
Thy root ſupplies the place of Flow'rs decay'd,
And fodder for the fainting hive is made.
Behold a monſter loathſome to the eye,
Of ſlender bulk, but dang'rous policy;
Eight legs it bears, three joints in every limb,
That nimbly move, and dex'trouſly can climb;
Its trunk (all belly) round, deform'd, and ſwell'd,
With fatal nets and deadly poiſon fill'd;
For gnats and wand'ring flies ſhe ſpreads her toils,
And, robber-like, lives high on raviſh'd ſpoils:
The city-ſpider, as more civiliz'd,
With this leſs hurtful practice is ſuffic'd.
With greater fury the tarantula,
Tho' ſmall itſelf, makes men and beaſts its prey,
Takes firſt our reaſon, then our life away.
Thou, ſpiderwort! doſt with the monſter ſtrive,
And from the conquer'd ſoe thy name derive.
Thus Scipio, when the world's third part he won,
While to the ſpoils the meaner captains run,
The only plunder he deſir'd was fame,
And from the vanquiſh'd foe to take his name.
The Marvail of the World comes next in view,
At home, but ſtyl'd the Marvail of Peru:
(Boaſt not too much, proud Soil! thy mines of gold,
Thy veins much wealth, but more of poiſon hold)
Bring o'er the root, our colder earth has power
In its full beauty to produce the Flower;
But yields for iſſue no prolific ſeed,
And ſcorns in foreign lands to plant and breed.
The holyhoc diſdains the common ſize
Of Herbs, and like a tree does proudly riſe;
Proud ſhe appears, but try her, and you'll find
No Plant more mild, or friendly to mankind;
She gently all obſtructions does unbind.
The Africans their rich leaves cloſely fold,
Bright as their country's celebrated gold;

Each hollow leaf, envelop'd, does impart
The form of a gilt pipe, and seems a work of art:
Would kind Apollo once these pipes inspire,
They'd give such sounds as should surpass his lyre.
A more than common date this Flow'r enjoys,
And sees a month completed ere she dies.
These only Fate permits so long to stand,
And crops 'em then with an unwilling hand.
The calyx where her fertile seeds are laid
In likeness of a painted quiver made,
With store of arrows, too, this quiver's grac'd,
And decently on Flora's shoulder plac'd.
When she in gardens hunts the butterfly,
In vain the wretch his sunburnt wings does try,
Secure enough, did fear not make him fly:
Himself would seem a Flow'r, if motionless,
And cheat the goddess with his gaudy dress;
Retreating, the keen spike his sides does goad,
To earth he falls, a light and unfelt load.

Such was the punic Caltha, which of yore,
Of Juno's Rose the lofty title bore:
Of famous Carthage, now by Fate bereft,
This last (and surely) greatest pride is left.
How vain, O Flow'rs! your hopes and wishes be,
Borne like yourselves by rapid winds away:
Once you had hopes, at Hannibal's return
From vanquish'd Rome, his triumphs to adorn,
And ev'n imperious Carthage' head surround,
When she the Mistress of the World was crown'd;
Presum'd that Flora would for you declare,
Though she that time a Latian goddess were:
But now, alas! reduc'd to private state, [fate.
Thou shar'st, poor Flow'r! thy captive country's

Why, Hollyrose! dost thou, of slender frame,
And without scent, assume a Rose's name?
Fate on thy pride a swift revenge does bring,
The day beholds thee dead that sees the spring;
Yet to the shades thy soul triumphing goes,
Boasting that thou didst imitate the Rose.

A better claim Sweet Cistus may pretend,
Whose sweating leaves a fragrant balsam send.
To crop this Plant the wicked goat presumes,
Whose fetid beard the precious balm perfumes;
But in revenge of the unhallow'd theft,
The caitiff is of his larded beard bereft.
Baldness thou dost redress, nor are we sure
Whether the beard or balsam gives the cure.

Thy ointment, Jessamine! without abuse
Is gain'd, yet grave old sots condemn the use;
Though Jove himself, when he is most enrag'd,
With thy ambrosial odour is assuag'd.
Capricious men! why should that scent displease,
That is so grateful to the deities?

Flora herself to th' Orange-tree lays claim,
Calls it her own, Pomona does the same;
Hard words ensue (for under sense of wrong
Ev'n goddesses themselves can find a tongue)
If apples please you so, Pomona cries,
Take your Loveapple, and let that suffice;
To claim another's right is harlots' trade,
So may a goddess of an harlot made.

And on what score, Flora, incens'd, reply'd,
Were you by kind Vertumnus deify'd?
You kept (no thanks) your maiden-virtue, when
He was a matron, when a youth---what then?
Such fragrant fruits as these may Flow'rs be call'd
And henceforth with that name shall be install'd.
On sundry sorts of pulse we do bestow
That title, though in open field they grow,
As others oft' are in the garden seen,
Witness the Everlasting Pease and Scarlet Bean.

The vulgar Bean's sweet scent who does not prize?
With ivory forehead, and with jet-black eyes,
Amongst our garden-beauties may appear,
If gardens only their cheap crop did bear.
Pythagoras, not rightly understood,
Has left a scandal on the noble food.
Take care, henceforth, ye Sages! to speak true;
Speak truth, and speak intelligibly too.

Lupine, unsteep'd, to harshness does incline,
And, like old Cato, is of temper rough,
But drench the pulse in water, him in wine,
They'll lose their sourness, and grow mild enough.
These Flowers, and thousands more, whose num'rous tribe
And pompous march 'twere endless to describe.
The Mandrake only imitates our walk,
And on two legs erect is seen to stalk.
This monster struck Bellona's self with awe,
When first the man-resembling Plant she saw.

The Waterlily still is wanting here;
What cause can Waterlily have to fear,
Where beauties of inferior rank appear?
Her form excels, and, for nobility,
The whole Assembly might her vassals be:
A water-nymph she was, Alcides' bride,
(Who sprung from gods, himself now deify'd)
This cost her dear—by love of him betray'd,
The water-goddess a poor Plant was made:
From this misfortune she does trifling prove,
And to this hour she hates the name of Love:
All freedom she renounces, mirth and play,
That to more close embraces lead the way:
And since our Flora's former pranks are known,
(if in a goddess we such crimes may own)
In life the common mistress of the town:
She scorns at the tribunal to be seen,
Nor would on terms so scandalous be queen:
To be from earth divorc'd she'd rather choose,
And to the Sun her wither'd root expose.

Thee, Maracot ¶! a much more sacred cause
From these profane ridic'lous rites withdraws;
With signals of a real god adorn'd,
Poets' and painters' gods by thee are scorn'd.
T' unfold the emblems of this mystic Flower,
Transcends, alas! my feeble Muse's power;
But Nature, sure, by chance did ne'er bestow
A form so diff'rent from all Plants that grow.
Enrob'd with ten white leaves, the proper dress
Of Virgins chaste, and sacred priestesses,
Twice round her twofold selvage you may view
A purple ring, the sacred martyr's hue:
Thick sprouting stems of ruddy Saffron-grain
Strive to conceal the Flow'r, but strive in vain.
This coronet, of ruby spikes compos'd,
The thorny blood-stain'd crown may be suppos'd;

¶ "Flos Passionis Christi." The Passion Flower; or Virginian Climber. The first of these names was given it by the Jesuits, who pretended to find in it all the instruments of our Lord's passion; not so easily discerned by men of sense not so fine as they.

The blood-ſtain'd pillar, too, a curious eye
May there behold, and if you cloſely pry, [ſpy,
The ſpunge, the nails, the ſcourge, thereon you'll
And knobs reſembling a crown'd head deſcry.
So deep in earth the root deſcends, you'd ſwear
It meant to viſit hell, and triumph there:
In ev'ry ſoil it grows, as if it meant
To ſtretch its conqueſt to the world's extent.
Beſide the forenam'd candidates, but few
Remain'd, and moſt of them were modeſt too;
But where ſuch fragrant rivals did appear,
Who would have thought to find rank Moly there?
Amongſt competitors of ſuch fair note,
Sure Garlic only will for Moly vote:
Yet ſomething 't was (and Plants themſelves con-
The honour great) that Homer did expreſs [feſs
Her famous name in his immortal ſong:
Swell'd with this pride, ſhe preſſes through the throng.
Deep ſilence o'er the whole aſſembly ſpreads,
Whilſt with unſav'ry breath her title thus ſhe pleads.

Moly.

To find a name for me the gods took care,
A myſtic name, that might my worth declare:
They call me Moly: dull grammarians' ſenſe
Is puzzled with the term———
But Homer held divine intelligence.
In Greek and Latin both my name is Great;
The term is juſt, but Moly ſounds more neat:
My pow'rs prevented Circe's dire deſign;
Ulyſſes but for me had been a ſwine;
In vain had Mercury inſpir'd his brain
With craft, and tipp'd his wheedling tongue in vain,
Had I not enter'd timely to his aid.
Thus Moly ſpoke, and would much more have ſaid;
But by miſchance (as if ſome angry power
Had ow'd her long a ſhame) a belch moſt four
Broke from her throat, perfuming all the Court,
And made her rivals unexpected ſport.
Her pompous name no longer can take place,
Her odour proves her of the Garlic race;
Forthwith, with one conſent the gibing throng
Set up their notes, and ſung the well known ſong.

" He that to cut his father's throat
" Did heretofore preſume,
" To 'ave Garlic cramm'd into his gut
" Receiv'd the dreadful doom."

Flora, to ſilence the tumultuous jeſt,
(Though ſecretly ſhe ſmil'd amongſt the reſt)
That ſhe herſelf would ſpeak, a ſign expreſs'd;
Then with ſweet grace into theſe accents broke,
Th' unhallow'd place perfuming while ſhe ſpoke.

Flora.

Homer I will not vain or careleſs call,
Though he no mention makes of me at all;
That he blameworthy was in this 'tis true,
But the Blind Bard gives other gods their due.
To doubt his truth were piety to ſlight;
Ev'n what of Moly he affirms is right.
I once had ſuch a Flower, but now bereft
O' the happineſs, the name is only left.
No ſooner men its wondrous virtue knew,
But jealous gods the pow'rful plant withdrew.
'Tis ſaid that Jove did Mercury chaſtiſe
For ſhewing to Ulyſſes ſuch a prize.
To ſay I ſaw him do it, I'll not preſume,
But witneſs am of Moly's unjuſt doom.
E'en to the ſhades below her root ſtrikes down,
As ſhe would make th' infernal world her own;
As from their native ſeats the fiends ſhe'd drive,
And, ſpite of flames and blaſting ſulphur, thrive.
Jove ſaw it, and ſaid, " Since fire can't ſtop thy courſe,
" We'll try ſome magic-water's ſtranger force."
Then calling Lympha to him, thus at large
Unfolds his mind, and gives the goddeſs charge:
" Thou know'ſt," ſaid he, " where Cicones reſide,
" There runs a marv'llous petrifying tide;
" Take of that ſtream (but largely take) and throw
" Where'er thou ſeeſt the wicked Moly grow;
" Our empire is not ſafe, her pow'r ſo large;
" Whole rivers therefore on her head diſcharge."
Lympha with lib'ral hand the liquor pours,
While thirſty Moly her own bane devours:
Her ſtem forthwith is turn'd (O prodigy!)
Into a pillar; where her Flower ſhould be
The ſculpture of a Flow'r is only ſhewn.
Poor Moly, thus transform'd to marble-ſtone,
The ſtory of her fate does ſtill preſent,
And ſtands in death her own ſad monument.
Here ended little Moly's mighty reign,
By jealous gods for too much virtue ſlain.
What wonder, then, if that bold Flow'r doth prove
The object of his wrath that rivall'd Jove;
That to embrace chaſte Juno did aſpire,
Gallant to a Goddeſs, of a god the ſire?
The vigorous Herb begat a deity,
A god like Jove himſelf for majeſty,
And one that thunders, too, as loud as he:
With one ſhort moment's touch begot him too,
That's more than ever threſhing Jove could do.
The Flow'r itſelf appears with warrior's mien,
(As much as can in growing Plants be ſeen)
With ſtabbing point and cutting edge 'tis made,
Like warlike weapon, and upon its blade
Are ruddy ſtains, like drops of blood, diſplay'd.
Its ſpikes of falchion-ſhape, are ſanguine too,
Its ſtem and front is all of bloody hue:
The root in form of any ſhield is ſpread,
A creſted helmet's plac'd upon its head:
Upon his ſtalk, ſtrings, bow and arrows grow,
A horſeman's ſpur upon his heel below.
Minerva I would have this warrior wed,
A warrior fit for chaſte Minerva's bed;
So might ſhe teem, yet keep her maidenhead.
My garden had but one of theſe, I own,
And therefore by the name of Phœnix known.
The herb that could increaſe Jove's mighty breed,
I' itſelf an eunuch was, and wanted ſeed.
Grieving that earth ſo rich a prize ſhould want,
I try'd all means to propagate the plant.

What cannot wit, what cannot art fulfil?
At leaſt where pow'rs divine would ſhew their ſkill.
One tender bulb another did ſucceed,
And my fair Phœnix now began to breed;
But mark th' event: Shall I expecting ſit,
Cries Jove, till this young ſprout more gods beget?
To have a rival in my heav'n, and ſee
An herb-race mingle with Jove's progeny?
A dreadful and blind monſter then does make,
That on his rival dire revenge might take;
Though leſs of ſize, ſhap'd like a foreſt boar,
And turns him looſe into my garden's ſtore.
What havoc did the ſavage make that day?
(I weep to think what flow'ry ruins lay)
With ſulphur's fume I ſtrove to drive him thence;
The fume of ſulphur prov'd too weak defence:
Great Spurge and Aſafœtida I try'd,
In vain, in vain, ſtrong Moly's ſcent apply'd;
Small vermine did his anceſtors ſuffice,
When they could catch a beetle 'twas a prize,
But ſuch coarſe fare this ſalvage does deſpiſe.
He like a ſwine of Epicurus' breed,
On the beſt dainties of my ſoil muſt feed.
Tulips of ten pounds price (ſo large and gay
Adorn'd my bow'r) he'd eat me ten a-day:
For twice the ſum I could not now ſupply
The like, though Jove himſelf ſhould come to buy.
Yet like a goddeſs I the damage bore
With courage, truſting to my art for more:
While, therefore, I contrive to trap the foe,
The wretch devours my precious Phœnix too:
Nor to devour the ſire is ſatisfy'd,
But tears the tender offſpring from his ſide.
O impious fact---Here Flora paus'd a while,
And from her eyes the cryſtal tears diſtil;
But, as became a goddeſs, check'd her grief,
And thus proceeds in language ſweet and brief.
Thee, Moly! Homer did perhaps devour, [poor,
For, to Heav'ns ſhame be't ſpoke, the Bard was
But in thy praiſe would ne'er vouchſafe to ſpeak;
From theſe examples, Moly! warning take:
To fatal honours ſeek not then to riſe,
'Tis dangerous claiming kindred with the ſkies;
Thou honeſt Garlic art, let that ſuffice:
Of country-growth own then thy earthly race,
Nor bring by pride on plants or man diſgrace.
She ſaid---and to the Lily, waiting by,
Gave ſign that ſhe her title next ſhould try.

White Lily.

Such as the lovely ſwan appears,
When riſing from the Trent or Thame,
And as aloft his plumes he rears,
Deſpiſes the leſs beauteous ſtream;
So when my joyful Flow'r is born,
And does its native glories ſhew,
Her clouded rival ſhe does ſcorn;
They're all but foils where Lilies grow.
Soon as the infant comes to light,
With harmleſs milk alone 'tis fed,
That from the innocence of white
A gentle temper may be bred.
The milky teat is firſt apply'd
To fierceſt creatures of the earth;
But I can boaſt a greater pride,
A goddeſs' milk produc'd my birth *.
When Juno, in the days of yore,
Did with this great Alcides teem,
Of milk the Goddeſs had ſuch ſtore,
The nectar from her breaſt did ſtream:
Whit'ning beyond the pow'r of art
The pavement where it lay,
Yet through the creviſes ſome part
Made ſhift to find its way.
The earth forthwith did pregnant prove,
With Lily-flow'rs ſupply'd,
That ſcarce the Milky-way above
With her in whiteneſs vy'd.
Thus did the race of man ariſe,
When ſparks of heav'nly fire,
Breaking through crannies in the ſkies,
Did earth's dull maſs inſpire.
Happy thoſe ſouls that can, like me,
Their native white retain,
Preſerve their heav'nly purity,
And wear no guilty ſtain.
Peace in my habit comes array'd,
My dreſs her daughters wear;
Hope and Joy in white are clad,
In ſable weeds Deſpair.
Thus Beauty, Truth, and Chaſtity,
Attir'd we always find;
Theſe in no female meet but me;
From me are ne'er diſjoin'd.
Nature on many flow'rs beſide
Beſtows a muddy white;
On me ſhe plac'd her greateſt pride,
All over clad in light.
Thus Lily ſpoke, and needleſs did ſuppoſe,
Secure of form, her virtues to diſcloſe.
Then follow'd Lilies of a diff'rent hue,
Who ('cauſe their beauty leſs than her's they knew)
From birth and high deſcent their title drew.
Of theſe the Martagon chief claim did bring,
(The noble Flow'r that did from Ajax ſpring)
But from the nobleſt hero's veins to flow,
Seem'd leſs than from a goddeſs' milk to grow.
At laſt the drowſy Poppy rais'd her head,
And ſleepily began her cauſe to plead:
Ambition ev'n the drowſy Poppy wakes,
Who thus to urge her merit undertakes.

Poppy.

O sleep! the gentle eaſe of grief,
Of care and toil the ſweet relief;
Like ſov'reign balm thou can'ſt reſtore,
When doctors give the patient o'er.
Thou to the wretched art a friend,
A gueſt that ne'er does harm intend;

* Jupiter, in order to make Hercules immortal, clapped him to Juno's breaſts while ſhe was aſleep. The luſty little rogue ſucked ſo hard, that too great a guſh of milk coming forth, ſome ſpilt upon the ſky, which made the Galaxy, or Milky-way, and out of ſome which fell to the earth aroſe the Lily.

In cottages mak'ſt thy abode;
To th' innocent thou art a god.
On earth with Jove bear'ſt equal ſway,
Thou rul'ſt the night, as Jove the day;
A middle ſtation thou doſt keep,
'Twixt Jove and Pluto, pow'rful Sleep!
As thou art juſt, and ſcorn'ſt to lie,
Confeſs before this company,
That by the virtue of my Flow'r
Thou holdeſt thy nocturnal pow'r.
Why do we call thee Loiterer,
Who fly'ſt ſo nimbly through the air?
The birds on wing confeſs thy force,
And ſtop in the middle of their courſe.
Thy empire, as the ocean wide,
Rules all that in the deep reſide;
That moving iſland of the main,
The whale, is fetter'd in thy chain.
The deſert lands thy pow'r declare,
Thou rul'ſt the lion, tiger, bear;
To mention theſe, alas! is vain,
O'er city-tyrants thou doſt reign.
The baſiliſk, whoſe looks deſtroy,
And nymph more fatal, if ſhe's coy;
Whoſe glances ſurer death impart
To her tormented lover's heart:
When Sleep commands, their charms give way,
His more prevailing force obey;
Their killing eyes they gently cloſe,
Diſarm'd by innocent repoſe.
That careful Jove does always wake,
The Poets ſay; a foul miſtake!
For when to pow'r the wicked riſe,
Can Jove look on with open eyes.
When Blood to Heav'n for vengeance calls,
So loud it ſhakes his palace-walls,
Yet does unheard, unanſwer'd ſue,
Muſt Jove not ſleep, and ſoundly too?
That Ceres with my flow'r is griev'd,
Some think, but they are much deceiv'd;
For where her richeſt corn ſhe ſows,
The inmate Poppy ſhe allows.
Together both our ſeeds does ſling,
And bids us both together ſpring;
Good cauſe, for my ſleep-giving juice
Does more than corn to life conduce.
On us the mortals freely feed;
Of other plants there's little need;
Full of Poppy, full of corn,
Th' Heſperian garden you may ſcorn.
Bread's more refreſhing, mix'd with me *;
Honey and I with bread agree;
Our taſte ſo ſweet, it can excite
The weak or fated appetite.
In Ceres' garland I am plac'd;
Me ſhe did firſt vouchſafe to taſte,
When for her daughter loſt ſhe griev'd,
Nor in long time had food receiv'd.
'Bove all, ſhe does extol my plant;
For if ſuſtaining corn you want,
From me ſuch kind ſupplies are ſent,
As give both ſleep and nouriſhment.

* In old times, the ſeed of the White Poppy, parched, was ſerved up as a delicat.

The reaſon therefore is moſt plain
Why I was made the fruitfull'ſt grain;
The Perſian brings not to the field
Such armies as my camp does yield.
Diſeaſes in all regions breed,
No corner of the world is freed;
Hard labour ev'ry where we find
The conſtant portion of mankind.
Sick Earth great Jove beheld with grief,
And ſent me down to her relief;
And 'cauſe her ills ſo faſt did breed,
Endu'd me with more fertile ſeed.
Thus Poppy ſpake, nor did, as I ſuppoſe,
So ſoon intend her hold harangue to cloſe;
But, ſeiz'd with ſleep, here finiſh'd her diſcourſe,
Nor could reſiſt her own lethargic force.
I tell ſtrange things, (but nothing ſhould deter,
Since 'tis moſt certain truth what I aver)
Nor would I ſacred hiſtory profane,
As poets uſe with what is falſe and vain.
While Poppy ſpoke—
Th' Aſſembly could no longer open keep
Their eyes; ev'n Flora's ſelf fell faſt aſleep.
So Daffodils, with too much rain oppreſs'd,
Recline their drooping heads upon their breaſt.
Zephyr not long could bear this foul diſgrace;
With a briſk breeze of air he ſhook the place:
Flora, who well her huſband's kiſſes knew,
Wak'd firſt, but rear'd her head with much ado:
With heavy motion to her drowſy eyes
Her fingers liſts, and, "What's a clock?" ſhe cries.
At which the reſt (all by degrees) unfold
Their eyelids, and the open day behold.
The Sunflow'r, thinking 't was for him foul ſhame
To nap by daylight, ſtrove t' excuſe the blame;
It was not ſleep that made him nod, he ſaid,
But too great weight and largeneſs of his head:
Majeſtic then before the Court he ſtands,
And ſilence with Phœbean voice commands.

Sunflower.

If by the rules of Nature we proceed,
And likeneſs to the ſire muſt prove the breed,
Believe me, Sirs, when Phœbus looks on you,
He ſcarce can think his ſpouſe, the Earth, was true.
No ſooner can his eye on me be thrown,
But he by Styx will ſwear I am his own.
My orblike golden aſpect bound with rays,
The very picture of his face diſplays.
Among the ſtars, long ſince, I ſhould have place,
Had not my mother been of mortal race.
Preſume not then, ye Earthborn Muſhroom brood!
To call me brother---I derive my blood
From Phœbus' ſelf, which by my form I prove,
And, more than by my form, my filial love.
I ſtill adore my ſire with proſtrate face,
Turn where he turns, and all his motions trace:
Who ſeeing this, (all things he ſees) decreed
To you, his doubtful, if not ſpurious breed,
Theſe poorer climes to be in dow'r enjoy'd,
Of that divine Phœbean metal void;
On me that richer ſoil he did beſtow,
Where gold, the product of his beams, does grow.

Amongſt his treaſures well might he aſſign
A place for me, his like and living coin.
He ſaid, and bowing twice his head with grace
To Flora, thrice to his ſire, reſum'd his place.
To him ſucceeds a Flow'r of greater name,
Who from high Jove himſelf deriv'd his claim.

Julyflower.

How this pretender, for no med'cine good,
Can be allow'd the ſon of Phyſic's god,
I leave to the wiſe judgment of the Court;
With better proofs my title I ſupport.
Jove was my ſire, to me he did impart
(Who beſt deſerv'd) the empire of the heart;
Let him with golden aſpect pleaſe the eye,
A ſov'reign cordial to the heart am I.
Not Tagus, nor the treaſures of Peru,
Thy boaſted ſoil, can grief, like me, ſubdue.
Should Jove once more deſcend in golden ſhow'r,
Not Jove could prove ſo cordial as my Flow'r.
One golden coat thou haſt, I do confeſs,
That's all, poor Plant! thou haſt no change of dreſs:
Of ſev'ral hues I ſev'ral garments wear,
Nor can the Roſe herſelf with me compare:
The gaudy Tulip and the Emony
Seem richly coated, when compar'd with thee:
View both their ſtocks, my wardrobe has the ſame,
The very Crœſus I of colours am.
Rich but in dreſs they are, in virtue poor,
Or keep, like miſers, to themſelves their ſtore;
Moſt lib'rally my bounty I impart;
'Tis joy to mine to eaſe another's heart.
Some Flow'rs for phyſic ſerve, and ſome for ſmell,
For beauty ſome—but I in all excel.
While thus ſhe ſpake, her voice, ſcent, dreſs, and port,
Majeſtic all, drew rev'rence from the Court.
Well might th' inferior Plants concern'd appear,
The very Roſe herſelf began to fear.
Her next of kin, a fair and num'rous hoſt,
Of their alliance to Carnation boaſt:
Then divers more, who, though to fields remov'd,
From Garden-Julyflow'r their lineage prov'd.
They of the Saffron houſe next took their courſe,
Of dwarfiſh ſtature, but gigantic force:
Led by the Purple chief, who dares appear,
And ſtand the ſhock of the declining year:
In Autumn's ſtormy months he ſhews his head,
When tainted ſkies their baneful venom ſhed.
He ſcarce began to ſpeak, when, looking round,
The Colchic tribe amongſt his train he found:
Hence, ye Profane! he cry'd, nor bring diſgrace
On my fair title, I diſown your race;
Repair to Circe's or Medea's tent,
When on ſome fatal miſchief they are bent;
To baneful Pontus fly, ſeek kindred there,
You who of Flow'rs, earth, heav'n, the ſcandal are.
Thus did he ſtorm; for though by nature mild,
Againſt the pois'nous race his choler boil'd;
His ſacred virtue the intruders knew,
And from th' Aſſembly conſciouſly withdrew.

Saffron.

Whilst others boaſt their proud original,
And Sol or Jove their parents call,
I claim (contented with ſuch ſlender Flow'rs
No kindred with almighty pow'rs.
I from a conſtant lover took my name,
And dare aſpire no greater fame:
Whom after all the toils of anxious life,
'Twixt hopes and fears a tedious ſtrife,
Great Jove, to quit me of my hopeleſs fire,
(My patron he, though not my ſire)
Tranſform'd me to a ſmiling Flow'r at laſt,
To recompenſe my ſorrows paſt.
"Live cheerful now," he ſaid, "nor only live
"Merry thyſelf, but gladneſs give."
Then to my ſacred Flow'r with ſkill be join'd
Stems three or four, of ſtarlike kind,
Made them the magazines of mirth and joy,
Whate'er can ſullen grief deſtroy.
Gay humours there, conceit, and laughter, lie,
Venus' and Cupid's armoury.
Bacchus may, like a quack, give preſent eaſe,
That only ſtrengthens the diſeaſe:
You cruſh, alas! the ſerpent's head in vain,
Whoſe tail ſurvives to ſtrike again.
All noxious humours from the heart I drive,
And ſpite of poiſon keep alive.
The heart ſecur'd, through all the parts beſide
Freſh life and dancing ſpirits glide.
But ſtill 'tis vain to guard th' imperial ſeat,
If to the lungs the foe retreat;
If of thoſe avenues he's once poſſeſs'd,
Famine will ſoon deſtroy the reſt.
I watch and keep thoſe paſſes open too,
For vital air to come and go.
Ungrateful to his friend that breath muſt be,
That can abſtain from praiſing me.
But having been an inſtance of Love's pow'r,
To females ſtill a ſacred flow'r,
'Tis juſt that I ſhould now the womb defend,
And be to Venus' ſeat a friend.
'Gainſt all that would the teeming part annoy,
My ready ſuccour I employ:
I eaſe the lab'ring pangs, and bring away
The birth that paſt its time would ſtay.
If this Aſſembly then my claim ſuſpend,
Who am to Nature ſuch a friend,
Who all that's good protect, and ill confound,
If you refuſe to have me crown'd,
If you decline my gentle, cheerful, ſway,
Let my pretended kinſman come in play,
Puniſh your folly, and my wrongs repay.
He ſaid, and ſhaking thrice his fragrant head,
Through all the Court a cordial flavour ſpread,
While of his ſcatter'd ſweets each Plant partakes,
And on th' ambroſial ſcent a banquet makes.
Touch'd with a ſenſe of joy, his rivals ſmil'd,
Ev'n them his virtue of their rage beguil'd;
Ev'n Poppy's ſelf, refreſh'd, erects her head,
Who had not heard one word of what he ſaid.
Flow'r-gentle laſt, on lofty ſtem, did riſe,
And ſeem'd the humble ſaffron to deſpiſe:

On his high name and ſtature he depends,
And thus his title to the crown defends.

Amaranth; Flower-Gentle *.

What can the puling Roſe or Violet ſay,
Whoſe beauty flies ſo faſt away?
Fit only ſuch weak infants to adorn,
Who die as ſoon as they are born.
Immortal gods wear garlands of my Flow'rs,
Garlands eternal as their pow'rs;
Nor time, that does all earthly things invade,
Can make a hair fall from my head.
Look up, the gardens of the ſky ſurvey,
And ſtars that there appear ſo gay,
If credit may to certain truth be giv'n,
They are but th' Amaranths of heav'n.
A tranſient glance ſometimes my Cynthia throws
Upon the Lily or the Roſe,
But views my Plant, aſtoniſh'd, from the ſky,
That ſhe ſhould change, and never I.
Becauſe with hair inſtead of leaves adorn'd,
By ſome, as if no Flow'r, I'm ſcorn'd;
But I my chiefeſt pride and glory place
In what they reckon my diſgrace:
My priv'lege 'tis to differ from the reſt;
What has its like can ne'er be beſt;
Nor is it fit immortal plants ſhould grow
In form of fading plants below.
That gods have fleſh and blood we cannot ſay;
That they have ſomething like to both, we may:
So I reſembling an immortal power,
Am only as it were a Flower.
Their pleas thus done, the ſev'ral tribes repair,
And ſtand in ranks about the goddeſs' chair,
Silent and trembling betwixt hope and fear.
Flora, who was of temper light and free,
Puts on a perſonated gravity,
As with the grave occaſion beſt might ſuit,
And in this manner finiſh'd the diſpute.

* Amaranthus, that never withers.

Flora.

Amongst the miracles of ancient Rome,
When Cineas thither did as envoy come,
Th' auguſt and purpled Senate he admir'd,
View'd them, and if they all were kings inquir'd?
So I in all this num'rous throng muſt own
I ſee no head but what deſerves a crown.
On what one Flow'r can I beſtow my voice,
Where equal merits ſo diſtract my choice?
Be rul'd by me, the envious title wave;
Let no one claim what all deſerve to have.
Conſider how from Roman race we ſpring,
Whoſe laws, you know, would ne'er permit a king.
Can I, who am a Roman deity,
A haughty Tarquin, in my garden ſee?
Ev'n your own tribes, if I remember right,
Rejoic'd when they beheld the tyrant's flight.
With Gabine ſlaughter big, think how he flew
The faireſt Flow'rs that in his platforms grew;
Mankind and you, how he alike annoy'd,
And both with ſportive cruelty deſtroy'd.
You who are lords of earth as well as they,
Should freeborn Romans' government diſplay.
Reſt ever, then, a Commonwealth of Flow'rs,
Compos'd of people and of ſenators.
This, I preſume, the beſt for you and me,
With ſenſe of men and gods does beſt agree.
Lily and Roſe this year your Conſuls be,
The year ſhall ſo begin auſpiciouſly.
Four Prætors to the ſeaſons four I make,
The vernal Prætorſhip, thou, Tulip! take:
Jove's Flow'r the Summer; Crocus Autumn ſway;
Let Winter warlike Hellebore obey.
Honour's the ſole reward that can accrue;
Though ſhort your office, to your charge be true.
Your life is ſhort—the goddeſs ended here;
The choſen with her verdict pleas'd appear,
The reſt with hope to ſpeed another year.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK V. OF TREES.

TRANSLATED BY N. TATE.

Pomona.

Let now my Muſe more lofty numbers bring,
Proportion'd to the lofty theme we ſing,
The race of Trees, whoſe tow'ring branches riſe
In open air, and almoſt kiſs the ſkies.
Too light thoſe ſtrains that tender Flow'rs deſir'd,
Too low the verſe that humbler Herbs requir'd;
Thoſe weaklings near the ſurface of the earth
Reſide, nor from the ſoil that gave them birth
Dare launch too far into the airy main,
The winds' rough ſhock unable to ſuſtain:
Theſe to the ſkies with heads erected go,
Laughing at tender Plants that crouch below.
Not man, the earth's proud lord, ſo high can raiſe
His head; they touch thoſe heav'ns which he ſurveys.
Between th' Herculean bounds and golden ſoil
By great Columbus found, there lies an iſle,
Of thoſe call'd Fortunate, the faireſt ſeat
Indulg'd by Heav'n, and Nature's bleſs'd retreat:
A conſtant ſettled calm the ſky retains,
Diſturb'd by no impetuous winds or rains:
Zephyr alone with fragrant breath does cheer
The florid earth, and hatch the fruitful year;
No clouds pour down the tender Plants to chill,
But fatt'ning dews inſtead from heav'n diſtil,
And friendly ſtars with vital influence fill:
No cold invades the temp'rate ſummer there,
More rich than autumn, and than ſpring more fair:
The months without diſtinction, paſs away,
The Trees at once with leaves, fruit, bloſſoms, gay;
The changing moon all theſe, and always, does ſurvey.
Nature ſome fruits does to our ſoil deny,
Not what we have can ev'ry month ſupply;
But ev'ry ſort that happy earth does bear,
All ſorts it bears, and bears 'em all the year.
This ſeat Pomona now is ſaid to prize,
And fam'd Alcinous' gardens to deſpiſe;
Betwixt th' Old world and New makes this retreat,
Of her Green empire the imperial ſeat;
And wiſely too, that Plants of ev'ry ſort
May from both worlds repair to fill her court.
Hedges inſtead of walls this place ſurround,
Brambles and Thorns of various kinds abound,
With Hawthorn, that doesmagic ſpells confound.
The well-rang'd trees within broad walks diſplay,
Through which her verdant city we ſurvey:
I' th' midſt her palace ſtands, of bow'rs compos'd,
With twining branches and green walls inclos'd;
By Nature deck'd with fruits of various kind,
You'd ſwear ſome artiſt had the work deſign'd.
When Autumn's reign begins, the goddeſs here,
(Autumn with us, eternal ſummer's there)
When Scorpio with his venom blaſts the year,
The goddeſs her Vertumnal rites prepares,
(So call'd from various forms Vertumnus wears)
No coſt ſhe ſpares thoſe honours to perform,
(For no expence can that rich goddeſs harm)
She then brings forth her garden's choice delights,
To treat the rural gods whom ſhe invites.
The twelve, of heav'nly race, her gueſts appear,
Wanton Priapus too, is preſent there,
The fair hoſt more attracts him than the fare.
Then Pales came, and Pan, Arcadia's god;
On his dull aſs the fat Silenus rode,
Lagging behind; the Fauni next advance,
With nimble feet, and to the banquet dance;
Nor heav'n's inferior pow'rs were abſent thence,
Whoſe altars ſeldom ſmoke with frankincenſe.
Picumnus, who the barren land manures;
Tutanus, too, who gather'd fruit ſecures;
Collina from the hills; from vallies low
Vallonia came; Rurina from the plough,
With whom a hundred ruſtic nymphs appear,
Who garments form'd of leaves or bark did wear:
To theſe ſtrange pow'rs from new-found India came,
Moſt dreadful in their aſpect, form, and name.

The hundred mouths of Fame could ne'er ſuffice
To taſte or tell that banquet's rarities.
With change of fruits the table ſtill was ſtor'd,
For ready ſervants waited at the board;
In various dreſs the Months attending too,
In number twelve, twelve times the feaſt renew:
Of apples, pears, and dates, they fill'd the juice;
The Indian Nut ſupply'd the double uſe
Of drink and cup: the more luxuriant Vine
Afforded various kinds of ſprightly wine,
Canaria's neighb'ring iſle the moſt divine.
Of this glad Bacchus fills a bowl, and cries,
O ſacred Juice! O wretched Deities!
Who abſent hence of ſober nectar take
Dull draughts, nor know the joys of potent ſack.
The reſt, who Bacchus' judgment could not doubt,
Pledg'd him in courſe, and ſent the bowl about.
Venus and Flora Chocolate alone
Would drink—the reaſons to themſelves beſt known.

The gods (who ſurely were too wiſe to ſpare,
When they both knew their welcome and their fare)
Fell freely on; till now diſcourſe began,
And one, exclaiming, cry'd, "O fooliſh man!
" That groſsly feeds on fleſh, when ev'ry field
" Does eaſy and more wholeſome banquets yield;
" Who in the blood of beaſts their hands imbrue,
" And eat the victims to our altars due."
From hence the reſt occaſion take at laſt
The goddeſs to extol, and her repaſt:
The Orange one, and one the Fig commends,
Another the rich fruit that Perſia ſends:
Some cry the Olive up above the reſt,
But by the moſt the Grape was judg'd the beſt.
The Indian god, who heard them nothing ſay
Of fruits that grow in his America,
(Of which her ſoil affords ſo rich a ſtore,
Her golden mines can ſcarce be valu'd more)
Thus taxes their unjuſt partiality,
As well he might, the Indian Bacchus he.
" Can prejudice," ſaid he, " corrupt the pow'rs
" Of this Old world? far be that crime from our's.
" If when, to furniſh out a noble treat,
" You ſeek our fruits, the banquet to complete,
" (Which I with greedineſs have ſeen you eat)
" Are theſe your thanks, ingrateful Deities!
" Your tongues reproach what did your palates pleaſe:
" You only praiſe the growth of your own ſoil,
" Becauſe the product of long Age's toil;
" But had not fortune been our country's foe,
" And parent nature's ſelf forſook us too;
" Had not your armed Mars in triumph rode
" O'er our Ocheeus, a poor naked god;
" Had not your Neptune's floating palaces
" Sunk our tall Ochus' fleet of hollow trees,
" Nor thund'ring Jove made Viracocha yield,
" Nor Spaniards, yet more fierce, laid waſte our field,
" And left alive no tiller to recruit
" The breed of Plants, and to improve the fruit,
" Our products ſoon had ſilenc'd this diſpute:
" But as it is, my climate I'll defend,
" No ſoil can to ſuch num'rous fruits pretend;
" We ſtill have many, to our conqu'ror's ſhame,
" Of which you are as yet to learn the name,
" So little can you boaſt to ſhew the ſame.
" This I aſſert, if any be ſo vain
" To contradict the truth that I maintain,
" Since from both worlds this feaſt has hither brought
" All fruits with which our diff'rent climes are fraught)
" The deities that are aſſembled here
" Shall judge which world the richeſt will appear;
" In fruits I mean; for that our lands excel
" In gold, you to our ſorrow know too well."

His comrade gods in this bold challenge join,
Nor did our pow'rs the noble ſtriſe decline;
Minerva in her Olive ſafe appear'd;
Bacchus, who with a ſmile the boaſter heard,
As in the Eaſt his conqueſt had been ſhewn,
Now reckons the Weſt-Indies, too, his own.
His courage with ten bumpers firſt he cheer'd;
Then all agree to have the table clear'd,
And each reſpective Tree to plead her worth;
The goddeſs one by one commands them forth.
She ſummon'd firſt the Nut, of double race,
And Apple, which in our Old World have place,
Of each the nobleſt breeds, for to the name
A thouſand petty families lay claim.

The Nut Tree's name at firſt the Oak did grace,
Who in Pomona's garden then had place,
Till her nice palate Acorns did decline,
Scorning in diet to partake with ſwine:
At laſt the Philbert, and the Cheſnut ſweet,
Were ſcarce admitted to her verdant ſeat;
The airy Pine, of form and ſtature proud,
With much intreaty was at length allow'd.

The Hazel with light forces marches up,
The firſt in field, upon whoſe Nutty top
A ſquirrel ſits, and wants no other ſhade
Than what by his own ſpreading tail is made;
He culls the ſoundeſt, dex'trouſly picks out
The kernels ſweet, and throws the ſhells about.
" You ſee," Pomona cries, " the cloiſter'd fruit
" That with your tooth, Silenus! does not ſuit:
" That therefore uſeleſs 'tis you cannot ſay,
" It ſerves our youths at once for food and play;
" But while ſuch toys, my Lads! you uſe too long,
" Expecting virgins think you do 'em wrong;
" 'Tis time that you theſe childiſh ſports forſake,
" Hymen for you has other Nuts to crack."
" O Plant! moſt fit for boys to patronize,"
Cries Bacchus, " who my gen'rous juice deſpiſe;
" A reſtive fruit, by Nature made to grace
" The monkey's jaws; and humour the grimace."

The ſudden gibe made ſober Pallas ſmile,
Who thus proceeds in a more ſerious ſtyle.
" A ſtrong and wondrous enmity we find
" In Hazel Tree 'gainſt poiſons of all kind!
" More wondrous their magnetic ſympathy,
" That ſecret beds of metals can deſcry ¶,
" And point directly where hid treaſures lie.
" In ſearch of golden mines a Hazel wand
" The wiſe diviner takes in his right-hand;

¶ Of this is made the divining-rod with which they pretend to diſcover mines.

" In vain, alas! he caſts his eyes about,
" To find the rich and ſecret manſions out,
" Which yet, when near, ſhall with a force divine
" The top of the ſuſpended wand incline:
" So ſtrong the ſenſe of gain, that it affects
" The very lifeleſs twig, who ſtraight reflects
" His trembling head, and eager for th' embrace,
" Directly tends to the magnetic place.
" What wonder, then, ſo ſtrange effects confound
" The minds of men, in miſts of error drown'd?
" It puzzled me, who was at Athens bred,
" Ev'n me, the offspring of great Jove's own head;
" Let Phœbus then unfold this myſtery:
" Much more than man we know, but Phœbus more than we."
She ſaid---Apollo, with th' enigma vex'd,
And ſcorning to be pos'd in words perplex'd,
Strove to diſguiſe his ignorance, and ſpent
Much breath on atoms, and their wild ferment:
Of ſympathy he made a long diſcourſe,
And long inſiſted on ſelf-acting force;
But all confus'd, and diſtant from the mark,
His Delphic oracle was ne'er ſo dark:
'Twas mirth for Jove to ſee him tug in vain,
At what his wiſdom only could explain;
For thoſe profounder myſteries to hide
From gods and men, is ſure Jove's greateſt pride.

The ſhady Cheſnut next her claim puts in,
Though ſeldom ſhe is in our gardens ſeen:
So coarſe her fare, that 'tis no ſmall diſpute
If Nuts or Acorns we ſhould call her fruit;
So vile, the gods from mirth could not forbear
To ſee ſuch kernels ſuch ſtrong armour wear;
Firſt, with a linty wad wrapp'd cloſe about,
(Uſeful to keep green wounds from guſhing out)
Her next defence of ſolid wood is made,
The third has ſpikes that can her foes invade:
Therſites, ſure, no greater ſport could make,
With Ajax's ſev'nfold ſhield upon his back.

The Pine with awful rev'rence next did riſe,
Above contempt, and almoſt touch'd the ſkies:
Carv'd in his ſacred bark, he wore beſide
Great Maro's words to juſtify his pride:
Pan own'd th' approaching Plant, and, bowing low
His Pine-wreath'd head, but juſt reſpect did ſhew:
Were Neptune preſent, he had done the ſame,
To that fair Plant that in his Iſthmian game
The victor crown, whoſe loud applauſes he
With equal tranſport hears in either ſea.
Neptune of other Plants no lover ſeems,
But with good reaſon he the pine eſteems;
The Pine alone has courage to remove
From's native hills! (where long with winds he ſtrove
In youth) on wat'ry mountains to engage
With's naked timber fiercer tempeſts' rage.
In vain were floods to Plants and men deny'd,
In vain deſign'd for fiſhers to reſide,
Since Nature's laws by Art are overcome,
And men with ſhips make ſeas their native home.

But of all Pines Mount Ida bears the beſt,
By Cybele preferr'd above the reſt.
This Plant a lovely boy was heretofore,
Belov'd by Cybele, upon whoſe ſcore
He ſacrific'd to Chaſtity, but now
His fruit delaying, Venus now excites,
His wood affords the torch which Hymen lights.
Ia, for whom her father of White Thorn
A torch prepar'd e'er Pine by brides was horne,
When ſhe ſhould meet her long-expected joy,
Embrac'd the Pine Tree for her lovely boy;
Dire Change! yet cannot from his trunk retire,
But languiſhes away with vain deſire;
Till Cybele afforded her relief,
(Her rival once, now partner in her grief)
Transform'd her to the bitter Almond Tree,
Whoſe fruit ſeems ſtill with ſorrow to agree.
Her ſiſter, who the dreadful change did mark,
Strove with her hands to ſtop the ſpreading bark,
But while the pious office ſhe perform'd,
In the ſame manner found herſelf transform'd;
But as her grief was leſs ſevere, we find
Her Almond ſweet, and of a milder kind.
Thus did this plant into her arms receive
Th' unfortunate, and more than once relieve.
Poor Phyllis thus Demophoon's abſence mourn'd,
Till ſhe into an Almond Tree was turn'd;
Thus Phyllis vaniſh'd; Ceres ſaw her bloom,
And prophefy'd a fruitful year to come.

The firm Piſtacho next appear'd in view,
Proud of her fruit, that ſerpents can ſubdue.

The Walnut then approach'd, more large and tall,
His fruit, which we a Nut, the gods an Acorn, call;
Jove's Acorn, which does no ſmall praiſe confeſs,
To 'ave call'd it Man's Ambroſia had been leſs.
Nor can this head-like Nut, ſhap'd like the brain
Within, he ſaid that form by chance to gain,
Or Caryon call'd by learned Greeks in vain:
For membranes, ſoft as ſilk, her kernel bind,
Whereof the inmoſt is of tend'reſt kind,
Like thoſe which on the brain of man we find;
All which are in a ſeam-join'd ſhell inclos'd;
Which of this brain the ſkull may be ſuppos'd:
This very ſkull envelopp'd is again
In a green coat, his pericranium:
Laſtly, that no objection may remain
To thwart her near alliance to the brain,
She nouriſhes the hair, rememb'ring how
Herſelf deform'd without her leaves does ſhew;
On barren ſcalps ſhe makes freſh honours grow.
Her timber is for various uſes good;
The carver ſhe ſupplies with laſting wood;
She makes the painter's fading colours laſt;
A Table ſhe affords us, and repaſt;
Ev'n while we feaſt her oil our lamp ſupplies;
The rankeſt poiſon by her virtue dies,
The mad dog's foam, and taint of raging ſkies
The Pontic king, who liv'd where poiſons grew,
Skilful in antidotes, her virtues knew;
Yet envious Fates, that ſtill with merit ſtrive,
And man ingrateful from the orchard drive.
This ſov'reign Plant excluded from the field,
Unleſs ſome uſeleſs nook a ſtation yield;
Defenceleſs in the common road ſhe ſtands,
Expos'd to reſtleſs war of vulgar hands:
By neighb'ring clowns and paſſing rabble torn,
Batter'd with ſtones by boys, and left forlorn.

To her did all the Nutty tribe succeed,
A hardy race, that makes weak gums to bleed,
But to the banquets of the gods preferr'd,
Are said to open of their own accord
'Twixt these and juicy fruits of painted coat,
Such as on sunny apples we may note,
Advanc'd the tribe of those with rugged skin,
More mild than Nuts, but to the Nut a-kin.
Pomegranate, chief of these, whose blooming flow'r
(Pomona's pride) may challenge Flora's bow'r;
The Spring Rose seems less fair when she is by,
Nor Carbuncle can with her colour vie;
Nor scarlet robes by proudest monarchs worn,
Nor purple streaks that paint the rising morn,
Nor blushes that consenting maids adorn.
In the Eubean isle did stand of old
Great Juno's image, form'd of massy gold;
In one right hand she held a sceptre bright,
(For with the pow'rs divine both hands are right)
Her Carthage lovely fruit the other grac'd,
And fitly in Lucina's hand was plac'd,
Whose orb within so many cells contains,
In form of wombs, and stor'd with seedy grains;
But Proserpine implacable remain'd
Against this Plant, for former wrongs sustain'd;
Nor Ceres yet her hatred could disguise,
But from Pomegranate turn'd her weeping eyes:
For the Elysian fields (whence Fates permit
Nought to return) what tree can be more fit
Than this restringent Plant ¶? a single taste
Of three small grains kept Ceres' daughter fast.
Orange and Lemon next, like lightning bright,
Came in, and dazzled the beholders' sight.
These were the fam'd Hesperian fruits of old;
Both plants alike ripe fruit and blossoms hold;
This shines with pale, and that with deeper gold.
Planted by Atlas, who supports the skies,
Proud at his feet to see these brighter stars to rise.
To keep them safe the utmost care he took,
He senc'd 'em round with walls of solid rock;
Nor with Priapus' custody content,
A watchful Dragon for their guard he sent.
Let vulgar Apples boys and beggars fear,
These worth Alcides' stealing did appear;
From lands remote he came, and thought his toils
Were more than recompens'd in those rich spoils:
He only priz'd 'em for their taste and hue,
For half their real worth he never knew;
Nor could his tutor Mars to him impart
The noble secrets of Apollo's art.
Had he but known their juice 'gainst poison good,
The Hydra's venom, mix'd with Centaur blood,
Had never made Mount Oeta hear his cries,
Nor th' oft-slain monster more had power to rise.
The Plums came next, by Cherry led, whose
Th' expecting gard'ner early does salute; [fruit
To pay his thanks impatient does appear,
And with red berries first adorns the year.
May, rich in dress, but in provision poor,
Admires, and thinks his early fruit a Flow'r;
To wait for Summer's rip'ning heat disdains,
Nor puts the planter to immod'rate pains.

¶ Pomegranate, a most powerful restringent, used in all immoderate evacuations.

He loves the cooler climes; Egyptian Nile
Could ne'er persuade him on her banks to smile.
He scorns the bounty of a two months' tide,
That leaves him thirsting all the year beside.
Proud Rome herself this plant can scarcely rear;
Ev'n to this day he seems a captive there:
Pris'ner of war, from Cerasus he came;
(From's native Cerasus ¶ he took his name)
From thence transplanted to the Italian soil,
Lucullus' triumph brought no richer spoil:
Loud pæans to your noble gen'ral sing,
Italian plants! that such a prize did bring.
The conq'rors laurels, as in triumph, wear
The blushing fruit, and captive Cherries bear.
Yet grieve thou not to leave thy native home,
Ere long thou shalt a denizen become
Amongst the plants of world-commanding Rome.
A num'rous host of Plums did next succeed,
Diff'ring in colour, and of various breed:
The Damask-prune, most ancient, led the van,
Who in Damascus first his reign began:
Time out of mind he had subdu'd the East;
'Twas long ere he got footing in the West;
But now in Northern climates he is known,
A hardy plant makes ev'ry soil his own.
Next him th' Armenian Apricot took place,
Not much unlike, but of a nobler race;
Of richer flavour, and of taste divine,
Whose golden vestments streak'd with purple shine.
Then came the glory of the Persian field,
And to Armenia's pride disdain'd to yield;
The Peach, with silken vest and pulpy juice,
Of meat and drink at once supplies the use:
But take him while he's ripe, he'll soon decay;
For next day's banquet he disdains to stay:
Of fruits the fairest, as the rose of flow'rs,
But, ah! their beauties have but certain hours.
A fruit there is on whom the Rose confers
Her name, of smell and colour too like her's:
A Plum that can itself supply the board,
To hungry stomachs solid food afford;
To please our gust, and stomach to recruit,
He thinks sufficient tribute for his fruit.
For physic's use his other parts are good;
His leaves, his blossoms, ev'n his gum and wood,
Does to us health and joy alike restore;
Friend to our pleasure, to our health much more.
Not so the Cornel Tree design'd for harms,
Her wood supplies dire Mars with impious arms:
For such a plant our gardens are too mild,
Harsh is her fruit, and fit for deserts wild.
With her the Jujube Tree, a milder plant,
Which (though offensive thorns she does not want)
In peace and mirth alone does pleasure take,
Her flow'rs at feasts the genial garlands make,
Her wood the harp that keeps the guests awake.
Next comes the Lote Tree, in whose dusky hue
Her black and sunburnt country you might view,
To whom th' assembly all rose up (from whence
Came this respect?) and paid her reverence.
Priapus only, with a downcast look,
And conscious blushes, at her presence shook.

¶ The Cherry Tree, in Latin called Cerasus, a town in Cappadocia, from whence it was brought into Italy by Lucullus, An. Urb. 680.

Th' all-seeing gods, through that obscure disguise,
Nymph Lotis saw, conceal'd from human eyes;
They knew how, on the Hellespontic shore,
To escape the dreadful dart Priapus wore;
And, zealous to preserve her chastity,
She lost her form, and chang'd into a tree.
Though now no more a nymph, a better fate
She does enjoy, and lives with longer date;
A longer date than Oaks she does enjoy,
Those long-liv'd Oaks that call'd old Nestor Boy;
She calls 'em girls: green branches she display'd
When Rome was built, and when in ashes laid.
'Tis true she did not long survive the fire,
(With grief and flames at once forc'd to expire)
Almost nine hundred years were pass'd away,
Yet then she grudg'd to die before her day.
Ev'n after death her trunk appears to live,
Does vocal pipes and breathing organs give,
And fitly, like us poets, may be said
To make the greatest noise when she is dead.
A thousand years are since elaps'd, yet still
She flourishes in praise, and ever will.
Her Tree's rich fruit, with which she charm'd mankind,
Shew'd, when a nymph, the sweetness of her mind:
These sounds express the music of her tongue,
More sweet than Circe's or the Syren throng.
But, Nymph! retire, triumphant Palm appears,
She thrives the more the greater weight she bears;
No pressure for her courage is too hard,
Of virtue both th' example and reward.
She flourish'd once in Solymæan ground,
Fam'd Joshua's and Jessides' sacred triumphs crown'd;
But since that land was curs'd, the gen'rous plant
Grieves to continue her inhabitant.
Pisa bears Olives, Delphos Laurel yields,
Nemæa Smallage, Pines the Isthmian fields;
But all breed Palms, the prize of victory,
All lands in honour of the palm agree;
And 'tis but the just tribute of her worth,
Virtue no fairer image has on earth.
Her verdure she inviolate does hold,
In spite of summer's heat and winter's cold.
Oppress'd with weight, she from the earth does rise,
And bears her load in triumph to the skies.
What various benefits does she impart
To humankind? her wine revives the heart,
Her dates rich banquets to our tables send,
At once to pleasure and to health a friend ¶.
A lover true, and well to love and serve
Is Virtue's noble task, and does the Palm deserve.
Evadne, who a willing victim prov'd,
Nor chaste Accetis, to her husband lov'd,
As does the female Palm her male; her arms
To him are stretch'd with most endearing charms.
Nor steps their passion here; like lovers they
To more retir'd endearments find the way;
In earth's cold bed their am'rous roots are found,
In close embraces twining under ground.
Let arms to learning yield; the Palm resign,
The conq'ring Palm, to Olive, more divine.

¶ Strabo relates, that the Babylonians used a song that recited three hundred and sixty benefits of the Palm or Date Tree.

Peace all prefer to war --Thus Pallas spoke,
And in her hand a peaceful Olive shook:
'Twas with this branch that she the triumph gain'd
(The greatest that can be by gods obtain'd)
On learned Athens to confer her name,
A right which she, most learn'd of pow'rs might claim.
Not gods in heav'n without ambition live,
But who shall be poor mortals' patrons strive.
First, Neptune with his trident struck the ground;
The warlike steed no sooner heard the sound,
But starts from his dark mansion, shakes his hair,
His nostrils snort the unaccustom'd air,
Neighs loud, and of th' unwonted noise is proud,
With his insulting feet his native field is plough'd,
Intrepid he beholds of gods the circling crowd.
Pallas, on th' other side, with gentle stroke
Of her strong spear, earth's tender surface broke,
Through which small breach a sudden Tree shoots up,
Ev'n at his birth with rev'rend hoary top,
And vig'rous fruit; the gods applaud the plant,
And to Minerva the precedence grant:
The vanquish'd steed and god in rage assail'd
The victors, but ev'n so their malice fail'd;
Wit's goddess and the peaceful Tree prevail'd.
Hail, sacred Plant! who well deserv'st to be
By laws secur'd from wrong, as well as we;
From war's wild rage respect thou dost command;
When temples fall thou art allow'd to stand.
Neptune's bold son revenging the disgrace
His sire sustain'd, fell dead upon the place;
The whirling axe upon his head rebounds,
The stroke design'd on thee himself confounds:
The gods concern'd spectators stood, and smil'd
To see his impious sacrilege beguil'd.
Such be his fate, whoe'er presumes to be
A foe to Peace, and to her sacred Tree.
Yet ev'n this peaceful plant upon our guard
Warns us to stand, and be for war prepar'd;
In peace delights; but when the cause is just,
Permits not the avenging sword to rust:
With suppling oil and conq'ring wreaths supplies
The martial schools of youthful exercise.
Nor is the strong propension she does bear
To peace th' effect of luxury or fear:
Earth's teeming womb affords no stronger birth,
No soil manuring needs to bring her forth;
Allow her but warm suns and temp'rate skies,
The vig'rous plant in any soil will rise:
Lop but a branch, and fix it in earth, you'll see
She'll there take root, and make herself a Tree.
Her youth, 'tis true, by slow degrees ascends,
But makes you with long flourishing years amends;
Nature her care in this did wisely shew,
That useful Olive long and easily should grow.
Most sov'reign, taken inward, is her oil,
And outwardly confirms the limbs for toil:
Life's passages from all obstructions frees,
Clears Nature's walks; to smarting wounds gives ease:
With easy banquets does the poor supply,
And makes cheap herbs with royal banquets vie:
The painter's flying colours it binds fast,
Makes short-liv'd pictures long as statues last:

The ſtudent's friend; no labour can excel
And laſt but of Minerva's lamp muſt ſmell.
Nay, this does ſo!-----
Moſt juſtly, therefore, does this liquor riſe
O'er all in mixture, juſtly may deſpiſe
T' incorporate with any other juice,
Sufficient in himſelf for ev'ry uſe:
Moſt juſtly, therefore, did Judea's land,
(Who beſt religious rites did underſtand)
Oil, potent, chaſte, and ſacred, oil, appoint
Her kings, her prieſts, and prophets, to anoint.
Such was th' appearance which the Olive made,
With noble fruit and verdant leaves array'd,
From whom Minerva took, as ſhe withdrew,
A joyful branch, and with it wreath'd her brow.
Freſh armies then advanc'd into the plain;
Firſt thoſe whoſe fruit did many ſtones contain;
In their firſt lifts the Medlar Tree was found,
Proud of his putrid fruit, becauſe 'twas crown'd *.
Of Beauty's goddeſs than the Plant more fair
Whoſe fragrant motion ſo perfum'd the air,
The ſmoke of gums when from their altars ſent,
Ne'er gave th' immortal gueſts ¶ ſuch a ſweet content.
Let Phœbus' Laurel bloody triumphs lead,
The Myrtle thoſe where little blood is ſhed,
Th' ovation of a bleeding maidenhead.
No virgin-fort impregnable can be
To him that crowns his brow with Venus' Tree.
The tribe of Pears and Apples next ſucceed,
Of noble families, and num'rous breed:
No monarch's table e'er deſpiſes them, [contemn:
Nor they the poor man's board or earthen diſh
Supports of life as well as luxury,
Nor, like their rivals, a few months ſupply,
But ſee themſelves ſucceeded e'er they die.
Where Phœbus ſhines too faint to raiſe a Vine,
They ſerve for grapes, and make the northern wine:
Their liquor for th' effects deſerves that name,
Love, valour, wit, and mirth, it can inflame;
Care it can drown, loſt health, loſt wealth reſtore,
And Bacchus' potent juice can do no more.
With Cyder ſtor'd, the Norman province ſees,
Without regret, the neighb'ring vintages.
Of Pear and Apple kinds an army ſtood
Before the Court, and ſeem'd a moving wood;
On them Pomona ſmil'd as they went off,
But flouting Bacchus was obſerv'd to ſcoff.
The Quince yet ſcorn'd to mingle with the crowd,
Alone ſhe came, of ſignal honours proud,
With which by grateful Jove ſhe was endow'd;
A ſilky down her golden coat o'erſpreads,
Her ripening fruit a grateful odour ſheds;
Jove otherwiſe ingrateful had been ſtyl'd,
In honey ſteep'd ſhe fed him when a child;
In his moſt forward fits ſhe ſtopp'd his cries,
And now he eats ambroſia in the ſkies,
Reflects ſometimes upon his infant years,
And juſt reſpect to Quince and honey bears.
The nobleſt of Wine-fruits brought up the rear,
But all to reckon endleſs would appear;

* The top thereof reſembling a crown or coronet,
¶ The Myrtle,

The Barberry and Currant muſt eſcape,
Though her ſmall cluſters imitate the grape.
The Raſpberry, and prickled Gooſberry,
Tree Strawberry, muſt all mention'd be,
With many more, whoſe names we may decline;
Not ſo the Mulberry, the Fig, and Vine,
The ſtouteſt warriors in our combat paſt,
And of the preſent field the greateſt hope and laſt.
But cautiouſly the Mulberry did move,
And firſt the temper of the ſkies would prove,
What ſign the ſun was in, and if ſhe might
Give credit yet to Winter's ſeeming flight.
She dares not venture on his firſt retreat,
Nor truſt her leaves and fruit to doubtful heat;
Her ready ſap within her bark confines,
Till ſhe of ſettled warmth has certain ſigns;
But for her long delay amends does make,
At once her forces the known ſignal take,
And with tumultuous noiſe their ſally make.
In two ſhort months her purple fruit appears,
And of two lovers ¶ ſlain the tincture wears:
Her fruit is rich, but leaves ſhe does produce
That far ſurpaſs in worth and noble uſe:
The frame and colour of her leaves ſurvey,
And that they are moſt vulgar you muſt ſay;
But truſt not their appearance; they ſupply
The ornaments of royal luxury:
The beautiful they make more beauteous ſeem;
The charming ſex owes half their charms to them;
Effeminate men to them their veſtments owe:
How vain that pride which inſect-worms beſtow!
Such was the Mulberry, of wondrous birth!
The Fig ſucceeds; but to recite her worth
And various powers what numbers can ſuffice?
Hail, Ceres! author of ſo great a prize.
By thee with food and laws we were ſupply'd,
And with wild fare wild manners laid aſide.
With peace and bread our lives more bleſs'd before,
And modeſt Nature could deſire no more;
But thou ev'n for our luxury took'ſt care,
And kindly didſt this milky fruit prepare;
The poor man's feaſt, but ſuch delicious cheer
Did never at Apicius' board appear.
The grateful Ceres ‖ with this Plant is ſaid
Her hoſpitable hoſt to have repaid,
Yet with no vernal bloom the Tree ſupply'd;
"To lighter plants," ſaid ſhe, "I leave that pride;
"To lighter Plants I leave that gaudy dreſs,
"Who meretricious qualities confeſs,
"And who, like wanton proſtitutes, expoſe
"Their bloom to ev'ry hand, their ſweets to ev'ry noſe.
"My fruit like a chaſte matron does proceed,
"And has of painted ornament no need;
"They ſtudy dreſs, but mine fertility,
"Forcing her offſpring from her ſolid Tree."
Thro' haſte ſometimes abortive births ſhe bears,
But ever makes amends in thoſe ſhe rears;
For whom her full-charg'd veins ſupplies afford;
Like a ſtrong nurſe, with milk ſhe 's ever ſtor'd.
Our voice by thee refreſh'd, ungrateful 't were
If, Fig-Tree! thy juſt praiſe it ſhould forbear;

¶ Pyramus and Thiſbe.
‖ Philalus, who kindly entertained her, and in return received from her the Fig Tree. Pauſan.

The paſſes of our vital breath by thee
Are ſmooth'd and clear'd, obſtructed lungs ſet free;
Nor only doſt to ſpeech a friend appear;
Ev'n for that ſpeech thou doſt unlock the ear,
Sett'ſt ope the gate, and giv'ſt it entrance there.
The fouleſt ulcers' putrid ſinks are drain'd
By thee; by thee the tumour's rage reſtrain'd;
The gangrene, ringworm, ſcurf, and leproſy,
King's-evil, cancers, warts, are cur'd by thee:
Of flaming gout thou doſt ſuppreſs the rage;
Of dropſy thou the deluge doſt aſſuage.
'Twere endleſs all thy virtues to recite;
With all the hoſts of poiſons thou doſt fight;
Aided by Rue and Nut putt'ſt Africa to flight:
Encounter'ſt the diſeaſes of the air,
When baneful miſchiefs ſecret ſtars prepare.
Whence does this vegetative courage riſe?
Even angry Jove himſelf thou doſt deſpiſe;
His lightning's furious ſallies thou doſt ſee,
That ſpares not his own conſecrated Tree;
While he with temples does wild havoc make,
While mountains rend, and Earth's foundations quake,
Of thy undaunted Tree no leaf is ſeen to ſhake.

Hail, Bacchus! hail, thou pow'rful god of Wine!
Hail, Bacchus! hail, here comes thy darling Vine!
Drunk with her own rich juice, ſhe cannot ſtand,
But comes ſupported by her huſband's hand;
The luſty Elm ſupports her ſtagg'ring Tree,
My beſt-lov'd Plant! how am I charm'd with thee!
Bow down thy juicy cluſters to my lip,
Thy nectar-ſweets I would not lightly ſip,
But drink thee deep, drink till my veins were ſwell'd,
Drink till my ſoul with joys and thee were fill'd.
What god ſo far a poet's friend will be,
Who from great Orpheus draws his pedigree?
(And tho' his Muſe come ſhort of Orpheus' fame
Yet ſeems inſpir'd, and may the Ivy claim)
To place him on Mount Iſmarus, or where
Campanian hills the ſweeteſt cluſters bear,
Where grapes, twice ripen'd, twice concocted, grow,
With Phœbus' beams above, Veſuvius' flames below:
Or in the fortunate Canarian iſles,
Or where Burgundia's purple vintage ſmiles:
'Tis fit the poet ſhould beneath their ſhade
Tranſported lie, or on their hills run mad,
His veins, his ſoul, ſwell'd with th' inſpiring god,
Who worthily would celebrate the Vine,
And with his grateful voice diſcharge agen
The deity which with his mouth he drank ſo largely in.

O vital Tree! what bleſſings doſt thou ſend?
Love, Wit, and Eloquence, on thee attend;
Mirth, ſports, green hopes, ripe joys, and martial fire,
Theſe are thy fruits, thy cluſters theſe inſpire.
The various poiſons which ill fortune breeds,
(Not Pontus ſo abounds with baneful weeds,
Nor Africa ſo many ſerpents feeds)
By thy rich antidote defeated are;
'Tis true they'll rally, and renew the war,
'Tis true, when thou, our cordial! art not by;
They watch their time, and take us when we're dry.

Thou mak'ſt the captive to forget his chain;
By thee the bankrupt is enrich'd again;
The exile thou reſtor'ſt; the candidate
Without the people's vote thou doſt create,
And mak'ſt him a Caninian magiſtrate ¶.
Like kind Veſpaſian, thou mankind mak'ſt glad;
None from thy preſence e'er departed ſad.
What more can be to Wiſdom's ſchool aſſign'd,
Than from prevailing miſts to purge the mind?
From thee the beſt philoſophy does ſpring;
Thou canſt exalt the beggar to a king:
Th' unletter'd peaſant who can compaſs thee,
As much as Cato knows, and is as great as he.
Thy tranſports are but ſhort, I do confeſs,
But ſo are the delights mankind poſſeſs;
Our life itſelf is ſhort, and will not ſtay,
Then let us uſe thy bleſſing while we may,
And make it in full ſtreams of wine more ſmoothly paſs away.

The Vine retires, with loud and juſt applauſe
Of European gods.---As ſhe withdraws
Each in his hand a ſwelling cluſter preſs'd,
But Bacchus, much more ſportive than the reſt,
Fills up a bowl with juice from Grape-ſtones drain'd,
And puts it in Omelichilus' hand:
"Take of this draught," ſaid he, "if thou art wife,
"'Twill purge thy Cannibal ſtomach's crudities."
He, unaccuſtom'd to the acid juice,
Storm'd, and with blows had anſwer'd the abuſe,
But fear'd t' engage the European gueſt,
Whoſe ſtrength and courage had ſubdu'd the Eaſt;
He therefore chooſes a leſs dang'rous fray,
And ſummons all his country's Plants away:
Forthwith in decent order they appear,
And various fruits on various branches wear;
Like Amazons they ſtand in painted arms,
Coca alone appear'd with little charms,
Yet led the van; our ſcoffing Venus ſcorn'd
The ſhrub-like tree, and with no fruit adorn'd.
"The Indian Plants," ſaid ſhe, "are like to ſpeed
"In this diſpute of the moſt fertile breed,
"Who chooſe a dwarf and eunuch for their head."
Our gods laugh'd out aloud at what ſhe ſaid.
Pachamana defends her darling Tree,
And ſaid the wanton goddeſs was too free:
"You only know the fruitfulneſs of Luſt,
"And therefore here your judgment is unjuſt:
"Your ſkill in other offſprings we may truſt.
"With thoſe chaſte tribes that no diſtinction know
"Of ſex, your province nothing has to do,
"Of all the plants that any ſoil does bear,
"This Tree in fruits the richeſt does appear;
"It bears the beſt, and bears 'em all the year.
"Ev'n now with fruit 'tis ſtor'd---Why laugh you
"Behold how thick with leaves it is beſet; [yet?
"Each leaf is fruit, and ſuch ſubſtantial fare,
"No fruit beſide to rival it will dare.
"Mov'd with his country's coming fate (whoſe
"Muſt for her treaſures be expos'd to ſpoil) [ſoil
"Our Varicocha firſt his Coca ſent,
"Endow'd with leaves of wond'rous nouriſhment,
"Whoſe juice ſuck'd in, and to the ſtomach ta'en,
"Long hunger and long labour can ſuſtain;

¶ Caninius was Conſul but ſeven hours, dying the ſame day he was choſen.

" From which our faint and weary bodies find
" More succour, more they cheer the drooping mind,
" Than can your Bacchus and your Ceres join'd.
" Three leaves supply for six days march afford;
" The Quitoita with this provision stor'd,
" Can pass the vast and cloudy Andes o'er,
" The dreadful Andes' plac'd 'twixt Winter's store
" Of winds, rains, snow, and that more humble earth
" That gives the small but valiant Coca birth,
" This champion, that makes warlike Venus mirth.
" Nor Coca only useful art at home,
" A famous merchandise thou art become;
" A thousand Paci and Nicugni groan
" Yearly beneath thy loads, and for thy sake alone
" These spacious world's tons by commerce known."

Thus spake the goddess, (on her painted skin
Were figures wrought) and next calls Hovia in,
That for its stony fruit may be despis'd,
But for its virtue next to Coca priz'd.
Her shade by wondrous influence can compose
And lock the senses in such sweet repose,
That oft' the natives of a distant soil
Long journies take of voluntary toil,
Only to sleep beneath her branches' shade,
Where in transporting dreams entranc'd they lie,
And quite forget the Spaniard's tyranny.

The plant (at Brasil Bacoua call'd) the name
Of th' Eastern Plane Tree takes, but not the fame;
Bears leaves so large, one single leaf can shade
The swain that is beneath her covert laid;
Under whose verdant leaves fair apples grow,
Sometimes two hundred on a single bough:
They're gather'd all the year, and all the year
They spring, for like the hydra they appear;
To ev'ry one you take succeeds a golden heir.
'Twere loss of time to gather one by one,
Its boughs are torn, and yet no harm is done:
New-sprouting branches still the loss repair;
What would so soon return it were vain to spare.

The Indian Fig Tree next did much surprise,
With her strange figure, all our deities;
Amongst whom one too rashly did exclaim,
(For gods to be deceiv'd 'tis woeful shame)
"This is a cheat, a work of art," said he,
And therefore stretch'd his hand to touch the Tree:
At which the Indian gods laugh'd out aloud,
And our's, no less surpris'd, with wonder stood:
For, lo! the Plant, her trunk and boughs unclos'd,
Wholly of fruit and leaves appear'd compos'd;
New leaves, and still from them new leaves unfold,
A sight 'mongst prodigies to be inroll'd.

The Tuna, to the Indian Fig a-kin,
(The glory of Plascalla) next came in;
But much more wonderful her fruit appears
Than th' other' leaves, for living fruit she bears.
To her alone great Varicocha gave
The privilege that she for fruit should have;
Live creatures, that with purple dye adorn
Th' imperial robe; the precious tincture's worn
With pride ev'n by the conqu'rors of the soil:
But, ah! we had not grudg'd that purple spoil;
Our cochineal they freely might have gain'd,
If with no other blood they had been stain'd.

Guatimala produc'd a fruit unknown
To Europe, which with pride she call'd her own;
Her Cocoa Nut with double use endow'd,
(For Chocolate at once is drink and food)
Does strength and vigour to the limbs impart,
Makes fresh the countenance and cheers the heart;
In Venus' combat strangely does excite
The fainting warrior to renew the fight:
Not all Potosi's silver groves can be
Of equal value to this useful Tree,
Nor could the wretched hungry owner dine,
Rich Cartama! upon thy golden mine.
Of old the wiser Indians never made
Their gold or silver the support of trade,
Nor us'd for life's support what well they knew
Useless to life at best, and sometimes hurtful too.
With nuts instead of coin they bought and sold;
Their wealth by Cocoas, not by sums, they told;
One Tree, the growing treasure of the field,
Both food and clothes did to its owner yield;
Procur'd all utensils, and, wanting bread,
The happy hoarder on his money fed.
This was true wealth: those treasures we adore,
By custom valu'd, in themselves are poor,
And men may starve amidst their golden store.
Too happy India! had this wealth alone,
And not thy gold, been to the Spaniard known.

The Aguacata no less is Venus' friend;
(To th' Indies Venus' conquest does extend)
A fragrant leaf the Aguacata bears,
Her fruit in fashion of an egg appears;
With such a white and spermy juice it swells,
As represents moist Life's first principles.

The Cocoa's owner any thing may buy,
But he that has the Metla may supply
Himself with almost all things he can want,
From Metla's almost all-sufficient Plant:
Metla to pass as money does despise,
Or traffic serve, itself is merchandise.
She bears no nuts for boys, nor luscious fruit,
That many with nice effeminate palates suit;
Her very Tree is fruit; her leaves, when young,
Are wholesome food; for garments serve when
Not only so, but, to make up the cloth¶, [strong;
They furnish you with thread and needle both.
What though her native soil with drought is curs'd?
Cut but her bark, and you may flake your thirst;
A sudden spring will in the wound appear, [clear;
Which thro' strait passes strain'd comes forth more
And though through long meanders of the veins
'Tis carry'd, yet no vicious hue retains,
Limpid and sweet the virgin-stream remains.
These gifts for nature might sufficient be,
But, bounteous Metla! seem'd too small for thee;
Thou gratify'st our very luxury.
For liqu'rish palates honey thou dost bear,
For those whose gust wants quick'ning vinegar.
But these are trifles; thou dost wine impart,
That drives dull care and trouble from the heart.

¶ The thorn growing at the end of each leaf, which, together with the skinny part joined to it, is used in a manner of a needle and thread to sew withal.

If any wretch of poverty complains,
Thou pour'ſt a golden ſtream into his veins.
The pooreſt Indian ſtill is rich in thee,
In ſpite of Spaniſh conqueſts ſtill is free;
The Spaniard's king is not ſo bleſs'd as he.
If any doubts the liquor to be wine,
Becauſe no cryſtal water looks more fine,
Let him but drink, he'll find the weak nymph fled,
And potent Bacchus enter'd in her ſtead.
To all theſe gifts of luxury and wealth,
Thou giv'ſt us ſov'reign med'cines, too, for health:
Choice balm from thy concocted bark breaks forth:
Thou ſhedd'ſt no tear, but 'tis of greater worth
Than faireſt gems; no lover can more prize
The tears in his conſenting miſtreſs' eyes,
When in his arms the panting virgin lies:
No antidote affords more preſent aid, [made.
'Gainſt doubly mortal wounds by pois'nous arrows
Almoſt all needs, thou, Metla! doſt ſupply,
Yet muſt not therefore bear thyſelf too high,
While th' all-ſufficient Coccus Tree is by;
To Coccus thou muſt yield the victory.
While ſhe preſerves this Indian Palm alone,
America can never be undone;
Embowell'd, and of all her gold bereft,
Her liberty and Coccus only left;
She's richer than the Spaniard with his theft.
What ſenſeleſs miſer, by the gods abhorr'd,
Would covet more than Coccus doth afford?
Houſe, garments, beds, and boards, ev'n while we dine
Supplies both meat and diſh, both cup and wine;
Oil, honey, milk, the ſtomach to delight,
And poignant ſauce to whet the appetite.
Nor is her ſervice to the land confin'd,
For ſhips entire compos'd of her we find;
Sails, tackle, timber, cables, ribs, and maſt,
Wherewith the veſſel fitted up, at laſt
With her own ware is freighted; all ſhe bears
Is Coccus' growth, except her mariners:
Nor need we ev'n her mariners exclude,
Who from the Cocoa Nut have all their food.
The Indian gods, with wild and barb'rous voice,
And geſtures rude, tumultuous, rejoice;
Onr's as aſtoniſh'd, and with envious eyes,
Each other view'd, if, as weak men ſurmiſe,
Envy can touch immortal deities.
My modeſt Muſe that cenſure does decline,
Nor dares interpret ill of pow'rs divine.
The Indian pow'rs (though yet they had not ſhewn
The hundredth part of plants to India known)
Already did conclude the day their own;
Raſh and impatient round the goddeſs throng,
And think her verdict is deferr'd too long.
Pomona, ſeated high above the reſt,
Was cautiouſly revolving in her breaſt,
(The cauſe depending was no trifling toy,
That did the patrons of both worlds employ)
T' expreſs herſelf at large ſhe did deſign,
And handſomely the ſentence to decline;
(If I may gueſs at what the goddeſs meant)
But, lo! a ſlight and ſudden accident
Puts all the Court into a wild ferment:
For, during th' trial, the moſt tippling brace,
Omelichilus of the Indian race,
And our Lenæus ¶, at whate'er was ſpoke
Or done that pleas'd him, a full bumper took,
And drank to th' other; him the Metla Tree
Supply'd with juice; thy Vine, Lenæus! thee;
Each bowl they touch'd they turn'd the bottom up,
And gave a briſk huzza at ev'ry cup;
Their heads at laſt the riſing vapour gains,
And proves too hard for their immortal brains:
With mutual repartees they jeſt'd at firſt,
Till growing more incens'd, they ſwore and curs'd
Omelichilus does no longer dread
(With preſent Metla warm'd) the Grecian god,
But throws a Cocoa bowl at Bacchus' head,
Which ſpoil'd his draught, but left his forehead found,
And reſts betwixt his horns without a wound.
Bacchus, enrag'd with wine and paſſion too,
With all his might his maſſy goblet threw,
Directly levell'd at the ruſtic's face,
That laid him bruis'd and ſprawling on the place;
He in his native gibb'riſh cries aloud,
And with his noiſe alarms the ſavage crowd;
Gnaſhing their foamy teeth, like beaſts of prey,
Promiſcuouſly they bellow, roar, and bray;
The frighted waves back to the deep rebound;
The very iſland trembles with the ſound.
Next him Vitziliputli ſat, in ſmoke
Of foul Tobacco almoſt hid, that broke
In belches from his gormandizing maw,
Where human fleſh as yet lay crude and raw;
Throwing in rage his kindled pipe aſide,
And ſnatching bow and darts, Arm! arm! he cry'd.
Teſcalipuca (of the ſalvage band
The next in fierceneſs) took his ſpear in hand,
And all in arms the barb'rous legion ſtand.
The goddeſſes diſperſe, and ſculk behind
The thickets; frighted Venus bore in mind
Her former wound, th' effect of mortal rage,
What muſt ſhe then expect where gods engage?
Pallas, who only courage had to ſtay,
In vain her peaceful Olive did diſplay;
The gods, with manly weapons in their hand,
Devoted to the dire encounter ſtand:
Moſt woful ſome had that day's battle found,
And long been maim'd with many a ſmarting wound,
(For to ſuppoſe th' immortals can be ſlain,
Though with immortals they engage, is vain)
Had not Apollo, in the nick of time,
Found out a ſtrat'gem to divert that crime,
Which with his double title did agree,
The god of wit, and healing deity.
None better knew than he to uſe the bow;
But now reſolv'd his nobler ſkill to ſhew,
Sweet Muſic's pow'r, he takes his lyre in hand,
And does forthwith ſuch charming ſounds command,
As ſtruck the ear of gods with new delight,
When Nature did this world's great frame unite,
When jarring elements their war did ceaſe,
And danc'd themſelves into harmonious peace.

¶ Bacchus.

Such ſtrains had ſurely charm'd the Centaur's rage;
Such ſtrains the raving billows could aſſuage;
Wild hurricanes had due obedience ſhewn,
And, to attend his ſounds, ſuppreſs'd their own.
The wrangling gueſts at once appear bereft
Of ev'ry ſenſe, their hearing only left.
Vitziliputli, fierceſt of the crew,
While to the head his venom'd ſhaft he drew,
Lets fall both dart and bow; with lifted hands,
Aſtoniſh'd, and with mouth wide gaping ſtands;
So high to raiſe his greedy ears he's ſaid,
As force'd his feather'd di'dem from his head.
Pomona's altar, hew'd from ſolid rock,
In both his hands bold Varicoca took,
Which, like a thunderbolt, he would have hurl'd;
(He is the Thund'rer in the Indian world)
But at the firſt ſweet ſtrain forgot his heat,
Laid down the ſtone, and us'd it for a ſeat:
His raviſh'd ears the peaceful ſounds devour,
His hundred victims never pleas'd him more.
Their magic force, in ſpite of his diſgrace,
And gore yet ſtreaming from his batter'd face,
Omelichilus' ſelf did reconcile:
At firſt, 'tis true, he did but faintly ſmile,
But laugh'd anon as loud as any there;
For ſuch the ſacred charms of meaſures are,
The ambient air, ſtruck with the healing ſounds
Of Phœbus' lyre, clos'd up the bleeding wounds;
Ev'n of their own accord the breaches cloſe,
For pow'rful muſic all things can compoſe.
Pleas'd with his art's ſucceſs, Apollo ſmil'd,
To ſee the awkward mirth and geſtures wild
Of his charm'd audience. Having thus ſubdu'd
Their raviſh'd ſenſe, his conqueſt he purſu'd,
And ſtill to make the pleaſing ſpell more ſtrong,
Joins to his lyre his tuneful voice and ſong.
He ſung how th' inſpir'd hero's ¶ mind beheld
A world, that for long ages lay conceal'd.
Moſt happy thou! whoſe fancy could deſcry
A world, ſeen only by my circling eye:
Thou who alone in toils haſt equall'd me;
Great Alexander is outdone by thee;
By thee! whoſe ſkill could find, and courage gain
That other world for which we wiſh'd in vain.
Not my own Poet's tales could thee deceive,
No credit to their fables thou didſt give;
Me, weary'd with my day's hard courſe they feign
To reach each night in the Heſperian main.
Can Phœbus tire? my great Columbus! thou
Didſt better judge, and Phœbus better know;
For I myſelf did then thy thoughts incline,
Inſpir'd thy ſkill, and urg'd thy bold deſign.
Herculean limits could not thee contain,
Nor terror of an unexperienc'd main,
Nor Nature's awful darkneſs could reſtrain.
Thy native world's dear ſight for three months loſt,
For three long months on the wide ocean toſs'd,
New ſtars, new lands, and monſters thou didſt ſpy,
Unterrify'd thyſelf, new gods didſt terrify;
Thou, only thou undaunted didſt appear,
While thy fear'd comrades half expir'd with fear:
They urge thee to return, and threaten flight,
When, Guanahan! thy watch-light they deſcry,
Thy flaming beacon from afar they ſpy;
Whoſe happy light to their tranſported eyes
Diſcloſes a new world; with joyful cries
They hail the ſign that to a golden ſoil
Unlock'd the gate. Forgetting now their toil,
They hug their guide, at whom they late repin'd.
From this ſmall fire, and for ſmall uſe deſign'd,
How great a light was open'd to mankind!
How eaſily did courage find the way,
By this approach, to ſeize the golden prey,
That in a ſecret world's dark entrail lay!
For Courage what attempt can be too bold?
Or rather, what for thirſt of pow'r and gold?
While to the ſhore the Spaniſh navy drew,
The Indian natives with amazement view
Thoſe floating palaces, which fondly they
Miſtook for living monſters of the ſea;
Wing'd whales—nor at the Spaniards leſs admire,
A race of men with beards, and ſtrange attire,
Whoſe iron dreſs their native ſkin they deem'd;
The horſeman mounted on his courſer, ſeem'd
To them a Centaur of prodigious kind;
A compound monſter, of two bodies join'd;
That could at once in ſev'ral accents break,
Neigh with one mouth, and with the other ſpeak.
But moſt the roaring cannon they admire,
Diſcharging ſulph'rous clouds of ſmoke and fire;
Mock-thunder now they hear, mock-lightning view,
With greater dread than e'er they did the true.
Ev'n thou, the Thund'rer of the Indian ſky,
(Nor wilt thou, Varicocha! this deny)
Ev'n thou thyſelf aſtoniſh'd didſt appear,
When mortals' louder thunder thou didſt hear.
Strange figures, and th' unwonted face of things,
No leſs amazement to the Spaniards brings;
New forms of animals their ſight ſurpriſe,
New plants, new fruits, new men, and deities;
Entirely a new nature meets their eyes:
But moſt tranſported with the glitt'ring mould,
And wealthy ſtreams, whoſe ſands were fraught with gold,
Theſe they too much admire, with too much love
For theſe forthwith againſt their hoſts engage
The treach'rous gueſts, in impious war and rage;
From theſe inhuman ſlaughter did enſue,
Which now I grieve to tell, as then I bluſh'd to view.
By ſudden force, like ſome demoliſh'd town,
I ſaw the Indian world at once o'erthrown.
What can this land by this diſpute intend?
About his fruits ſhe does in vain contend,
Who knows not how her entrails to defend!
Thy ſlaughters paſt do thou at length forget,
For with no ſmall revenge thy wrongs have met,
And Heav'n will give thee greater comforts yet.
Enjoy thy fate, whoſe bitter part is o'er,
And all the ſweet for thee reſerv'd in ſtore.
Here Phœbus his moſt cheerful airs employs,
And melts their ſavage hearts in promis'd joys;
They felt his muſic glide through ev'ry vein,
Their brawny limbs from dancing ſcarce refrain,
But fear'd to interrupt his charming ſtrain.
That gold which Europe raviſh'd from your coaſt,
O'er Europe now a tyrant's power does boaſt

¶ Columbus.

Already has more miſchiefs brought on Spain,
Than from inſulting Spaniards you ſuſtain.
Where'er it comes, all laws are ſtraight diſſolv'd,
In gen'ral ruin all things are involv'd:
No land can breed a more deſtructive peſt,
Grieve not that of your bane you're diſpoſſeſs'd;
Call in more Spaniards to remove the reſt:
The fatal Helen drive from your abodes,
Th' Erinnys that 'as ſet both worlds at odds.
Fire, ſword, and ſlaughter, on her footſteps wait;
Whole empires ſhe betrays to utmoſt Fate.
Mean-while theſe benefits of life you reap,
Conſider, and you'll find th' exchange was cheap.
Your former ſalvage cuſtoms are remov'd,
The manners of your men and gods improv'd;
With human fleſh no more they ſhall be fed,
Whether dire famine firſt that practice bred,
Or more deteſted luxury---
Not long ſhalt thou, Vitzilipuil! feed
On bloody feaſts, or ſmoke thy Indian weed;
Ere long (like us) with pure ambroſial fare
Thou ſhalt be pleas'd, and taſte celeſtial air.
To live by wholeſome laws, you now begin
Buildings to raiſe, and fence your cities in;
To plough the earth, to plough the very main,
And traffic with the univerſe maintain:
Defenſive arms, and ornaments of dreſs,
All implements of life, you now poſſeſs;
To you the arts of war and peace are known,
And whole Minerva is become your own.

Our Muſes, to your ſires an unknown band,
Already have got footing in your land,
And like the ſoil------
Incas already have hiſtorians been,
And Inca poets ſhall ere long be ſeen.
But (If I fail not in my augury,
And who can better judge events than I?)
Long rolling years ſhall late bring on the times
When, with your gold debauch'd, and ripen'd crimes,
Europe (the world's moſt noble part) ſhall fall;
Upon her baniſh'd gods and virtue call
In vain, while foreign and domeſtic war
At once ſhall her diſtracted boſom tear;
Forlorn, and to be pity'd even by you——
Mean-while your riſing glory you ſhall view;
Wit, Learning, Virtue, Diſcipline of War,
Shall for protection to your world repair,
And fix a long illuſtrious empire there.
Your native gold (I would not have it ſo,
But fear th' event) in time will follow too:
O! ſhould that fatal prize return once more,
'Twill hurt your country, as it did before.
Late Deſtiny ſhall high exalt your reign,
Whoſe pomp no crowds of ſlaves, a needleſs train;
Nor gold (the rabble's idol) ſhall ſupport,
Like Motezum's, or Guanapaci's court;
But ſuch true grandeur as old Rome maintain'd,
Where Fortune was a ſlave, and Virtue reign'd.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK VI. OF TREES.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. A. BEHN.

Sylva.

CEASE, O my Muſe! the ſoft delights to ſing
Of Flow'ry Gardens in their fragrant ſpring,
And trace the rougher paths of obſcure woods,
All gloom aloft, beneath o'ergrown with ſhrubs,
Where Phœbus, once thy guide, can dart no ray
T' inſpire thy flight, and make the ſcene look gay.
Courage, my Huntreſs! let us range the glades,
And ſearch the inmoſt grottos of the ſhades;
Ev'n to the lone receſſes let us paſs,
Where the green goddeſs reſts on beds of moſs;
Let looſe my fancy, ſwift of foot, to trace,
With a ſagacious ſcent, the noble chaſe,
And with a joyful cry purſue the prey:
'Tis hidden Nature we muſt rouſe to-day.
Set all your gins, let ev'ry toil be plac'd,
Thro' all her tracks let flying Truth be chac'd,
And ſeize her panting with her eager haſte.
Nor yet diſdain, my Muſe! in groves to range,
Or humbler woods for nobler orchards change.
Here deities of old have made abode,
And once ſecur'd great Charles, our earthly god.
The royal youth, born to outbrave his fate,
Within a neighb'ring Oak maintain'd his ſtate:
The faithful boughs in kind allegiance ſpread
Their ſhelt'ring branches round his awful head.
Twin'd their rough arms, and thicken'd all the ſhade.
To thee, belov'd of Heav'n! to thee we ſing
Of ſacred groves, blooming perpetual ſpring:
May'ſt thou be to my rural verſe and me
A preſent and aſſiſting deity:
Diſdain not in this leafy court to dwell,
Who its lov'd Monarch did ſecure ſo well.
Th' eternal oak, now conſecrate to thee,
No more thy refuge, but thy throne, ſhall be.
We'll place the conqu'ror now, and crown thy brows
With garlands made of its young gayeſt boughs,
While from our oaten pipes the world ſhall know
How much they to this ſacred ſhelter owe.

And you, the ſoft inhabitants of the groves!
You Woodnymphs! Hamadryades, and Loves!
Satyrs and Fauns! who in theſe arbours play,
Permit my ſong, and give my Muſe her way:
She tells of ancient woods the wondrous things,
Of groves, long veil'd in ſacred darkneſs, ſings,
And a new light into your gloom ſhe brings.
Let it be lawful for me to unfold
Divine decrees that never yet were told;
The harangues of the wood-gods to rehearſe,
And ſing of flow'ry ſenates in my verſe:
Voices unknown to man he now ſhall hear,
Who, always ignorant of what they were,
Have paſs'd 'em by with a regardleſs ear;
Thought 'em the murm'rings of the ruffled trees,
That mov'd and wanton'd with the ſporting breeze.
But Daphne knew the myſteries of the wood,
And made diſcov'ries to her am'rous god;
Apollo me inform'd, and did inſpire
My ſoul with his divine prophetic fire;
And I, the prieſt of Plants, their ſenſe expound;
Hear O ye Worlds! and liſten all around.
'Twas now when Royal Charles, that Prince of Peace,
(That pious offspring of the olive race)
Sway'd England's ſceptre with a godlike hand,
Scattering ſoft eaſe and plenty o'er the land;
Happy 'bove all the neighb'ring kings, while yet
Unruffled by the rudeſt ſtorms of Fate;
More fortunate the people, till their pride
Diſdain'd obedience to the ſov'reign guide,
And to a baſe plebeian Senate gave
The arbitrary priv'lege to enſlave;
Who through a ſea of nobleſt blood did wade,
To tear the diadem from the ſacred head.
Now above envy, far above the clouds,
The Martyr ſits, triumphing with the gods.
While Peace before did o'er the ocean fly,
On our bleſs'd ſhore to find ſecurity,
In Britiſh groves ſhe built her downy neſt,
No other climate could afford her reſt;

But warring winds o'er wretched Europe range,
Threat'ning deſtruction, univerſal change:
The raging tempeſt tore the aged woods,
Shook the vaſt earth, and troubled all the floods.
Nor did the fruitful goddeſs brood in vain,
But here in ſafety hatch'd her golden train:
Juſtice and Faith one cornucopia fill,
Of uſeful med'cines known to many an ill.
Such was the Golden Age in Saturn's ſway;
Eaſy and innocent it paſs'd away;
But too much lux'ry and good fortune cloys,
And virtues ſhe ſhould cheriſh ſhe deſtroys.
What we moſt wiſh, what we moſt toil to gain,
Enjoyment palls, and turns the bliſs to pain.
Poſſeſſion makes us ſhift our happineſs
From peaceful wives to noiſy miſtreſſes.
The repetition makes the pleaſure dull;
'Tis only Change that's gay and beautiful.
O notion falſe! O appetite deprav'd!
That has the nobler part of man enſlav'd:
Man! born to reaſon, does that ſafety quit,
To ſplit upon the dang'rous rock of wit.
Phyſicians ſay there's no ſuch danger near
As when, though no ſigns manifeſt appear,
Self-tir'd, and dull, man knows not what he ails,
And, without toil, his ſtrength and vigour fails.
Such was the ſtate of England, ſick with eaſe,
Too happy, if ſhe knew her happineſs.
Their crime no ign'rance for excuſe can plead,
That wretched refuge for ingratitude.
'Twas then that from the pitying gods there came
A kind admoniſhing anger to reclaim,
In dreadful prodigies ¶; but, alas! in vain.
So rapid thunderbolts, before the flame,
Fly the conſuming vengeance to proclaim.
I, then a boy, arriv'd to my tenth year,
And ſtill thoſe horrid images I bear;
The mournful ſigns are preſent to my eyes:
I ſaw o'er all the region of the ſkies
The hiſtory of our approaching wars,
Writ in the heav'ns in wondrous characters:
The vaulted firmament with lightning burns,
And all the clouds were kindled into ſtorms,
And form'd an image of th' infernal hell;
(I ſhake with the portentous things I tell)
Like ſulph'rous waves the horrid flames did roll,
Whoſe raging tides were hurl'd from pole to pole;
Then ſuddenly the burſting clouds divide,
A fire like burning mounts on either ſide,
Diſcovering (to th' aſtoniſh'd world) within
At once a dreadful and a beauteous ſcene:
Two mighty armies clad in battle-array,
Ready by combat to diſpute the day;
Their waving plumes and glitt'ring armour ſhone,
Mov'd by the winds, and gilded by the ſun:
So well in order ſeem'd each fearleſs rank,
As they'd been marſhall'd by our hero Monk;
Monk! born for mighty things and great command,
The glorious pillar of our falling land:
Perhaps his Genius on the royal ſide
One of thoſe heav'nly figures did deſcribe,
Here pointed out to us his noble force,
And form'd him conqu'ror on a flaming horſe.
We heard, or fancy'd that we heard, around,
The ſignal giv'n by drum and trumpet ſound;
We ſaw the fire-ing'd horſes fiercely meet,
And with their fatal ſpears each other greet:
Here ſhining brandiſh'd pikes like lightning ſhook,
While from ethereal guns true thunder broke:
With gloomy miſts they involv'd the plains of heav'n,
And to the cloud-begotten men was given
A memorable fate———
By the dire ſplendour which their arms diſplay'd,
And dreadful lightning that from cannons play'd,
We ſaw extended o'er the aërial plain
The wounded bodies of the numerous ſlain,
(Their faces fierce with anger underſtood)
Turning the ſky red with their guſhing blood:
At laſt that army we the juſt eſteem'd,
And which adorn'd by nobleſt figures ſeem'd
Of arms and men, alas! was put to flight;
The reſt was veil'd in the deep ſhades of night,
And fates to come ſecur'd from human ſight.
But ſtupid England, touch'd with no remorſe,
Beholds theſe prodigies as things of courſe:
(With many more, which to the juſt appear'd
As ominous preſages) then who fear'd
The monſters of the Caledonian woods,
Or the hid ferments of ſchiſmatic crowds?
Nor had the impious Cromwell then a name,
For England's ruin, and for England's ſhame:
Nor were the gods pleas'd only to exhort
By ſigns the reſtive City and the Court:
Th' impending fates o'er all the thickets reign'd,
And ruin to the Engliſh wood proclaim'd.
We ſaw the ſturdy Oaks of monſtrous growth,
Whoſe ſpreading roots, fix'd in their native earth,
Where for a thouſand years in peace they grew,
Torn from the ſoil, though none but Zeph'rus blew.
But who ſuch violent outrages could find
To be th' effects of the ſoft Weſtern wind?
The Dryads ſaw the right-hand of the gods
O'erturn the nobleſt ſhelters of the woods;
Others their arms with baneful leaves were clad,
That new unuſual forms and colours had,
Whence now no aromatic moiſture flows,
Or noble Miſſeltoe enrich the boughs;
But, bow'd with galls, within thoſe boding hulls
Lurk'd flies, diviners of enſuing ills,
Whoſe fatal buzz did future ſlaughters threat,
And confus'd murmurs full of dread repeat.
When no rude winds diſturb'd the ambient air,
The Trees, as weary of repoſe, made war;
With horrid noiſe grappling their knotty arms,
Like meeting tides they ruffle into ſtorms:
But when the winds to rattling tempeſts riſe,
Inſtead of warring Trees, we heard the cries
Of warring men, whoſe dying groans around
The woods and mournful echoes did reſound.
The diſmal ſhade with birds obſcene were fill'd,
Which, ſpite of Phœbus, he himſelf beheld.
On the wild Aſhes' tops, the bats and owls,
With all night ominous and baneful fowls,

¶ This relation of prodigies Mr. Cowley aſſures to be true. "Verum eſt in me recipio;" in the margin of the original.

Sat brooding, while the screeches of these droves
Profan'd and violated all the groves.
If ought that poets do relate be true,
The strange Spinturnix (1) led the feather'd crew:
Of all the monsters of the earth and air,
Spinturnix bears the cruellest character.
The barbarous bird, to mortal eyes unknown,
Is seen but by the goddesses alone:
And then they tremble; for she always bodes
Some fatal discord ev'n among the gods.
But that which gave more wonder than the rest,
Within an Ash a serpent built her nest (2),
And laid her eggs, when once to come beneath
The very shadow of an Ash was death;
Rather, if chance should force, she through the fire,
From its fall'n leaves, so baneful, would retire.
But none of all the sylvan prodigies
Did more surprise the rural deities,
Than when the lightning did the Laurel blast;
The lightning their lov'd Laurels all defac'd:
The Laurel! which by Jove's divine decree,
Since ancient time from injuring tempests free,
No angry threats from the celestial powers
Could make her fear the ruin of her bowers;
But always she enjoy'd a certain fate,
Which she could ne'er secure the victor yet.
In vain these signs and monsters were not sent
From angry Heav'n; the wise knew what they meant:
Their coming by conjectures understood,
As did the Dryads of the British wood.

There is an ancient forest (3) known to Fame,
On this side sep'rate from the Cambrian plain
By wand'ring Wye, whose winding current glides,
And murm'ring leaves behind its flow'ry sides;
On that 'tis wash'd by nobler Severn's streams,
Whose beauties scarce will yield to famous Thames:
Of yore 'twas Arden call'd, but that great name,
As like herself, diminish'd into Dean:
The curs'd weapons of destructive war
In all their cruelties have made her share;
The iron has its noblest shades destroy'd,
Then to melt iron is its wood employ'd;
And so unhappy 'tis, as it presents
Of its own death the fatal instruments;
With industry its ruin to improve,
Bears minerals below, and trees above.
Oh, Poverty! thou happiness extreme,
(When no afflicting want can intervene)
And, oh! thou subtle treasure of the earth,
From whence all rapes and mischiefs take their birth.
And you, triumphing Woods! secur'd from spoil,
By the safe blessing of your barren soil,
Here, unconsum'd, how small a part remains
Of that rich store that once adorn'd the plains!
Yet that small part that has escap'd the ire
Of lawless steel, and avaricious fire,
By many nymphs and deities possess'd,
Of all the British shades continues still the best.
Here the long reverend Dryas (who had been
Of all those shady verdant regions queen,
To which by conquest she had forc'd the sea
His constant tributary waves to pay)
Proclaim'd a gen'ral council through her court,
To which the sylvan nymphs should all resort.

All the wood-goddesses do straight appear,
At least who could the British climate bear,
And on a soft ascent of rising ground,
Their queen, their charming Dryas! they surround,
Who, all adorn'd, was in the middle plac'd,
And by a thousand awful beauties grac'd.

These goddesses alike were dress'd in green,
The ornaments and liv'ries of their queen.
Had travellers at any distance view'd
The beauteous order of this stately crowd,
They would not guess they 'ad been divinities,
But groves all sacred to the deities.
Such was the image of this leafy scene,
On one side water'd by a cooling stream,
Upon whose brink the Poplar took her place,
The Poplar! whom Alcides once did grace,
Whose double colour'd shadow'd leaves express
The labours of our Hero Hercules,
Whose upper sides are black, the under white,
To represent his toil and his delight.

The Phaetonian Alder next took place,
Still sensible of the burnt youth's disgrace;
She loves the purling streams, and often laves
Beneath the floods, and wantons with the waves.

Close by her side the pensive Willows join'd,
Chaste sisters all, to lovers most unkind,
Oleficarpians * call'd, in youth severe,
Before the winter-age had snow'd their hair:
In rivers take delight, whose chilling streams
Mix'd with the native coldness of their veins,
Like salamanders can all heat remove,
And quite extinguish the quick fire of love:
Firm lasting bonds they yield to all beside,
But take delight the lovers to divide.

The Elders next, who, though they waters love,
The same from human bodies yet remove,
And quite disperse the humid moisture thence,
And parley with the dropsy in this sense:
"Why do you linger here, O lazy Flood!
"This soil belongs to rivulets of blood.
"Why do you men torment, when many a shade,
"And honest Trees and Plants do want your aid?
"Begone, from human bodies quick begone,
"And back into your native channels run
"By every pore, by all the ways you can."
The moisture, frighten'd, flies at the command,
And awful terror of her pow'rful wand.

The hospitable Birch does next appear,
Joyful and gay in hot or frigid air;
Flowing her hair, her garments soft and white,
And yet in cruelty she takes delight;
No wild inhabitant o' th' woods can be
So quick in wrath, and in revenge, as she;
In houses great authority assumes,
And is the sole punisher of petty crimes;
But most of all her malice she employs
In schools, to terrify and awe young boys:
If she chastise, 'tis for the patient's good,
Though oft' she blushes with her tender blood.

(1) What this bird truly was is not known, but it was much dreaded by the Ancients. Plin. Servius, &c.
(2) For the truth hereof take Pliny's words, l. 16, 17.
(3) The Forest of Dean.

* That is, a tribe which easily drops its seed; or which is an enemy to venery.

Not ſo the gen'rous Maples; they preſent
Whate'er the city lux'ry can invent,
Who with induſtrious management and pains
Divide the labyrinth of their curious grains,
And many neceſſary things produce,
That ſerve at once for ornament and uſe.
But thou, O Pteleas! (1) to the ſwain allows
Shades to his cattle, timber for his ploughs;
Ennobled thou above the leafy race,
In that an amorous god (2) does thee embrace.
Next thee the Oxias, (3) of herſelf a grove,
Whoſe wide-ſpread ſhade the flocks and ſhepherds love;
Whether thy murmurs do to ſleep invite,
Or thy ſoft noiſe inſpire the rural pipe,
Alike thou'rt grateful, and canſt always charm,
In ſummer cooling, and in winter warm:
Tityrus, of yore, the nymph with garlands hung,
And all his love-lays in her ſhadow ſung.
When firſt the infant-world her reign began,
E'er pride and lux'ry had corrupted man,
Before for gold the earth they did invade,
The uſeful houſehold-ſtuff of Beech was made;
No other plate the humble ſideboard dreſs'd,
No other bowls adorn'd the wholeſome feaſt,
Which no voluptuous cookery could boaſt,
The homebred kid or lamb was all the coſt;
The mirth, the innocence, and little care,
Surpaſs'd the loaded boards of high-priz'd fare;
There came no gueſt for int'reſt or deſign,
For guilty love, fine eating, or rich wine:
The Beechen bowl without debauch went round,
And was with harmleſs mirth and roſes crown'd:
In theſe—the Ancients in their happy ſtate
Their feaſts and banquets us'd to celebrate:
Fill'd to the brim with uncorrupted wine,
They made libations to the powers divine,
To keep 'em ſtill benign; no ſacrifice
They need perform the angry gods t' appeaſe;
They knew no crimes the deities t' offend,
But all their care was ſtill to keep 'em kind:
No poiſon ever did thoſe bowls infeſt,
Securley here the ſhepherd quench'd his thirſt;
'Twas not that any virtue in the wood
Againſt the baneful liquor was thought good,
But poverty and innocence were here
The antidotes againſt all ills and fear.
Such was the Aſh, the nymph was Melias nam'd,
For peaceful uſe and lib'ral virtues fam'd;
But when Achilles' ſpear was of her wood
Fatally form'd, and drank of Hector's blood,
O wretched glory! O unhappy power!
She loves the rain and neighb'ring floods no more;
No more the falling ſhowers delight her now;
She only thirſts to drink of bloody dew.
Philyra, (4) not inferior to her race,
For her bel-taille, good mien, and handſome grace,
For pious uſe and nobleſt ſtudies fit,
Minerva here might exerciſe her wit,
And on the laſting vellum which ſhe brings,
May in ſmall volumes write ſeraphic things;
'Mongſt all the nymphs and hymarades,
None are ſo fair and ſo adorn'd as this:

All ſoft her body, innocent, and white,
In her green flowing hair ſhe takes delight;
Proud of her perfum'd bloſſoms, far ſhe ſpreads
Her lovely, charming, odoriferous, ſhades:
Her native beauties even excelling art,
Her virtues many med'cines ſtill impart;
The dowry of each Plant in her does reſt,
And ſhe deſerv'dly triumphs o'er the beſt.
Next her Orcimelis and Achras [5] ſtood,
Whoſe offspring is a ſharp and rigid brood;
A fruit no ſeaſon e'er could work upon,
Not to be mellow'd by th' all-ripening ſun.
Hither the fair amphibious nymphs reſort,
Who both in woods and gardens keep their court;
The Ouas, [6] but of no ignoble fame,
Although ſhe bears a baſe and ſervile name;
Sharp Oxyacantha [7] next the Mulberry ſtood,
The Mulberry dy'd in hapleſs lovers' [8] blood.
Craneia [9], a nymph too lean to be admir'd,
But hard-gain'd Carya [1] is by all deſir'd;
The pretty Corylus, [2] ſo neat and trim,
And Caſtanis, with rough and grateful ſkin.
Theſe nymphs, of all their race, live rich and high,
They taſte the city golden luxury,
And woods their country villas do ſupply.
Nor was the Hawthorn abſent from this place,
All foils are native to her harden'd race;
Through her the fields and gardens do reject,
She with a thorny hedge does both protect:
Helvetia [3], rough with cold and ſtones, firſt bred
The nymph, who thence to other climates fled;
Of her a warlike ſturdy race was born,
Whoſe dreſs, nor court, nor city can adorn,
But with a faithful hand they both defend,
While they upon no garriſon depend;
No ſhew, or noiſy grandeur, they affect,
But to their truſt they're conſtant and exact:
Should you behold 'em rang'd in battle-array,
All muſter'd in due order, you would ſay
That no Militia were ſo fine and gay.
Let the Ancients raſhly then reproach,
Who cut from hence thy hymeneal torch, beaſts,
Since they ſuch ſafeguard were 'gainſt thieves and
Which with an equal force their charge moleſts;
And 'twas commanded they ſhould always bear
Their watchful twigs before the married pair.
With the Helvetian nymph a pretty train,
All her companions to the circle came;
The fruitful Ballace firſt, whoſe offspring are;
Though harſh and ſharp, yet moderately fair.
The prickly Bramble, neat and lovely Roſe,
So nice and coy, they never will diſpoſe
Their valu'd favours, but ſome wounds they give
To thoſe who will their guarded joys receive.
No leſs a troop of thoſe gay nymphs were ſeen,
Who nobly flouriſh in eternal green;
Unſubjected to the laws o' th' changing year,
They want no aids of kindly beams or air;
But happy in their own peculiar ſpring, ſing.
While the pole weeps in ſhowers, they laugh and
The generous Pyxias [4], who a conqueſt gains
O'er armed Winter, with her hoſts of rains,

(1) The Elm.
(2) The Beech.
(3) Bacchus; or, the Vine.
(4) The Lime Tree.

[5] Service Tree
[6] Wood Pear and Crab Apple
[7] Barberry
[8] Pyramus and Thiſbe
[9] Cornelian Berry
[1] Wallnuts
[2] Small nuts
[3] Switzerland
[4] The Box Tree

All ages she subdues, devouring Time
In vain endeavours to destroy her prime;
Still in her youth and beauty she survives;
When all the spring is dead, she smiles and lives;
Yet though she's obstinate to time and storms,
She's kindly pliable to all curious forms:
To artful masters she obedience lends,
And to th' ingenious hand, with ease, she bends;
Into a thousand truelove's knots she twines,
And with a verdant wall the flowers confines,
Still looking up with gay and youthful love
To th' triumphing flow'rs that reign above:
Or, if you please, she will advance on high,
And with the lofty Trees her stature vie;
And cheerfully will any figure take,
Whether man, lion, or a bird you make;
Or on her trunk like a green parrot shew,
Or sometimes like a Hercules she'll grow:
And hence Praxiteles fair statues forms,
When with green gods the gardens he adorns;
Nor yet, being dead, does of less use appear
To the industrious artificer:
From her the noblest figures do arise,
And almost are immortal deities;
Of her the Berecynthian pipe is made,
That charms its native mountain and its shade,
That in such tuneful harmonies express
The praises of their goddess Cybeles.
With this the lovely females dress their hair,
That not least pow'rful beauty of the fair,
Their noblest ornament, and th' lover's snare.
This into form the beauteous nets still lay,
That the poor heedless gazer does betray.
Agrias [1] is content with easier spoils,
Only for silly birds she pitches toils:
The wanton bird she stops upon the wing,
And can forbid the insolence of men:
With a defence the garden she supplies,
And does perpetually delight the eyes;
Her shining leaves a lovely green produce,
And serve at once for ornament and use.
Deform'd December, by her posy-boughs
All deck'd and dress'd, like joyful April shews:
Cold-winter days she both adorns and cheers,
While she her constant springing livery wears.
Camaris (2) who in winter give their birth,
Not humbly creeping on the servile earth,
But rear aloft their nobler fruitful heads,
Whose sylvan food unhappy Janus feeds;
His hungry appetite he here destroys,
And both his rav'nous mouths at once destroys.
Phillyrea (3) here, and Pyracantha, rise,
Whose beauty only gratifies the eyes
Of gods and men; no banquets they afford
But to the welcome, though unbidden, bird;
Here, gratefully in winter they repay [gay.
For all the summer-songs that made their groves so
Next came the melancholy Yew, who mourns
With silent langnor at the warrior's urns.
See, where she comes! all in black shadow veil'd;
Ah! too unhappy nymph, on every side assail'd!

Whom the Greek poets and historians blame,
(Deceiv'd by easy Faith and common Fame)
Thee as a guilty poisoner they present;
Oh! false aspersers of the innocent!
If poets may find credit when they speak,
(At least all those who are not of the Greek)
No baneful poison, no malignant dew,
Lurks in, or hangs about, the harmless Yew;
No secret mischief dares the nymph invade,
And those are safe that sleep beneath her shade.
Nor thou, Arceuthis ¶! art an enemy
To the soft notes of charming harmony:
Falsely the chief of poets would persuade
That evil's lodg'd in thy eternal shade;
Thy aromatic shade, whose verdant arms
Ev'n thy own useful fruits secures from harms:
Many false crimes to thee they attribute;
Would no false virtues, too, they would to thee impute.
But thou, Sabina ♄! my impartial Muse
Cannot with any honesty excuse;
By thee the first new sparks of life, not yet
Struck up to shining flame, to mature heat,
Sprinkled by thy moist poison fade and die;
Fatal Sabina! nymph of infamy.
For this the Cypress thee companion calls,
Who piously attends at funerals;
But thou, more barbarous, dost thy pow'r employ,
And even the unborn innocent destroy.
Like Fate destructive thou, without remorse,
While she the death of ev'n that ag'd deplores.
Such Cyparissus was, that bashful boy,
Who was belov'd by the bright god of day;
Of such a tender mind, so soft a breast,
With so compassionate a grief oppress'd,
For wounding his lov'd dear, that down he lay
And wept, and pin'd his sighing soul away;
Apollo pitying it renew'd his fate,
And to the Cypress did the boy translate,
And gave his hapless life a longer date:
Then thus decreed the god—"And thou, oh Tree!
"Chief mourner at all funerals shalt be;
"And since so small a cause such grief could give,
"Be it still thy talent (pitying youth!) to grieve:
"Sacred be thou in Pluto's dark abodes,
"For ever sacred to th' infernal gods!"
This said, well skill'd in truth, he did bequeath
Eternal life to the dire Tree of death,
A substance that no worm can e'er subdue,
Whose never-dying leaves each day renew,
Whose figures, like aspiring flames, still rise;
And with a noble pride salute the skies.
Next the fair nymph that Phœbus does adore,
But yet as nice and cold as heretofore;
She hates all fires, and with aversion still
She chides and crackles, if the flame she feel:
Yet though she's chaste, the burning god no less
Adores, and makes his love his prophetess;
And ev'n the murmurs of her scorn do now
For joyful sounds and happy omens go:
Nor does the humble, though the sacred Tree,
Fear wounds from any earthly enemy;
For she beholds, when loudest storms abound,
The flying thunder of the gods around:

(1) The Holly. Hereof birdlime is made
(2) Strawberry Tree
(3) Ever-green Privet, and Prickly Coral Tree.

¶ Juniper tree. ♄ Savin.

Let all the flaming heav'ns threat as they will,
Unmov'd th' undaunted nymph outbraves it still.
Oh, thou!
Of all the woody nations happieſt made,
Thou greateſt princeſs of the fragrant ſhade;
But ſhould the goddeſs Dryas not allow
That royal title to thy virtue due,
At leaſt her juſtice muſt this truth confeſs,
If not a princeſs, thou'rt a propheteſs;
And all the glories of immortal fame,
Which conqu'ring monarchs ſo much ſtrive to gain,
Is but at beſt from thy triumphing boughs,
To reach a garland to adorn their brows;
And after monarchs poets claim a ſhare,
As the next worthy, thy priz'd wreaths to wear:
Among that number do not me diſdain,
Me, the moſt humble of that glorious train:
I by a double right thy bounties claim ¶,
Both from my ſex, and in Apollo's name:
Let me with Sappho and Orinda be,
Oh! ever ſacred Nymph! adorn'd by thee,
And give my verſes immortality.
The tall Elate next, and Peuce ſtood,
The ſtatelieſt ſiſter-nymphs of all the wood;
The flying winds ſport with their flowing hair,
While to the dewy clouds their lofty heads they rear.
As mighty hills above the vallies ſhew,
And look with ſcorn on the deſcent below,
So do theſe view the mountains where they grow,
So much above their humbler tops they riſe:
So ſtood the giants that beſieg'd the ſkies,
The terror of the gods! they having thrown
Huge Oſſa on the leafy Pelion, [ſtands,
The Fir, with the proud Pine, thus threat'ning
Lifting to Heav'n two hundred warring hands;
In this vaſt proſpect they with eaſe ſurvey
The various figur'd land and boundleſs ſea;
With joy behold the ſhips their timber builds,
How they've with cities ſtor'd once ſpacious fields.
This grove of Engliſh nymphs, this noble train,
In a large circle compaſs in their queen,
The ſceptre-bearing Dryas——
Her throne a riſing hillock, where ſhe ſat
With all the charms of majeſty and ſtate,
With awful grace the numbers ſhe ſurvey'd,
Dealing around the favours of her ſhade.
If I the voice of the loud winds could take,
Which the re-echoing Oaks do agitate,
'Twould not ſuffice to celebrate thy name,
Oh! ſacred Dryas! of immortal fame.
If we a faith can give Antiquity,
That ſings of many miracles, from thee,
In the world's infant age, mankind broke forth,
From thee the noble race receiv'd their birth;
Thou then in a green tender bark waſt clad,
But in Deucalion's age a rougher covert had,
More hard and warm, with cruſted white all o'er,
As noble authors ſung in times of yore;
Approv'd by ſome, condemn'd and argu'd down
By the vain troop of ſophiſts and the gown,
The ſcoffing academy, and the ſchool
Of Pyrrho, who traditions overrule:

¶ The tranſlatreſs in her own perſon ſpeaks.

But let 'em doubt, yet they muſt grant this truth,
Thoſe brawny men that then the earth brought forth
Did on thy acorns feed, and feaſt and thrive,
And with this wholeſome nouriſhment ſurvive,
In health and ſtrength an equal age with thee,
Secur'd from all the banes of luxury.
Oh! happy Age! oh! nymph divinely good!
That mak'ſt thy ſhade man's houſe, thy fruit his food.
When only apples of the wood did paſs
For noble banquets, ſpread on beds of graſs,
Tables not yet by any art debauch'd,
And fruit that ne'er the grudger's hand reproach'd,
Thy bounties, Ceres! were of little uſe,
And thy ſweet food ill manners did produce;
Unluckily they did thy virtues find
With that of the wild boar and hunted hind;
With all wild beaſts on which their lux'ry prey'd,
While new deſires their appetites invade;
The natures they partake of what they eat,
And ſalvage they become, as was their meat.
Hence the republic of the world did ceaſe;
Hence they might date the forfeit of their peace:
The common good was now peculiar made
A generous int'reſt now became a trade, [vade:
And men began their neighbours' rights t' in-
For now they meaſur'd out their common ground,
And outrages commit t' enlarge their bound:
Their own ſeem'd deſpicable, poor, and ſmall;
Each wants more room, and would be lord of all:
The ploughman with diſdain his field ſurveys,
Forſakes the land, and ploughs the faithleſs ſeas:
The fool in theſe deep furrows ſeeks his gain,
Deſpiſing dangers, and enduring pain:
The ſacred Oak her peaceful manſion leaves,
Tranſplanted to the mountains of the waves.
Oh! Dryas! patron to the induſtrious kind,
If man were wiſe, and would his ſafety find,
What perfect bliſs thy happy ſhade would give,
And houſes that their maſters would outlive?
All neceſſaries thou afford'ſt alone
For harmleſs innocence to live upon;
Strong yokes for oxen, handles for the plough;
What huſbandry requires thou doſt allow;
But if the madneſs of deſiring gain,
Or wild ambition agitate the brain,
Straight to a wand'ring ſhip they thee tranſfer,
And none more fitly ſerves the mariner:
Thou cutt'ſt the air, doſt on the waves rebound,
Wild death and fury raging all around;
Diſdaining to behold the manag'd wood,
Outbrave the ſtorms, and baffle the rude flood.
To ſwine, O richeſt Oak! thy acorns leave,
And ſearch for man whate'er the earth can give,
All that the ſpacious univerſe brings forth,
What land and ſea conceals of any worth;
Bring aromatics from the diſtant Eaſt,
And gold, ſo dangerous, from the rifled Weſt;
Whate'er the boundleſs appetite can feaſt.
With thee the utmoſt bounds of earth w' invade;
By thee the unlock'd orb is common made:
By thee
The great republic of the world revives,
And o'er the earth luxurious traffic thrives:

If Argos' ſhip were valued at that rate
Which ancient poets ſo much celebrate,
From neighb'ring Colchos only bringing home
The Golden Fleece from ſeas whoſe tracts were known;
If of the dangers they ſo much have ſpoke
(More worthy ſmiles) of the Cyanean rock,
What oceans then of fame ſhall thee ſuffice?
What waves of eloquence can ſing thy praiſe?
O ſacred Oak! that great Columbus bore,
Io! thou hearer of a happier ore
Than celebrated Argo did before.
And Drake's brave Oak that paſs'd the world's unknown,
Whoſe toils, O Phœbus! were ſo like thy own.
Who round the earth's vaſt globe triumphant rode,
Deſerves the celebration of a god.
O let the Pegaſean ſhip no more
Be worſhip'd on the too unworthy ſhore;
After her wat'ry life, let her become
A fix'd ſtar ſhining equal with the Ram:
Long ſince the duty of a ſtar ſhe's done,
And round the earth with guiding light has ſhone.
Oh! how has Nature bleſs'd the Britiſh land,
Who both the valu'd Indies can command!
What though thy banks the Cedars do not grace,
Thoſe lofty beauties of fam'd Libanus,
The Pine, or Palm of Idumean plains,
Arab's rich wood, or its ſweet-ſmelling greens,
Or lovely Plantain, whoſe large leafy boughs
A pleaſant and a noble ſhade allows?
She has thy warlike groves and mountains bleſs'd
With ſturdy Oaks, o'er all the world the beſt;
And for the happy Iſland's ſure defence,
Has wall'd it with a moat of ſeas immenſe;
While to declare her ſafety and thy pride,
With Oaken ſhips that ſea is fortify'd.
Nor was that adoration vainly made,
Which to the Oak the ancient Druids paid,
Who reaſonably believ'd a god within,
Where ſuch vaſt wonders were produc'd and ſeen:
Nor was it the dull piety alone,
And ſuperſtition of our Albion,
Nor ignorance of the future age, that paid
Honours divine to thy ſurpriſing ſhade;
But they foreſaw the empire of the ſea [Thee.
Great Charles ſhould hold from the triumphant
No wonder, then, that age ſhould thee adore,
Who gav'ſt our ſacred oracles heretofore;
The hidden pleaſure of the gods was then
In a hoarſe voice deliver'd out to men.
So vapours, from Cyrrhean caverns broke,
Inſpir'd Apollo's prieſteſs when ſhe ſpoke,
Whilſt, raviſh'd, the fair enthuſiaſtic ſtood
Upon her tripos, raging with the god;
So prieſt inſpir'd with ſacred fury ſhook,
When the winds ruffled the Dodonean Oak,
And toſs'd their branches, till a dreadful ſound
Of awful horror they proclaim around,
Like frantic Bacchanals, and while they move,
Poſſeſs with trembling all the ſacred grove:
Their rifled leaves the tempeſts bore away,
And their torn boughs ſcatter'd on all ſides lay;
The tortur'd thicket knew not that there came
A god triumphant in the hurricane,
Till the wing'd wind, with an amazing cry,
Deliver'd down the preſſing deity,
Whoſe thund'ring voice ſtrange ſecrets did unfold
And wondrous things of worlds to come he told:
But truths ſo veil'd in obſcure eloquence,
They' amuſe the adoring crowd with double ſenſe.
But by divine decree the Oak no more
Declares ſecurity, as heretofore,
With words or voice; yet to the liſt'ning wood
Her differing murmurs ſtill are underſtood;
For ſacred divinations, while they found,
Informs all but humanity around:
Nor e'er did Dryas murmur awful truth
More clear and plain from the prophetic mouth,
Than when ſhe ſpoke to the Chaonian wood,
While all the groves with eager ſilence ſtood,
And with erected leaves themſelves diſpoſe
To liſten to the language of her boughs.
"You ſee, O my Companions! that the gods
Threaten a dire deſtruction to the woods,
And to all humankind. The black portents
Are ſeen of many ſiniſter events;
But leſt their quick approach too much ſhould preſs
(O my aſtoniſh'd Nymphs!) your tenderneſs,
The gods command me to foretel your doom,
And prepoſſeſs ye with the fate to come.
With heedful rev'rence, then, their will obſerve,
And in your bark's deep chinks my words preſerve:
Believe me, Nymphs! nor is your faith in vain,
This Oaken trunk, in which conceal'd I am,
From a long honour'd ancient lineage came,
Who in the fam'd Dodonean grove firſt ſpoke,
When with aſtoniſh'd awe the ſacred valley ſhook.
Know then that Brutus, by unlucky fate
Murd'ring his ſire, bore an immortal hate
To his own kingdom, whoſe ungrateful ſhore
He leaves with vows ne'er to reviſit more;
Then to Epirus a ſad exile came,
(Unhappy ſon, who haſt a father ſlain,
But happy father of the Britiſh name.)
There, by victorious arms, he did reſtore
Theſe ſceptres, once the race of Priam bore;
In their paternal thrones his kindred plac'd,
And by that piety his fatal crime defac'd.
There Jupiter diſdain'd not to relate
Thorough an Oaken mouth his future fate;
Who for his grandſire's (great Æneas) ſake,
Upon the royal youth will pity take;
Whoſe toils to his ſhall this reſemblance bear,
A long and tedious wand'ring to endure.
'Tis ſaid the deity-retaining Oak,
Burſting her bark, thus to the hero ſpoke.
Whoſe voice the nymphs ſurpris'd with awful dread,
Who in Chaonian groves inhabited:
'Oh! noble Trojan! of great Sylvia's blood,
'Haſte from the covert of this threat'ning wood;
'A manſion here the fates will not permit,
'Vaſt toils and dangers thou'rt to conquer yet,
'E'er for a murder'd father thou canſt be
'Abſolv'd, though innocently ſlain by thee,
'But much muſt bear by land, and much by ſea.
'Then arm thy ſolid mind, thy virtues raiſe,
'And thro' thy rough adventures cut new ways.
'Whoſe end ſhall crown thee with immortal bays.

Though Hercules so great a fame achiev'd,
His conquests but to th' western Cales arriv'd;
There finish'd all his glories and his toils,
He wish'd no more, nor sought more distant spoils:
But the great labours which thou hast begun,
Must, fearless of the ocean's threats go on:
And this remember, at thy launching forth,
To set thy full-spread sails against the North:
In Charles's Wain thy fates are born above,
Bright stars, descended from thy grandsire Jove,
Of motion certain, though they slowly move.
The Bear, too, shall assist thee in thy course
With all her constellations glittering force;
And as thou goest, thy right-hand shall destroy
Twice six Gom'ritish tyrants in thy way.
Though exil'd from the world, disdain all fear;
The gods another world for thee prepare,
Which in the bosom of the deep conceal'd
From ages past, shall be to thee reveal'd;
Reserv'd, O Brutus! to renown thy fame,
And shall be bless'd still with thy race and name.
All that the air surrounds the Fates decree
To Brutus' and Æneas' progeny,
Æneas all the land, and Brutus all the sea.'
This said, the god from the prophetic Oak,
Who, stretching out her branches, farther spoke:
Here, fill thy hands with acorns from my Tree,
Which in thy tedious toils of use shall be,
And witnesses of all I promise thee;
And when thy painful wand'ring shall be o'er,
And thou arriv'd on happy Britain's shore,
Then in her fruitful soil these acorns sow,
Which to vast woods of mighty use shall grow:
Not their Chaonian mother's sacred name
Shall o'er the world be sung with greater fame,
Then holy Druids thou shalt consecrate,
My honour and my rites to celebrate:
Teutates in the sacred Oak shall grow,
To give bless'd omens to the Misseltoe.'
Thus spake the Oak——with rev'rend awe
And in no one prediction was deceiv'd. [believ'd,
My Lineage from Chaonian acorns came,
I two descents from that first parent am,
And now oraculous truths to you proclaim,
My grandame Oak her blooming beauties wore,
When first the Danish fleet surpris'd our shore;
When Thor and Tuisco, and the Saxon gods,
Were angry with their once-belov'd abodes,
Her age two hundred years, a small account
To what our longliv'd numbers do amount:
Such prodigies then she saw as we behold,
And such our ruins as their signs foretold.
Now from the Caledonian mountains came
New-risen clouds that cover'd all the plain;
The quiet Tweed regards her bounds no more,
But, driv'n by popular winds, usurps the shore;
In her wild course a horrid murmur yields,
And frightens with her sound the English fields.
Nor did they hear in vain, or vainly fear
Those raging prologues to approaching war;
But silver show'rs did soon the foe subdue,
Weapons the noble English never knew:
The people, who for peace so lavish were,
Did after buy the merchandise more dear.
Curs'd Civil war ev'n Peace betray'd to guilt.
And made her blush with the first blood was spilt.
O cruel omens of those future woes,
Which now sat brooding in the Senate-house!
That den of mischief, where obscur'd she lies,
And hides her purple face from human eyes.
The working furies there lay unreveal'd,
Beneath the privilege of the house conceal'd;
There, by the malice of the great and proud,
And unjust clamours of the frantic crowd,
The great, the learned, Strafford met his fate;
O sacred Innocence! what can expiate
For guiltless blood but blood? and much must flow
Both from the guilty and the faultless too.
O Worcester! condemn'd by Fate to be
The mournful witness of our misery,
And to bewail our first intestine wars
By thy soft Severn's murmurs and her tears;
Wars that more formidable did appear
Ev'n at their end than their beginnings were.
Me to Kintonian hills ¶ some god convey,
That I the horrid valley may survey,
Which like a river seem'd of human blood,
Swell'd with the num'rous bodies of the dead.
What slaughters makes fierce Rupert round the field,
Whose conquests pious Charles with sighs beheld?
And had not Fate the course of things forbade,
This day an end of all our woes had made.
But our success the angry gods controul,
And stopp'd our race of glory near the goal.
Where'er the British empire did extend,
The tyrant War with barb'rous rigour reign'd;
From the remotest parts it rifled Peace,
From the Belerian Horn ‖ ev'n to the Orcades.
The fields oppress'd, no joyful harvests bear,
War ruin'd all the product of the year:
Unhappy Albion! by what fury stung?
What serpent of Eumenides has flung
His poison through thy veins? thou bleed'st all o'er,
Art all one wound, one universal gore.
Unhappy Newberry! (I thy fatal field,
Cover'd with mighty slaughters, thrice beheld,)
In horrors you Philippi's fields outvy'd,
Which twice the civil gore of Romans dy'd.
Long mutual loss, and the alternate weight
Of equal slaughters, pois'd each others' fate:
Uncertain ruin waver'd to and fro,
And knew not where to fix the deadly blow;
At last in northern fields like lightning broke,
And Naseby doubled ev'ry fatal stroke.
But, O ye Gods! permit me not to tell
The woes that after this the land befel;
O keep 'em to yourselves, lest they should make
Humanity your rites and shrines forsake:
To future ages let 'em not be known,
For wretched England's credit and your own.
And take from me, ye Gods! futurity,
And let my oracles all silent lie,
Rather than by my voice they should declare
The dire events of England's Civil war.
And yet my sight a confus'd prospect fills,
A chaos all deform'd, a heap of ills,
Such as no mortal eyes could e'er behold,
Such as no human language can unfold.

¶ Keinton-fields, Edge-hill.
‖ S. Burien, the utmost point of Cornwall.

But now
The conqu'ring evil Genius of the wars,
The impious victor, all before him bears;
And Oh,---behold the sacred vanquish'd flies,
And though in a Plebeian's mean disguise,
I know his godlike face; the monarch, sure,
Did ne'er dissemble till this fatal hour.
But, O! he flies! distress'd, forlorn, he flies!
And seeks his safety 'mong his enemies:
His kingdoms all he finds hostile to be,
No place to the vanquish'd proves a sanctu'ry.
Thus Royal Charles
From his own people could no safety gain;
Alas! the King (their guest) implores in vain.
The pilot thus the burning vessel leaves,
And trusts what most he fears, the threat'ning
But, O! the cruel flood, with rude disdain, [waves;
Throws him all struggling to the flames again.
So did the Scots; alas! what should they do?
That prize of war (the soldiers' int'rest now)
By pray'rs and threat'nings back they strive to bring,
But the wise Scot will yield to no such thing,
And England, to retrieve him, buys her King.
O, shame to future worlds! who did command,
As pow'rful lord of all the sea and land,
Is now a captive slave expos'd to sale,
And Villainy o'er Virtue must prevail.
The servant his bought master bears away,
O, shameful purchase of so glorious prey!
But yet, O Scotland! far it be from me
To charge thee wholly with this infamy;
Thy nation's virtues shall reverse that fate,
And for the criminal few shall expiate;
Yet for these few the inn'cent rest must feel
The dire effects of the avenging steel.
But now, by laws to God and man unknown,
Their sov'reign, God's anointed, they dethrone,
Who to the Isle of Wight is pris'ner sent:
What tongue, what cruel hearts, do not lament?
That thee, O Scotland! with just anger moves,
And Kent, who valued liberty so loves;
And thee, O Wales! of still as noble fame,
As were the ancient Britons whence ye came.
But why should I distinctly here relate
All I behold, the many battles fought
Under the conduct still of angry stars, [fears;
Their new-made wounds, and old ones turn'd to
The blood that did the trembling Ribba dye,
Stopping its frighted stream, that strove to fly?
Or thou, O Medway! swell'd with slaughters, borne
Above the flow'ry banks that did thee once adorn:
Or why, O Colchester! should I rehearse
Thy brave united courage and thy force,
Or deaths of those illustrious men relate,
Who did, with thee, deserve a kinder fate?
Or why the miserable murders tell
Of captives who, by cooler malice, fell?
Nor to your griefs will the addition bring
The sad ideas of a martyr'd King;
A King who all the wounds of Fortune bore,
Nor will his mournful funerals deplore,
Let that celestial piety (of fame
O'er all the world) should my sad accents blame:
Since death he still esteem'd, howe'er 'twas giv'
The greatest good and noblest gift of Heav'n.
But I deplore man's wretched wickedness,
(O horrid to be heard, or to express)
Whom even Hell can ne'er enough torment
With her eternal pains and punishment.
But, oh! what do I see? alas! they bring
Their sacred master forth, their godlike King;
There on a scaffold, rais'd in solemn state,
And plac'd before the royal palace gate,
'Midst of his empire the black deed was done,
While day, and all the world were looking on,
By common hangman's hands."—Here stopp'd th
Oak,
When from the bottom of its root there broke
A thousand sighs, which to the sky she lifts,
Bursting her solid bark into a thousand clefts;
Each branch her tributary sorrow gives,
And tears run trickling from her mournful leave
Such numbers after rainy nights they shed,
When show'ring clouds, that did furround her hea
Are, by the rising goddess of the morn,
Blown off, and fly before th' approaching sun;
At which the troop of the green nymphs around
Echoing her sighs, in wailing accents groan'd,
Whose piercing sounds from far were understood,
And the loud tempest shook the wond'ring wood
And then a dismal silence did succeed,
As in the gloomy mansions of the dead:
But after a long awful interval
Dryas assum'd her sad prophetic tale.
" Now Britanny, o'erwhelm'd with many a wound
Her head lopt off, in her own blood lies drown'd:
A horrid carcass, without mind or soul:
A trunk not to be known, deform'd and foul.
And now who would have hop'd their should hav
After so much of death, a quiet scene? [bee
Or rather, with their monarch's funeral,
Eternal sleep should not have seiz'd them all?
But nothing less; for in the room of one,
Who govern'd justly on his peaceful throne,
A thousand heads sprang up, deform'd and base,
With a tumultuous and ignoble race.
The vile, the vulgar offspring of the earth;
Insects of pois'nous kinds, of monstrous birth,
And rav'nous serpents, now the land infest,
And Cromwell! viler yet than all the rest.
That serpent ev'n upon the marrow preys,
Devouring kingdoms with insatiate jaws.
Now right and wrong (mere words) confounde
Rage sets no bounds to her impiety; [lie
And having once transgress'd the rules of shame,
Honour or justice counts an empty name.
In ev'ry street, as pastime for the crowd,
Erected scaffolds reek'd with noble blood;
Prisons were now th' apartments of the brave,
Whom Tyranny commits, and only deaths re
trieve;
Whose paths were crowded ere the morning-dawn
Some to the dungeon, some to gibbets drawn.
But tir'd out Cruelty pauses for a while,
To take new breath amidst her barbarous toil.
So does not avarice, she unwearied still,
Ne'er stops her greedy hand from doing ill.

The warrior may a while his ſpear forſake,
But ſeqneſtrators will no reſpite take.
What a long race of kings laid up with care,
The gifts of happy Peace, and ſpoils of War;
Whatever lib'ral Piety did preſent,
Or the religion (all magnificent)
Of our forefathers to the church had giv'n,
And conſecrated to the pow'rs of heav'n,
Altars, or whatſoe'er could guilty be
Of tempting wealth, or fatal loyalty,
Was not enough to ſatisfy the rage
Of a few earth-begotten tyrants of the age:
The impious rout thought it a trivial thing
To rob the houſes of their God and King;
Their ſacrilege, admitting of no bound,
Rejoic'd to ſee 'em level'd with the ground;
As if the nation (wicked and unjuſt)
Had ev'n in ruin found a certain luſt.
On ev'ry ſide the lab'ring hammers ſound,
And ſtrokes from mighty hatchets do rebound;
On ev'ry ſide the groaning earth ſuſtains
The pond'rous weight of ſtones and wond'rous beams;
Fiercely they ply their work, with ſuch a noiſe,
As if ſome mighty ſtructure they would raiſe
For the proud tyrant: no, this clam'rous din
Is not for building, but demoliſhing. [ſee,
—When (my Companions) theſe ſad things you
And each beholds the dead beams of her parent Tree,
Long ſince repos'd in palaces of kings,
Torn down by furious hands, as uſeleſs things,
Then know your fate is come; thoſe hands that could
From houſes tear dead beams, and long-hewn
Thoſe cruel hands, by unreſiſted force, [wood,
Will for your living trunks find no remorſe.
Religion, which was great of old, commands
No wood ſhould be profan'd by impious hands;
Thoſe noble ſeminaries for the fleet,
Plantations that make towns and cities great;
Thoſe hopes of war and ornaments of peace,
Should live ſecure from any outrages,
Which now the barb'rous conq'ror would invade,
Tear up your roots, and riſle all your ſhade;
For gain they'll ſell you to the cov'tous buy'r,
A ſacrifice to ev'ry common fire;
They'll ſpare no race of trees of any age,
But murder infant branches in their rage;
Elms, Beeches, tender Aſhes, ſhall be fell'd,
And ev'n the grey and rev'rend bark muſt yield:
The ſoft, the murm'ring, troop ſhall be no more,
No more with muſic charm, as heretofore;
No more each little bird ſhall build her houſe,
And ſing on her hereditary boughs,
But only Philomel ſhall celebrate,
In mournful notes, a new unhappy fate:
The baniſh'd Hamadryades muſt be gone,
And take their flight with ſad, but ſilent moan;
For a celeſtial being ne'er complains,
Whatever be her grief, in noiſy ſtrains:
The wood-gods fly, and whither ſhall they go?
Not all the Britiſh orb can ſcarce allow
A trunk ſecure from them to reſt in now.

But yet theſe wild Saturnals ſhall not laſt,
Oppreſſing Vengeance follows on too faſt;
She ſhakes her brandiſh'd ſteel, and ſtill denies
Length to immoderate rage and cruelties.
Do not deſpond, my Nymphs! that wicked birth
Th' avenging powers will chaſe from off the earth;
Let 'em hew down the wood, deſtroy and burn,
And all the lofty groves to aſhes turn,
Yet ſtill there will not want a Tree to yield
Timber enough old Tyburn to rebuild,
Where they may hang at laſt; and this kind one
Shall then revenge the woods of all their wrong.
In the mean time (for Fate not always ſhews
A ſwift compliance to our wiſh and vows)
The offspring of great Charles, forlorn and poor,
And exil'd from their cruel native ſhore,
Wander in foreign kingdoms, where in vain
They ſeek thoſe aids, alas! they cannot gain;
For ſtill their preſſing Fate purſues 'em hard,
And ſcarce a place of refuge will afford.
O pious ſon of ſuch a holy ſire!
Who can enough thy fortitude admire?
How often toſs'd, by ſtorms of lands and ſea,
Yet unconcern'd, thy fate thou didſt ſurvey,
And her fatigues ſtill underwent with joy?
O royal Youth! purſue thy juſt diſdain,
Let Fortune and her furies frown in vain,
Till, tir'd with her injuſtice, ſhe give out,
And leaves her giddy wheel for thee to turn about,
Then that great ſceptre, which no human hand
From the tenacious tyrant can command,
Scorning the bold uſurper to adorn,
Shall, ripe and falling, to thy hand be borne.
But, O! he rouſes now before his time!
Illuſtrious Youth! whoſe bravery is a crime,
Alas! what wilt thou do? Ah! why ſo faſt?
The dice of Fate, alas! not yet are caſt,
While thou, all fire, fearleſs of future harms,
And prodigal of life, aſſum'd'ſt thy arms,
And even provoking Fame, he cuts his way
Through hoſtile fleets, and a rude winter's ſea:
But neither ſhall his daring courſe oppoſe;
Ev'n to thoſe ſhores, ſo very late his foes,
And ſtill to be ſuſpected; but, mean while,
The Oliverian demons of the iſle,
With all Hell's deities, with fury burn,
To ſee great Charles preparing to return;
They call up all their winds of dreadful force,
In vain, to ſtop his ſacred veſſel's courſe:
In vain their ſtorms a ruin do prepare
For what Fate means to take peculiar care,
And, trembling, find great Cæſar ſafe at land,
By Heav'n conducted, not by Fortune's hand.
But, Scotland! you your king recal in vain,
While you your unchang'd principles retain;
But yet the time ſhall come when ſome ſmall ſhare
Of glory that great honour ſhall confer;
When you a conq'ring hero forth ſhall guide,
While Heav'n and all the ſtars are on his ſide,
Who ſhall the exil'd King in peace recall,
And England's Genius be eſteem'd by all:
But this, not yet, my Nymphs!—But now's the time
When the illuſtrious heir of Fergus' line,

From full a hundred kings shall mount the throne,
Who now the temple enters, and at Scone,
After the ancient manner, he receives the crown;
But, oh! with no auspicious omens done;
The left-hand of the kingdom put it on.
But now th' insulting conqueror draws nigh,
Disturbing the august solemnity;
When with revenge and indignation fir'd,
And by a father's murder well inspir'd,
The brave, the royal youth for war prepares;
O heir most worthy of thy hundred-sceptred ancestors.
With thoughts all glorious now he sallies forth,
Nor will he trust his fortune in the North,
That corner of his realms, nor will his haste
Lazily wait till coming winter's past;
He scorns that aid, nor will he hope t' oppose
High mountains 'gainst the fury of his foes,
Nor their surrounding force will here engage,
Or stay the pressures of a shameful siege;
But boldly farther on resolves t' advance,
And give a gen'rous loose to Fortune's chance,
And shut from distant Tay, he does essay
To Thames, ev'n with his death, to force his way;
Behind he leaves his trembling enemies
Amaz'd at his stupenduous enterprise.
And now the wish'd-for happy day appears,
Sought for so long by Britain's pray'rs and tears;
The King returns, and, with a mighty hand,
Avow'd revenger of his native land,
And through a thousand dangers and extremes,
Marches a conq'ror to Sabrina's streams;
(Ah! would to Heav'n Sabrina had been Thames.)
So wish'd the King, but the persuasive force
Of kind mistaken councils stopp'd his course.
Now, warlike England! rouse at these alarms,
Provide your horses, and assume your arms,
And fall on the Usurper; now for shame,
If piety be not pretence and name,
Advance the work Heav'n has so well begun;
Revenge the father, and restore the son:
No more let that old cant destructive be,
Religion, Liberty, and Property;
No longer let that dear bought cheat delude,
(O you too credulous senseless multitude!)
Words only form'd more eas'ly to enslave,
By every popular and pretending knave:
But now your bleeding land expects you should
Be wise at the expence of so much blood:
Rouse then! and with awaken'd sense prepare
To reap the glory of this holy war,
In which your King and Heav'n have equal share;
His right divine let ev'ry voice proclaim,
And a just ardour every soul inflame;
But England's evil Genius, watchful still
To ruin Virtue, and encourage ill,
Industrious, even as Cromwell, to subvert
Honour and loyalty in every heart,
A baneful drug of fourfold poison makes,
And an infernal sleepy asp he takes
Of cold and fearful nature, adds to this
Opium, that binds the nerves with laziness,
Mix'd with the venom of vile avarice;
Which all the spirits benumb'd, as when y' approach
The chilling wonderful torpedo's touch:
Next drops from Lethe's stream he does infuse,
And ev'ry breast besprinkles with the juice,
Till deep lethargy o'er all Britain came,
Who now forget their safety and their fame.
Yet still great Charles's valour stood the test,
By Fortune though forsaken and oppress'd,
Witness the purple-dy'd Sabrina's stream,
And the Red Hill, not so call'd now in vain;
And, Worc'ster! thou, who didst the misery bear,
And saw'st the end of a long fatal war.
The King, though vanquish'd, still his fate outbraves,
And was the last the captiv'd city leaves;
Which from the neighb'ring hills he does survey,
Where round about his bleeding numbers lay:
He saw 'em rifled by th' insulting foe,
And sighs for those he cannot rescue now;
But yet his troops will rally once again,
Those few escap'd, all scatter'd o'er the plain;
Disdain and Anger now resolves to try
How to repair this day's fatality.
The King has sworn to conquer or to die.
Darby and Wilmot, chiefs of mighty fame,
With that bold lovely youth, great Buckingham!
Fiercer than lightning, to his monarch dear,
That brave Achates, worth Æneas' care,
Applaud his great resolve! there's no delay,
But toward the foe in haste they take their way,
Not by vain hopes of a new vict'ry fir'd,
But by a kind despair alone inspir'd:
This was the King's resolve, and those great few
Whom glory taught to die, as well as to subdue;
Who knew that death and the reposing grave
No foes were to the wretched or the brave.
But oh! this noble courage did not rest
In each ungen'rous unconsidering breast;
They fearfully forsake their general,
Who now in vain the flying cowards call;
Deaf to his voice, will no obedience yield,
But in their hasty flight scour o'er the dreadful field.
O vainly gallant Youth! what pitying god
Shall free thee from this soul-oppressing load
Of grief and shame? abandon'd and betray'd
By perjur'd slaves, whom thou hast fed and paid;
Press'd with more woes than mortal force could bear,
And Fortune still resolv'd to be severe:
But yet that God---
To whom no wonders are impossible,
Will, to preserve thee, work a miracle,
And for the sacred father's martyrdom
Will, with a crown, reward the injur'd son;
While thou, great Charles! with a prevailing pray'r
Dost to the gods commend the safety of thy heir,
And the celestial court of pow'rs divine,
With one consent, do in the chorus join.
But why, O why, must I reveal the doom
(O my Companions!) of the years to come?

And why divulge the myſteries that lie
Enroll'd long ſince in Heav'n's vaſt treaſury,
In characters which no dreamer can unfold,
Nor ever yet prophetic rapture told;
Nor the ſmall fibres of the victim'd beaſt,
Or birds which ſacred aug'ries have expreſs'd;
No ſtars, or any divination ſhews,
Made myſtic by the murmurs of the boughs?
Yet I muſt on, with a divine preſage,
And tell the wonders of the coming age,
In that far part where the rich Salop gains
An ample view o'er all the weſtern plains,
A grove appears, which Boſcobel they name,
Not known to maps, a grave of ſcanty fame,
Scarce any human thing does there intrude,
But it enjoys itſelf in its own ſolitude;
And yet henceforth no celebrated ſhade,
Of all the Britiſh groves, ſhall be more glorious made.
Near this obſcure and deſtin'd happy wood,
A ſacred houſe of lucky omen ſtood,
White-Lady call'd; and old records relate
'Twas once—
To men of holy orders conſecrate;
But to a king a refuge now is made,
The firſt that gives a wearied monarch bread;
O, preſent of a wond'rous excellence!
That can relieve the hunger of a prince:
Fortune ſhall here a better face put on,
And here the King ſhall firſt the king lay down;
Here he diſmiſſes all his mourning friends,
Whom to their kinder ſtars he recommends;
With eyes all drown'd in tears their fate to ſee,
But unconcern'd at his own deſtiny:
Here he puts off thoſe ornaments he wore
Through all the ſplendour of his life before;
Ev'n his Blue-Garter now he will diſcharge,
Nor keep the warlike figure of St. George;
That holy champion now is vanquiſh'd quite;
Alas! the Dragon has ſubdu'd the Knight;
His crown, that toilſome weight of glory, now
Diveſts awhile from his more eaſy brow;
And all thoſe charming curls that did adorn
His royal head——thoſe jetty curls, are ſhorn;
Himſelf he clothes in a coarſe ruſſet weed;
Nor was the poor man feign'd, but ſo indeed.
And now the greateſt king the world e'er ſaw
Is ſubject to the houſe's ancient law;
(A convent once, which poverty did profeſs,
Here he puts off all worldly pomp and dreſs)
And, like a Monk, a ſad adieu he takes
Of all his friends, and the falſe world forſakes:
But yet, e'er long, even this humble ſtate,
Alas! ſhall be deny'd him by his Fate;
She drives him forth even from this mean abode,
Who wanders now a hermit in the wood,
Hungry and tir'd, to reſt and ſeek his food.
The dark and lonely ſhade conceals the King,
Who feeds on ſlow'rs, and drinks the murm'ring ſpring;
More happy here than on a reſtleſs throne;
Could he but call thoſe ſhades and ſprings his own:
No longer Fate will that repoſe allow,
Who, even of earth itſelf, deprives him now;
A Tree will hardly here a ſeat afford,
Amidſt her boughs, to her abandon'd lord.
Then, (O my Nymphs!) you who your monarch love,
To ſave your darling haſten to that grove;
(Nor think I vain prophetics do expreſs)
In ſilence let each nymph her trunk poſſeſs;
O'er all the woods and plains let not a Tree
Be uninhabited by a deity,
While I the largeſt foreſt Oak inſpire,
And with you to this leafy court retire:
There keep a faithful watch each night and day,
And with erected heads the fields ſurvey,
Leſt any impious ſoldier paſs that way,
And ſhould profanely touch that pledge of Heav'n
Which to our guarding ſhade in charge was giv'n.
Here then, my Nymphs! your King you ſhall receive,
And ſafety in your darkeſt coverts give.
But, ha! what ruſtic ſwain is that I ſee
Sleeping beneath the ſhade of yonder Tree,
Upon whoſe knotty root he leans his head,
And on the moſſy ground has made his bed?
And why alone? alas! ſome ſpy, I fear,
For only ſuch a wretch would wander here;
Who ev'n the winds and ſhow'rs of rain defies;
Outdaring all the anger of the ſkies.
Obſerve his face, ſee his diſorder'd hair
Is ruffled by the tempeſt-beaten air;
Yet look what tracks of grief have ag'd his face,
Where hardly twenty years have run their race,
Worn out with num'rous toils; and even in ſleep
Sighs ſeem to heave his breaſt, his eyes to weep.
Nor is that colour of his face his own,
That footy veil, for ſome diſguiſe put on,
To keep the nobler part from being known;
For, 'midſt of all ſomething of ſacred light
Beams forth, and does inform my wond'ring ſight,
And now---ariſes to my view more bright.
Ha!---can my eyes deceive me, or am I
At laſt no true preſaging deity?
Yet, if I am, that wretched ruſtic thing,
O Heav'ns, and all your Pow'rs! muſt be the King
---Yes, 'tis the King! his image all divine
Breaks through that cloud of darkneſs, and a ſhine
Gilds all the footy viſor!---but, alas!
Who is it approaches him with ſuch a pace?
O---'t is no traitor; the juſt gods, I find,
Have ſtill a pitying care of humankind.
This is the gallant, loyal Careleſs! thrown
(By the ſame wreck by which the King's undone)
Beneath our ſhades; he comes in pious care,
(O happy Man! than Cromwell happier far
On whom ill fate this honour does confer)
He tells the King the woods are overſpread
With villains arm'd, to ſearch that prize, his head,
Now poorly ſet to ſale.---The foe is nigh,
What ſhall they do? ah! whither ſhall they fly?
They from the danger haſty counſel took,
And, by ſome god inſpir'd, aſcend my Oak;
My Oak, the largeſt in the faithful wood,
Whom to receive I my glad branches bow'd,

And for the King a throne prepar'd, and ſpread
My thickeſt leaves a canopy o'er his head;
The Miſſeltoe commanded to aſcend,
Around his ſacred perſon to attend,
(Oh, happy omen!) ſtraight it did obey,
The ſacred Miſſeltoe attends with joy:
Here without fear their proſtrate heads they bow,
The King is ſafe beneath my ſhelter now;
And you, my Nymphs! with awful ſilence may
Your adorations to your ſovereign pay,
And cry, All hail! thou moſt belov'd of Heav'n,
To whom its chiefeſt attributes are giv'n;
But, above all, that godlike fortitude
That has the malice of thy Fate ſubdu'd.
All hail!
Thou greateſt now of kings indeed, while yet
With all the miſeries of life befet,
Thy mighty mind could death nor danger fear,
Nor yet even then of ſafety could deſpair.
This is the virtue of a monarch's ſoul, [troul.
Who above Fortune's reach can all her turns con-
Thus, if Fate rob you of your empire's ſway,
You by this fortitude take her's away;
O brave repriſal! which the gods prefer,
That makes you triumph o'er the conqueror:
The gods, who one day will this juſtice do,
Both make you victor and triumpher too!
That day's at hand, O let that day come on,
Wherein that wondrous miracle ſhall be ſhewn;
May its gay morn be more than uſual bright,
And riſe upon the world with new-created light:
Or let that ſtar, whoſe dazzling beams were hurl'd
Upon his birth-day, now inform the world;
That brave bold conſtellation, which in ſight
Of mid-day's ſun durſt lift its lamp of light:
Now, happy Star! again at mid-day riſe,
And with new prodigies adorn the ſkies;
Great Charles again is born; Monk's valiant hand
At laſt delivers the long lab'ring land. [forth,
This is the month, great Prince! muſt bring you
May pays her fragrant tributes at your birth;
This is the month that's due to you by Fate;
O month moſt glorious! month moſt fortunate!
When you between your royal brothers rode,
Amidſt your ſhining train, attended like ſome god,
One would believe that all the world were met
To pay their homage at your ſacred feet;
The wand'ring gazers numberleſs as theſe,
Or as the leaves on the vaſt foreſt Trees:
He comes! he comes! they cry, while the loud din
Reſounds to heav'n; and then, Long live the King.
And ſure the ſhouts of their re-echo'd joys
Reach'd to the utmoſt bounds of diſtant ſeas,
Borne by the flying winds through yielding air,
And ſtrike the foreign ſhores with awful fear.
O 'tis a wondrous pleaſure to be mad;
Such frantic turns our nation oft' has had:
Permit it now, ye Stoics! ne'er till now
The frenzy you more juſtly might allow,
Since 'tis a joyful fit that ends the fears,
And wretched fury of ſo many years.
Nor will the Night her fable wings diſplay
T' obſcure the luſtre of ſo bright a day;
At leaſt the much-tranſported multitude
Permits not the dark goddeſs to intrude;
The whole iſle ſeem'd to burn with joyful flames,
Whoſe rays gilt all the face of neighb'ring Thames.
But how ſhall I expreſs the vulgar's joys,
Their ſongs, their feaſts, their laughter, and their cries?
How fountains run with the Vine's precious juice,
And ſuch the flowing rivers ſhould produce!
Their ſtreams the richeſt nectar ſhould afford;
The Golden Age ſeems now again reſtor'd.
See—ſmiling Peace does her bright face diſplay,
Down through the air ſerene ſhe cuts her way,
Expels the clouds, and riſes on the day:
Long exil'd from our ſhores, new joy ſhe brings,
Embracing Albion with her ſnowy wings;
Nor comes ſhe unattended, but a throng
Of noble Britiſh matrons brings along;
Plenty, fair Fame, and charming Modeſty,
Religion, long ſince fled with Loyalty,
And in a decent garb the lovely Piety;
Juſtice, from Fraud and Perj'ry forc'd to fly,
Learning, fine Arts, and gen'rous Liberty:
Bleſs'd Liberty! thou faireſt in the train,
And moſt eſteem'd in a juſt prince's reign.
With theſe, as lov'd, great Mary, too, return'd,
In her own country who long exile mourn'd.
You, royal Mother! you, whoſe only crime
Was loving Charles, and ſharing woes with him;
Now Heav'n repays, tho' ſlow, yet juſt and true,
For him revenge, and juſt rewards for you.
Hail, mighty Queen! form'd by the powers divine,
The ſhame of our weak ſex, and pride of thine;
How well have you in either fortune ſhewn?
In either, ſtill your mind was all your own:
The giddy world roll'd round you long in vain,
Who fix'd in virtue's centre ſtill remain.
And now, juſt Prince! thou thy great mind ſhalt bring
To the true weighty office of a king.
The gaping wounds of War thy hand ſhall cure,
Thy royal hand, gentle alike, and ſure!
And by inſenſible degrees efface
Of foregone ills the very ſcars and trace;
Force to the injur'd law thou ſhalt reſtore,
And all that majeſty in Majeſty it own'd before.
Thou long-corrupted manners ſhalt reclaim,
And faith and honour of the Engliſh name.
Thus long-neglected gardens entertain
Their baniſh'd maſter when return'd again:
All overrun with weeds he finds, but ſoon
Luxuriant branches carefully will prune;
The weaken'd arms of the ſick Vine he'll raiſe,
And with kind hands ſuſtain the looſen'd ſprays.
Much does he plant, and much extirpate too,
And with his art and ſkill make all things new;
A work immenſe, yet ſweet, and which in future days,
When the fair Trees their blooming glories raiſe,
The happy gard'ner's labour overpays.
Cities and towns, great Prince! thy gardens, be
With labour cultivated worthy thee.
In decent order thou doſt all diſpoſe;
Nor are the woods nor rural groves diſdain'd;
He who our wants, who all our breaches knows,
He all our drooping fortunes has ſuſtain'd,

As young colonies of Trees thou doſt replace.
I' th' empty realms of our arboreal race,
Nay, doſt our reign extend to future days,
And bleſs'd Poſterity, ſupinely laid,
Shall feaſt and revel underneath thy ſhade,
Cool ſummer arbours then thy gift ſhall be,
And their bright winter-fires they'll owe to thee:
To thee thoſe beams their palaces ſuſtain,
And all their floating caſtles on the main.
Who knows, great Prince! but thou this happy day
For towns and navies may'ſt foundations lay,
After a thouſand years are roll'd away?
Reap thou thoſe mighty triumphs, then, which for thee grow,
And mighty triumphs for ſucceeding ages ſow:
Thou Glory's craggy top ſhalt firſt eſſay,
Divide the clouds, and mark the ſhining way;
To Fame's bright temples ſhalt thy ſubjects guide,
Thy Britons bold, almoſt of night deny'd:
The foaming waves thy dread commands ſhall ſtay,
Thy dread commands the foaming waves obey:
The wat'ry world no Neptune owns but thee,
And thy three kingdoms ſhall thy trident be.
What madneſs, O Batavians! you poſſeſs'd,
That the ſea's ſceptre you'd from Britain wreſt,
Which Nature gave, whom ſhe with floods has crown'd,
And fruitful Amphitrite embraces round:
The reſt o' th' world's juſt kiſs'd by Amphitrite;
Albion ſhe' embraces, all her dear delight.
You ſcarce th' inſulting ocean can reſtrain,
Nor bear th' aſſaults of the beſieging main,
Your grafts, and mounds, and trenches, all in vain:
And yet what fond ambition ſpurs you on?
You dare attempt to make the ſeas your own;
O'er the vaſt ocean, which no limit knows,
The narrow laws of ponds and fens impoſe:
But Charles his lively valour this defies,
And this the ſturdy Britiſh Oak denies.
O'er empty ſeas the fierce Batavian fleet
Sings triumphs, while there was no foe to meet.
But fear not, Belgian! he'll not tarry long,
He'll ſoon be here, and interrupt thy ſong;
Too late thou'lt of thy haſty joys complain,
And to thy native ſhores look back in vain.
Great James, as ſoon the firſt whiſper came,
Prodigal of his life, and greedy but of fame,
With eager haſte returns, as faſt as they,
After the dreadful fight, will run away.
And now the joyful Engliſh from afar,
Approaching ſaw the floating Belgian war.
Hark, what a ſhout they give! like thoſe who come
From long Eaſt-India voyage rich laden home,
When firſt they make the happy Britiſh land,
The dear white rocks, and Albion's chalky ſtrand.
The way to all the reſt brave Rupert ſhew'd,
And through their fleet cuts out his flaming road;
Rupert! who now had ſtubborn Fate inclin'd,
Heav'n on his ſide engaging, and the wind,
Famous by land and ſea, whoſe valour ſoon
Blunts both the Horns and the Batavian Moon.
Next comes illuſtrious James, and, where he goes,
To cowards leaves the crowd of vulgar foes:
To th' Royal Sovereign's deck he ſeems to grow,
Shakes his broad ſword, and ſeeks an equal foe:
Nor did bold Opdam's mighty mind refuſe
The dreadful honour which 't was death to chooſe:
Both Admirals with haſte for fight prepare,
The reſt might ſtand and gaze, themſelves a war.
O whither, whither, Opdam! doſt thou fly?
Can this raſh valour pleaſe the Pow'rs on high?
It can't, it won't—or wouldſt thou proudly die
By ſuch a mighty hand? No, Opdam! no:
Thy fate's to periſh by a nobler foe.
Heav'n only, Opdam! ſhall thy conqu'ror be,
A labour worth its while to conquer thee:
Heav'n ſhall be there to guard its beſt lov'd houſe,
And juſt revenge inflict on all your broken vows.
The mighty ſhip a hundred cannons bore,
A hundred cannons which like thunder roar;
Six times as many men in ſhivers torn,
E'er one broadſide or ſingle ſhot it had borne,
Is with a horrid crack blown up to the ſky
In ſmoke and flames o'er all the ocean nigh;
Torn half-burnt limbs of ſhips, and ſeamen, ſcatter'd lie.
Whether a real bolt from Heav'n was thrown
Among the guilty wretches is not known,
Though likely 't is; Amboyna's wickedneſs,
And broken peace and oaths, deſerv'd no leſs;
Or whether fatal gunpowder it were,
By ſome unlucky ſpark enkindled there;
Ev'n Chance, by Heav'n directed, is the rod,
The fiery ſhaft of an avenging God.
The flaming wreck the hiſſing deep floats o'er,
Far, far away, almoſt to either ſhore,
Which ev'n from pious foes would pity draw,
A trembling pity mix'd with dreadful awe;
But pity yet ſcarce any room can find;
What noiſe, what horror, ſtill remains behind?
On either ſide does wild confuſion reign,
Ship grapples ſhip, and ſink into the main.
The Orange, careleſs of loſt Opdam's fate,
Worthy to periſh at the ſelfſame rate,
Will next t' attack victorious James prepare;
But Engliſh guns ſufficient thunder bear;
By Engliſh guns, and human fire o'erpow'r'd,
'Tis quickly in the hiſſing waves devour'd.
Three ſhips beſides are burnt, if fame ſays true,
None of whoſe baſer names the goddeſs knew,
As many more the Dolphin did ſubdue.
Their decks in ſhow'rs of kindled ſulphur ſteep,
And ſend 'em flaming to th' affrighted deep.
So burns a city, ſtorm'd and fir'd by night,
The ſhades are pierc'd with ſuch a dreadful light;
Such duſky globes of flame around 'em broke,
Through the dark ſhadow of the guns and ſmoke.
Can fire in water then ſuch licence claim?
Juſtly the water hides itſelf for ſhame;
The dreadful wreck outſtretching far away,
Vaſt ruins o'er its trembling boſom lay:
Here maſts and rudders from their veſſels torn,
Their ſails and flags acroſs the waves are borne;
A thouſand floating bodies there appear,
As many half-dead men lie groaning here.
If any where the ſea itſelf is reveal'd,
With horrid purple tracks the azure waves conceal'd.

All ſunk or took, 't were tedious to relate,
And all the ſad variety of Fate
One day produces— With what art and ſkill
Ev'n Chance, ingenious, ſeems to ſave or kill,
To ſpare or to torment, whoe'er ſhe will!
The vulgar deaths, below the Muſe to heed,
Not only faith, but number too, exceed.
Three noble youths, by the ſame ſudden death,
A brave example to the world bequeath;
Fam'd for high birth, but merits yet more high;
All at one fatal moment's warning die,
Torn by one ſhot; almoſt one body they,
Three brothers in one death confounded lay.
Who would not Fortune harſh and barb'rous call?
Yet Fortune was benign and kind withal;
For next to theſe—I tremble ſtill with fear,
My joy's diſturb'd while ſuch a danger's near;
Fearleſs, unhurt, the Royal Adm'ral ſtood,
Stunn'd with the blow, and ſprinkled with their blood.
Fiercer he preſſes on, while they retir'd;
He preſſes on, with grief and anger fir'd.
Nor longer can the Belgian force engage
The Engliſh valour, warm'd with double rage;
Breaks with their loſſes and a cauſe ſo ill;
Their ſhatter'd fleet all the wide ocean fill,
Till trembling Rhine opens his harbours wide,
Seeing the wretches from our thunder fly;
From our hot chace their ſhatter'd fleet he'd hide,
And bends his conquer'd horns as we go by."
In ſacred rage the Dryad this reveal'd,
Yet many future wond'rous things conceal'd:
But this to grace ſome future bard will ſerve,
For better poets this the gods reſerve.

DAVIDEIS:

A SACRED POEM OF THE

TROUBLES OF DAVID.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

> Me verò primum dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
> Quarum ſacra fero ingenti percuſſus amore,
> Accipiant, Cœliq; vias ac ſidera monſtrent. VIRG. Georg. II.

BOOK I.

The Contents.

THE propoſition. The invocation. The entrance into the hiſtory, from a new agreement between Saul and David. A deſcription of Hell. The Devil's ſpeech. Envy's reply to him. Her appearing to Saul in the ſhape of Benjamin. Her ſpeech, and Saul's to himſelf, after ſhe was vaniſhed. A deſcription of Heaven. God's ſpeech. He ſends an angel to David. The angel's meſſage to him. David ſent for to play before Saul. A digreſſion concerning muſic. David's Pſalm. Saul attempts to kill him. His eſcape to his own houſe, from whence, being purſued by the king's guard, by the artifice of his wife Michel, he eſcapes, and flies to Naioh, the Prophet's College at Ramah. Saul's ſpeech and rage at his eſcape. A long digreſſion, deſcribing the Prophet's College, and their manner of life there, and the ordinary ſubjects of their poetry. Saul's guards purſue David thither, and prophesy. Saul among the prophets. He is compared to Balaam, whoſe ſong concludes the Book.

I-SING the Man who Judah's ſceptre bore
In that right hand which held the crook before;
Who from beſt poet, beſt of kings did grow,
The two chief gifts Heav'n could on man beſtow.
Much danger firſt, much toil, he did ſuſtain,
Whilſt Saul and Hell croſs'd his ſtrong fate in vain;
Nor did his crown leſs painful work afford,
Leſs exerciſe his patience or his ſword;
So long her conq'ror Fortune's ſpite purſu'd,
Till with unwearied virtue he ſubdu'd
All homebred malice and all foreign boaſts;
Their ſtrength was armies, his the Lord of Hoſts.

Thou who didſt David's royal ſtem adorn,
And gav'ſt him birth from whom thyſelf waſt born;
Who didſt in triumph at Death's court appear,
And ſlew'ſt him with thy nails, thy croſs, and ſpear,
Whilſt Hell's black tyrant trembled to behold
The glorious light he forfeited of old; [pride,
Who, Heav'n's glad burden now, and juſteſt
Sit'ſt high enthron'd next thy great Father's ſide,
(Where hallowed flames help to adorn that head
Which once the bluſhing thorns environed,
Till crimſon drops of precious blood hung down,
Like rubies, to enrich thine humble crown)

Ev'n thou my breaſt with ſuch bleſt rage inſpire,
As mov'd the tuneful ſtrings of David's lyre:
Guide my bold ſteps with thine old trav'lling flame;
In theſe untrodden paths to ſacred fame;
Lo! with pure hands thy heav'nly fires to take,
My well-chang'd Muſe I chaſte Veſtal make!
From earth's vain joys, and love's ſoft witchcraft free
I conſecrate my Magdalene to thee! [free
Lo! this great work, a temple to thy praiſe,
On poliſh'd pillars of ſtrong verſe I raiſe!
A temple, where, if thou vouchſafe to dwell,
It Solomon's and Herod's ſhall excel.
Too long the Muſes' land hath Heathen been;
Their gods too long were devils, and virtues ſin;
But thou, Eternal Word, haſt call'd forth me,
Th' apoſtle to convert that world to thee;
T' unbind the charms that in ſlight fables lie,
And teach that truth is trueſt poeſy.

The malice now of jealous Saul grew leſs,
O'ercome by conſtant virtue and ſucceſs;
He grew at laſt more weary to command
New dangers, than young David to withſtand,
Or conquer them; he fear'd his maſt'ring fate,
And envy'd him a king's unpow'rful hate.
Well did he know how palms by' oppreſſion ſpeed,
Victorious, and the victor's ſacred meed;
The burden lifts them higher: well did he know
How a tame ſtream does wild and dangerous grow
By unjuſt force: he now with wanton play
Kiſſes the ſmiling banks and glides away;
But his known channel ſtopp'd, begins to roar,
And ſwell with rage, and buffet the dull ſhore:
His mutinous waters hurry to the war,
And troops of waves come rolling from afar:
Then ſcorns he ſuch weak ſtops to his free fource,
And overruns the neighb'ring fields with violent courſe.

This knew the tyrant, and this uſeful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought:
He old kind vows to David did renew,
Swore conſtancy, and meant his oath for true.
General joy at this glad news appear'd,
For David all men lov'd, and Saul they fear'd.
Angels and men did peace and David love,
But Hell did neither him nor that approve:
From man's agreement fierce alarms they take,
And quiet here does there new buſineſs make.

Beneath the ſilent chambers of the earth,
Where the ſun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does ſee,
Gold, which above more influence has than he;
Beneath the dens where unfletcht tempeſts lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves,
Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vaſt court the mother-waters keep,
And, undiſturb'd by moons, in ſilence ſleep;
There is a place deep, wonderous deep, below
Which genuino night and horror does o'erflow?
No bound controls th' unwearied ſpace, but Hell,
Endleſs as thoſe dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpſe of the ſun's lovely face
Strikes through the ſolid darkneſs of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind reds diſplay;
One ſlight weak beam would here be thought the day;
No gentle ſtars, with their fair gems of light,
Offend the ty'rannous and unqueſtion'd Night;
Here Lucifer the mighty captive reigns,
Proud 'midſt his woes, and tyrant in his chains;
Once general of a gilded hoſt of ſprights,
Like Heſper, leading forth the ſpangled Nights;
But down like light'ning, which him ſtruck, he came,
And roar'd at his firſt plunge into the flame: [Myriads of ſp'rits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights thick ſhone the ſinged air;
Since when the diſmal ſolace of their wo
Has only been weak mankind to undo;
Themſelves at firſt againſt themſelves they' excite,
(Their deareſt conqueſt, and moſt proud delight)
And if thoſe mines of ſecret treaſon fail,
With open force man's virtue they aſſail;
Unable to corrupt, ſeek to deſtroy,
And where their poiſons miſs, the ſword employ.
Thus fought the tyrant fiend young David's fall,
And 'gainſt him arm'd the pow'rful rage of Saul:
He ſaw the beauties of his ſhape and face,
His female ſweetneſs, and his manly grace.
He ſaw the nobler wonders of his mind, [ſign'd;
Great gifts, which for great works he knew de-
He ſaw (t'aſhame the ſtrength of man and hell,
How by his young hands their Gathite champion
He ſaw the reverend prophet boldly ſhed [fell.
The royal drops round his enlarged head,
And well he knew what legacy did place
The ſacred ſceptre in bleſs'd Judah's race,
From which th' Eternal Shilo was to ſpring,
A knowledge which new hells to Hell did bring;
And though no leſs he knew himſelf too weak
The ſmalleſt link of ſtrong-wrought fate to break,
Yet would he rage and ſtruggle with the chain,
Lov'd to rebel, though ſure that 'twas in vain.
And now it broke his form'd deſign, to find
The gentle change of Saul's recov'ring mind:
He truſted much in Saul, and rag'd and griev'd,
(The great deceiver) to be himſelf deceiv'd.
Thrice did he knock his iron teeth, thrice howl,
And into frowns his wrathful forehead roll:
His eyes dart forth red flames which feare the night,
And with worſe fires the trembling ghoſts affright.
A troop of ghaſtly fiends compaſs him round,
And greedily catch at his lips fear'd ſound.
"Are we ſuch nothings, then?" ſaid he; "our "will
"Croſs'd by a ſhepherd's boy? and you yet ſtill
"Play with your idle ſerpents here? Dares none
"Attempt what becomes furies? are ye grown
"Benum'd with fear, or virtue's ſprightleſs cold,
"You who were once (I'm ſure) ſo brave and bold?
"Oh my ill chang'd condition! oh, my fate!
"Did I loſe heav'n for this?"
With that, with his long tail he laſh'd his breaſt,
And horribly ſpoke out in looks the reſt.
The quaking pow'rs of Night ſtood in amaze,
And at each other firſt could only gaze:
A dreadful ſilence fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terror of Hell's face;

Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the shore;
No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains, was known,
The souls amidst their tortures durst not groan.
Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direfull'st; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin
Was almost dropp'd from the sharp bones within;
And at her breast stuck vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart both night and day,
Sucking black blood from thence, which, to repair,
Both night and day they left fresh poisons there.
Her garments were deep stain'd in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim;
With which when she was drunk, she furious grew,
And lash'd herself. Thus from the accursed crew
Envy, the worst of fiends, herself presents,
Envy! good only when she herself torments.
" Spend not, great King! thy precious rage," said she,
" Upon so poor a cause; shall mighty we
" The glory of our wrath to him afford?
" Are we not furies still? and you our lord?
" At thy dread anger the fix'd world shall shake,
" And frighted Nature her own laws forsake.
" Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make reply,
" And thunder echo it to the trembling sky;
" Whilst raging seas swell to so bold an height,
" As shall the fire's proud element affright.
" Th' old drudging Sun, from his long-beaten way,
" Shall at thy voice start, and misguide the day;
" The jocund orbs shall break their measur'd pace,
" And stubborn poles change their allotted place;
" Heav'ns gilded troops shall flutter here and there,
" Leaving their boasting songs tun'd to a sphere,
" Nay, their God, too,---for fear he did, when we
" Took noble arms against his tyranny,
" So noble arms, and in a cause so great,
" That triumphs they deserve for their defeat:
" There was a day! oh, might I see 't again,
" Though he had fiercer flames to thrust us in!
" And can such pow'rs be by a child withstood?
" Will slings, alas! or pebbles, do him good?
" What th' untam'd lion, whet with hunger too,
" And giants, could not, that my word shall do:
" I'll soon dissolve this peace; were Saul's new love
" (But Saul we know) great as my hate shall prove,
" Before their sun twice more be gone about,
" I and my faithful snakes would drive it out.
" By me Cain offer'd up his brother's gore,
" A sacrifice far worse than that before;
" I saw him fling the stone, as if he meant
" At once his murder and his monument,
" And laugh to see (for 't was a goodly shew)
" The earth by her first tiller fatten'd so.
" I drove proud Pharaoh to the parted sea;
" He and his host drank up cold death by me:
" By me rebellious arms fierce Corah took,
" And Moses (curse upon that name!) forsook:
" Hither (ye know) almost alive he came
" Thro' the cleft earth; our's was his sun'ral flame.
" By me---But I lose time, methinks, and should
" Perform new acts, whilst I relate the old;
" David's the next our fury must enjoy;
" 'Tis not thy God himself shall save thee, Boy!
" No; if he do, may the whole world have peace:
" May all ill actions, all ill fortune, cease,
" And banish'd from this potent court below,
" May I a ragged, contemn'd Virtue grow."
She spoke; all star'd at first, and made a pause;
But straight the general murmur of applause
Ran through Death's courts; she frown'd still, and
To envy at the praise herself had won. [begun
Great Belzebub starts from his burning throne
To' embrace the fiend; but she, now furious grown
To act her part, thrice bow'd, and thence he fled;
The snakes all hiss'd, the fiends all murmured.
It was the time when silent Night began
To' enchain with sleep the busy sp'rits of man;
And Saul himself, though in his troubled breast
The weight of empire lay, took gentle rest:
So did not Envy, but with haste arose,
And as through Israel's stately towns she goes, [she,
She frowns and shakes her head; "Shine on," says
"Ruins e'er long shall your sole mon'ments be."
The silver moon with terror paler grew,
And neigh'bring Hermon sweated flow'ry dew;
Swift Jordan started, and straight backward fled,
Hiding among thick reeds his aged head:
Lo! at her entrance Saul's strong palace shook,
And nimbly there the rev'rend shape she took
Of Father Benjamin: so long her beard,
So large her limbs, so grave her looks appear'd;
Just like his statue which bestrid Saul's gate,
And seem'd to guard the race it did create.
In this known form she' approach'd the tyrant's side,
And thus her words the sacred form bely'd.
" Arise, lost King of Israel; can'st thou lie
" Dead in this sleep, and yet thy last so nigh?
" If King thou be'st, if Jesse's race as yet
" Sit not on Israel's throne, and shall he sit;
" Did ye for this from fruitful Egypt fly?
" From the mild brickhill's nobler slavery?
" For this did seas your pow'rful rod obey?
" Did wonders guide and feed you on your way?
" Could ye not there great Pharaoh's bondage bear,
" You who can serve a boy and minstrel here?
" Forbid it God, if thou be'st just; this shame
" Cast not on Saul's, on mine, and Israel's name.
" Why was I else from Canaan's famine led?
" Happy, thrice happy, had I there been dead,
" Ere my full loins discharg'd this num'rous race,
" This luckless tribe, ev'n crown'd to their disgrace!
" Ah, Saul! thy servant's vassal must thou live?
" Place to his harp must thy dread sceptre give?
" What wants he now but that? Canst thou forget
" (If thou be'st man thou canst not) how they met
" The youth with songs? Alas! poor Monarch!
" Your thousand only, he ten thousand, slew. [you
" Him Israel loves, him neighb'ring countries fear;
" You but the name and empty title bear:
" And yet the traitor lives, lives in thy court,
" The court that must be his, where he shall sport
" Himself with all thy concubines, thy gold,
" Thy costly robes, thy crown. Wert thou not told

" This by proud Samuel, when at Gilgal he
" With bold falfe threats from God affronted thee?
" The dotard ly'd; God faid it not, I know:
" Not Baal or Moloch would have us'd thee fo.
" Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth
" Exact the royal lot, and call it forth?
" Haft thou not fince (my beft and greateft Son)
" To him, and to his perifhing nation, done
" Such lafting benefits as may juftly claim
" A fceptre as eternal as thy fame? [invade!
" Poor Prince! whom madmen, prieils, and boys,
" By thine own flefh, thy ungrateful fon, betray'd!
" Unnatural fool! who can thus cheated be
" By Friendfhip's name againft a crown and thee!
" Betray not, too, thyfelf. take courage, call
" Thy enchanted virtues forth, and be whole Saul.
" Lo! this great caufe makes thy dead fathers rife,
" Breaks the firm feals of their clos'd tombs and
" Nor can their jealous afhes, whilft this boy [eyes:
" Survives, the priv'lege of their graves enjoy.
" Rife quickly, Saul! and take that rebel's breath
" Which troubles thus thy life, and ev'n our death.
" Kill him, and thou'rt fecure; 'tis only he
" That has boldly interpos'd 'twixt God and thee.
" As earth's loy globe robs the high moon of
light,
" When this eclipfe is paft thy fate's all bright.
" Truft me, dear Son! and credit what I tell;
" I've feen thy royal ftars, and know them well.
" Hence fears, and dull delays. Is not thy breaft
" (Yes, Saul! it is) with noble thoughts poffefs'd?
" May they beget like acts." With that fhe takes
One of her worft, her beft beloved fnakes;
" Softly, dear Worm! foft and unfeen," faid fhe,
" Into his bofom fteal, and in it be
" My viceroy." At that word fhe took her flight,
And her loofe fhape diffolv'd into the night.

Th' infected king leap'd from his bed amaz'd,
Scarce knew himfelf at firft, but round him gaz'd,
And ftarted back at piec'd-up fhapes, which fear
And his diftracted fancy painted there.
Terror froze up his hair, and on his face
Show'rs of cold fweat roll'd trembling down apace;
Then knocking with his angry hands his breaft,
Earth with his feet, he cries, " Oh! 't is confefs'd;
" I 'have been a pious fool, a woman-king;
" Wrong'd by a feer, a boy, every thing.
" Eight hundred years of death is not fo deep,
" So unconcern'd, as my lethargic fleep;
" My patience ev'n a facrilege becomes,
" Difturbs the dead, and opes their facred tombs.
" Ah! Benjamin! kind Father! who for me
" This curfed world endur'ft again to fee!
" All thou haft faid, great Vifion! is fo true,
" That all which thou command'ft, and more
I'll do.
" Kill him! yes, mighty Ghoft! the wretch fhall die
" Though ev'ry ftar in heav'n fhould it deny,
" Nor mock th' affault of our juft wrath again,
" Had he ten times his fam'd ten thoufand flain.
" Should that bold popular madman, whofe defign
" Is to revenge his own difgrace by mine,
" Should my ungrateful fon oppofe th' intent,
" Should mine own heart grow fcrup'lous and re-
lent;
" Curfe me, juft Heav'n! (by which this truth I
" If I that feer, my fon, or felf, do fpare. [fwear)
" No, gentle Ghoft! return to thy ftill home;
" Thither this day mine and thy foe fhall come:
" If that curs'd object longer vex my fight,
" It muft have learn'd to appear as thou to-night."

Whilft thus his wrath with threats the tyrant fed,
The threat'ned youth flept fearlefs on his bed.
Sleep on, reft quiet as thy confcience take,
For though thou fleep'ft thyfelf, thy God's awake.
Above the fubtle foldings of the fky,
Above the well fet orb's foft harmony,
Above thofe petty lamps that gild the night,
There is a place o'erflown with hallow'd light,
Where heav'n, as if it left itfelf behind,
Is ftretch'd out far, nor its own bounds can find;
Here peaceful flames fwell up the facred place,
Nor can the glory' contain itfelf in th'endlefs fpace:
For there no twilight of the fun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day;
No pale-fac'd moon does ftoli'n beams appear,
Or with dim taper fcatters darknefs there:
On no fmooth fphere the reftlefs feafons flide,
No circling motion doth fwift time divide:
Nothing is there to come, and nothing paft,
But an eternal Now does always laft:
There fits the Almighty, Firft of all, and End,
Whom nothing but himfelf can comprehend:
Who with his word commanded all to be,
And all obey'd him, for that Word was he.
Only he fpoke, and every thing that is
From out the womb of fertile Nothing rife.
Oh! who fhall tell, who fhall defcribe thy throne,
Thou Great Three-One?
There thou thyfelf doft in full prefence fhew,
Not abfent from thefe meaner worlds below: [ceafe
No; if thou wert, the elements' league would
And all thy creature's break thy Nature's peace:
The fun would ftop his courfe, or gallop back,
The ftars drop out, the poles themfelves would
crack;
Earth's ftrong foundation would be torn in twain,
And this vaft work all ravel out again
To its firft nothing; for his fpirit contains
The well-knit mafs: from him each creature gains
Being and motion, which he ftill beftows;
From him th' effect of our weak action flows:
Round him vaft armies of fwift angels ftand,
Which feven triumphant generals command:
They fing loud anthems of his endlefs praife,
And with fix'd eyes drink in immortal rays,
Of thefe he call'd out one; all heaven did fhake,
And filence kept, whilft its Creator fpake.

Are we forgotten then fo foon? can he
Look on his crown, and not remember me
That gave it? can he think we did not hear
(Fond Man!) his threats? and have we made the
To be accounted deaf? No, Saul! we heard, [ear
And it will coft thee dear: the ills thou'ft fear'd,
Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double fend:
Have we not fpoke it? and dares man contend?
Alas! poor Duft! didft thou but know the day
When thou muft lie in blood at Gilboa,
Thou and thy fons, thou wouldft not threaten ftill,
Thy trembling tongue would ftop againft thy will.

Then shall thine head fix'd in curs'd temples be,
And all their foolish gods shall laugh at thee.
That hand which thou on David's life would prey,
Shall then turn just, and its own master slay.
He whom thou hat'st, on thy lov'd throne shall sit,
And expiate the disgrace thou dost to it.
Haste, then, tell David what his King has sworn,
Tell him whose blood must paint this rising morn;
Yet bid him go securely when he sends:
'Tis Saul that is his foe, and we his friends.
The man who has his God no aid can lack,
And we who bid him go will bring him back.
He spoke; the heavens seem'd decently to bow,
With all their bright inhabitants; and now
The jocund spheres began again to play,
Again each spirit sung Halleluia;
Only that angel was straight gone. Even so
(But not so swift) the morning glories flow
At once from the bright sun, and strike the ground;
So winged lightning the soft air does wound:
Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
The motion, having no account so small.
So flew this angel, till to David's bed
He came, and thus his sacred message said. [sworn:
"Awake, young Man! hear what thy King has
"He swore thy blood should paint this rising morn;
"Yet to him go securely when he sends:
"'Tis Saul that is your foe, and God your friends.
"The man who has his God no aid can lack,
"And he who bids thee go will bring thee back."
Up leap'd Jessides, and did round him stare,
But could see nought, for nought was left but air.
Whilst this great vision labours in his thought,
Lo! the short prophesy t' effect is brought.
In treach'rous haste he's sent for to the King
And with him bid his charmful lyre to bring.
The King, they say, lies in a raging fit,
Which does no cure but sacred tunes admit:
And true it was, soft music did appease
Th' obscure fantastic rage of Saul's disease
Tell me, oh, Muse! (for thou or none canst tell
The mystic pow'rs that in blest numbers dwell;
Thou their great nature know'st, nor is it fit
This noblest gem of thine own crown t' omit)
Tell me from whence these heavenly charms arise;
Teach the dull world t' admire what they despise.
As first a various unform'd hint we find
Rise in some godlike poet's fertile mind,
Till all the parts and words their places take,
And with just marches verse and music make:
Such was God's poem, this world's new essay,
So wild and rude in its first draught it lay;
Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew,
An artless war from thwarting motions grew,
Till they to number and fix'd rules were brought
By the Eternal Mind's poetic thought.
Water and air he for the tenor chose,
Earth made the bass, the treble flame arose;
To th' active moon a quick brisk stroke he gave.
To Saturn's string a touch more soft and grave.
The motions straight, and round, and swift, and
flow,
And short, and long, were mixt and woven so,
Did in such artful figures smoothly fall,
As made this decent-measur'd dance of all.
And this is music; sounds that charms our ears
Are but one dressing that rich Science wears;
Though no man hear it, though no man it rehearse,
Yet will there still be music in my verse.
In this great world so much of it we see,
The lesser, man, is all o'er harmony:
Storehouse of all proportions! single quire!
Which first God's breath did tunefully inspire:
From hence bless'd music's heavenly charms arise,
From sympathy which them and man allies:
Thus they our souls, thus they our bodies, win,
Not by their force, but party that's within:
Thus the strange cure on our spilt blood apply'd,
Sympathy to the distant wound does guide:
Thus when two brethren strings are set alike,
To move them both, but one of them we strike;
Thus David's lyre did Saul's wild rage control,
And tun'd the harsh disorders of his soul.
"When Israel was from bondage led
"Led by the Almighty's hand
"From out a foreign land,
"The great sea beheld and fled
"As men pursu'd, when that fear past they find,
"Stop on some higher ground to look behind,
"So whilst through wondrous ways
"The sacred army went,
"The waves afar stood up to gaze,
"And their own rocks did represent,
"Solid as waters are above the firmament.
"Old Jordan's waters to their spring
"Start back with sudden fright,
"The spring amaz'd at sight,
"Asks what news from sea they bring?
"The mountains shook; and to the mountains' side
"The little hills leap'd round, themselves to hide;
"As young affrighted lambs,
"When they ought dreadful spy,
"Run trembling to their helpless dams,
"The mighty sea and river by
"Were glad, for their excuse, to see the hills too
"What ail'd the mighty sea to flee? [fly.
"Or Why did Jordan's tide
"Back to his fountain glide?
"Jordan's tide, what ailed thee?
"Why leap'd the hills? why did the mountains
"shake?
"What ail'd them their fix'd natures to forsake?
"Fly where thou wilt, O sea!
"And Jordan's current cease;
"Jordan there is no need of thee,
"For at God's word whene'er he please,
"The rocks shall weep new waters forth instead
"of these."
Thus sung the great Musician to his lyre,
And Saul's black rage grew softly to retire;
But envy's serpent still with him remain'd,
And the wise charmer's healthful voice disdain'd
Th' unthankful King, cur'd truly of his fit,
Seems to lie drown'd and bury'd still in it:
From his past madness draws this wicked use,
To sin disguis'd, and murder with excuse:
For whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,
And the soft med'cine with kind art renews,
The barb'rous patient casts at him his spear
(The usual sceptre that rough hand did bear)

Casts it with vi'lent strength; but into the room
An arm more strong and sure than his was come;
An angel, whose unseen and easy might,
Put by the weapon, and misled it right.
How vain man's pow'r is! unless God command,
The weapon disobeys his master's hand!
Happy was now the error of the blow;
At Gilboa it will not serve him so.
One would have thought, Saul's sudden rage to
'ave seen,
He had himself by David wounded been;
He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
And thought his honour now engag'd i' th' sin.
A bloody troop of his own guards he sends
(Slaves to his will, and safely call'd his Friends)
To mend his error by a surer blow;
So Saul ordain'd, but God ordain'd not so.
Home flies the prince, and to his trembling wife
Relates the new-past hazard of his life:
Which she with decent passion hears him tell.
For not her own fair eyes she lov'd so well.
Upon their palace top, beneath a row
Of Lemon Trees, which there did proudly grow,
And with bright stores of golden fruit repay
The light they drank from the sun's neighb'ring ray,
(A small but artful paradise) they walk'd,
And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.
Here Michel first an armed troop espies
(So faithful and so quick are loving eyes)
Which march'd, and often glitter'd through a wood,
That on right hand of her fair palace stood;
She saw them, and cry'd out, "They're come to
kill
"My dearest lord! Saul's spear pursues thee still:
"Behold his wicked guards: haste, quickly fly;
"For Heav'n's sake haste; my dear lord! do not
"die.
"Ah, cruel Father! whose illnatur'd rage
"Neither thy worth nor marriage can assuage!
"Will he part those he join'd so late before?
"Were the two hundred foreskins worth no more?
"He shall not part us; (then she wept between)
"At yonder window thou may'st 'scape unseen;
"This hand shall let thee down; stay not, but
"haste;
"'Tis not my use to send thee hence so fast."
"Best of all women!" he replies—and this
Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a kiss.
"Throw not away," said she "my precious breath;
"Thou stay'st too long within the reach of death."
Timely he' obeys her wise advice, and straight
To unjust force she' opposes just deceit.
She meets the murd'rers with a virtuous lie
And good-dissembling tears. "May he not die
"In quiet then?" said she: "will they not give
"That freedom who so fear left he should live?
"Ev'n Fate does with your cruelty conspire,
"And spares your guilt, yet does what you desire.
"Must he not live? for that ye need not sin;
"My much-wrong'd husband speechless lies with-
"And has too little left of vital breath [in,
"To know his murderers, or to feel his death:
"One hour will do your work."———
Here her well-govern'd tears drop'd down apace:
Beauty and sorrow, mingled in one face,
Has such resistless charms, that they believe,
And an unwilling aptness find to grieve
At what they came for. A pale statue's head,
In linen wrapp'd, appear'd on David's bed;
Two servants mournful stand, and silent, by,
And on the table med'cinal relics lie;
In the close room a well-plac'd taper's light
Adds a becoming horror to the sight:
And for the impression God prepar'd their sense;
They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.
How vain attempts Saul's unbless'd anger tries,
By his own hands deceiv'd, and servants' eyes!
"It cannot be," said he: "no, can it? shall
"Our great ten thousand slayer idly fall?
"The silly rout thinks God protects him still;
"But God, alas! guards not the bad from ill.
"Oh may he guard him! may his members be
"In as full strength and well-set harmony,
"As the fresh body of the first made man,
"E'er sin, or sin's just meed, disease began:
"He will be else too small for our vast hate,
"And we must share in our revenge with Fate.
"No; let us have him whole; we else may seem
"To 'ave snatch'd away but some few days from
"him,
"And cut that thread which would have dropp'd
"in two;
"Will our great anger learn to stoop so low?
"I know it cannot, will not: him we prize
"Of our just wrath the solemn sacrifice,
"That must not blemish'd be; let him remain
"Secure, and grow up to our stroke again:
"'Twill be some pleasure then to take his breath,
"When he shall strive and wrestle with his death.
"Go, let him live—and yet---shall I then stay
"So long? Good and great actions hate delay.
"Some foolish piety perhaps, or he
"That has been still mine honour's enemy,
"Samuel may change or cross my just intent,
"And I this formal pity soon repent.
"Besides, Fate gives him me, and whispers this,
"That he can fly no more, if we should miss.
"Miss! can we miss again? go bring him straight,
"Though gasping out his soul; if the wish'd date
"Of his accursed life be almost past,
"Some joy 't will be to see him breath his last."
The troop return'd, of their short virtue asham'd,
Saul's courage prais'd, and their own weakness
blam'd:
But when the pious fraud they understood,
Scarce the respect due to Saul's sacred blood,
Due to the sacred beauty in it reign'd,
From Michel's murder their wild rage restrain'd.
She alleg'd the holiest chains that bind a wife,
Duty and love; she alleg'd that her own life,
Had she refus'd that safety to her lord,
Would have incurr'd just danger from his sword.
Now was Saul's wrath full grown; he takes no rest;
A violent flame rolls in his trembled breast,
And in fierce lightning from his eye does break;
Not his own fav'rites and best friends dare speak,
Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,
Fear where this cloud will burst, and thunder fall.
So when the pride and terror of the wood,
A lion, prick'd with rage and want of food,

Eſpies out from afar ſome well-fed beaſt,
And briſtles up, preparing for his feaſt;
If that by ſwiftneſs 'ſcape his gaping jaws,
His bloody eyes he hurls round, his ſharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Laſhing his angry tail, and roaring out;
Beaſts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
Trees, though no wind be ſtirring, ſhake with fear;
Silence and horror fill the place around,
Echo itſelf dares ſcarce repeat the ſound.
'Mid'ſt a large wood that joins fair Rama's town
(The neighbourhood fair Rama's chief renown)
A College ſtands, where at great Prophets' feet
The prophets' ſons with ſilent diligence meet,
By Samuel built and mod'rately endow'd,
Yet more to his lib'ral tongue than hands they ow'd:
There himſelf taught, and his bleſs'd voice to hear,
Teachers themſelves lay proud beneath him there.
The houſe was a large ſquare, but plain and low;
Wiſe Nature's uſe Art ſtrove not to outgo.
An inward ſquare by well-rang'd trees was made,
And, midſt the friendly cover of their ſhade,
A pure, well-taſted, wholeſome fountain roſe,
Which no vain coſt of marble did incloſe,
Nor through carv'd ſhapes did thoſe forc'd waters paſs,
Shapes gazing on themſelves i' the liquid glaſs:
Yet the chaſte ſtream, that 'mong looſe pebbles fell,
For cleanneſs, thirſt, religion, ſerv'd as well.
The ſcholars, doctors, and companions, here,
Lodg'd all apart in neat ſmall chambers were;
Well-furniſh'd chambers, for in each their ſtood
A narrow couch, table, and chair of wood;
More is but clog, where uſe does bound delight,
And thoſe are rich whoſe wealth's proportion'd right
To their life's form: more goods would but become
A burden to them, and contract their room.
A ſecond court more ſacred ſtood behind,
Built fairer, and to nobler uſe deſign'd;
The hall and ſchools one ſide of it poſſeſs'd,
The library and ſynagogue the reſt:
Tables of plain-cut fir adorn'd the hall,
And with beaſts' ſkins the beds were cover'd all.
The rev'rend doctors take their ſeats on high,
Th' elect companions in their boſoms lie;
The ſcholars far below upon the ground,
On freſh-ſtrew'd ruſhes, place themſelves around:
With more reſpect the wiſe and ancient lay,
But ate not choicer herbs or bread than they,
Nor purer waters drank, their conſtant feaſt,
But by great days and ſacrifice increas'd.
The ſchools built round and higher, at the end
With their fair circle did this ſide extend;
To which their ſynagogue on th' other ſide,
And to the hall their library reply'd.
The midſt tow'rds their large gardens open lay,
To' admit the joys of ſpring and early day.
I' the library a few choice authors ſtood;
Yet 'twas well ſtor'd, for that ſmall ſtore was good:
Writing, man's ſpiritual phyſic, was not then
Itſelf, as now, grown a diſeaſe of men.
Learning (young virgin!) but few ſuitors knew;
The common proſtitute ſhe lately grew,
And with her ſpurious brood loads now the preſs,
Laborious effects of idleneſs!
Here all the various forms one might behold
How letters ſav'd themſelves from death of old:
Some painfully engrav'd in thin wrought plates,
Some cut in wood, ſome lightlier trac'd on ſlates;
Some drawn on fair palm-leaves, with ſhortliv'd toil,
Had not their friend the cedar lent his oil;
Some wrought in ſilks, ſome writ in tender barks;
Some the ſharp ſtyle in waxen tables marks;
Some in beaſts' ſkins, and ſome in Biblos reed,
Both new rude arts, which age and growth did need.
The ſchools were painted well with uſeful ſkill;
Stars, maps, and ſtories, the learn'd wall did fill:
Wiſe wholeſome proverbs mix'd around the room,
Some writ, and in Egyptian figures ſome.
Here all the nobleſt wits of men inſpir'd,
From earth's ſlight joys and worthleſs toils retir'd,
Whom Samuel's fame and bounty thither lead,
Each day by turns their ſolid knowledge read.
The courſe and pow'r of ſtars great Nathan taught,
And home to man thoſe diſtant wonders brought;
How tow'rd both poles the ſun's fix'd journey bends,
And how the year his crooked walk attends;
By what juſt ſteps the wand'ring lights advance,
And what eternal meaſures guide their dance:
Himſelf a prophet; but his lectures ſhew'd
How little of that art to them he ow'd.
Mahol th' inferior world's fantaſtic face,
Thro' all the turn's of Matter's maze did trace;
Great Nature's well-ſet clock in pieces took,
On all the ſprings and ſmalleſt wheels did look
Of life and motion; and with equal art
Made up again the whole of ev'ry part.
The prophet Gad in learned duſt deſigns
Th' immortal ſolid rules of fancy'd lines;
Of numbers, too, th' innumber'd wealth he ſhews,
And with them far their endleſs journey goes:
Numbers, which ſtill increaſe more high and wide
From one, the root of their turn'd pyramid.
Of men, and ages paſt, Seraiah read,
Embalm'd in long-liv'd Hiſtory the dead;
Shew'd the ſteep falls, and ſlow aſcent, of ſtates;
What wiſdom and what follies made their fates.
Samuel himſelf did God's rich law diſplay,
Taught doubting men with judgment to obey;
And oft his raviſh'd ſoul with ſudden flight
Soar'd above preſent times and human ſight.
Theſe arts but welcome ſtrangers might appear,
Muſic and verſe ſeem'd born and bred up here;
Scarce the bleſs'd heav'n, that rings with angel's voice,
Does with more conſtant harmony rejoice.
The ſacred Muſe does here each breaſt inſpire;
Heman and ſweet-mouth'd Aſaphrule their quire;
Both charming poets, and all ſtrains they play'd,
By artful breath or nimble fingers made.
The ſynagogue was dreſt with care and coſt,
(The only place where that they eſteem'd not loſt)
The glitt'ring roof with gold did daze the view,
The ſides refreſh'd with ſilk's of ſacred blue.
Here thrice each day they read their perfect law,

Thrice pray'rs from willing Heav'n a bleſſing draw;
Thrice in glad hymns ſwell'd with the great One's praiſe,
The pliant voice on her ſev'n ſteps they raiſe,
Whilſt all th' enliven'd inſtruments around
To the juſt feet with various concord ſound.
Such things were Muſes then, contemn'd low earth,
Decently proud, and mindful of their birth.
'Twas God himſelf that here tun'd every tongue,
And gratefully of him alone they ſung:
They ſung how God ſpoke out the world's vaſt ball
From nothing, and from no where call'd forth all;
No nature yet, or place for it to poſſeſs,
But an unbottom'd gulf of emptineſs.
Full of himſelf th' Almighty ſat, his own
Palace, and without ſolitude, alone.
But he was goodneſs whole, and all things will'd,
Which e'er they were his active Word fulfill'd,
And their aſtoniſh'd heads o' the ſudden rear'd;
An unſhap'd kind of ſomething firſt appear'd,
Confeſſing its new being, and undreſs'd,
As if it ſtep'd in haſte before the reſt:
Yet buried in this matter's darkſome womb,
Lay the rich ſeeds of ev'ry thing to come.
From hence the chéerful flame leap'd up ſo high,
Cloſe at its heels the nimble air did fly;
Dull earth with its own weight did downwards
To the fix'd navel of the univerſe, [pierce
And was quite loſt in waters; till God ſaid
To the proud ſea, Shrink in your ins'lent head;
See how the gaping earth has made you place!
That durſt not murmur, but ſhrunk in apace.
Since when his bounds are ſet, at which in vain
He ſoams, and rages, and turns back again.
With richer ſtuff he bade heav'n's fabric ſhine;
And from him a quick ſpring of light divine
Swell'd up the ſun, from whence his cheriſhing flame
Fills the whole world, like him from whom it came.
He ſmooth'd the rough-caſt moon's imperfect mould,
And comb'd her beamy locks with ſacred gold:
"Be thou," ſaid he, "queen of the mourniful Night;"
And as he ſpoke, ſhe' aroſe, clad o'er in light,
With thouſand ſtars attending on her train:
With her they riſe, with her they ſet again.
Then herbs peep'd forth, new trees admiring ſtood,
And ſmelling flow'rs painted the infant wood.
Then flocks of birds through the glad air did flee,
Joyful and ſafe before man's luxury,
Teaching their Maker in their untaught lays:
Nay, the mute fiſh witneſs no leſs his praiſe;
From thoſe he made, and cloth'd with ſilver ſcales,
From minoes to thoſe living iſlands, whales.
Beaſts too, were his command; what could he more!
Yes, man he could, the bound of all before;
In him he all things with ſtrange order hurl'd;
In him, that full abridgment of the world, [told;
This, and much more, of God's great works they
His mercies, and ſome judgments, too, of old:
How when all earth was deeply ſtain'd in ſin, [in:
With an impetuous noiſe the waves came ruſhing
Where birds e'erwhile dwelt, and ſecurely ſung,
There fiſh (an unknown net) entangled hung:
The face of ſhipwreck'd Nature naked lay;
The ſun peep'd forth, and beheld nought but ſea.
This men forgot, and burnt in luſt again,
Till ſhow'rs, ſtrange as their ſin, of fiery rain,
And ſcalding brimſtone, dropp'd on Sodom's head;
Alive they felt thoſe flames they fry in dead.
No better end raſh Pharaoh's pride befell,
When wind and ſea wag'd war for Iſrael:
In his gilt chariots amaz'd fiſhes ſat,
And grew with corpſe of wretched princes fat.
The waves and rocks half-eaten bodies ſtain;
Nor was it ſince call'd the Red Sea in vain.
Much, too, they told of faithful Abram's fame,
To whoſe bleſs'd paſſage they owe ſtill their name:
Of Moſes much, and the great feed of Nun,
What wonders they perform'd, what lands they won;
How many kings they ſlew, or captive brought;
They held the ſwords, but God and angels fought.

Thus gain'd they the wiſe ſpending of their days,
And their whole life was their dear Maker's praiſe:
No minute's reſt, no ſwifteſt thought, they ſold
To that beloved plague of mankind, gold;
Gold! for which all mankind with greater pains
Labour tow'rds Hell, than thoſe who dig its veins.
Their wealth was the contempt of it, which more
They valu'd than rich fools the ſhining ore.
The ſilkworm's precious death they ſcorn'd to wear,
And Tyrian dye appear'd but ſordid there.
Honour, which ſince the price of ſouls became,
Seem'd to theſe great ones a low idle name.
Inſtead of down, hard beds they choſe to have,
Such as might bid them not forget their grave.
Their board diſpeopled no full element;
Free Nature's bounty thriftily they ſpent,
And ſpar'd the ſtock; nor could their bodies ſay,
We owe this crudeneſs t' exceſs yeſterday.
Thus ſouls live cleanly, and no ſoiling fear,
But entertain their welcome Maker there:
The Senſes perform nimbly what they're bid,
And honeſtly, nor are by Reaſon chid;
And when the down of ſleep does ſoftly fall,
Their dreams are heav'nly then, and myſtical:
With haſty wings time preſent they outfly,
And tread the doubtful maze of Deſtiny:
There walk and ſport among the years to come,
And with quick eye pierce ev'ry cauſe's womb.
Thus theſe wiſe ſaints enjoy'd their little all,
Free from the ſpite of much-miſtaken Saul:
For if man's life we in juſt balance weigh,
David deſerv'd his envy leſs than they.
Of this retreat the hunted prince makes choice,
Adds to their quire his nobler lyre and voice:
But long unknown ev'n here he could not lie,
So bright his luſtre, ſo quick Envy's eye!
Th' offended troop, whom he eſcap'd before,
Purſue him here, and fear miſtakes no more:
Belov'd revenge freſh rage to them affords:
Some part of him all promiſe to their ſwords.

They came, but a new ſp'rit their hearts poſſeſs'd,
Satt'ring a ſacred calm through ev'ry breaſt:
The furrows of their brow, ſo rough e'erwhile,
Sink down into the dimples of a ſmile:

Their cooler veins swell with a peaceful tide,
And the chaste streams with even current glide:
A sudden day breaks gently through their eyes,
And morning-blushes in their cheeks arise:
The thoughts of war, of blood, and murder, cease;
In peaceful tunes they adore the God of Peace
Now messengers twice more the tyrant sent;
And was twice more mock'd with the same event.
His heighten'd rage no longer brooks delay;
It sends him there himself; but on the way
His foolish anger a wise fury grew,
And blessings from his mouth unbidden flew:
His kingly robes he laid at Naioh down,
Began to understand and scorn his crown;
Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things,
And felt more solid joys than empire brings;
Embrac'd his wond'ring son, and on his head
The balm of all past wounds, kind tears, he shed.
So cov'tous Balaam, with a fond intent
Of cursing the bless'd seed, to Moab went;
But as he went, his fatal tongue to sell,
His ass taught him to speak, God to speak well:
" How comely are thy tents, oh Israel!"
Thus he began, " what conquests they foretel!
" Less fair are orchards in their autumn pride,
" Adorn'd with trees on some fair river's side;
" Less fair are vallies, their green mantles spread,
" Or mountains with tall cedars on their head!
" 'Twas God himself (thy God who must not fear?)
" Brought thee from bondage to be master here:
" Slaughter shall wear out these, new weapons get,
" And Death in triumph on thy darts shall sit.
" When Judah's Lion starts up to his prey,
" The beasts shall hang their ears, and creep away:
" When he lies down, the woods shall silence keep,
" And dreadful tigers tremble at his sleep.
" Thy cursers, Jacob, shall twice cursed be,
" And he shall bless himself that blesses thee."

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK II.

The Contents.

The friendſhip betwixt Jonathan and David; and, upon that occaſion, a digreſſion concerning the nature of love. A diſcourſe between Jonathan and David, upon which the latter abſents himſelf from court, and the former goes thither to inform himſelf of Saul's reſolution. The feaſt of the New-moon; the manner of the celebration of it; and therein a digreſſion of the Hiſtory of Abraham. Saul's ſpeech upon David's abſence from the feaſt, and his anger againſt Jonathan. David's reſolution to fly away. He parts with Jonathan, and falls aſleep under a tree. A deſcription of Fancy. An angel makes up a viſion in David's head. The viſion itſelf; which is a propheſy of all the ſucceſſion of his race, till Chriſt's time, with their moſt remarkable actions. At his awaking, Gabriel aſſumes a human ſhape, and confirms to him the truth of his viſion.

But now the early birds began to call
The morning forth; up roſe the ſun and Saul:
Both, as men thought, roſe freſh from ſweet repoſe;
But both, alas! from reſtleſs labours roſe:
For in Saul's breaſt Envy, the toilſome ſin,
Had all that night active and tyrannous been:
She' expell'd all forms of kindneſs, virtue, grace,
Of the paſt day no footſtep left, or trace;
The new-blown ſparks of his old rage appear,
Nor could his love dwell longer with his fear.
So near a ſtorm wiſe David would not ſtay,
Nor truſt the glitt'ring of a faithleſs day:
He ſaw the ſun call in his beams apace,
And angry clouds march up into their place:
The ſea itſelf ſmooths his rough brow awhile,
Flatt'ring the greedy merchant with a ſmile;
But he whoſe ſhipwreck'd bark it drank before,
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.
Such is the ſea, and ſuch was Saul;
But Jonathan his ſon, and only good,
Was gentle as fair Jordan's uſeful flood;
Whoſe innocent ſtream, as it in ſilence goes,
Freſh honours and a ſudden ſpring beſtows
On both his banks, to ev'ry flow'r and tree;
The manner how lies hid, th' effect we ſee:
But more than all, more than himſelf, he lov'd
The man whoſe worth his father's hatred mov'd;
For when the noble youth at Dammin ſtood,
Adorn'd with ſweat, and painted gay with blood,
Jonathan pierc'd him thro' with greedy eye,
And underſtood the future majeſty
Then deſtin'd in the glories of his look:
He ſaw, and ſtraight was with amazement ſtrook,
To ſee the ſtrength, the feature, and the grace,
Of his young limbs; he ſaw his comely face,
Where love and rev'rence ſo well-mingled were,
And head, already crown'd with golden hair:
He ſaw what mildneſs his bold ſp'rit did tame,
Gentler than light, yet pow'rful as a flame:
He ſaw his valour by their ſafety prov'd;
He ſaw all this, and as he ſaw, he lov'd.
What art thou, Love! thou great myſterious thing?
From what hid ſtock does thy ſtrange nature ſpring?
'Tis thou that mov'ſt the world through ev'ry part,
And hold'ſt the vaſt frame cloſe, that nothing ſtart
From the due place and office firſt ordain'd:
By thee were all things made, and are ſuſtain'd.
Sometimes we ſee thee fully, and can ſay
From hence thou took'ſt thy riſe, and went'ſt that way;
But oft'ner the ſhort beams of Reaſon's eye
See only there thou art, not how, nor why.
How is the loadſtone, Nature's ſubtle pride,
By the rude iron woo'd, and made a bride?
How was the weapon wounded? what hid flame
The ſtrong and conq'ring metal overcame?
Love (this world's grace) exalts his natural ſtate;
He feels thee, Love! and feels no more his weight.

Ye learned Heads! whom ivy garlands grace,
Why does that twining plant the oak embrace?
The oak, for courtſhip moſt of all unfit,
And rough as are the winds that fight with it.
How does the abſent pole the needle move?
How does his cold and ice beget hot love?
Which are the wings of lightneſs to aſcend;
Or why does weight to' the centre downwards bend?
Thus creatures void of life obey thy laws,
And ſeldom we, they never, know the cauſe.
In thy large ſtate, life gives the next degree,
Where ſenſe and good apparent places thee;
But thy chief palace is man's heart alone;
Here are thy triumphs and full glories ſhewn:
Handſome deſires, and reſt, about thee flee,
Union, inheritance, zeal, and extaſy,
With thouſand joys, cluſter around thine head,
O'er which a gall-leſs dove her wings does ſpread:
A gentle lamb, purer and whiter far
Than conſciences of thine own martyrs are,
Lies at thy feet; and thy right hand does hold
The myſtic ſceptre of a croſs of gold.
Thus doſt thou ſit (like men, e'er ſin had fram'd
A guilty bluſh) naked, but not aſham'd.
What cauſe, then, did the fab'lous Ancients find,
When firſt their ſuperſtition made thee blind?
'Twas they, alas! 't was they who could not ſee,
When they miſtook that monſter, Luſt, for thee.
Thou art a bright, but not conſuming, flame;
Such in th' amaz'd buſh to Moſes came,
When that, ſecure, its new-crown'd head did rear,
And chid the trembling branches' needleſs fear.
Thy darts are healthful gold, and downwards fall,
Soft as the feathers that they 're fletch'd withal.
Such, and no other, were thoſe ſecret darts
Which ſweetly touch'd this nobleſt pair of hearts:
Still to one end they both ſo juſtly drew,
As courteous doves together yok'd would do:
No weight of birth did on one ſide prevail;
Two twins leſs even lie in Nature's ſcale:
They mingled fates, and both in each did ſhare;
They both were ſervants, they both princes were.
If any joy to one of them was ſent,
It was moſt his to whom it leaſt was meant;
And Fortune's malice betwixt both was croſs'd,
For ſtriking one, it wounded th' other moſt.
Never did marriage ſuch true union find,
Or men's deſires with ſo glad violence bind;
For there is ſtill ſome tincture left of ſin,
And ſtill the ſex will needs be ſtealing in.
Thoſe joys are full of droſs, and thicker far;
Theſe, without matter, clear and liquid are.
Such ſacred love does heav'n's bright ſpirits fill,
Where love is but to underſtand, and will,
With ſwift, and unſeen motions ſuch as we
Somewhat expreſs in heighten'd charity.
O ye bleſs'd One! whoſe love on earth became
So pure, that ſtill in heav'n 't is but the ſame!
There now ye ſit, and with mix'd ſouls embrace,
Gazing upon great Love's myſterious face,
And pity this baſe world, where friendſhip's made
A bait for ſin, or elſe at beſt a trade.
Ah! wond'rous Prince! who a true friend couldſt be
When a crown flatter'd, and Saul threaten'd thee!
Who held'ſt him dear whoſe ſtars thy birth did croſs,
And bought'ſt him nobly at a kingdom's loſs!
Iſrael's bright ſceptre far leſs glory brings,
There have been fewer friends on earth than kings.
To this ſtrong pitch their high affections flew,
Till Nature's ſelf ſcarce look'd on them as two.
Hither flies David for advice and aid,
As ſwift as love and danger could perſuade;
As ſafe in Jonathan's truſt his thoughts remain,
As when himſelf but dreams them o'er again.
" My deareſt Lord! farewell," ſaid he, " Fare-
" well;
" Heav'n bleſs the King; may no misfortune tell
" Th' injuſtice of his hate when I am dead:
" They 're coming now; perhaps my guiltleſs head,
" Here, in your ſight, muſt then a-bleeding lie,
" And ſcarce your own ſtand ſafe for being nigh.
" Think me not ſcar'd with death, howe'er 't appear;
" I know thou canſt not think ſo: it is a fear
" From which thy love and Dammin ſpeaks me free;
" I've met him face to face, and ne'er could ſee
" One terror in his looks to make me fly
" When virtue bids me ſtand; but I would die
" So as becomes my life, ſo as may prove
" Saul's malice, and at leaſt excuſe your love."
He ſtopp'd, and ſpoke ſome paſſion with his eyes.
" Excellent Friend!" the gallant prince replies;
" Thou haſt ſo prov'd thy virtues, that they're known
" To all good men, more than to each his own.
" Who lives in Iſrael that can doubtful be
" Of thy great actions? for he lives by thee.
" Such is thy valour, and thy vaſt ſucceſs,
" That all things but thy loyalty are leſs;
" And ſhould my father at thy ruin aim,
" 'Twould wound as much his ſafety as his fame.
" Think them not coming, then, to ſlay thee here
" But doubt miſhaps as little as you fear;
" For, by thy loving God, whoe'er deſign
" Againſt thy life, muſt ſtrike at it through mine,
" But I my royal father muſt acquit
" From ſuch baſe guilt, or the low thought of it.
" Think on his ſoftneſs, when from death he freed
" The faithleſs king of Am'lec's curſed ſeed;
" Can he t' a friend, t' a ſon, ſo bloody grow,
" He who ev'n ſinn'd but now to ſpare a foe?
" Admit he could; but with what ſtrength or art
" Could he ſo long cloſe and ſeal up his heart?
" Such counſels jealous of themſelves become,
" And dare not fix without conſent of ſome;
" Few men ſo boldly ill, great ſins to do,
" Till licens'd and approv'd by others too.
" No more (believe it) could he hide this from me,
" Than I, had he diſcover'd it, from thee."
Here they embraces join, and almoſt tears,
Till gentle David thus new-prov'd his fears.
" The praiſe you pleas'd, great Prince! on me to ſpend,
" Was all outſpoken, when you ſtyl'd me Friend:
" That name alone does dang'rous glories bring,
" And gives excuſe to th' envy of a king.

" What did his ſpear, force, and dark plots, impart,
" But ſome eternal rancour in his heart?
" Still does he glance the fortune of that day
" When, drown'd in his own blood, Goliath lay,
" And cover'd half the plain; ſtill hears the ſound
" How that vaſt monſter fell, and ſtrook the
" ground:
" The dance, and, David his ten thouſand ſlew,
" Still wound his ſickly ſoul, and ſtill are new.
" Great acts t' ambitious princes treaſon grow,
" So much they hate that ſafety which they owe.
" Tyrants dread all whom they raiſe high in place;
" From the good danger, from the bad diſgrace.
" They doubt the lords, miſtruſt the people's hate,
" Till blood become a principle of ſtate.
" Secur'd not by their guards nor by their right,
" But ſtill they fear ev'n more than they affright.
" Pardon me, Sir, your father's rough and ſtern;
" His will too ſtrong to bend, too proud to learn.
" Remember, Sir, the honey's deadly ſting!
" Think on that ſavage juſtice of the King,
" When the ſame day that ſaw you do before
" Things above man, ſhould ſee you man no more.
" 'Tis true, th' accurſed Agag mov'd his ruth;
" He pity'd his tall limbs and comely youth;
" Had ſeen, alas! the proof of Heav'n's fierce hate,
" And fear'd no miſchief from his pow'rleſs fate.
" Remember how th' old ſeer came raging down,
" And taught him boldly to ſuſpect his crown.
" Since then his pride quakes at th' Almighty's rod,
" Nor dares he love the man belov'd by God.
" Hence his deep rage and trembling envy ſprings;
" Nothing ſo wild as jealouſy of kings.
" Whom ſhould he counſel aſk, with whom adviſe,
" Who reaſon and God's counſel does deſpiſe?
" Whoſe headſtrong will no law or conſcience
" daunt,
" Dares he not ſin do you think without your grant?
" Yes, if the truth of our fix'd love he knew,
" He would not doubt, believe it, to kill ev'n you."

The Prince is mov'd, and ſtraight prepares to find
The deep reſolves of his griev'd father's mind.
The danger now appears, love can ſoon ſhew it,
And force his ſtubborn piety to know it.
They' agree that David ſhould conceal'd abide,
Till his great friend had the Court's temper try'd;
Till he had Saul's moſt ſacred purpoſe found,
And ſearch'd the depth and rancour of his wound.
'Twas the year's ſeventh-born moon; the ſo-
lemn feaſt,
That with moſt noiſe its ſacred mirth expreſs'd.
From op'ning morn, till night ſhuts in the day,
On trumpets and ſhrill horns the Levites play:
Whether by this in myſtic type we ſee
The new-year's day of great eternity, [make,
When the chang'd moon ſhall no more changes
And ſcatter'd death's by trumpets' ſound awake;
Or that the law be kept in mem'ry ſtill,
Giv'n with like noiſe on Sinai's ſhining hill;
Or that (as ſome men teach) it did ariſe
From faithful Abram's righteous ſacrifice,
Who, whilſt the Ram on Iſaac's ſire did fry,
His horn with joyful tunes ſtood ſounding by;
Obſcure the cauſe, but God his will declar'd,
And all nice knowledge then with eaſe is ſpar'd.

At the third hour Saul to the hallow'd tent,
'Midſt a large train of prieſts and courtiers, went;
The ſacred herd march'd proud and ſoftly by,
Too fat and gay to think their deaths ſo nigh.
Hard fate of beaſts more innocent than we!
Prey to our lux'ry and our piety!
Whoſe guiltleſs blood on boards and altars ſpilt,
Serves both to make and expiate, too, our guilt!
Three bullocks of free neck, two gilded rams,
Two well-waſh'd goats, and fourteen ſpotleſs lambs,
With the three vital fruits, wine, oil, and bread,
(Small fees to Heav'n of all by which we're fed)
Are offer'd up: the hallowed flames ariſe,
And faithful pray'rs mount with them to the ſkies.
From thence the King to th' utmoſt court is brought,
Where heav'nly things an inſpir'd prophet taught,
And from the ſacred tent to his palace gates,
With glad kind ſhouts th' aſſembly on him waits;
The cheerful horns before him loudly play,
And freſh-ſtrew'd flow'rs paint his triumphant way.
Thus in ſlow pace to th' palace hall they go,
Rich dreſs'd for ſolemn luxury and ſhew:
Ten pieces of bright tap'ſtry hung the room,
The nobleſt work e'er ſtretch'd on Syrian loom,
For wealthy Adriel in proud Sidon wrought,
And giv'n to Saul when Saul's beſt gift he fought,
The bright-ey'd Merab; for that mindful day
No ornament ſo proper ſeem'd as they.

There all old Abram's ſtory you might ſee,
And ſtill ſome angel bore him company.
His painful but well-guided travels ſhew
The fate of all his ſons, the church below.
Here beauteous Sarah to great Pharaoh came;
He bluſh'd with ſudden paſſion, ſhe with ſhame:
Troubled ſhe ſeem'd, and lab'ring in the ſtrife,
'Twixt her own honour and her huſband's life.
Here on a conqu'ring hoſt, that careleſs lay,
Drown'd in the joys of their new-gotten prey,
The patriarch falls; well-mingled might you ſee
The confus'd marks of death and luxury.
In the next piece bleſs'd Salem's myſtic King
Does ſacred preſents to the victor bring;
Like him whoſe type he bears, his rights receives,
Strictly requires his due, yet freely gives:
Ev'n in his port, his habit, and his face,
The mild and great, the prieſt and prince, had place.
Here all their ſtarry hoſt the heav'ns diſplay;
And, lo! an heav'nly youth! more fair than they,
Leads Abram forth; points upwards; " Such," ſaid he,
" So bright and numberleſs thy ſeed ſhall be."
Here he with God a new alliance makes,
And in his fleſh the marks of homage takes;
Here he the three myſterious perſons feaſts,
Well paid with joyful tidings by his gueſts:
Here for the wicked town he prays, and near,
Scarce did the wicked town through flames appear:
And all his fate, and all his deeds, were wrought,
Since he from Ur to Ephron's cave was brought.
But none 'mongſt all the forms drew then their eyes
Like faithful Abram's righteous ſacrifice:
The ſad old man mounts ſlowly to the place,
With Nature's pow'r triumphant in his face
O'er the mind's courage; for, in ſpite of all,
From his ſwoln eyes reſiſtleſs waters fall.

The innocent boy his cruel burden bore
With ſmiling looks, and ſometimes walk'd before,
And ſometimes turn'd to talk: above was made
The altar's fatal pile, and on it laid
The hope of mankind: patiently he lay,
And did his fire, as he his God, obey.
The mournful fire lifts up at laſt the knife,
And on one moment's ſtring depends his life,
In whoſe young loins ſuch brooding wonders lie.
A thouſand ſp'rits peep'd from th' affrighted ſky,
Amaz'd at this ſtrange ſcene, and almoſt fear'd,
For all thoſe joyful propheſies they'd heard;
Till one leap'd nimbly forth, by God's command,
Like lightning from a cloud, and ſtopp'd his hand.
The gentle ſp'rit ſmil'd kindly as he ſpoke;
New beams of joy through Abram's wonder broke.
The angel points to a tuft of buſhes near,
Where an entangled Ram does half appear,
And ſtruggles vainly with that fatal net,
Which, though but ſlightly wrought, was firmly ſet:
For, lo! anon, to this ſad glory doom'd,
The uſeful beaſt on Iſaac's pile conſum'd;
Whilſt on his horns the ranſom'd couple play'd,
And the glad boy danc'd to the tunes he made.
Near this hall's end a Shittim table ſtood,
Yet well-wrought plate ſtrove to conceal the wood;
For from the foot a golden vine did ſprout,
And caſt his fruitful riches all about.
Well might that beauteous ore the grape expreſs,
Which does weak man intoxicate no leſs.
Of the ſame wood the gilded beds were made,
And on them large embroider'd carpets laid,
From Egypt, the rich ſhop of follies, brought;
But arts of pride all nations ſoon are taught.
Behold ſev'n comely blooming youths appear,
And in their hands ſev'n ſilver waſhpots bear,
Curl'd, and gay clad, the choiceſt ſons that be
Of Gibeon's race, and ſlaves of high degree.
Sev'n beauteous maids march'd ſoftly in behind,
Bright ſcarves their clothes, their hair freſh garlands bind,
And whilſt the princes waſh, they on them ſhed
Rich ointments, which their coſtly odours ſpread
O'er the whole room; from their ſmall priſons free,
With ſuch glad haſte through the wide air they flee.
The King was plac'd alone, and o'er his head
A well-wrought heav'n of ſilk and gold was ſpread,
Azure the ground, the ſun in gold ſhone bright,
But pierc'd the wand'ring clouds with ſilver light.
The right hand bed the King's three ſons did grace,
The third was Abner's, Adriel's, David's place:
And twelve large tables more were fill'd below,
With the prime men Saul's court and camp could ſhew.
The palace did with mirth and muſic ſound,
And the crown'd goblets nimbly mov'd around:
But though bright joy in ev'ry gueſt did ſhine,
The plenty ſtate, muſic, and ſprightful wine,
Were loſt on Saul: an angry care did dwell
In his dark breaſt, and all gay forms expel.
David's unuſual abſence from the feaſt,
To his ſick ſp'rit did jealous thoughts ſuggeſt:
Long lay he ſtill, nor drank, nor ate, nor ſpoke,
And thus at laſt his troubled ſilence broke.

"Where can he be?" ſaid he, "It muſt be ſo."
With that, he paus'd awhile. "Too well we know
"His boundleſs pride: he grieves, and hates to ſee
"The ſolemn triumphs of my court and me.
"Believe me, Friends! and truſt what I can ſhew
"From thouſand proofs! th' ambitious David now
"Does thoſe vaſt things in his proud ſoul deſign,
"That too much buſineſs give for mirth or wine.
"He's kindling now, perhaps, rebellious fire
"Among the tribes, and does ev'n now conſpire
"Againſt my crown, and all our lives, whilſt we
"Are loath ev'n to ſuſpect what we might ſee.
"By the Great Name 'tis true."
With that he ſtrook the board, and no man there,
But Jonathan, durſt undertake to clear [ſpoke,
The blameleſs Prince: and ſcarce ten words he
When thus his ſpeech th' enraged tyrant broke.
"Diſloyal Wretch! thy gentle mother's ſhame!
"Whoſe cold pale ghoſt ev'n bluſhes at thy name!
"Who fears leſt her chaſte bed ſhould doubted be, [thee!
"And her white fame ſtain'd by black deeds of
"Canſt thou be mine? A crown ſometimes does
"Ev'n ſons againſt their parents to conſpire; [hire
"But ne'er did ſtory yet, or fable, tell
"Of one ſo wild, who, merely to rebel,
"Quitted the unqueſtion'd birthright of a throne,
"And bought his father's ruin with his own.
"Thou need'ſt not plead th' ambitious youth's defence;
"Thy crime clears his, and makes that innocence:
"Nor can his foul ingratitude appear,
"Whilſt thy unnatural guilt is plac'd ſo near.
"In this that noble friendſhip you pretend?
"Mine, thine own foe, and thy worſt en'my's friend?
"If thy low ſp'rit can thy great birthright quit,
"The thing's but juſt, ſo ill deſerv'ſt thou it.
"I, and thy brethren here, have no ſuch mind,
"Nor ſuch prodigious worth in David find,
"That we to him ſhould our juſt rights reſign,
"Or think God's choice not made ſo well as thine.
"Shame of thy houſe and tribe! hence from mine eye;
"To thy falſe friend and ſervile maſter fly;
"He's, e'er this time, in arms expecting thee;
"Haſte, for thoſe arms are rais'd to ruin me.
"Thy ſin that way will nobler much appear,
"Than to remain his ſpy and agent here.
"When I think this, Nature, by thee forſook,
"Forſakes me too." With that his ſpear he took
To ſtrike at him: the mirth and muſic ceaſe;
The gueſts all riſe this ſudden ſtorm t'appeaſe.
The Prince his danger and his duty knew,
And low he bow'd, and ſilently withdrew.
To David ſtraight, who in a foreſt nigh
Waits his advice, the royal friend does fly.
The ſole advice, now, like the danger clear,
Was in ſome foreign land this ſtorm t' outwear.
All marks of comely grief in both are ſeen,
And mournful kind diſcourſes paſs'd between.
Now gen'rous tears their haſty tongues reſtrain;
Now they begin, and talk all o'er again:
A rev'rent oath of conſtant love they take,
And God's high name their dreaded witneſs make;

Not that at all their faiths could doubtful prove,
But 'twas the tedious zeal of endleſs love.
Thus, e'er they part, they the ſhort time beſtow
In all the pomp friendſhip and grief could ſhew.
And David now, with doubtful cares oppreſs'd,
Beneath a ſhade borrows ſome little reſt;
When by command divine thick miſts ariſe,
And ſtop the ſenſe, and cloſe the conquer'd eyes.
There is a place which man moſt high doth rear,
The ſmall world's heav'n, where reaſon moves the ſphere;
Here in a robe which does all colours ſhew,
(Th' envy of birds, and the clouds' gaudy bow)
Fancy, wild dame, with much laſcivious pride,
By twin-camelions drawn, does gaily ride:
Her coach there follows, and throngs round about,
Of ſhapes and airy forms an endleſs rout.
A ſea rolls on with harmleſs fury here;
Straight 'tis a field, and trees and herbs appear.
Here in a moment are vaſt armies made,
And a quick ſcene of war and blood diſplay'd.
Here ſparkling wines, and brighter maids come in,
The bawds for Senſe, and lying baits of ſin.
Some things ariſe of ſtrange and quarrelling kind,
The forepart lion, and a ſnake behind.
Here golden mountains ſwell the cov'tous place,
And Centaurs ride themſelves, a painted race.
Of theſe ſlight wonders Nature ſees the ſtore,
And only then accounts herſelf but poor.
Hither an angel comes in David's trance,
And finds them mingled in an antique dance;
Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,
And joins them wiſely, and this viſion makes.
Firſt, David there appears in kingly ſtate,
Whilſt the Twelve Tribes his dread commands await:
Strait to the wars with his join'd ſtrength he goes,
Settles new friends, and frights his ancient foes.
To Solima, Canaan's old head, they came,
(Since high in note, then not unknown to Fame)
The blind and lame th' undoubted wall defend,
And no new wounds or dangers apprehend.
The buſy image of great Joab there
Diſdains the mock, and teaches them to fear:
He climbs the airy walls, leaps raging down,
New-minted ſhapes of ſlaughter fill the town.
They curſe the guards their mirth and brav'ry ſhoſe,
All of them now are ſlain, or made like thoſe.
Far through an inward ſcene an army lay,
Which with full banners a fair Fifth diſplay.
From Sidon plains to happy Egypt's coaſt
They ſeem all met, a vaſt and warlike hoſt.
Thither haſtes David to his deſtin'd prey,
Honour and noble Danger lead the way.
The conſcious trees ſhook with a rev'rent fear
Their unblown tops: God walk'd before him there.
Slaughter'd the weary'd Riphaims' boſom fills,
Dead corpſe emboſs the vale with little hills.
On th' other ſide Sophenes' mighty king
Numberleſs troops of the bleſs'd Eaſt does bring:
Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'en;
Damaſcus and rich Adad help in vain.
Here Nabathæan troops in battle ſtand,
With all the luſty youth of Syrian land;
Undaunted Joab ruſhes on with ſpeed,
Gallantly mounted on his fiery ſteed;
He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;
The Syrians leave, or poſſeſs dead, the ground.
On th' other wing does brave Abiſhai ride,
Reeking in blood and duſt: on ev'ry ſide
The perjur'd ſons of Ammon quit the field;
Some baſely die, and ſome more baſely yield.
Through a thick wood the wretched Hanun flies,
And far more juſtly then fears Hebrew ſpies.
Moloch, their bloody god, thruſts out his head,
Grinning thro' a black cloud: him they'd long fed
In his ſev'n chambers, and he ſtill did eat
New-roaſted babes, his dear delicious meat.
Again they' ariſe. more anger'd and diſmay'd;
Euphrates and ſwift Tigris ſends them aid:
In vain they ſend it, for again they're ſlain,
And feaſt the greedy birds on Helay plain.
Here Rabba with proud tow'rs affronts the ſky,
And round about great Joab's trenches lie:
They force the walls, and ſack the helpleſs town;
On David's head ſhines Ammon's maſſy crown.
'Midſt various torments the curs'd race expires;
David himſelf his ſevere wrath admires.
Next upon Iſrael's throne does bravely ſit
A comely youth, endow'd with wond'rous wit:
Far, from the parched line, a royal dame,
To hear his tongue and boundleſs wiſdom, came:
She carry'd back in her triumphant womb
The glorious ſtock of thouſand kings to come.
Here brighteſt forms his pomp and wealth diſplay;
Here they a temple's vaſt foundations lay;
A mighty work; and with fit glories fill'd,
For God t' inhabit, and that King to build.
Some from the quarries hew out maſſy ſtone,
Some draw it up with cranes; ſome breathe and groan
In order o'er th' anvil; ſome cut down
Tall cedars, the proud mountains' ancient crown;
Some carve the trunks, and breathing ſhapes beſtow,
Giving the trees more life than when they grow.
But, oh! alas! what ſudden cloud is ſpread
About this glorious King's eclipſed head?
It all his fame benights, and all his ſtore,
Wrapping him round; and now he's ſeen no more.
When ſtraight his ſon appears at Sichem crown'd,
With young and headleſs council circled round;
Unſeemly object! but a falling ſtate
Has always its own errors join'd with Fate.
Ten Tribes at once forſake the Jeſſian throne,
And bold Adoram at his meſſage ſtone;
"Brethren of Iſrael!"—More he fain would ſay,
But a flint ſtopp'd his mouth, and ſpeech in th' way.
Here this fond king's diſaſters but begin;
He's deſtin'd to more ſhame by' his father's ſin.
Sufac comes up, and under his command
A dreadful army from ſcorch'd Afric's ſand,
As numberleſs as that: all is his prey;
The temple's ſacred wealth they bear away;
Adrazar's ſhields and golden loſs they take;
Ev'n David in his dream does ſweat and ſhake.
Thus fails this wretched prince; his loins appear
Of leſs weight now than Solomon's fingers were.
Abijah next ſeeks Iſrael to regain,
And waſh in ſeas of blood his father's ſtain.

Ne'er saw the aged Sun so cruel fight;
Scarce saw he this, but hid his bashful light.
Nebat's curs'd son fled with not half his men;
Where were his gods of Dan and Bethel then?
Yet could not this the fatal strife decide;
God punish'd one, but bless'd not th' other side.
Asan, a just and virtuous prince, succeeds,
High rais'd by Fame for great and godly deeds:
He cut the solemn groves where idols stood,
And sacrific'd the gods with their own wood.
He vanquish'd thus the proud weak pow'rs of Hell;
Before him next their doting servants fell:
So huge an host of Zerah's men he slew,
As made ev'n that Arabia desert too.
Why fear'd he then the perjur'd Baasha's fight?
Or bought the dangerous aid of Syrian's might?
Conquest, Heav'n's gift, cannot by man be sold;
Alas! what weakness trusts he? man and gold.
Next Josaphat possess'd the royal state;
An happy prince, well worthy of his fate:
His oft oblations on God's altar, made
With thousand flocks, and thousand herds, are paid,
Arabian tribute! What mad troops are those,
Those mighty troops that dare to be his foes?
He prays them dead; with mutual wounds they fall;
One fury brought, one fury slays them all.
Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win,
Never o'ercome but by his friend Ahab's sin;
On whose disguise Fates then did only look,
And had almost their God's command mistook:
Him from whose danger Heav'n securely brings,
And for his sake too ripely wicked kings.
Their armies languish, burnt with thirst, at Seere,
Sighs all their cold, tears all their moisture there:
They fix their greedy eyes on th' empty sky,
And fancy clouds, and so become more dry.
Elisha calls for waters from afar
To come; Elisha calls, and here they are.
In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood,
And the decrease repair with Moab's blood.
Jehoram next, and Ochoziah, throng
For Judah's sceptre; both shortliv'd too long.
A woman, too, from murder title claims;
Both with her sins and sex the crown she shames.
Proud, curs'd Woman! but her fall at last
To doubting men clears Heav'n for what was past.
Joas at first does bright and glorious shew;
In life's fresh morn his fame did early crow:
Fair was the promise of his dawning ray,
But prophet's angry blood o'ercast his day:
From thence his clouds, from thence his storms,
It cries aloud, and twice lets Aram in. [begin,
So Amaziah lives, so ends his reign,
Both by their trait'rous servants justly slain.
Edom at first dreads his victorious hand;
Before him thousand captives trembling stand.
Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all;
The mimic shapes in several postures fall:
But then (mad Fool!) he does those gods adore,
Which when pluck'd down had worshipp'd him before.
Thus all his life to come is loss and shame:
No help from gods, who themselves help'd not, came.

All this Uzziah's strength and wit repairs,
Leaving a well built greatness to his heirs;
Till leprous scurf, o'er his whole body cast,
Takes him at first from men, from earth at last.
As virtuous was his son, and happier far;
Buildings his peace, and trophies grac'd his war:
But Achaz heaps up sins, as if he meant
To make his worst forefathers innocent:
He burns his son at Hinnon, whilst around
The roaring child drums and loud trumpets sound:
This to the boy a barb'rous mercy grew,
And snatch'd him from all mis'ries to ensue.
Here Peca comes, and hundred thousands fall;
Here Rezin marches up, and sweeps up all;
Till like a sea the great Belochus' son
Breaks upon both, and both does overrun.
The last of Adad's ancient stock is slain,
Israel captiv'd, and rich Damascus ta'en;
All his wild rage to revenge Judah's wrong:
But wo to kingdoms that have friends too strong!
Thus Hezekiah the torn empire took,
And Assur's king with his worse gods forsook;
Who to poor Judah worlds of nations brings,
There rages, utters vain and mighty things.
Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names,
Some of dear gold, and some of beauteous dames;
Whilst in the midst of their huge sleepy boast,
An angel scatters death through all the host.
Th' affrighted tyrant back to Babel hies,
There meets an end far worse than that he flies.
Here Hezekiah's life is almost done!
So good, and yet, alas! so short 'tis spun.
Th' end of the line was ravell'd, weak, and old;
Time must go back, and afford better hold,
To tie a new thread to it of fifteen years.
'Tis done; th' almighty pow'r of pray'r and tears!
Backward the Sun, an unknown motion, went;
The stars gaz'd on, and wonder'd what he meant.
Manasses next (forgetful man!) begins,
Enslav'd and sold to Assur by his sins;
Till by the rod of learned Mis'ry taught,
Home to his God and country both he's brought.
It taught not Ammon, nor his hardness brake,
He's made th' example he refus'd to take.
Yet from this root a goodly cion springs,
Josiah! best of men, as well as kings.
Down went the calves, with all their gold and cost;
The priests then truly griev'd, Osiris lost.
These mad Egyptian rites till now remain'd;
Fools! they their worser thraldom still retain'd;
In his own fires Moloch to ashes fell,
And no more flames must have besides his hell.
Like end Artartes' horned image found,
And Baal's spired stone to dust was ground.
No more were men in female habit seen,
Or they in men's by the lewd Syrian queen;
No lustful maids at Benos' temple sit,
And with their body's shame their marriage get.
The double Dagon neither nature saves,
Nor flies she back to th' Erythræan waves.
The trav'lling Sun sees gladly from on high
His chariots burn, and Nergal quenched lie.
The King's impartial anger lights on all,
From fly-blown Accaron to the thund'ring Baal.

Here David's joy unruly grows and bold,
Nor could fleep's filken chain its vi'lence hold,
Had not the angel, to feal faft his eyes,
The humours ftirr'd, and bid more mifts arife;
When ftraight a chariot hurries fwift away,
And in it good Jofiah bleeding lay:
One hand's held up, one ftops the wound; in vain
They both are us'd. Alas! he's ftain, he's ftain.
Jehoias and Jehoiakim next appear;
Both urge that vengeance which before was near.
He in Egyptian fetters captive dies,
This by more courteous Anger murder'd lies.
His fon and brother next to bonds fuftain,
Ifrael's now folemn and imperial chain.
Here's the laft fcene of this proud city's ftate;
All ills are met, ty'd in one knot of Fate.
Their endlefs flav'ry in this trial lay;
Great God had heap'd up ages in one day:
Strong works around the walls the Chaldees build,
The town with grief and dreadful bus'nefs fill'd:
To their carv'd gods the frantic women pray,
Gods which as near their ruin were as they:
At laft in rufhes the prevailing foe,
Does all the mifchief of proud conqueft fhew.
The wond'ring babes from mother's breafts are rent,
And fuffer ills they neither fear'd nor meant.
No filver rev'rence guards the ftooping age,
No rule or method ties their boundlefs rage.
The glorious temple fhines in flames all o'er,
Yet not fo bright as in its gold before.
Nothing but fire or flaughter meets the eyes;
Nothing the ear but groans and difmal cries.
The walls and towers are levell'd with the ground,
And fcarce aught now of that vaft city's found,
But fhards and rubbifh, which weak figns might keep,
Of forepaft glory, and bid trav'llers weep.
Thus did triumphant Aflur homewards pafs,
And thus Jerus'lem left, Jerufalem that was!
Thus Zedechia faw, and this not all;
Before his face his friends and children fall,
The fport of ins'lent victors: this he views,
A king and father once: ill Fate could ufe
His eyes no more to do their maf'ter's fpite;
All to be feen fhe took, and next his fight.
Thus a long death in prifon he outwears,
Bereft of grief's laft folace, ev'n his tears.
Then Jeconiah's fon did foremoft come,
And he who brought the captiv'd nation home;
A row of Worthies in long order pafs'd
O'er the fhort ftage; of all old Jofeph laft.
Fair angels pafs'd by next in feemly bands,
All gilt, with gilded baskets in their hands.
Some as they went the blue-ey'd violets ftrew,
Some fpotlefs lilies in loofe order threw.
Some did the way with full-blown rofes fpread,
Their fmell divine, and colour ftrangely red;
Not fuch as our dull gardens proudly wear,
Whom weathers taint, and winds rude kiffes tear.
Such, I believe, was the firft rofe's hue,
Which, at God's word, in beauteous Eden grew;
Queen of the flowers, which made that orchard gay,
The morning-bluſhes of the Spring's new day.

With fober pace an heav'nly Maid walks in,
Her looks all fair, no fign of native fin
Through her whole body writ; Immod'rate Grace
Spoke things far more than human in her face:
It caſts a duſky gloom o'er all the flow'rs,
And with full beams their mingled light devours.
An angel ſtraight broke from a ſhining cloud,
And preſs'd his wings, and with much rev'rence bow'd;
Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
And thus his ſacred meſſage ſweetly ſaid:
" Hail! full of grace! thee the whole world
" ſhall call
" Above all Bleſs'd; thee, who ſhall bleſs them all.
" Thy virgin womb in wondrous ſort ſhall ſhroud
" Jeſus the God;" (and then again he bow'd)
" Conception the great Spirit ſhall breathe on thee:
" Hail thou! who muſt God's wife, God's mo-
" ther be."
With that his ſeeming form to heav'n he rear'd,
(She low obeiſance made) and diſappear'd.
Lo! a new ſtar three Eaſtern ſages ſee;
(For why ſhould only earth a gainer be?)
They ſaw this Phoſphor's infant-light, and knew
It bravely uſher'd in a ſun as new;
They haſted all this riſing ſun t'adore;
With them rich myrrh, and early ſpices, bore.
Wiſe Men! no fitter gift your zeal could bring;
You'll in a noiſome ſtable find your King.
Anon a thouſand devils run roaring in;
Some with a dreadful ſmile deform'dly grin;
Some ſtamp their cloven paws, ſome frown, and tear
The gaping ſnakes from their black-knotted hair;
As if all grief, and all the rage of hell
Were doubled now, or that juſt now they fell:
But when the dreaded Maid they ent'ring ſaw,
All fled with trembling fear and ſilent awe:
In her chaſte arms th' Eternal Infant lies,
Th' Almighty Voice chang'd into feeble cries.
Heav'n contain'd virgins oft', and will do more;
Never did virgin contain Heav'n before.
Angels peep round to view this myſtic thing,
And halleluiah round, all halleluiah, ſing.
No longer could good David quiet bear
Th' unwieldy pleaſure which o'erflow'd him here:
It broke the fetter, and burſt ope his eye;
Away the tim'rous Forms together fly.
Fix'd with amaze he ſtood, and time muſt take,
To learn if yet he were at laſt awake.
Sometimes he thinks that Heav'n this viſion ſent,
And order'd all the pageants as they went:
Sometimes that only 'twas wild Fancy's play,
The looſe and ſcatter'd relics of the day. [fair]
When Gabriel (no bleſs'd ſp'rit more kind or
Bodies and clothes himſelf with thicken'd air;
All like a comely youth in life's freſh bloom,
Rare workmanſhip, and wrought by heav'nly loom!
He took for ſkin a cloud moſt ſoft and bright
That e'er the mid-day ſun pierc'd thro' with light;
Upon his cheeks a lively bluſh he ſpread,
Waſh'd from the morning beauty's deepeſt red;
An harmleſs flaming meteor ſhone for hair,
And fell adown his ſhoulders with looſe care:

He cuts out a ſilk mantle from the ſkies,
Where the moſt ſprightly azure pleas'd the eyes;
This he with ſtarry vapours ſpangles all,
Took in their prime e'er they grow ripe, and fall:
Of a new rainbow, e'er it fret or fade,
The choiceſt piece took out, a ſcarf is made;
Small ſtreaming clouds he does for wings diſplay,
Not virtuous lovers' ſighs more ſoft than they;
Theſe he gilds o'er with the ſun's richeſt rays,
Caught gliding o'er pure ſtreams on which he plays.
Thus dreſs'd the joyful Gabriel poſts away,
And carries with him his own glorious day
Through the thick woods; the gloomy ſhades awhile
Put on freſh looks, and wonder why they ſmile;
The trembling ſerpents cloſe and ſilent lie;
The birds obſcene far from his paſſage fly;
A ſudden ſpring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by creation roſe.
Thus he appears to David; at firſt ſight
All earth-bred fears and ſorrows take their flight:
In ruſhes joy divine, and hope, and reſt;
A ſacred calm ſhines through his peaceful breaſt.
"Hail, Man belov'd! from higheſt heav'n," ſaid he,
"My mighty Maſter ſends thee health by me.
"The things thou ſaw'ſt are full of truth and "light,
"Shap'd in the glaſs of the divine foreſight.
"Ev'n now old Time is harneſſing the Years
"To go in order thus: hence, empty fears!
"Thy fate's all white; from thy bleſs'd ſeed ſhall "ſpring
"The promis'd Shilo, the great myſtic King.
"Round the whole earth his dreaded Name ſhall "found,
"And reach to worlds that muſt not yet be found:
"The Southern clime him her ſole Lord ſhall "ſtyle,
"Him all the North, ev'n Albion's ſtubborn iſle.
"My fellow-ſervant, credit what I tell."
Straight into ſhapeleſs air unſeen he fell.

Would [illegible]
And now at [illegible]
Though yet the face [illegible]

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK III.

The Contents.

David's flight to Nob, and entertainment there by the High Prieſt; from thence to Gath in diſguiſe, where he is diſcovered and brought to Achis. He counterfeits himſelf mad, and eſcapes to Adullam. A ſhort enumeration of the forces which come thither to him. A deſcription of the kingdom of Moab, whither David flies. His entertainment at Moab's court. A digreſſion of the hiſtory of Lot, father of the Moabites, repreſented in picture. Melchor's ſong at the feaſt. Moab deſires Joab to relate the ſtory of David; which he does. His extraction. His excellency in poeſy, and the effects of it in curing Saul's malady. The Philiſtines' army encamped at Dammin. The deſcription of Goliath and his arms. His challenge to the Iſraelites. David's coming to the camp. His ſpeech to Saul to deſire leave to fight with Goliath. Several ſpeeches upon that occaſion. The combat and ſlaughter of Goliath, with the defeat of the Philiſtines' army. Saul's envy to David. The characters of Merab and Michel. The love between David and Michel. His ſong at her window. His expedition againſt the Philiſtines, and the dowry of two hundred foreſkins for Michel, with whom he is married. The ſolemnities of the wedding. Saul's relapſe, and the cauſes of David's flight into the kingdom of Moab.

RAIS'D with the news he from high Heav'n receives,
Straight to his diligent God juſt thanks he gives.
To divine Nobe directs then his flight
A ſmall town, great in fame by Levi's right;
Is there with ſprightly wines and hallow'd bread
(But what's to hunger hallow'd?) largely fed.
The good old prieſt welcomes his fatal gueſt,
And with long talk prolongs the haſty feaſt:
He lends him vain Goliath's ſacred ſword,
(The fitteſt help juſt Fortune could afford)
A ſword whoſe weight without a blow might ſlay,
Able unblunted to cut hoſts away;
A ſword ſo great, that it was only fit
To take off his great head who came with it.
Thus he arms David; "I your own reſtore;
"Take it," ſaid he, "and uſe it as before.
"I ſaw you then, and 'twas the braveſt ſight
"that e'er theſe eyes ow'd the diſcov'ring light.
"When you ſtepp'd forth, how did the monſter
"rage,
"In ſcorn of your ſoft looks and tender age!
"Some your high ſpirit did mad preſumption call,
"Some pity'd that ſuch youth ſhould idly fall:
"Th' uncircumcis'd ſmil'd grimly with diſdain:
"I knew the day was your's; I ſaw it plain."
Much more the rev'rend ſire prepar'd to ſay,
Wrapp'd with his joy; how the two armies lay;
Which way the amaz'd foe did wildly flee:
All that his hearer better knew than he;
But David's haſte denies all needleſs ſtay:
To Gath, an enemy's land he haſtes away,
Not there ſecure, but where one danger's near,
The more remote, though greater, diſappear.
So, from the hawk, birds to man's ſuccour flee;
So, from ſir'd ſhips, man leaps into the ſea.
There in diſguiſe he hopes unknown t' abide!
Alas! in vain! what can ſuch greatneſs hide?
Stones of ſmall worth may lie unſeen by day,
But night itſelf does the rich gem betray.
Tagal firſt ſpy'd him, a Philiſtian knight, [ſeen;
Who erſt from David's wrath by ſhame of hair,
Had ſav'd the ſordid remnant of with looſe care:
Hence the deep ſore of [illegible]

Straight with a band of ſoldiers, tall and rough,
Trembling, for ſcarce he thought that band enough,
On him he ſeizes, whom they all had fear'd,
Had the bold youth in his own ſhape appear'd.
And now this wiſh'd-for, but yet dreadful prey,
To Achis' court they led in haſte away,
With all unmanly rudeneſs which does wait
Upon th' immod'rate vulgar's joy and hate.
His valour now and ſtrength muſt uſeleſs lie,
And he himſelf muſt arts unuſual try.
Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does ſpare
The goodly curls of his rich yellow hair:
Sometimes a violent laughter ſcrew'd his face,
And ſometimes ready tears dropp'd down apace:
Sometimes he fix'd his ſtaring eyes on ground,
And ſometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round;
More full revenge Philiſtines could not wiſh,
But call 't the juſtice of their mighty Fiſh.
They now in height of anger let him live,
And freedom too, t' increaſe his ſcorn, they give.
He, by wife madneſs freed, does homeward flee,
And rage makes them all that he ſeem'd to be.
Near to Adullàm, in an aged wood,
An hill, part earth, part rocky ſtone, there ſtood,
Hollow and vaſt within, which Nature wrought,
As if by' her ſcholar Art ſhe had been taught:
Hither young David with his kindred came.
Servants and friends; many his ſpreading fame,
Many their wants or diſcontents, did call;
Great men in war, and almoſt armies all!
Hither came wife and valiant Joab down,
One to whom David's ſelf muſt owe his crown;
A mighty man, had not ſome cunning ſin,
Amidſt ſo many virtues crowded in.
With him Abiſhai came, by whom there fell
At once three hundred; with him Aſahel;
Aſahel! ſwifter than the Northern wind;
Scarce could the nimble motions of his mind
Outgo his feet: ſo ſtrangely would he run,
That Time itſelf perceiv'd not what was done.
Oft o'er the lawns and meadows would he paſs,
His weight unknown, and harmleſs to the graſs;
Oft' o'er the ſands and hollow duſt would trace,
Yet no one atom trouble or diſplace.
Unhappy Youth! whoſe end ſo near I ſee!
There's nought but thy ill fate ſo ſwift as thee.
Hither Jeſſides' wrongs Benaiah drew,
He who the vaſt exceeding monſter ſlew.
Th' Egyptian like an hill himſelf did rear,
Like ſome tall tree upon it ſeem'd his ſpear;
But by Benaiah's ſtaff he fell o'erthrown;
The earth, as if worſt ſtrook, did loudeſt groan.
Such was Benaiah; in a narrow pit
He ſaw a lion, and leap'd down to it:
As eas'ly there the royal beaſt he tore
As that itſelf did kids or lambs before.
Him Ira follow'd, a young lovely boy,
But full of ſp'rit, and arms was all his joy:
Oft' when a child, he in his dream would fight
With the vain air, and his wak'd mother fright;
Oft' would he ſhoot young birds, and as they fall
Would laugh, and fancy them Philiſtines all:
And now at home no longer would he ſtay,
Though yet the face did ſcarce his ſex betray.
Dodo's great ſon came next, whoſe dreadful hand
Snatch'd ripen'd glories from a conq'ring band.
Who knows not Dammin, and that barley-field,
Which did a ſtrange and bloody harveſt yield.
Many beſides did this new troop increaſe;
Adan, whoſe wants made him unfit for peace;
Eliel, whoſe full quiver did always bear
As many deaths as in it arrows were;
None from his hand did vain or inn'cent flee;
Scarce Love or Fate could aim ſo well as he.
Many of Judah took wrong'd David's ſide,
And many of old Jacob's youngeſt Tribe;
But his chief ſtrength the Gadite ſoldiers are,
Each ſingle man able to o'ercome a war!
Swift as the darts they fling through yielding air,
And hardy all as the ſtrong ſtill they bear;
A lion's noble rage ſits in their face,
Terrible comely! arm'd with dreadful grace!
Th' undaunted Prince, though thus well guarded here,
Yet his ſtout ſoul durſt for his parents fear;
He ſeeks for them a ſafe and quiet ſeat,
Nor truſts his fortune with a pledge ſo great.
So when in hoſtile fire rich Aſia's pride
For ten years' ſiege had fully ſatisfy'd,
Æneas ſtole an act of higher fame,
And bore Anchiſes through the wand'ring flame;
A nobler burden and a richer prey,
Than all the Grecian forces bore away.
Go, pious Prince! in peace, in triumph, go,
Enjoy the conqueſt of thine overthrow;
To 'ave ſav'd thy Troy would far leſs glorious be;
By this thou overcom'ſt their victory.
Moab next Judah, an old kingdom, lies;
Jordan their touch, and his curs'd ſea, denies:
They ſee north-ſtars from o'er Amoreus' ground;
Edom and Petra their ſouth part does bound:
Eaſtwards the lands of Cuſh and Ammon lie,
The morning's happy beams they firſt eſpy:
The region with fat ſoil and plenty's bleſs'd,
A ſoil too good to be of old poſſeſs'd
By monſtrous Emins; but Lot's offspring came,
And conquer'd both the people and the name;
Till Seon drave them beyond Arnon's flood,
And their ſad bounds mark'd deep in their own blood;
In Heſbon his triumphant court he plac'd,
Heſbon! by men and Nature ſtrangely grac'd:
A glorious town, and fill'd with all delight
Which peace could yield though well prepar'd for fight.
But this proud city, and her prouder lord,
Felt the keen rage of Iſrael's ſacred ſword;
Whilſt Moab triumphed in her torn eſtate,
To ſee her own become her conqu'ror's fate.
Yet that ſmall remnant of Lot's parted crown
Did, arm'd with Iſrael's ſins, pluck Iſrael down.
Full thrice ſix years they felt fierce Eglon's yoke,
Till Ehud's ſword God's vengeful meſſage ſpoke;
Since, then their kings in quiet held their own;
Quiet, the good of a not-envy'd throne:
And now a wife old prince the ſceptre ſway'd,
Well by his ſubjects and himſelf obey'd:
Only before his fathers' gods he fell;
Poor wretched Man! almoſt too good for hell!
Hither does David his bleſs'd parents bring;
With humble greatneſs begs of Moab's king

A safe and fair abode, where they might live
Free from those storms with which himself must strive.
The King with cheerful grace his suit approv'd,
By hate to Saul and love to virtue mov'd.
" Welcome, great Knight, and your fair troop," said he;
" Your name found welcome long before with me;
" That to rich Ophir's rising morn is known,
" And stretch'd out far to the burnt swarthy zone.
" Swift Fame, when her round journey she does make,
" Scorns not sometimes us in her way to take.
" Are you the man did that huge giant kill?
" Great Baal of Phegor! and how young he's still!
" From Ruth we heard you came; Ruth was born here,
" In Judah sojourn'd, and, they say, match'd there
" To one of Bethleh'm, which I hope is true:
" Howe'er, your virtues here entitle you:
" Those have the best alliance always been;
" To gods as well as men they make us kin."
He spoke, and straight led in his thankful guests,
To' a stately room prepar'd for shews and feasts:
The room with golden tap'stry glister'd bright,
At once to please, and to confound the sight,
Th' excellent work of Babylonian hands;
In midst a table of rich iv'ry stands,
By three fierce tigers and three lions borne,
Which grin, and fearfully the place adorn;
Widely they gape, and to the eye they roar,
As if they hunger'd for the food they bore,
About it beds of Lybian citron stood,
With cov'rings dy'd in Tyrian fishes blood,
They saw th' Herculean art; but most delight
Some pictures gave to David's learned sight.
Here sev'ral ways Lot and great Abram go,
There too much wealth, vast and unkind, does grow:
Thus each Extreme to equal danger tends;
Plenty as well as want can sep'rate friends.
Here Sodom's tow'rs raise their proud tops on high;
The tow'rs as well as men outbrave the sky:
By it the waves of rev'rend Jordan run,
Here green with trees, there gilded with the sun.
Hither Lot's household comes, a num'rous train,
And all with various bus'nes fill the plain
Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hooks,
They lift up their mild heads and bleet in looks:
Some drive the herds: here a fierce bullock scorns
Th' appointed way, and runs with threat'ning horns;
In vain the herdman calls him back again;
The dogs stand off afar, and bark in vain.
Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high
With stuff, on top of which the maidens lie:
Upon tall camels the fair sisters ride,
And Lot talks with them both on either side.
Another picture to curs'd Sodom brings
Elam's proud lord, with his three servant kings;
They sack the town, and bear Lot bound away,
Whilst in a pit the vanquish'd Bera lay,
Bury'd almost alive for fear of death;
But Heav'n's just vengeance sav'd as yet his breath.
Abraham pursues and slays the victor's host;
Scarce had their conquest leisure for a boast.
Next this was drawn the reckless cities' flame,
When a strange hell pour'd down from heav'n there came.
Here the two angels from Lot's window look
With smiling anger; the lewd wretches strook
With sudden blindness, seek in vain the door;
Their eyes, first cause of lust, first vengeance bore;
Through liquid air heav'n's busy soldiers fly,
And drive on clouds where seeds of thunder lie.
Here the sad sky glows red with dismal streaks;
Here lightning from it with short trembling breaks:
Here the blue flames of scalding brimstone fall,
Involving swiftly in one ruin all:
The fire of trees and houses mounts on high,
And meets half-way new fires that show'r from sky.
Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away;
At once drop down the father's arms and they:
Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
And, more to vex their fate, are burnt ev'n there.
Men thought, so much a flame by art was shewn,
The picture's self would fall in ashes down.
Afar old Lot tow'rd little Zoar hies,
And dares not move (good Man!) his weeping eyes.
Behind his wife stood ever fix'd alone,
No more a woman, not yet quite a stone:
A lasting death seiz'd on her turning head;
One cheek was rough and white, the other red,
And yet a cheek: in vain to speak she strove;
Her lips, though stone, a little seem'd to move.
One eye was clos'd, surpris'd by sudden night,
The other trembled still with parting light:
The wind admir'd, which her hair loosely bore,
Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more.
To Heav'n she lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a suppliant pillar stands.
She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And rais'd the heel, but her toes rooted there.
Ah! foolish Woman! who must always be
A sight more strange than that she turn'd to see!
Whilst David fed with these his curious eye,
The feast is now serv'd in, and down they lie.
Moab a goblet takes of massy gold,
Which Zippor, and from Zippor all of old
Quaft to their gods and friends, an health goes round
In the brisk grape of Arnon's richest ground;
Whilst Melchor to his harp with wondrous skill
(For such were poets then, and should be still)
His noble verse through Nature's secrets lead;
He sung what sp'rit through the whole mass is spread,
Ev'ry where all; how heav'ns God's law approve,
And think it rest eternally to move:
How the kind sun usefully comes and goes,
Wants it himself, yet gives to man repose:
How his round journey does for ever last,
And how he baits at ev'ry sea in haste.
He sung how earth blots the moon's gilded wane,
Whilst foolish men beat sounding brass in vain;
Why the great waters her slight horns obey,
Her changing horns, not constanter than they.
He sung how grisly comets hang in air,
Why sword and plagues attend their fatal hair;

God's beacons for the world, drawn up so far,
To publish ills, and raise all earth to war:
Why contraries feed thunder in the cloud;
What motions vex it till it roar so loud;
How lambent fires become so wondrous tame,
And bear such shining winter in their flame:
What radiant pencil draws the watry bow;
What ties up hail, and picks the fleecy snow:
What palsy of the earth shakes up fix'd hills
From off her brows, and here whole rivers spills.
Thus did this Heathen Nature's secrets tell,
And sometimes miss'd the cause, but sought it well.
Such was the sauce of Moab's noble feast,
Till night far spent invites them to their rest:
Only the good old prince stays Joab there,
And much he tells, and much desires to hear:
He tells deeds antique; and the new desires;
Of David much, and much of Saul, inquires.
" Nay gentle Guest!" said he, " since now you're
" The story of your gallant friend begin: [in,
" His birth, his rising tell, and various fate,
" And how he slew that man of Gath of late.
" What was he call'd? that huge and monstrous
" man."
With that he stopp'd, and Joab thus began:
' His birth great Sir! so much to mine is ty'd.
' That praise of that might look from me like pride:
' Yet without boast, his veins contain a flood
' Of th' old Judæan Lion's richest blood.
' From Judah Pharez, from him Esrom came,
' Ram, Nashon, Salmon, names spoke loud by Fame.
' A name no less ought Boaz to appear,
' By whose blest'd match we come no strangers
here.
' From him and your fair Ruth good Obed sprung,
' From Obed Jesse, Jesse! whom Fame's kindest
' tongue,
' Counting his birth, and high nobil'ty, shall
' Not Jesse of Obed, but of David, call,
' David born to him seventh; the six births past,
' Brave trials of a work more great at last.
' Bless me! how swift and growing was his wit!
' The wings of Time flagg'd dully after it!
' Scarce past a child, all wonders would he sing
' Of Nature's law, and power of Nature's King.
' His sheep would scorn their food to hear his lay,
' And savage beasts stand by as tame as they:
' The fighting winds would stop there, and admire,
' Learning consent and concord from his lyre:
' Rivers, whose waves roll'd down aloud before,
' Mute as their fish, would listen towards the shore.
' 'Twas now the time when first Saul God for-
' sook,
' God Saul; the room in's heart wild passions took:
' Sometimes a tyrant frenzy revell'd there,
' Sometimes black sadness, and deep, deep despair.
' No help from herbs or learned drugs he finds,
' They cure but sometimes bodies, never minds.
' Music alone those storms of soul could lay;
' Not more Saul them, than music they obey.
' David's now sent for, and his harp must bring;
' His harp! that magic bore on ev'ry string.
' When Saul's rude passions did most tumult keep,
' With his soft notes they all dropp'd down asleep:
' When his dull sp'rits lay drown'd in death and
' night,
' He with quick strains rais'd them to life and light.
' Thus cheer'd he Saul, thus did his fury 'suage,
' Till wars began, and times more fit for rage.
' To Helah plain Philistian troops are come,
' And War's loud noise strikes peaceful music
' dumb.
' Back to his rural care young David goes;
' For this rough work Saul his stout brethren
' chose;
' He knew not what his hand in war could do,
' Nor thought his sword could cure men's madness
' too.
' Now Dammin's destin'd for this scene of blood;
' On two near hills the two proud armies stood;
' Between a fatal valley stretch'd out wide,
' And death seem'd ready now on either side;
' When, lo! their host rais'd all a joyful shout,
' And from the midst an huge and monstrous man
' stepp'd out.
' Aloud they shouted; at each step he took
' We and the earth itself beneath him shook:
' Vast as the hill down which he march'd he' ap-
' pear'd,
' Amaz'd all eyes. nor was their army fear'd.
' A young tall squire (tho' then he seem'd not so)
' Did from the camp at first before him go;
' At first he did, but scarce could follow straight,
' Sweating beneath a shield's unruly weight,
' On which was wrought the gods' and giants'
' fight,
' Rare work! all fill'd with terror and delight.
' Here a vast hill 'gainst thund'ring Baal was
' thrown,
' Trees and beasts on't fell burnt with lightning
' One flings a mountain, and its river too, [down.
' Torn up with it; that rains back on him that
' threw.
' Some from the main to pluck whole islands try;
' The sea boils round with flames shot thick from
' sky.
' This he believ'd, and on his shield he bore,
' And prais'd their strength, but thought his own
' was more.
' The valley now this monster seem'd to fill;
' And we (methought) look'd up t' him from
' our hill.
' All arm'd in brass, the richest dress of war,
' (A dismal glorious sight) he shone afar.
' The Sun himself started with sudden fright,
' To see his beams return so dismal bright.
' Brass was his helmet, his boots brass; and o'er
' His breast a thick plate of strong brass he wore:
' His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree, [be;
' Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast should
' The huge iron head six hundred shekels weigh'd,
' And of whole bodies but one wound it made;
' Able Death's worst command to overdo,
' Destroying life at once, and carcass too.
' Thus arm'd he stood, all direful, and all gay,
' And round him flung a scornful look away.
' So when a Scythian tyger gazing round,
' An herd of kine in some fair plain has found,

' Lowing ſecure, he ſwells with angry pride,
' And calls forth all his ſpots on ev'ry ſide :
' Then ſtops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all,
' In choice of ſome ſtrong neck on which to fall ,
' Almoſt he ſcorns ſo weak, ſo cheap a prey,
' And grieves to ſee them trembling haſte away.'
" Ye men of Jury !" he cries, " if men you be,
" And ſuch dare prove yourſelves to Fame and me,
" Chooſe out 'mongſt all your troops the boldeſt
" knight,
" To try his ſtrength and fate with me in fight :
" The chance of war let us two bear for all,
" And they the conqu'rors ſerve whoſe knight
" ſhall fall."
' At this he paus'd awhile ; ſtraight,' " I defy
" Your Gods and you ; dares none come down
" and die !
" Go back, for ſhame, and Egypt's ſlav'ry bear,
" Or yield to us, and ſerve more nobly here.
" Alas ! ye've no more wonders to be done,
" Your forc'rer Moſes now, and Joſua, is gone ;
" Your magic trumpets then could cities take,
" And ſounds of triumph did your battles make :
" Spears in your hands, and manly ſwords, are
" vain ;
" Get you your ſpells and conj'ring rods again.
" Is there no Samſon here ? oh ! that there were !
" In his full ſtrength and long enchanted hair ;
" This ſword ſhould be in the weak razor's ſtead ;
" It ſhould not cut his hair off, but his head."
' Thus he blaſphem'd aloud; the vallies round,
' Flatt'ring his voice, reſtor'd the dreadful ſound :
' We turn'd us trembling at the noiſe, and fear'd
' We had behind ſome new Goliath heard.
' 'Twas Heav'n, Heav'n, ſure, (which David's
' glory meant
' Through this whole act) ſuch ſacred terror ſent
' To all our hoſt; for there was Saul in place,
' Who ne'er ſaw fear but in his enemies' face ;
' His godlike ſon there in bright armour ſhone,
' Who ſcorn'd to conquer armies not alone :
' Fate her own book miſtruſted at the fight,
' On that ſide war, on this a ſingle fight.
' There ſtood Benaiah, and there trembled too,
' He who th' Egyptian proud Goliath ſlew :
' In his pale fright rage thro' his eyes ſhot flame,
' He ſaw his ſtaff, and bluſh'd with gen'rous ſhame
' Thouſands beſide ſtood mute and heartleſs there,
' Men valiant all; nor was I us'd to fear.
' Thus forty days he march'd down arm'd to
' fight ;
' Once ev'ry morn he march'd, and once at night.
' Slow roſe the ſun, but gallop'd down apace,
' With more than evening bluſhes in his face ;
' When Jeſſe to the camp young David ſent
' His purpoſe low, but high was Fate's intent :
' For when the monſter's pride he ſaw and heard,
' Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they
' fear'd.
' Anger and brave diſdain his heart poſſeſs'd,
' Thoughts more than manly ſwell'd his youthful
' breaſt.
' Much the rewards propos'd his ſpirit inflame,
' Saul's daughter much, and much the voice of
' Fame.
' Theſe to their juſt intentions ſtrongly move,
' But chiefly God, and his dear country's love.
' Reſolv'd for combat, to Saul's tent he's brought,
' Where thus he ſpoke as boldly as he fought :'
" Henceforth no more, great Prince ! your ſa--
" cred breaſt
" With that huge talking wretch of Gath moleſt ;
" This hand alone ſhall end his curſed breath ;
" Fear not, the wretch blaſphemes himſelf to
" death ;
" And cheated with falſe weight of his own might,
" Has challeng'd Heav'n, not us, to ſingle fight.
" Forbid it, God, that where thy right is try'd,
" The ſtrength of man ſhould find juſt cauſe for
" pride !
" Firm like ſome rock, and vaſt he ſeems to ſtand,
" But rocks, we know, were op'd at thy command.
" That ſoul which now does ſuch large members
" ſway, [way ;
" Through one ſmall wound will creep in haſte a-
" And he who now dares boldly Heav'n defy,
" To ev'ry bird of Heav'n a prey ſhall lie :
" For 'tis not human force we ought to fear ;
" Did that, alas ! plant our foreſathers here ?
" Twice fifteen kings did they by that ſubdue ?
" By that whole nations of Goliaths ſlew ?
" The wonders they perform'd may ſtill be done;
" Moſes and Joſua is, but God's not gone. [ſkill
" We've loſt their rod and trumpets, not the
" Pray'rs and belief are as ſtrong witchcraft ſt
" Theſe are more tall, more giants far than he
" Can reach to heav'n, and thence pluck vic
" Count this, and then, Sir ! mine th' adva
" is ;
" He's ſtronger far than I, my God than his."
" Amazement ſeiz'd on all, and ſhame to ſee
" Their own fears ſcorn'd by one ſo young as h
" Brave Youth !" replies the King, " whoſe darir
" mind,
" E'er come to manhood, leaves it quite behind
" Reſerve thy valour for more equal fight,
" And let thy body grow up to thy ſpright :
" Thou'rt yet too tender for ſo rude a foe,
" Whoſe touch would wound thee more than him
" thy blow.
" Nature his limbs only for war made fit,
" In thine, as yet, nought beſide Love ſhe 'as writ.
" With ſome leſs foe thy unflеſh'd valour try ;
" This monſter can be no firſt victory.
" The lion's royal whelp does not at firſt,
" For blood of Baſan bulls, or tigers, thirſt ;
" In tim'rous deer he hanſels his young paws,
" And leaves the rugged bear for firmer claws.
" So vaſt thy hopes, ſo unproportion'd be,
" Fortune would be aſham'd to ſecond thee."
' He ſaid, and we all murmur'd an aſſent ;
' But nought moves David from his high intent.
' Ie brave to him, and ominous, does appear,
' To be oppos'd at firſt, and conquer here ; [age,
' Which he reſolves, " Scorn not," ſays he, "mine
" For victʼry comes not like an heritage,
" At ſet years. When my father's flock I fed,
" A bear and lion, by fierce hunger led, [away ;
" Broke from the wood, and ſnatch'd my lambs
" From their grim mouths I forc'd the panting prey ;

" Both bear and lion ev'n this hand did kill,
" On our great oak the bones and jaws hang
" ſtill.
" My God's the ſame, which then he was, to-day,
" And this wild wretch almoſt the ſame as they.
" Who from ſuch danger ſav'd my flock, will he
" Of Iſrael, his own flock, leſs careful be?"
" Be't ſo then," Saul burſts forth, " and Thou
" on high,
" Who oft' in weakneſs doſt moſt ſtrength deſcry,
" At whoſe dread beck Conqueſt expecting ſtands,
" And caſts no look down on the fighters' hands,
" Aſſiſt what thou inſpir'ſt; and let all ſee,
" As boys to giants, giants are to thee."
' Thus, and with trembling hopes of ſtrange
' ſucceſs,
' In his own arms he the bold youth does dreſs.
' On his head an helm of well-wrought braſs is
' plac'd,
' The top with warlike plumes ſeverely grac'd:
' His breaſt a plate cut with rare figures bore,
' A ſword much practis'd in Death's art he wore:
' Yet David, us'd ſo long to no defence,
' But thoſe light arms of ſpirit and innocence,
' No good in fight of that gay burden knows,
' But fears his own arms' weight more than his
' foe's.
' He loſt himſelf in that diſguiſe of war,
' And guarded ſeems, as men by priſons are.
' He, therefore, to exalt the wondrous fight,
' Prepares now, and diſarms himſelf for fight.
' 'Gainſt ſhield, helm, breaſtplate, and inſtead of
' thoſe,
' Five ſharp ſmooth ſtones from the next brook
' he choſe,
' And fits them to his ſling, then marches down;
' For ſword, his enemy's he eſteem'd his own.
' We all with various paſſion ſtrangely gaz'd,
' Some ſad, ſome 'ſham'd, ſome angry, all amaz'd.
' Now in the valley he ſtands; through his
' youthful face
' Wrath checks the beauty, and ſheds manly grace;
' Both in his looks ſo join'd, that they might
' move
' Fear ev'n in friends, and from an en'my love;
' Hot as ripe Noon, ſweet as the blooming Day,
' Like July furious, but more fair than May.
' Th' accurs'd Philiſtine ſtands on th' other ſide,
' Grumbling aloud, and ſmiles 'twixt rage and
' pride.'
" The plagues of Dagon! A ſmooth boy," ſays he,
" A curſed, beardleſs foe, oppos'd to me!
" Hell! with what arms (hence, thou fond child!)
" he's come!
" Some friend his mother call to drive him home.
" Not gone yet? If one minute more thou ſtay,
" The birds of heav'n ſhall bear the dead away.
" Gods! a curs'd boy!" ' The reſt then murm'ring
' out,
' He walks, and caſts a deadly grin about.
' David, with cheerful anger in his eyes,
' Advances boldly on, and thus replies;'
" Thou com'ſt, vain Man! all arm'd into the field,
And truſteſt thoſe war toys, thy ſword and
ſhield;
" Thy pride's my ſpear, thy blaſphemies my ſword;
" My ſhield thy Maker; Fool! the mighty Lord
" Of thee and battles; who hath ſent forth me,
" Unarm'd thus, not to fight, but conquer thee.
" In vain ſhall Dagon, thy falſe hope, withſtand;
" In vain thy other god, thine own right-hand.
" Thy fall to man ſhall Heav'n's ſtrong juſtice
" ſhew; [do."
" Wretch! 'tis the only good which thou can'ſt
' He ſaid; our hoſt ſtood dully ſilent by,
' And durſt not truſt their ears againſt the eye.
' As much their champion's threats to him they
' fear'd, [heard.
' As when the monſter's threats to them they
' His flaming ſword th' enraged Philiſtine ſhakes,
' And haſte to his ruin with loud curſes makes.
' Backward the winds his active curſes blew,
' And fatally round his own head they flew:
' For now from David's ſling the ſtone is fled,
' And ſtrikes, with joyful noiſe, the monſter's
' head:
' It ſtrook his forehead, and pierc'd deeply there,
' As ſwiftly as it pierc'd before the air. [ground;
' Down, down he falls! and bites in vain the
' Blood, brain, and ſoul, crowd mingled through
' the wound.
' So a ſtrong oak, which many years had ſtood,
' With fair and flouriſhing boughs, itſelf a wood,
' Though it might long the axe's violence bear,
' And play'd with winds which other trees did
' tear, [rent;
' Yet by the thunder's ſtroke from the root 'tis
' So ſure the blows that from high Heav'n are ſent.
' What tongue the joy and wonder can expreſs,
' Which did that moment our whole hoſt poſſeſs?
' Their jocund ſhouts th' air like a ſtorm did tear,
' Th' amazed clouds fled ſwift away with fear;
' But far more ſwift th' accurs'd Philiſtines fly,
' And their ill fate to perfect, baſely die. [ſtrown,
' With thouſand corpſe the ways around are
' Till they, by the day's flight, ſecure their own.
' Now through the camp ſounds nought but Da-
' vid's name;
' All joys, of ſeveral ſtamp and colours, came
' From ſeveral paſſions: ſome his valour praiſe,
' Some his free ſpeech, ſome the fair pop'lar rays
' Of youth, and beauty, and his modeſt guiſe:
' Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the female eyes.
' Some wonder; ſome they thought it would be
' ſo ſwear;
' And ſome ſaw angels flying through the air:
' The baſeſt ſpirits caſt back a crooked glance
' On this great act, and fain would give it to
' Chance.
' Women our hoſt with ſongs and dances meet,
' With much joy Saul, David with more, they
' greet.
' Hence the King's politic rage and envy flows,
' Which firſt he hides, and ſeeks his life to expoſe
' To gen'rous dangers, that his hate might clear,
' And Fate or Chance the blame, nay, David bear.
' So vain are man's deſigns! for Fate and Chance,
' And Earth and Heav'n, conſpir'd to his advance:
' His beauty, youth, courage, and wondrous wit,
' In all mankind but Saul did love beget.

' Not Saul's own houſe, not his own neareſt blood,
' The noble cauſe's ſacred force withſtood.
' You've met, no douht, and kindly us'd the fame
' Of godlike Jonathan's illuſtrious name;
' A name which ev'ry wind to heav'n would bear,
' Which men to ſpeak, and angels joy to hear.
' No Angel e'er bore to his brother-mind
' A kindneſs more exalted and refin'd
' Than his to David, which look'd nobly down,
' And ſcorn'd the falſe alarums of a crown.
' At Dammin field he ſtood; and from his place
' Leap'd forth, the wond'rous conqu'ror to em-
' brace;
' On him his mantle, girdle, ſword, and bow,
' On him his heart and ſoul, he did beſtow.
' Not all that Saul could threaten or perſuade,
' In this cloſe knot the ſmalleſt looſeneſs made.
' Oft' his wife care did the King's rage ſuſpend,
' His own life's danger ſhelter'd oft' his friend,
' Which he expos'd, a ſacrifice to fall,
' By th' undiſcerning rage of furious Saul.
' Nor was young David's active virtue grown
' Strong and triumphant in one ſex alone;
' Imperious beauty, too, it durſt invade,
' And deeper prints in the ſoft breaſt it made;
' For there t' eſteem, and Friendſhip's graver
' Paſſion was pour'd like oil into the flame. [name,
' Like two bright eyes in a fair body plac'd,
' Saul's royal houſe two beauteous daughters
' grac'd:
' Merab the firſt, Michel the younger nam'd,
' Both equally for different glories fam'd.
' Merab with ſpacious beauty fill'd the ſight,
' But too much awe chaſtis'd the bold delight.
' Like a calm ſea, which to th' enlarged view
' Gives pleaſure, but gives fear and rev'rence too;
' Michel's ſweet looks clear and free joys did move
' And no leſs ſtrong, tho' much more gentle, love;
' Like virtuous kings, whom men rejoice t' obey,
' Tyrants themſelves leſs abſolute than they.
' Merab appear'd like ſome fair princely tow'r;
' Michel ſome virgin queen's delicious bow'r.
' All beauty's ſtores in little and in great;
' But the contracted beams ſhot fierceſt heat.
' A clean and lively brown was Merab's dye,
' Such as the prouder colours might envy:
' Michel's pure ſkin ſhone with ſuch taintleſs
' white,
' As ſcatter'd the weak rays of human ſight;
' Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did ſhew,
' Than e'er on fruits or flow'rs Heav'n's pencil
' drew.
' From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightnings
' came;
' From Michel's, the ſun's mild, yet active, flame.
' Merab's long hair was gloſſy cheſnut brown,
' Treſſes of paleſt gold did Michel crown.
' Such was their outward form; and one might
' A diff'rence not unlike it in the mind. [find
' Merab, with comely majeſty and ſtate,
' Bore high the advantage of her worth and fate:
' Such humble ſweetneſs did ſoft Michel ſhew,
' That none who reach'd ſo high e'er ſtoop'd ſo
' low.
' Merab rejoic'd in her wreck'd lover's pain,
' And fortify'd her virtue with diſdain:
' The grief ſhe caus'd gave gentle Michel grief;
' She wiſh'd her beauties leſs for their relief;
' Ev'n to her captive civil; yet th' exceſs
' Of naked virtue guarded her no leſs. [vex,
' Bus'neſs and pow'r Merab's large thoughts did
' Her wit diſdain'd the fetters of her ſex:
' Michel no leſs diſdain'd affairs and noiſe,
' Yet did it not from ignorance, but choice.
' In brief, both copies were more ſweetly drawn,
' Merab of Saul, Michel of Jonathan.
' The day that David great Goliath ſlew,
' Not great Goliath's ſword was more his due
' Than Merab: by Saul's public promiſe ſhe
' Was ſold then, and betroth'd to Victory:
' But haughty ſhe did this juſt match deſpiſe;
' Her pride debauch'd her judgment and her eyes.
' An unknown youth, ne'er ſeen in court before,
' Who ſhepherd's ſtaff and ſhepherd's habit bore,
' The ſeventh-born ſon of no rich houſe, were ſtill
' Th' unpleaſant forms which her high thoughts
' did fill;
' And much averſion in her ſtubborn mind
' Was bred, by being promis'd and deſign'd.
' Long had the patient Adriel humbly borne
' The rougheſt ſhocks of her imperious ſcorn;
' Adriel the rich, but riches were in vain,
' And could not ſet him free, nor her enchain.
' Long liv'd they thus; but as the hunted deer,
' Cloſely purſu'd, quits all her wonted fear,
' And takes the neareſt waves, which from the
' She oft with horror had beheld before; [ſhore
' So whilſt the violent maid from David fled,
' She leap'd to Adriel's long-avoided bed.
' The match was nam'd, agreed, and finiſh'd
' ſtraight;
' So ſoon comply'd Saul's envy with her hate.
' But Michel, in whoſe breaſt all virtues move,
' That hatch the pregnant ſeeds of ſacred love,
' With juſter eyes the noble object meets,
' And turns all Merab's poiſon into ſweets,
' She ſaw, and wonder'd how a youth unknown
' Should make all fame to come ſo ſoon his own:
' She ſaw, and wonder'd how a ſhepherd's crook
' Deſpis'd that ſword at which the ſceptre ſhook.
' Though he ſeventh born, and though his houſe
' but poor,
' She knew it noble was, and would be more.
' Oft' had ſhe heard, and fancy'd oft' the ſight,
' With what a gen'rous calm he march'd to fight:
' In the great danger how exempt from fear,
' And after it from pride he did appear.
' Greatneſs and goodneſs, and an air divine,
' She ſaw through all his words and actions ſhine.
' She heard his eloquent tongue, and charming
' lyre,
' Whoſe artful ſounds did violent love inſpire,
' Though us'd all other paſſions to relieve:
' She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,
' When thoſe ſtrong thoughts attack'd her doubt-
' ful breaſt,
' His beauty no leſs active than the reſt.
' The fire, thus kindled, ſoon grew fierce and gr
' When David's breaſt reflected back its he

' Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can love hidden lie
' From any sight, much less the loving eye)
' She conqu'ror was, as well as overcome,
' And gain'd no less abroad than lost at home.
' Ev'n the first hour they met (for such a pair,
' Who in all mankind else so matchless were,
' Yet their own equals, Nature's self does wed)
' A mutual warmth through both their bosoms
' spread.
' Fate gave the signal; both at once began
' The gentle race, and with just pace they ran.
' Ev'n so (methinks) when two fair tapers come
' From several doors, ent'ring at once the room,
' With a swift flight that leaves the eye behind,
' Their am'rous lights into one light are join'd.
' Nature herself, were she to judge the case,
' Knew not which first began the kind embrace.
' Michel her modest flames sought to conceal,
' But love ev'n th' art to hide it does reveal.
' Her soft unpractis'd eyes betray'd the theft,
' Love past through them, and there such foot-
' steps left. [spoke
' She blush'd when he approach'd, and when he
' And suddenly her wand'ring answers broke,
' At his name's sound, and when she heard him
' prais'd, [rais'd
' With concern'd haste her thoughtful looks she
' Uncall'd-for sighs oft' from her bosom flew,
' And Adriel's active friend she' abruptly grew.
' Oft' when the court's gay youth stood waiting
' She strove to act a cold indifferency; [by,
' In vain she acted so constrain'd a part,
' For thousand nameless things disclos'd her heart.
' On th' other side, David, with silent pain,
' Did in respectful bounds his fires contain.
' His humble fear t' offend, and trembling awe,
' Impos'd on him a no less rig'rous law
' Than modesty on her; and though he strove
' To make her see it, he durst not tell his love.
' To tell it first the tim'rous youth made choice
' Of Music's bolder and more active voice;
' And thus beneath her window did he touch
' His faithful lyre, the words and numbers such
' As did well worth my memory appear,
' And may perhaps deserve your princely ear.'

I.

Awake, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale,
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,
Though so exalted she,
And I so lowly be,
Tell her such diff'rent notes make all thy harmony.

II.

Hark! how the strings awake!
And though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of num'rous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

III.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue, sure,
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound but not to cure.
Too weak, too, wilt thou prove
My passion to remove;
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

IV.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie. [die.
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre! and let thy master

' She heard all this, and the prevailing sound
' Touch'd with delightful pain her tender wound;
' Yet tho' she joy'd th' authentic news to hear,
' Of what she guess'd before with jealous fear,
' She check'd her forward joy, and blush'd for
' shame,
' And did his boldness with forc'd anger blame.
' The senseless rules which first false honour taught,
' And into laws the tyrant custom brought,
' Which women's pride and folly did invent,
' Their lovers and themselves, too, to torment,
' Made her next day a grave displeasure feign,
' And all her words, and all her looks constrain
' Before the trembling youth; who, when he saw
' His vital light her wonted beams withdraw,
' He curs'd his voice, his fingers, and his lyre,
' He curs'd his too bold tongue, and bold desire:
' In vain he curs'd the last, for that still grew;
' From all things food its strong complexion drew:
' His joy and hope their cheerful motions ceas'd,
' His life decay'd, but still his love increas'd;
' Whilst she whose heart approv'd not her disdain,
' Saw and endur'd his pains with greater pain.
' But Jonathan, to whom both hearts were known,
' With a concernment equal to their own,
' Joyful that Heav'n with his sworn love comply'd,
' To draw that knot more fast which he had ty'd,
' With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,
' Restor'd, and better'd soon the nice affair:
' With ease a brother's lawful pow'r o'ercame
' The formal decencies of virgin-shame.
' She first with all her heart forgave the past,
' Heard David tell his flames, and told her own
' at last.
' Lo! here the happy point of prosp'rous love,
' Which ev'n enjoyment seldom can improve!
' Themselves agreed, which scarce could fail alone,
' All Israel's wish concurrent with their own,
' A brother's pow'rful aid firm to the side,
' By solemn vow the King and father ty'd;
' All jealous fears, all nice disguises past,
' All that in less-ripe love offends the taste,
' In either's breast their souls both meet and wed,
' Their heart the nuptial temple and the bed:
' And tho' the grosser cates were yet not dress'd,
' By which the bodies must supply this feast,
' Bold hopes prevent slow pleasure's ling'ring
' birth,
' As saints, assur'd of heav'n, enjoy 't on earth.
' All this the King observ'd, and well he saw
' What scandal and what danger it might draw,

' T' oppose this just and pop'lar match, but meant
' To out-malice all refusals by consent. [prove;
' He meant the pois'nous grant should mortal
' He meant to ensnare his virtue by his love:
' And thus he to him spoke, with more of art
' And fraud than well became the kingly part.'
" Your valour, David! and high worth," said
" To praise is all men's duty, mine to see [he,
" Rewarded; and we shall to our utmost powers
" Do with like care that part as you did your's.
" Forbid it, God! we like those kings should
" prove, [love.
" Who fear the virtues which they're bound to
" Your piety does that tender point secure,
" Nor will my acts such humble thoughts endure.
" Your nearness to it rather supports the crown,
" And th' honours giv'n to you increase our own.
" All that we can, we'll give; 'tis our intent,
" Both as a guard and as an ornament, [prove;
" To place the next ourselves: Heav'n does ap-
" And my son's friendship, and my daughter's
" love,
" Guide fatally, methinks, my willing choice;
" I see, methinks, Heav'n in it, and I rejoice.
" Blush not, my Son! that Michel's love I name,
" Nor need she blush to hear it; 'tis no shame
" Nor secret now; Fame does it loudly tell,
" And all men but thy rivals like it well. [mine,
" If Merab's choice could have comply'd with
" Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine;
" And her's, at last, should have with mine com-
" ply'd,
" Had I not thine and Michel's heart descry'd.
" Take whom thou lov'st, and who loves thee;
" the last
" And dearest present made me be the chaste
" Ahinoam; and unless she me deceive,
" When I to Jonathan my crown shall leave,
" 'Twill be a smaller gift.
" If I thy gen'rous thoughts may undertake
" To guess, they are what jointure thou shalt
" make
" Fitting her birth and fortune; and since so
" Custom ordains, we mean to exact it too.
" The jointure we exact is that shall be
" No less advantage to thy fame than she.
" Go where Philistine troops infest the land;
" Renew the terrors of thy conqu'ring hand;
" When thine own hand, which needs must con-
" qu'ror prove,
" In this joint cause of honour and of love,
" An hundred of the faithless foe shall slay,
" And for a dower their hundred foreskins pay,
" Be Michel thy reward. Did we not know
" Thy mighty fate, and worth that makes it so,
" We should not cheaply that dear blood expose,
" Which we to mingle with our own had chose;
" But thou'rt secure; and since this match of thine
" We to the public benefit design,
" A public good shall its beginning grace,
" And give triumphant omens of thy race."
' Thus spoke the King: the happy youth
' bow'd low,
' Modest and graceful his great joy did show;
' The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind,
' And nought to except against it could he find,
' But that his mistress' price too cheap appear'd;
' No danger but her scorn of it he fear'd.
' She with much different sense the news receiv'd;
' At her high rate she trembled, blush'd, and
' griev'd:
' 'Twas a less work the conquest of his foes,
' Than to obtain her leave his life t'expose.
' Their kind debate on this soft point would prove
' Tedious and needless to repeat; if love
' (As sure it has) e'er touch'd your princely breast,
' 'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full suggest
' All that was done or said; the grief, hope, fears,
' His troubled joys, and her obliging tears.
' In all the pomp of passion's reign they part,
' And bright prophetic forms enlarge his heart;
' Vict'ry and Fame, and that more quick delight
' Of the rich prize for which he was to fight.
' Tow'rds Gath he went; and in one month (so
' A fatal and a willing work is done) [soon
' A double dower, two hundred foreskins, brought,
' Of choice Philistine knights with whom he
' fought;
' Men that in birth and valour did excel,
' Fit for the cause and hand by which they fell.
' Now was Saul caught, nor longer could delay
' The two resistless lovers' happy day.
' Though this day's coming long had seem'd, and
' slow,
' Yet seem'd its stay as long and tedious now:
' For now the violent weight of eager love
' Did with more haste, so near its centre, move:
' He curs'd the stops of form and state which lay,
' In this last stage, like scandals in his way.
' On a large gentle hill, crown'd with tall wood,
' Near where the regal Gabaah proudly stood,
' A tent was pitch'd, of green wrought damask
' made,
' And seem'd but the fresh forest's nat'ral shade;
' Various, and vast within, on pillars borne
' Of Shittim wood, that usefully adorn:
' Hither, to grace the nuptial feast, does Saul
' Of the Twelve Tribes th' Elders and Captains
' call,
' And all around the idle, busy crowd,
' With shouts and blessings tell their joy aloud.
' Lo! the press breaks, and from their sev'ral homes
' In decent pride the bride and bridegroom comes.
' Before the bride, in a long double row,
' With solemn pace, thirty choice virgins go,
' And make a moving Galaxy on earth;
' All heav'nly beauties, all of highest birth,
' All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair,
' As the bright flow'rs that crown'd their bright-
' er hair;
' All in that new-blown age which does inspire
' Warmth in themselves, in their beholders fire.
' But all this, and all else the sun did e'er,
' Or Fancy, see, in her less bounded sphere,
' The bride herself outshone; and one would say
' They made but the faint dawn to her full day.
' Behind a numerous train of ladies went,
' Who on their dress much fruitless care had spent;

' Vain gems, and unregarded coſt, they bore,
' For all men's eyes were ty'd to thoſe before.
' The bridegroom's flouriſhing troop fill'd next
' the place,
' With thirty comely youths, of nobleſt race,
' That march'd before, and Heav'n around his
' head
' The graceful beams of joy and beauty ſpread.
' So the glad ſtar which men and angels love,
' Prince of the glorious hoſt that ſhines above,
' No light of heav'n ſo cheerful or ſo gay,
' Lifts up his ſacred lamp, and opens day.
' The King himſelf, at the tent's crowned gate,
' In all his robes of ceremony' and ſtate,
' Sat to receive the train: on either hand
' Did the High Prieſt and the Great Prophet ſtand.
' Adriel behind, Jonathan, Abner, Jeſſe,
' And all the chiefs, in their due order preſs.
' Firſt Saul declar'd his choice, and the juſt cauſe
' Avow'd by a gen'ral murmur of applauſe,
' Then ſign'd her dower, and in few words he
' pray'd,
' And bleſs'd, and gave the joyful trembling maid
' T' her lover's hands, who with a cheerful look
' And humble geſture the vaſt preſent took.
' The nuptial hymn ſtraight ſounds, and muſics
' play,
' And feaſts and balls ſhorten the thoughtleſs day
' To all but to the wedded; till at laſt,
' The long-wiſh'd night did her kind ſhadow caſt:
' At laſt th' ineſtimable hour was come,
' To lead his conqu'ring prey in triumph home.
' To a palace near, dreſs'd for the nuptial bed,
' (Part of her dower) he his fair princeſs led.

' Saul, the High Prieſt, and Samuel, here they
' leave,
' Who, as they part, their weighty bleſſings give.
' Her vail is now put on; and at the gate
' The thirty youths and thirty virgins wait
' With golden lamps, bright as the flames they
' bore,
' To light the nuptial-pomp, and march before;
' The reſt bring home in ſtate the happy pair
' To that laſt ſcene of bliſs, and leave them there,
' All thoſe free joys inſatiably to prove,
' Which with rich Beauty feaſts the glutton Love.
' But ſcarce, alas! the firſt ſev'n days were paſt,
' In which the public nuptial-triumphs laſt,
' When Saul this new alliance did repent;
' Such ſubtle cares his jealous thoughts torment,
' He envy'd the good work himſelf had done,
' Fear'd David leſs his ſervant than his ſon.
' No longer his wild wrath could he command;
' He ſeeks to ſtain his own imperial hand
' In his ſon's blood; and that twice cheated too,
' With troops and armies does one life purſue.
' Said I but one? his thirſty rage extends
' T' the lives of his kindred and his friends;
' Ev'n Jonathan had dy'd for being ſo,
' Had not juſt God put by th' unnat'ral blow.
' You ſee, Sir, the true cauſe which brings us
' No ſullen diſcontent or groundleſs fear; [here;
' No guilty act or end calls us from home,
' Only to breathe in peace awhile we come,
' Ready to ſerve, and in mean ſpace to pray
' For you, who us receive, and him who drives
' away.

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK IV.

The Contents.

MOAB carries his gueſts to hunt at Nebo; in the way falls in diſcourſe with David, and deſires to know of him the reaſons of the change of governmnt in Iſrael. How Saul came to the crown, and the ſtory of him and Jonathan. David's ſpeech, containing the ſtate of the Commonwealth under the Judges. The motives for which the people deſired a king. Their deputy's ſpeech to Samuel upon that ſubject, and his reply. The aſſembling of the people at the Tabernable, to inquire God's pleaſure. God's ſpeech. The character of Saul; his anointing by Samuel; and election by lot: the defection of his people. The war of Nahas king of Ammon againſt Jabes Gilead. Saul and Jonathan's relieving of the town. Jonathan's character; his ſingle fight with Nahas, whom he ſlays, and defeats his army. The confirmation of Saul's kingdom at Gilgal, and the manner of Samuel's quitting his office of Judge. The war with the Philiſtines at Macmas; their ſtrength, and the weakneſs of Saul's forces; his exerciſing of the prieſtly function, and the judgment denounced by Samuel againſt him. Jonathan's diſcourſe with his eſquire; their falling alone upon the enemy's out-guards at Senes, and after upon the whole army; the wonderful defeat of it. Saul's raſh vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to death, but is ſaved by the people.

THOUGH ſtate and kind diſcourſe thus robb'd the night
Of half her nat'ral and more juſt delight,
Moab, whom temp'rance did ſtill vig'rous keep,
And regal cares had us'd to mod'rate ſleep,
Up with the ſun aroſe; and having thrice
With lifted hands bow'd towards his ſhining riſe,
And thrice towards Phegor, his Baal's holieſt hill,
(With good and pious pray'rs directed ill)
Call'd to the chaſe his friends, who for him ſtay'd;
The glad dogs bark'd, the cheerful horſes neigh'd.
Moab his chariot mounts, drawn by four ſteeds,
The beſt and nobleſt that freſh Zerith breeds,
All white as ſnow, and ſprightful as the light,
With ſcarlet trapp'd, and foaming gold they bite.
He into it young David with him took,
Did with reſpect and wonder on him look
Since laſt night's ſtory, and with greedier ear
The man, of whom ſo much he heard, did hear.
The well-born youth of all his flouriſhing court
March gay behind, and joyful, to the ſport.
Some arm'd with bows, ſome with ſtraight jav'lins ride,
Rich ſwords and gilded quivers grace their ſide.
'Midſt the fair troop David's tall brethren rode,
And Joab, comely as a fancy'd god;
They entertain'd th' attentive Moab lords
With looſe and various talk that chance affords,
Whilſt they pac'd ſlowly on; but the wiſe King
Did David's tongue to weightier ſubjects bring.
" Much," ſaid the King, " much I to Joab owe,
" For the fair picture drawn by him of you:
" 'Twas drawn in little, but did acts expreſs
" So great, that largeſt hiſtories are leſs.
" I ſee (methinks) the Gathian monſter ſtill,
" His ſhape, laſt night, my mindful dreams did fill.
" Strange tyrant Saul, with envy to purſue
" The praiſe of deeds whence his own ſafety grew!
" I've heard (but who can think it?) that his ſon
" Has his life's hazard for your friendſhip run;
" His matchleſs ſon! whoſe worth (if Fame be
" true)
" Lifts him 'bove all his countrymen but you,

" With whom it makes him one." Low David
But no reply Moab's swift tongue allows. [bows,
" And pray, kind Guest! whilst we ride thus,"
says he,
" (To gameful Nebo still three leagues there be)
" The story of your royal friend relate,
" And his ungovern'd sire's imperious fate:
" Why your great state that nameless family chose,
" And by what steps to Israel's throne they rose."
He stay'd; and David thus: " From Egypt's land
' You've heard, Sir, by what strong unarmed
' hand,
' Our fathers came; Moses their sacred guide,
' But he in sight of the giv'n country dy'd.
' His fatal promis'd Canaan was on high,
' And Joshua's sword must th' active rod supply.
' It did so, and did wonders.
' From sacred Jordan to the Western main,
' From well-clad Libanus to the Southern plain
' Of naked sands, his winged conquests went,
' And thirty kings to hell uncrown'd he sent.
' Almost four hundred years from him to Saul,
' In too much freedom pass'd, or foreign thrall.
' Oft' strangers' iron sceptres bruis'd the land,
' Such still are those borne by a conqu'ring hand)
' Oft' pitying God did well-form'd spirits raise,
' Fit for the toilsome bus'ness of their days,
' To free the groaning nation, and to give
' Peace first, and then the rules in peace to live.
' But they, whose stamp of pow'r did chiefly lie
' In characters too fine for most men's eye,
' Graces and gifts divine, not painted bright
' With state to awe dull minds, and force t'affright,
' Were ill obey'd whilst living, and at death
' Their rules and pattern vanish'd with their
' breath.
' The hungry rich all near them did devour,
' Their judge was Appetite, and their law was
' Pow'r.
' Not Want itself could Luxury restrain,
' For what that empty'd, Rapine fill'd again.
' Robbery the field, Oppression sack'd the town;
' What the sword's reaping spar'd was gleaned by
' the Gown.
' At courts and seats of justice to complain,
' Was to be robb'd more vexingly again:
' Nor was their lust less active or less bold,
' Amidst this rougher search of blood and gold.
' Weak beauties they corrupt, and force the strong;
' The pride of old men that, and this of young.
' You've heard, perhaps, Sir, of lewd Gibeah's
' shame, [name;
' Which Hebrew tongues still tremble when they
' Alarm'd all by one fair stranger's eyes,
' As to a sudden war the town does rise;
' Shaking and pale, half dead e'er they begin
' The strange and wanton tragedy of their sin:
' All their wild lusts they force her to sustain,
' Till by shame, sorrow, weariness, and pain,
' She 'midst their loath'd and cruel kindness dies,
' Of monstrous Lust the innocent sacrifice.
' This did ('tis true) a civil war create,
' (The frequent curse of our loose govern'd state)
' All Gibeah's, and all Jabes' blood it cost;
' Near a whole tribe, and future kings we lost.
' Firm in this general earthquake of the land,
' How could religion, its main pillar, stand?
' Proud and fond man his father's worship hates,
' Himself, God's creature, his own god creates.
' Hence in each household sev'ral deities grew,
' And when no old one pleas'd, they fram'd a new.
' The only land which serv'd but one before,
' Did th' only then all nations' gods adore.
' They serv'd their gods at first, and soon their
' kings;
' Their choice of that this latter slav'ry brings;
' Till special men, arm'd with God's warrant, broke
' By just'st force th' unjustly forced yoke:
' All matchless persons, and thrice worthy they
' Of power more great, or lands more apt t'obey.
' At last the priesthood, join'd in Ithamar's son,
' More weight and lustre to the sceptre won:
' But whilst mild Eli and good Samuel were
' Busy'd with age, and th' altar's sacred care,
' To their wild sons they their high charge commit,
' Who expose to scorn and hate both them and it.
' Eli's curs'd house th' exemplar vengeance bears
' Of all their blood, and all sad Israel's tears.
' His sons abroad, himself at home, lies slain,
' Israel's captiv'd, God's ark and law are ta'en.
' Thus twice are nations by ill princes vex'd;
' They suffer by them first, and for them next,
' Samuel succeeds. Since Moses, none, before,
' So much of God in his bright bosom bore.
' In vain our arms Philistian tyrants seiz'd;
' Heav'n's magazines he open'd when he pleas'd.
' He rains and winds for auxiliaries brought;
' He muster'd flames and thunders when he
' fought.
' Thus thirty years with strong and steady hand,
' He held th' unshaken balance of the land.
' At last his sons th' indulgent father chose
' To share that state which they were born to lose.
' Their hateful acts that change's birth did haste,
' Which had long growth i' th' womb of ages past.
' To this (for still were some great periods set,
' There's a strong knot of sev'ral causes met)
' The threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring war,
' A mighty storm, long gath'ring from afar:
' For Ammon, heighten'd with mix'd nations' aid,
' Like torrents swoln with rain prepar'd the land
' t'invade.
' Samuel was old, and by his son's ill choice,
' Turn'd dotard in th' unskilful vulgar's voice:
' His sons, so scorn'd and hated, that the land
' Nor hop'd nor wish'd a victory from their hand.
' These were the just and faultless causes why
' The gen'ral voice did for a Monarch cry.
' But God ill grains did in this incense smell;
' Wrapp'd in fair leaves he saw the canker dwell.
' A mutinous itch of change, a dull despair
' Of helps divine oft' prov'd: a faithless care
' Of common means; the pride of heart and scorn
' Of th' humble yoke under low Judges borne;
' They saw the state and glitt'ring pomp, which
' bless'd,
' In vulgar sense, the sceptres of the East;
' They saw not pow'rs true source, and scorn
' t'obey
' Persons that look'd no dreadfuller than they;

'They miss'd courts, guards, a gay and num'rous
'train;
'Our Judges, like their laws, were rude and plain.
'On an old bench of wood, her seat of state,
'Beneath the well-known palm, wife Deb'rah sat:
'Her maids with comely diligence round her spun,
'And she, too, when the pleadings there were done.
'With the same goad Samgar his oxen drives,
'Which took, the sun before, six hundred lives
'From his sham'd foes: he midst his work dealt
'laws,
'And oft' was his plough stopp'd to hear a cause.
'Nor did great Gideon his old flail disdain,
'After won fields, sack'd towns, and princes slain;
'His sceptre that, and Ophra's threshing-floor,
'The seat and emblem of his justice bore.
'What should I Jair, the happiest father, name?
'Or mournful Jephtha, known no less to Fame
'For the most wretched: both at once did keep
'The mighty flocks of Israel and their sheep:
'Oft' from the field in haste they summon'd were,
'Some weighty foreign embassy to hear;
'They call'd their slaves, their sons, and friends,
'around,
'Who all at several cares were scatter'd found;
'They wash'd their feet, their only gown put on,
'And this chief work of ceremony was done.
'These reasons, and all else that could be said,
'In a ripe hour by factious Eloquence spread
'Through all the tribes, made all desire a King;
'And to their Judge selected deputies bring
'This harsh demand, which Nacol for the rest
'(A bold and artful mouth) thus with much grace
'express'd.' [rears

"We're come, most sacred Judge! to pay th' ar-
"Of much-ow'd thanks for the bright thirty years
"Of your just reign, and at your feet to lay
"All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
"In unproportion'd words: for you alone
"The not unfit reward, who seek for none:
"But when our forepast ills we call to mind,
"And sadly think how little's left behind
"Of your important life, whose sudden date
"Would disinherit th' unprovided state;
"When we consider how unjust 'tis, you,
"Who ne'er of pow'r more than the burden knew,
"At once the weight of that and age should have,
"Your stooping days press'd doubly tow'rds the
"grave;
"When we behold by Ammon's youthful rage,
"Proud in th' advantage of your peaceful age,
"And all th' united East, our fall conspir'd,
"And that your sons, whom chiefly we desir'd
"As stamps of you in your lov'd room to place,
"By unlike acts that noble stamp deface;
"Midst these new fears and ills we're fore'd to fly,
"To a new, and yet unpractis'd, remedy;
"A new one, but long promis'd and foretold
"By Moses, and to Abraham shewn of old;
"A prophecy long forming in the womb
"Of teeming years, and now to ripeness come:
"This remedy's a King; for this we all
"With an impir'd and zealous union call:
"And in one sound when all men's voices join,
"The music's tun'd, no doubt, by hand divine.

"'Tis God alone speaks a whole nation's voice;
"That is his public language; but the choice
"Of what peculiar head that crown must bear,
"From you, who his peculiar organ are,
"We' expect to hear; the people shall to you
"Their king, the king his crown and people owe.
"To your great name what lustre will it bring
"T' have been our Judge, and to have made our
"King!"
'He bow'd, and ended here; and Samuel straight,
'Pausing awhile at this great question's weight,
'With a grave sigh, and with a thoughtful eye,
'That more of care than passion did descry,
'Calmly replies: "You're sure the first," says he,
"Of free-born men that begg'd for slavery.
"I fear, my friends! with heav'nly manna fed,
"(Our old forefather's crime) we lust for bread.
"Long since by God from bondage drawn, I fear
"We build anew th' Egyptian brick-kiln here.
"Cheat not yourselves with words; for though
"a king
"Be the mild name, a tyrant is the thing:
"Let his power loose, and you shall quickly see
"How mild a thing unbounded man will be:
"He'll lead you forth your hearts' cheap blood
"to spill,
"Where'er his guideless passion leads his will.
"Ambition, lust, or spleen, his wars will raise,
"Your lives' best price his thirst of wealth or praise.
"Your ablest sons for his proud guards he'll take,
"And by such hands your yoke more grievous
"make.
"Your daughters and dear wives he'll force away,
"His luxury some, and some his lust, t'obey.
"His idle friends your hungry toils shall eat,
"Drink your rich wines, mix'd with your blood
"and sweat.
"Then you'll all sigh, but sighs will treasons be;
"And not your griefs themselves, or looks, be free.
"Robb'd even of hopes, when you these ills sustain,
"Your wat'ry eyes you'll then turn back in vain
"On your old Judges, and perhaps on me,
"Nay, ev'n my sons, howe'er th' unhappy be
"In your displeasure now; not that I'd clear
"Their guilt, or mine own innocence endear;
"Witness th' Unutterable Name, there's nought
"Of private ends into this question brought:
"But why this yoke on your own necks to draw?
"Why man your God, and passion made your
"law?"
"Methinks," (Thus Moab interrupts him here)
"The good old seer 'gainst kings was too severe.
"'Tis jest to tell a people that they're free:
"Who, or how many, shall their masters be
"Is the sole doubt: laws guide, but cannot reign;
"And though they bind not kings, yet they re-
"strain.
"I dare affirm (so much I trust their love)
"That no one Moabite would his speech approve.
"But, pray, go on." 'Tis true, Sir,' he replies;
'Yet men whom age and action renders wise,
'So much great changes fear, that they believe
'All evils will, which may, from them arrive.
'On men resolv'd these threats were spent in vain:
'All that his pow'r or eloquence could obtain

' Was to inquire God's will, e'er they proceed
' To a work that would so much his blessing need.
' A solemn day for this great work is set,
' And at the Anointed Tent all Israel met
' Expect th' event. Below fair bullocks fry
' In hallow'd flames; above there mount on high
' The precious clouds of incense; and, at last,
' The spriukling, pray'rs, and all due honours past,
' Lo! we the sacred bells o' the sudden hear,
' And in mild pomp grave Samuel does appear;
' His ephod, mitre, well-cut diadem, on,
' Th' oraculous stones on his rich breastplate shone:
' Tow'rds the blue curtains of God's holiest place
' (The Temple's bright third heav'n) he turn'd
' his face:
' Thrice bow'd he, thrice the solemn music play'd,
' And at third rest thus the great Prophet pray'd:'
" Almighty God! to whom all men that be,
" Owe all they have, yet none so much as we;
" Who though thou fill'st the spacious world alone,
" Thy too small court, hast made this place thy
" throne;
" With humble knees, and humbler hearts, lo! here
" Bless'd Abraham's seed implores thy gracious ear:
" Hear them, great God! and thy just will inspire;
" From thee, their long known King, they a
" king desire:
" Some gracious sign of thy good pleasure send,
" Which, lo! with souls resign'd we humbly here
" attend."
' He spoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
' Silence and reverend horror seiz'd the rout:
' The whole tent shakes, the flames on th' altar by
' In thick dull rolls mount slow and heavily:
' The sev'n lamps wink; and what does most
' dismay,
' Th' orac'lous gems shut in their nat'ral day:
' The ruby's cheek grew pale; the em'rald by
' Faded; a cloud o'ercast the sapphire's sky;
' The di'mond's eye look'd sleepy, and swift night
' Of all those little suns eclips'd the light:
' Sad signs of God's dread anger for our sin;
' But straight a wondrous brightness from within
' Strook through the curtains, for no earthly cloud
' Could those strong beams of heav'nly glory
' shroud:
' The altar's fire burnt pure, and ev'ry stone
' Their radiant parent, the gay sun, outshone:
' Beauty th' illustrious vision did impart
' To ev'ry face, and joy to ev'ry heart.
' In glad effects God's presence thus appear'd,
' And thus in wondrous sounds his voice was
' heard:'

This stubborn land sins still; nor is it thee, but us
(Who've been so long their King) they seek to
cast off thus.
Five hundred rolling years hath this stiff nation strove
To exhaust the boundless stores of our unfathom'd
love.
Be't so then; yet, once more, are we resolv'd to try
T' outweary them through all their sins' variety;
Assemble, ten days hence, the num'rous people here,
To draw the royal lot which our hid mark shall
bear.
Dismiss them now in peace; but their next crime
shall bring
Ruin without redress on them, and on their King.
' Th' Almighty spoke; th' astonish'd people part,
' With various stamps impress'd on ev'ry heart:
' Some their demand repented, others prais'd;
' Some had no thoughts at all, but star'd and gaz'd.
' There dwelt a man, nam'd Kis, in Gibeah
' town,
' For wisdom much, and much for courage known:
' More for his son; his mighty son was Saul,
' Whom Nature, e'er the lots, to a throne did call.
' He was much Prince, and when or whereso'er
' His birth had been, then had he reign'd and there.
' Such beauty, as great strength thinks no disgrace,
' Smil'd in the manly features of his face:
' His large black eyes, fill'd with a sprightful light,
' Shot forth such lively and illustrious night,
' As the sunbeams on jet reflecting shew;
' His hair as black, in long curl'd waves did flow:
' His tall straight body amidst thousands stood,
' Like some fair pine o'erlooking all th' ignobler
' wood.
' Of all our rural sports he was the pride;
' So swift, so strong, so dext'rous, none beside.
' Rest was his toil, labours his lust and game;
' No nat'ral wants could his fierce diligence tame,
' Not thirst nor hunger; he would journies go
' Through raging heats, and take repose in snow.
' His soul was ne'er unbent from weighty care,
' But active as some mind that turns a sphere.
' His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,
' Nor stepp'd aside for dangers or delight,
' Yet was he wise all dangers to foresee;
' But born t'affright, and not to fear, was he.
' His wit was strong, not fine; and on his tongue
' An artless grace, above all eloquence, hung.
' These virtues, too, the rich unusual dress
' Of modesty adorn'd, and humbleness:
' Like a clear varnish o'er fair pictures laid,
' More fresh and lasting they the colours made:
' Till pow'r and vi'lent fortune, which did find
' No stop or bound, o'erwhelm'd no less his mind;
' Did, deluge-like, the nat'ral forms deface,
' And brought forth unknown monsters in their
' place.
' Forbid it, God! my master's spots should be,
' Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me!
' But such he was; and now to Ramah went
' (So God dispos'd) with a strange low intent;
' Great God! he went lost asses to inquire,
' And a small present, his small question's hire,
' Brought simply with him to that man to give,
' From whom high Heav'n's chief gifts he must
' receive.
' Strange play of Fate! when mightiest human things
' Hang on such small imperceptible strings!
' 'Twas Samuel's birth-day, a glad annual feast
' All Ramah kept; Samuel his wond'ring guest
' With such respect leads to it, and does grace
' With the choice meats o' the feast, and highest
' place:
' Which done, him forth alone the Prophet brings,
' And feasts his ravish'd ears with nobler things:

' He tells the mighty fate to him assign'd,
' And with great rules fills his capacious mind:
' Then takes the sacred vial and does shed
' A crown of mistic drops around his head;
' Drops of that royal moisture which does know
' No mixture, and disdains the place below.
' Soon comes the kingly day, and with it brings
' A new account of time upon his wings.
' The people met, the rites and pray'rs all past,
' Behold! the Heav'n instructed lot is cast;
' 'Tis taught by Heav'n its way, and cannot miss;
' Forth Benjamin, forth leaps the house of Kis.
' As glimm'ring stars just at th' approach of day,
' Cashcer'd by troops, at last drop all away;
' By such degrees all men's bright hopes are gone,
' And, like the sun, Saul's lot shines all alone.
' Ev'n here, perhaps, the people's shout was heard,
' The loud long shout when God's fair choice ap-
' pear'd.
Above the whole vast throng he' appear'd so tall,
' As if by Nature made for the head of all;
' So full of grace and state, that one might know
' 'Twas some wise eye the blind lot guided so:
' But blind unguided lots have more of choice
' And constancy than the slight vulgar's voice.
' E'er yet the crown of sacred oil is dry,
' Whilst echoes yet preserve the joyful cry,
' Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miss,
' Some envy Saul, some scorn the house of Kis:
' Some their first mutinous wish, a king, repent,
' As if, since that, quite spoil'd by God's consent.
' Few to this prince their first just duties pay;
' All leave the old, but few the new obey.
' Thus changes man, but God is constant still
' To those eternal grounds that mov'd his will;
' And though he yielded first to them, 'tis fit
' That stubborn men at last to him submit.
' As midst the main a low small island lies,
' Assaulted round with stormy seas and skies,
' Whilst the poor heartless natives ev'ry hour
' Darkness and noise seems ready to devour;
' Such Israel's state appear'd, whilst o'er the West
' Philistian clouds hung threat'ning, and from
' th' East
' All nations' wrath into one tempest joins,
' Through which proud Nahas like fierce lightning
' Tigris and Nile to his assistance send; [shines.
' And waters to swoll'n Jaboc's torrent lend;
' Seir, Edom, Soba, Amalec, add their force,
' Up with them march the three Arabias' horse;
' And 'mongst all these none more their hope or
' pride
' Than those few troops your warlike land supply'd.
' Around weak Jabes this vast host does lie,
' Disdains a dry and bloodless victory.
' The hopeless town for slav'ry does intreat,
' But barb'rous Nahas thinks that grace too great.
' He (his first tribute) their right eyes demands,
' And with their faces' shame disarms their hands.
' If unreliev'd seven days by Israel's aid,
' This bargain for o'errated life is made.
' Ah! mighty God! let thine own Israel be
' Quite blind itself e'er this reproach it see!
' By his wanton people the new King forsook,
' To homely rural cares himself betook:
' In private plenty liv'd, without the state,
' Lustre and noise, due to a public fate.
' Whilst he his slaves and cattle follows home,
' Lo! the sad messengers from Jabes come,
' Implore his help, and weep, as if they meant
' That way, at least, proud Nahas to prevent.
' Mov'd with a kingly wrath, his strict command
' He issues forth t' assemble all the land.
' He threatens high, and disobedient they,
' Wak'd by such princely terrors, learnt t'obey.
' A mighty host is rais'd; th' important cause
' Age from their rest, youth from their pleasure,
' draws;
' Arm'd as unfurnish'd haste could them provide;
' But conduct, courage, anger, that supply'd.
' All night they march, and are at th' early dawn
' On Jabes heath in three fair bodies drawn.
' Saul did himself the first and strongest band,
' His son the next, Abner the third, command:
' But pardon, Sir, if naming Saul's great son,
' I stop with him a while e'er I go on.
' This is that Jonathan, the joy and grace,
' The beautifull'st and best of human race;
' That Jonathan, in whom does mix'd remain
' All that kind mothers' wishes can contain.
' His courage such, as it no stop can know,
' And vict'ry gains by astonishing the foe:
' With lightning's force his en'mies it confounds,
' And melts their hearts e'er it the bosom wounds:
' Yet he the conquer'd with such sweetness gains,
' As captive lovers find in beauty's chains.
' In war the adverse troops he does assail
' Like an impetuous storm of wind and hail:
' In peace, like gentlest dew that does assuage
' The burning months and temper Syrius' rage.
' Kind as the sun's blest influence; and where-
' e'er
' He comes, plenty and joy attend him there.
' To help seems all his power; his wealth to
' give;
' To do much good his sole prerogative:
' And yet this gen'ral bounty of his mind,
' That with wide arms embraces all mankind,
' Such artful prudence does to each divide,
' With diff'rent measures all are satisfy'd:
' Just as wise God his plenteous manna dealt,
' Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt.
' To all relations their just rights he pays,
' And worth's reward above its claim does raise.
' The tend'rest husband, master, father, son,
' And those parts by his friendship far outdone.
' His love to friends no bound or rule does know;
' What he to Heav'n, all that to him they owe.
' Keen as his sword, and pointed, is his wit;
' His judgment, like best armour, strong and fit:
' And such an eloquence to both these does join,
' As makes in both beauty and use combine,
' Through which a noble tincture does appear,
' By learning and choice books imprinted there.
' As well he knows all times and persons gone,
' As he himself to the future shall be known:
' But his chief study is God's sacred law,
' And all his life does comments on it draw.
' As never more by Heav'n to man was giv'n,
' So never more was paid by man to Heav'n;

'And all these virtues were to ripeness grown,
'E'er yet his flow'r of youth was fully blown
'All autumn's store did his rich spring adorn:
'Like trees in Paradise, he with fruit was born.
'Such is his soul; and if, as some men tell,
'Souls form and build those mansions where they
'Whoe'er but sees his body must confess [dwell,
'The architect no doubt, could be no less.
'From Saul his growth and manly strength he took,
'Chastis'd by bright Ahinoam's gentler look.
'Not bright Ahinoam, Beauty's loudest name,
'Till she to' her children lost, with joy, her fame,
'Had sweeter strokes, colours more fresh and fair,
'More darting eyes, or lovelier auburne hair.
'Forgive me that I thus your patience wrong,
'And on this boundless subject stay so long,
'Where too much haste e'er to end it would be,
'Did not his acts speak what is untold by me.
'Though from the time his hands a sword could
'wield,
'He ne'er miss'd fame and danger in the field,
'Yet this was the first day that call'd him forth,
'Since Saul's bright crown gave lustre to his worth;
'Twas the last morning whose uncheerful rise
'Sad Jabes was to view with both their eyes.
'Secure proud Nahas slept, as in his court,
'And dream'd, vain Man! of that day's barb'rous
'sport,
'Till noise and dreadful tumults him awoke,
'Till into' his camp our vi'lent army broke.
'The careless guards, with small resistance kill'd,
'Slaughter the camp, and wild confusion, fill'd.
'Nahas his fatal duty does perform,
'And marches boldly up to' outface the storm:
'Fierce Jonathan, he meets, as he pursues
'Th' Arabian horse, and a hot fight renews.
'Twas here your troops behav'd themselves so well,
'Till Uz and Jathan, their stout colonels, fell:
'Twas here our vict'ry stopp'd, and gave us cause
'Much to suspect th' intention of her pause.
'But when our thund'ring prince Nahas espy'd,
'Who with a courage equal to his pride
'Broke through our troops, and tow'rds him bold-
'ly press'd,
'A gen'rous joy leap'd in his youthful breast.
'As when a wrathful dragon's dismal light
'Strikes suddenly some warlike eagle's sight.
'The mighty foe pleases his fearless eyes,
'He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.
'With vain, though vi'lent force, their darts they
flu g;
'In Ammon's plated belt Jonathan's hung,
'And stopp'd there: Ammon did his helmet hit,
'And gliding off, bore the proud crest from it.
'Straight with their swords to the fierce shock they
'came,
'Their swords, their armour, and their eyes, shot
'flame:
'Blows strong as thunder, thick as rain they dealt,
'Which more than they th' engag'd spectators felt.
'In Ammon force, in Jonathan address.
'(Though both were great in both to an excess)
'To the well-judging eye did most appear;
'Honour and anger in both equal were.
'Two wounds our Prince receiv'd, and Ammon
'three,
'Which he enrag'd to feel, and 'sham'd to see,
'Did his whole strength into one blow collect;
'And as a spaniel, when we our aim direct
'To shoot some bird, impatiently stands by,
'Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly,
'Just as it drops upon the wounded prey:
'So waited Death itself to bear away
'The threaten'd life; did glad and greedy stand
'At sight of mighty Ammon's lifted hand.
'Our watchful Prince by bending sav'd the wound,
'But Death in other coin his reck'ning found;
'For whilst th' immod'rate stroke's miscarrying
'force
'Had almost borne the striker from his horse,
'A nimble thrust his active en'my made;
'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious blade,
'And open'd wide those secret vessels, where
'Life's light goes out when first they let in air.
'He falls; his armour clanks against the ground;
'From his faint tongue imperfect curses sound.
'His amaz'd troops straight cast their arms away;
'Scarce fled his soul from thence more swift than
'they.
'As when two kings of neighbour hives (whom
'rage
'And thirst of empire in fierce wars engage,
'Whilst each lays claim to th' garden as his own,
'And seeks to usurp the bord'ring flowers alone)
'Their well-arm'd troops drawn boldly forth to
'fight,
'I' th' air's wide plain dispute their doubtful right,
'If by sad chance of battle either king
'Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal sting,
'His army's hopes and courage with him die,
'They sheath up their faint swords, and routed fly:
'On th' other's sides at once, with like success,
'Into the camp great Saul and Abner press;
'From Jonathan's part a wild mix'd noise they
'hear,
'And, whatsoe'er it mean, long to be there.
'At the same instant from glad Jabes' town
'The hasty troops march loud and cheerful down.
'Some few at first with vain resistance fall,
'The rest is slaughter, and vast conquest all.
'The fate by which our host thus far had gone,
'Our host with noble heat drove farther on;
'Victorious arms through Ammon's land it bore,
'Ruin behind, and Terror march'd before.
'Where'er from Rabba's tow'rs they cast their
'fight,
'Smoke clouds the day, and flames make clear the
'night.
'This bright success did Saul's first action bring:
'The oil, the lot, and crown, less crown'd him king.
'The happy all men judge for empire fit,
'And none withstands where fortune does submit.
'Those who before did God's fair choice withstand,
'Th' excessive vulgar now to death demand;
'But wiser Saul repeal'd their hasty doom,
'Conquest abroad with mercy crown'd at home;
'Nor stain'd with civil slaughter that day's pride,
'Which foreign blood in nobler purple dy'd.

' Again the crown the assembled people give,
' With greater joy than Saul could it receive :
' Again th' old Judge resigns his sacred place,
' God glorify'd with wonders his disgrace.
' With decent pride, such as did well befit
' The name he kept, and that which he did quit,
' The long past row of happy years he shew'd.
' Which to his heav'nly government they ow'd ;
' How the torn state his just and prudent reign
' Restor'd to order, plenty, power, again ;
' In war what conqu'ring miracles he wrought ;
' God then their King, was gen'ral when they
' fought, [he,
' Whom they depos'd with him.' " And that, said
" You may see God concern'd in it more than me,
" Behold how storms his angry presence shroud,
" Hark ! how his wrath in thunder threats aloud !"
' 'Twas now the ripen'd summer's highest rage.
' Which no faint cloud durst mediate to assuage :
' The earth hot with thirst, and hot with lust for
' rain,
' Gap'd and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
' Which straight were scatter'd, or devour'd by th'
sun,
' When, lo ! e'er scarce the active speech was done,
' A vi'lent wind rose from his secret cave.
' And troops of frighted clouds before it drave :
' Whilst with rude haste the confus'd tempest
' crowds,
' Swift dreadful flames shot through th' encount'ring
' clouds ;
' From whose torn womb th' imprison'd thunder
' broke,
' And in dire sounds the Prophet's sense it spoke.
' Such an impetuous shower it downwards sent,
' As if the waters 'bove the firmament
' Were all let loose ; horror and fearful noise
' Fill'd the black scene, till the great Prophet's
' voice,
' Swift as the wings of Morn, reduc'd the day ;
' Wind, thunder, rain, and clouds, fled all at once
' away.'
" Fear not," said he, " God his fierce wrath re-
" moves,
" And though this state my service disapproves,
" My prayers shall serve it constantly. No more,
" I hope a pardon for past sins to implore,
" But just rewards from gracious Heav'n to bring
" On the good deeds of you and of our King.
" Behold him there ! and as you see, rejoice
" In the kind care of God's impartial choice.
" Behold his beauty, courage, strength, and wit !
" The honour Heav'n has cloth'd him with fits fit
" And comely on him. Since you needs must be
" Rul'd by a king, you're happy that 'tis he.
" Obey him gladly, and let him, too, know
" You were not made for him, but he for you,
" And both for God,
" Whose gentlest yoke, if once you cast away,
" In vain shall he command, and you obey ;
" To foreign tyrants both shall slaves become,
" Instead of King and subjects here at home."
' The crown thus sev'ral ways confirm'd to Saul,
' One way was wanting yet to crown them all ;
' And that was force, which only can maintain
' The pow'r that Fortune gives, or Worth does gain.
' Three thousand guards of big bold men he took,
' Tall, terrible, and guards ev'n with their look ;
' His sacred person two, and throne, defend,
' The third on matchless Jonathan attend,
' O'er whose full thoughts honour and youthful
' heat
' Sat brooding to hatch actions good and great.
' On Geba first, where a Philistian band
' Lies, and around torments the fetter'd land,
' He falls, and slaughters all ; his noble rage
' Mix'd with design, his nation to engage
' In that just war, which from them long in vain
' Honour and freedom's voice had strove t' obtain.
' The accurs'd Philistian rous'd with this bold
' blow,
' All the proud marks of enrag'd power does shew,
' Raises a vast, well-arm'd and glitt'ring host ;
' If human strength might authorise a boast,
' Their threats had reason here ; for ne'er did we
' Ourselves so weak, our foe so potent see.
' Here we vast bodies of their foot espy,
' The rear outreaches far th' extended eye :
' Like fields of corn their armed squadrons stand ;
' As thick and numberless they hide the land.
' Here with sharp neighs the warlike horses sound,
' And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground,
' Here with worse noise three thousand chariots pass,
' With plates of iron bound, or louder brass :
' About it forks, axes, and sithes, and spears,
' Whole magazines of death each chariot bears.
' Where it breaks in, there a whole troop it mows,
' And with lopp'd panting limbs the field bestrows.
' Alike the valiant and the cowards die ;
' Neither can they resist, nor can these fly.
' In this proud equipage at Micmas they,
' Saul in much diff'rent state at Gilgal, lay ;
' His forces seem'd no army, but a crowd,
' Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud :
' The quick contagion, fear ran swift through all,
' And into trembling fits th' infected fall.
' Saul and his son (for no such faint disease
' Could on their strong complexion'd valour seize)
' In vain all parts of virtuous conduct shew'd,
' And on deaf Terror gen'rous words bestow'd.
' Thousands from thence fly scatter'd ev'ry day,
' Thick as the leaves that shake and drop away,
' When they th' approach of stormy winter find,
' The noble tree all bare, expos'd to the wind,
' Some to sad Jordan fly, and swim it for haste,
' And from his farther bank look back at last :
' Some into woods and caves their cattle drive,
' There with their beasts on equal terms they live,
' Nor deserve better ; some in rocks on high,
' The old retreat of storks and ravens, lie ;
' And, were they wing'd like them, scarce would
' they dare
' To stay, or trust their frighted safety there.
' As th' host with fear, so Saul, disturb'd with care,
' T' avert these ills by sacrifice and pray'r,
' And God's bless'd will t' inquire, for Samuel
' sends,
' Whom he six days with troubled haste attends,

' But e'er the ſeventh unlucky day (the laſt
' By Samuel ſet for this great work) was paſt,
' Saul alarm'd hourly from the neighb'ring foe,
' Impatient, e'er God's time, God's mind to know,
' 'Sham'd and enrag'd to ſee his troops decay,
' Jealous of an affront in Samuel's ſtay,
' Scorning that any's preſence ſhould appear
' Needful beſides, when he himſelf was there,
' And with a pride too nat'ral, thinking Heav'n
' Had given him all, becauſe much pow'r it had
' giv'n,
' Himſelf the ſacrifice and off'rings made,
' Himſelf did the high ſelected charge invade,
' Himſelf inquir'd of God, who then ſpake nought,
' But Samuel ſtraight his dreadful anſwer brought;
' For ſtraight he came, and with a virtue bold,
' As was Saul's ſin, the fatal meſſage told:
' His foul ingratitude to Heav'n he chid,
' To pluck that fruit which was alone forbid
' The kingly pow'r, in all that plenteous land,
' Where all things elſe ſubmit to his command:
' And as fair Eden's violated tree
' To' inmortal man brought in mortality:
" So ſhall that crown, which God eternal meant,
" From thee," ſaid he, " and thy great houſe, be
" rent.
" Thy crime ſhall death to all thine honours ſend,
" And give thy immortal royalty an end."
' Thus ſpoke the Prophet; but kind Heav'n, we
' hope,
' (Whoſe threats and anger know no other ſcope.
' But man's amendment) does long ſince relent,
' And with repentant Saul itſelf repent,
' Howe'er, (though none more pray for this than
' we,
' Whoſe wrongs and ſuff'rings might ſome colour
' To do it leſs) this ſpeech we ſadly find [be
' Still extant, and ſtill active in his mind;
' But then a worſe effect of it appear'd;
' Our army, which before modeſtly fear'd,
' Which did by ſtealth and by degrees decay,
' Diſbanded now, and fled in troops, away;
' Baſe fear ſo bold and impudent does grow,
' When an excuſe and colour it can ſhew.
' Six hundred only (ſcarce a princely train)
' Of all his hoſt, with diſtreſs'd Saul remain:
' Of his whole hoſt ſix hundred; and ev'n thoſe
' (So did wiſe Heav'n for mighty ends diſpoſe,
' Nor would that uſeleſs multitudes ſhould ſhare
' In that great gift it did for one prepare)
' Arm'd not like ſoldiers marching in a war,
' But country-hinds alarmed from afar,
' By wolves' loud hunger, when the well-known
ſound
' Raiſes the affrighted villages around.
' Some goads, flails, ploughſhares, forks, or axes,
' bore,
' Made for life's uſe and better ends beſore;
' Some knotted clubs, and darts, or arrows dry'd
' I' th' fire, the firſt rude arts that Malice try'd,
' E'er man the ſins of too much knowledge knew,
' And death by long experience witty grew.
' Such were the numbers, ſuch the arms, which we
' Had by fate left us for a victory
' O'er well-arm'd millions; nor will this appear
' Uſeful itſelf, when Jonathan was there,
' 'Twas juſt the time when the new ebb of night
' Did the moiſt world unveil to human ſight:
' The prince, who all that night the field had beat
' With a ſmall party, and no en'my met,
' (So proud and ſo ſecure the en'my lay,
' And drench'd in ſleep th' exceſſes of the day)
' With joy this good occaſion did embrace,
' With better leiſure, and at nearer ſpace,
' The ſtrength and order of their camp to view;
' Abdon alone his gen'rous purpoſe knew;
' Abdon! a bold, a brave and comely youth,
' Wellborn, wellbred, with honour fill'd, and
' truth;
' Abdon! his faithful ſquire, whom much he lov'd,
' And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd;
' Abdon! whoſe love to his maſter did exceed
' What Nature's law of Paſſion's pow'r could breed;
' Abdon alone did on him now attend,
' His humbleſt ſervant, and his deareſt friend.
' They went, but ſacred fury as they went
' Chang'd ſwiftly, and exalted his intent.
" What may this be? (the Prince breaks forth)
" I find
" God or ſome pow'rful ſp'rit invades my mind.
" From ought but Heav'n can never ſure he
brought
" So high, ſo glorious, and ſo vaſt a thought:
" Nor would ill Fate, that meant me to ſurpriſe,
" Come cloth'd in ſo unlikely a diſguiſe.
" Yon' hoſt, which its proud Fiſhes ſpread ſo wide
" O'er the whole land, like ſome ſwoll'n river's
" Which terrible and numberleſs appears, [tide,
" As the thick waves which their rough ocean bears,
" Which lies ſo ſtrongly encamp'd, that one would
" ſay,
" The hill might be remov'd as ſoon as they;
" We two alone muſt fight with, and defeat:
" Thou'rt ſtrook, and ſtarteſt at a ſound ſo great;
" Yet we muſt do it; God our weak hands has
" choſe
" T' aſhame the boaſted numbers of our foes,
" Which to his ſtrength no more proportion'd be
" Than millions are of hours to his eternity.
" If when their careleſs guards eſpy us here,
" With ſportful ſcorn they call to us to come
" near,
" We'll boldly climb the hill, and charge them all;
" Not they, but Iſrael's angel, gives the call."
' He ſpoke, and as he ſpoke a light divine
' Did from his eyes, and round his temples, ſhine;
' Louder his voice, larger his limbs appear'd;
' Leſs ſeem'd the numerous army to be fear'd.
' This ſaw, and heard with joy, the brave eſquire,
' As he with God's, fill'd with his maſter's fire:
" Forbid it, Heav'n," ſaid he, " I ſhould decline
" Or wiſh, Sir, not to make your danger mine;
" The great example which I daily ſee,
" Of your high worth, is not ſo loſt on me:
" If wonder-ſtrook, I at your words appear,
" My wonder yet is innocent of fear:
" Th' honour which does your princely breaſt in-
" flame,
" Warms mine too, and joins there with duty's
name,

" If in this act ill Fate our tempter be,
" May all the ill it means be aim'd at me.
" But sure, I think, God leads, nor could you
" bring
" So high thoughts from a less exalted spring.
" Bright signs through all your words and looks
" are spread,
" A rising vict'ry dawns around your head."
' With such discourse blowing their sacred flame,
' Lo, to the fatal place and work they came.
' Strongly encamp'd on a steep hill's large head,
' Like some vast wood the mighty host was spread,
' Th' only access on neighb'ring Gabaa's side,
' An hard and narrow way, which did divide
' Two cliffy rocks, Bozes and Senes nam'd,
' Much for themselves and their big strangeness
' fam'd,
' More for their fortune, and this stranger day;
' On both their points Philistine outguards lay,
' From whence the two bold spies they first
' espy'd;'
" And, lo! the Hebrews!" proud Eleanor cry'd,
" From Senes' top: lo! from their hungry caves
" A quicker fate here sends them to their graves.
" Come up, (aloud he cries to them below)
" Ye Egyptian Slaves! and to our mercy owe
" The rebel lives long since to our justice due."
' Scarce from his lips the fatal omen flew,
' When th' inspir'd Prince did nimbly understand
' God, and his godlike virtues' high command.
' It call'd him up, and up the steep ascent
' With pain and labour, haste and joy, they went.
' Eleanor laugh'd to see them climb, and thought
' His mighty words th' affrighted suppliants
' brought,
' Did new affronts to the great Hebrew name,
' (The barbarous!) in his wanton fancy frame.
' Short was his sport; for swift as thunder's stroke
' Rives the frail trunk of some heav'n-threat'ning
' oak,
' The Prince's sword did his proud head divide;
' The parted scull hung down on either side.
' Just as he fell, his vengeful steel he drew
' Half way; no more the trembling joints could
' do;
' Which Abdon snatch'd, and dy'd it in the blood
' Of an amazed wretch that next him stood.
' Some close to earth shaking and grov'lling lie,
' Like larks when they the tyrant hobby spy;
' Some, wonder-struck, stand fix'd; some fly, some
' arm
' Wildly, at th' unintelligible alarm,
' Like the main channel of an high-swoll'n flood,
' In vain by dikes and broken works withstood:
' So Jonathan, once climb'd th' opposing hill,
' Does all around with noise and ruin fill;
' Like some large arm of which, another way
' Abdon o'erflows; him, too, no bank can stay:
' With cries th' affrighted country flies before,
' Behind the following waters loudly roar:
' Twenty at least slain on this outguard lie,
' To th' adjoin'd camp the rest distracted fly,
' And ill mix'd wonders tell, and into it bear
' Blind Terror, deaf Disorder, helpless Fear.
' The conqu'rors, too, press boldly in behind,
' Doubling the wild confusions which they find.
' Hamgar at first, the Prince of Ashdod Town,
' Chief 'mongst the Five in riches and renown,
' And General then by course, oppos'd their way,
' Till drown'd in death at Jonathan's feet he lay,
' And curs'd the heav'ns for rage, and bit the
' ground:
' His life for ever spilt, stain'd all the grass around.
' His brother, too, who virtuous haste did make
' His fortune to revenge or to partake,
' Falls grov'lling o'er his trunk on mother-Earth:
' Death mix'd no less their bloods than did their
' birth.
' Meanwhile the well-pleas'd Abdon's restless
' sword [lord.
' Dispatch'd the following train t' attend their
' On still o'er panting corpse great Jonathan led;
' Hundreds before him fell, and thousands fled.
' Prodigious Prince! which does most wondrous
' shew,
' Thy attempt or thy success? thy Fate, or thou?
' Who durst alone that dreadful host assail,
' With purpose not to die, but to prevail!
' Infinite numbers thee no more affright
' Than God, whose unity is infinite.
' If Heav'n to men such mighty thoughts would
' give,
' What breast but thine capacious to receive
' The vast infusion? or what soul but thine
' Durst have believ'd that thought to be divine?
' Thou follow'dst Heav'n in the design, and we
' Find in the act 'twas Heav'n that follow'd thee.
' Thou led'st on angels, and that sacred band
' (The Deity's great Lieutenant) did command.
' 'Tis true, Sir, and no figure, when I say
' Angels themselves fought under him that day
' Clouds with ripe thunder charg'd some thither
' drew,
' And some the dire materials brought for new.
' Hot drops of southern show'rs (the sweats of
' death)
' The voice of storms and winged whirlwinds'
' breath,
' The flames shot forth from fighting dragon's eyes,
' The smokes that from scorch'd severs' ovens rise,
' The reddest fires with which sad comets glow,
' And Sodom's neighb'ring lake did sp'rits be-
' stow
' Of finest sulphur, amongst which they put
' Wrath, fury, horror, and all mingled shut
' Into a cold moist cloud, t' inflame it more,
' And make th' enraged prisoner louder roar.
' Th' assembled clouds burst o'er their army's
' head; [spread.
' Noise, darkness, dismal lightnings, round them
' Another spirit, with a more potent wand
' Than that which Nature bear'd in Moses' hand,
' And went the way that pleas'd, the mountain
' struck
' The mountain felt it; the vast mountain shook.
' Through the wide air another angel flew
' About their host, and thick amongst them threw
' Discord, despair, confusion, fear, mistake,
' And all th' ingredients that swift ruin make.

' The fertile glebe requires no time to breed,
' It quickens and receives at once the seed.
' One would have thought, this dismal day t' have
' seen,
' That Nature's self in her death-pangs had been:
' Such will the face of that great hour appear,
' Such the distracted sinner's conscious fear.
' In vain some few strive the wild flight to stay;
' In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray:
' Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they lie,
' Beneath the wretched feet of crowds that fly
' O'er their own foot trampled the vi'lent horse;
' The guideless chariots with impetuous course
' Cut wide through both; and all their bloody
' way
' Horses and men, torn, bruis'd, and mangled, lay.
' Some from the rocks cast themselves down head-
' long;
' The faint weak passion grows so bold and strong,
' To almost certain present death they fly,
' From a remote and causeless fear to die.
' Much diff'rent error did some troops possess,
' And madness that look'd better, though no less:
' Their fellow troops for th' enter'd foe they take,
' And Israel's war with mutual slaughter make.
' Meanwhile the king from Gabaa's hill did view,
' And hear the thick'ning tumult as it grew
' Still great and loud; and tho' he knows not why
' They fled, no more than they themselves that
' fly,
' Yet by the storms and terrors of the air
' Guesses some vengeful spirits working there,
' Obeys the loud occasion's sacred call,
' And fiercely on the trembling host does fall.
' At the same time their slaves and prisoners rise,
' Nor does their much-wish'd liberty suffice
' Without revenge; the scatter'd arms they seize,
' And their proud vengeance with the memory
' please
Of who so lately bore them. All about
' From rocks and caves the Hebrews issue out
' At the glad noise, joy'd that their foes had shewn
' A fear that drowns the scandal of their own.
' Still did the Prince midst all this storm appear;
' Still scatter'd deaths and terrors ev'ry where;
' Still did he break, still blunt his wearied sword;
' Still slaughter new supplies to his hands afford.
' Where troops yet stood, there still he hotly flew,
' And till at last all fled, scorn'd to pursue.
' All fled at last, but many in vain; for still
' Th' insatiate conqu'ror was more swift to kill
' Than they to save their lives; till, lo! at last
' Nature, whose pow'r he had so long surpass'd,
' Would yield no more, but to him stronger foes,
' Drought, faintness, and fierce hunger, did op-
' pose.
' Reeking all o'er in dust, and blood, and sweat,
' Burnt with the sun's and violent action's heat,
' 'Gainst an old oak his trembling limbs he staid
' For some short ease; Fate in th' old oak had laid
' Provisions up for his relief; and, lo!
' The hollow trunk did with bright honey flow.
' With timely food his decay'd spirits recruit,
' Strong he returns, and fresh to the pursuit;
' His strength and spirits the honey did restore,
' But, oh! the bitter-sweet strange poison bore!
' Behold, Sir! and mark well the treach'rous fate
' That does so close on human glories wait;
' Behold the strong and yet fantastic net
' T' ensnare triumphant virtue darkly set!
' Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought
' The Prince who had alone that morning fought
' A duel with an host, had th' host o'erthrown,
' And threescore thousand hands disarm'd with one,
' Wash'd off his country's shame, and doubly dy'd
' In blood and blushes the Philistian pride;
' Had sav'd and fix'd his father's tott'ring crown,
' And the bright gold new burnish'd with re-
' nown;
' Should be e'er night, by's king and father's
' breath,
' Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
' Destin'd the bloody sacrifice to be
' Of thanks himself for his own vict'ry?
' Alone with various fate like to become
' Fighting an host, dying an hecatomb?
' Yet such, Sir, was his case:
' For Saul, who fear'd lest the full plenty might
' (In the abandon'd camp expos'd to sight)
' His hungry men from the pursuit dissuade,
' A rash but solemn vow to Heav'n had made;
" Curs'd be the wretch, thrice curs'ed let him be,
" Who shall touch food this busy day," said he,
" Whilst the bless'd sun does with his fav'ring
" light
" Assist our vengeful swords against their flight.
" Be he thrice curs'd; and if his life we spare,
" On us those curses fall that he should bear."
' Such was the King's rash vow, who little
' thought
' How near to him Fate th' application brought.
' The two-edg'd oath wounds deep; perform'd or
' broke,
' Ev'n perjury its least and bluntest stroke.
' 'Twas his own son, whom God and mankind
' lov'd,
' His own victorious son, that he devov'd,
' On whose bright head the baleful curses light;
' But Providence, his helmet in the fight,
' Forbids their entrance or their settling there;
' They with brute sound dissolv'd into the air.
' Him what religion or what vow could bind,
' Unknown, unheard-of, till he his life did find
' Entangled in it? Whilst wonders he did do,
' Must he die now for not being prophet too?
' To all but him this oath was meant and said;
' He, afar off, the ends for which 'twas made
' Was acting then, till faint and out of breath,
' He grew half dead with toil of giving death.
' What could his crime in this condition be,
' Excus'd by ignorance and necessity?
' Yet the remorseless King, who did disdain
' That man should hear him swear or threat in
' vain,
' Though 'gainst himself, or Fate a way should see
' By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be;
' Who thought compassion female weakness here,
' And equity injustice would appear,

'In his own cauſe; who falſely fear'd, beſide,
'The ſolemn curſe on Jon'than did abide,
'And the infected limb not cut away,
'Would like a gangrene o'er all Iſrael ſtray,
'Prepar'd this godlike ſacrifice to kill,
'And his raſh vow more raſhly to fulfil. [tell
'What tongue can th' horror and amazement
'Which on all Iſrael that ſad moment fell?
'Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,
'Had the Philiſtian fate that day been theirs.
'Not Saul's proud heart could maſter his ſwoll'n
'eye;
'The Prince alone ſtood mild and patient by;
'So bright his ſuff'rings, ſo triumphant ſhew'd,
'Leſs to the beſt than worſt of fates he ow'd.
'A vict'ry now he o'er himſelf might boaſt;
'He conquer'd now that conqu'ror of an hoſt;
'It charm'd through tears the ſad ſpectators' ſight,
'Did rev'rence, love, and gratitude, excite,
'And pious rage; with which inſpir'd, they
'now
'Oppoſe to Saul's a better public vow:
'They all conſent all Iſrael ought to be
'Accurs'd, and kill'd themſelves, rather than
'he.
'Thus with kind force they the glad King with-
'ſtood,
'And ſav'd their wondrous ſaviour's ſacred blood.'
Thus David ſpoke, and much did yet remain
Behind, th' attentive Prince to entertain;
Edom and Zoba's war, for what befel
In that of Moab, was known there too well;
The boundleſs quarrel with curs'd Amalec's land,
Where Heav'n itſelf did cruelty command,
And practis'd on Saul's mercy, nor did e'er
More puniſh innocent blood, than pity there.
But, lo! they arriv'd now at the appointed place,
Well choſen and well furniſh'd for the chace.

IMITATIONS.

IN IMITATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM.

MARTIAL, LIB. V. EP. XXI.

Si tecum mihi sors Martialis. &c.

If, dearest friend! it my good fate might be
T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
If we for happiness could leisure find,
And wand'ring Time into a method bind,
We should not, sure, the great men's favour need,
Nor on long hopes, the Court's thin diet, feed;
We should not patience find daily to hear
The calumnies and flatt'ries spoken there;
We should not the lords' tables humbly use,
Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news;
But books and wise discourse, gardens and fields,
And all the joys that unmix'd Nature yields,
Thick summer-shades, where winter still does lie,
Bright winter-fires, that summer's part supply,
Sleep not control'd by cares, confin'd to night,
Or bound in any rule but appetite;
Free, but not savage or ungracious mirth,
Rich wines to give it quick and easy birth;
A few companions, which ourselves should choose,
A gentle mistress, and a gentler Muse;
Such, dearest Friend! such without doubt, should be
Our place, our business, and our company:
Now to himself, alas! does neither live,
But fees good suns, of which we are to give
A strick account, set and march thick away;
Knows a man how to live, and does he stay?

MARTIAL, LIB. II.

Vota tui breviter, &c.

Well, then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
The pray'rs and hopes of your poetic friend;
He does not palaces nor manors crave,
Would be no lord, but less a lord would have:
The ground he holds, if he his can can call,
He quarrels not with Heaven because 't is small:
Let gay and toilsome greatness others please,
He loves of homely littleness the ease:
Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
And his dear hours in humble visits spend,
When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may
With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
If there be man, ye gods! I ought to hate,
Dependence and attendance be his fate;
Still let him busy be, and in a crowd,
And very much a slave, and very proud:
Thus he, perhaps, pow'rful and rich may grow;
No matter, O ye Gods! that I'll allow;
But let him peace and freedom never see;
Let him not love this life who loves not me.

MARTIAL, LIB. II.

Vis fieri liber? &c,

Would you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you say:
Come on; I'll shew thee, Friend! the certain way.
If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
Whilst bounteous God does bread at home bestow;
If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize,
By thine own use, and not by others' eyes;
If, only safe from weathers, thou canst dwell
In a small house, but a convenient shell;
If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
Canst look upon thy beachen bowl and dish;
If in thy mind such pow'r and greatness be,
The Persian king's a slave compar'd with thee.

MARTIAL, LIB. II.

Quod te nomine? &c.

That I do you with humble bows no more,
And danger of my naked head, adore;
That I, who lord and master cry'd e'erwhile,
Salute you in a new and different style,
By your own name, a scandal to you now,
Think not that I forgot myself or you;
By loss of all things by all others sought,
This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.
A lord and master no man wants, but he
Who o'er him himself has no authority;
Who does for honours and for riches strive,
And follies, without which lords cannot live.
If thou from Fortune dost no servant crave,
Believe it, thou no master need'st to have.

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. XC.

Wonder not, Sir, (you who inſtruct the town
In the true wiſdom of the ſacred gown)
That I make haſte to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out till I grow rich and old:
Life for delays and doubts no time does give;
None ever yet made haſte enough to live:
Let him defer it whoſe prepoſt'rous care
Omits himſelf and reaches to his heir;
Who does his father's bounded ſtores deſpiſe,
And whom his own, too, never can ſuffice.
My humble thoughts no glitt'ring roofs require,
Or rooms that ſhine with ought but conſtant fire:
I well content the av'rice of my ſight
With the fair gildings of reflected light:
Pleaſures abroad the ſport of Nature yields,
Her living fountains and her ſmiling fields;
And then at home what pleaſure is 't to ſee
A little cleanly cheerful family?
Which, if a chaſte wife crown, no leſs in her
Than Fortune, I the golden mean prefer:
Too noble nor too wiſe ſhe ſhould not be;
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my life ſlide ſilently away,
With ſleep all night, and quiet all the day.

MARTIAL, LIB. V. EP. LIX.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis ſo mighty long e'er it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis ſo far-fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does ſay;
To-day itſelf's too late; the wiſe liv'd yeſterday.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EP. XLVII.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.

Since, deareſt Friend! 'tis your deſire to ſee
A true receipt of happineſs from me,
Theſe are the chief ingredients, if not all;
Take an eſtate neither too great nor ſmall.
Which *quantum ſufficit* the doctors call:
Let this eſtate from parents' care deſcend;
The getting it too much of life does ſpend.
Take ſuch a ground whoſe gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for induſtry:
Let conſtant fires the winter's fury tame,
And let thy kitchens be a veſtal flame:
Thee to the Town let never ſuit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, bus'neſs draw;
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undiſturbed peace, yet not in ſleep:
Let exerciſe a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the compoſition's vain.
In the ſame weight prudence and innocence take;
Ana of each does the juſt mixture make:
But a few friendſhips wear, and let them be
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee:
Inſtead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good:
If any cares into thy daytime creep,
At night, without wine's opium, let them ſleep:
Let reſt, which Nature does to Darkneſs wed,
And not luſt, recommend to thee thy bed.
Be ſatisfy'd and pleas'd with what thou art;
Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part:
Enjoy the preſent hour, be thankful for the paſt,
And neither fear nor wiſh th' approaches of the laſt.

MARTIAL. LIB. X. EP. XCVI.

Me who have liv'd ſo long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat,
And a retreat ſo diſtant, as may ſhew
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a country, how remote ſoe'er,
Where happineſs a mod'rate rate does bear,
Where poverty itſelf in plenty flows,
And all the ſolid uſe of riches knows:
The ground about the houſe maintains it there;
The houſe maintains the ground about it here.
Here even hunger's dear, and a full board
Devours the vital ſubſtance of the lord.
The land itſelf does there the feaſt beſtow,
The land itſelf muſt here to market go.
Three or four ſuits one winter here does waſte,
One ſuit does there three or four winters laſt.
Here ev'ry frugal man muſt oft' be cold,
And little lukewarm fires are to you ſold.
There fire's an element, as cheap and free
Almoſt as any other of the three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great;
Attend their ſports, and at their tables eat:
When all the bounties here of men you ſcore,
The place's bounty there ſhall give me more.

HORAT. EPODON.

Beatus ille qui procul, &c.

Happy the man whom bounteous gods allow
With his own hands paternal grounds to plough!
Like the firſt golden mortals, happy he,
From bus'neſs and the cares of money free!
No human ſtorms break off at land his ſleep,
No loud alarms of Nature on the deep;
From all the cheats of law he lives ſecure,
Nor does th' affronts of palaces endure.
Sometimes the beauteous marriageable Vine
He to the luſty bridegroom Elm does join;
Sometimes he lops the barren trees around,
And grafts new life into the fruitful wound;
Sometimes he ſhears his flock, and ſometimes he
Stores up the golden treaſures of the bee:
He ſees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
Whilſt neighb'ring hills low back to them again;
And when the ſeaſon rich, as well as gay,
All her autumnal bounty does diſplay,
How is he pleas'd th' increaſing uſe to ſee
Of his well truſted labours bend the tree?
Of which large ſhare, on the glad ſacred days,
He gives to friends, and to the gods repays:
With how much joy does he beneath ſome ſhade,
By aged trees' rev'rend embraces made,
His careleſs head on the freſh green recline,
His head, uncharg'd with fear or with deſign?
By him a river conſtantly complains,
The birds above rejoice with various ſtrains,
And in the ſolemn ſcene their orgies keep,
Like dreams mix'd with the gravity of ſleep;

Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait
And nought within againſt it ſhuts the gate.
Nor does the rougheſt ſeaſon of the ſky,
Or ſullen Jove, all ſports to him deny;
He runs the mazes of the nimble hare,
His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air;
Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a toil the foaming boar:
Here flies the hawk t' aſſault, and there the net
To intercept the travelling fowl is ſet:
And all his malice, all his craft, is ſhewn
In innocent wars on beaſts and birds alone.
This is the life from all misfortunes free,
From thee the great one, tyrant Love! from thee;
And if a chaſte and clean, though homely wife,
Be added to the bleſſings of this life,
Such as the ancient ſunburnt Sabines were,
Such as Apulia, frugal ſtill, does bear,
Who makes her children and the houſe her care,
And joyfully the work of life does ſhare,
Nor thinks herſelf too noble, or too fine,
To pin the ſheepfold, or to milk the kine,
Who waits at door againſt her huſband come,
From rural duties, late, and weary'd home,
Where ſhe receives him with a kind embrace,
A cheerful fire, and a more cheerful face,
And fills the bowl up to her homely lord.
And with domeſtic plenty loads the board;
Not all the luſtful ſhellfiſh of the ſea,
Dreſs'd by the wanton hand of Luxury,
Nor ortolans, nor godwits, nor the reſt
Of coſtly names that glorify a feaſt,
Are at the princely tables better cheer
The lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here.

A paraphraſe upon the

TENTH EPISTLE OF HORACE, BOOK I.

Horace to Fuſcus Ariſtius.

Health from the lover of the country, me;
Health to the lover of the city, thee:
A diff'rence in our ſouls this only proves;
In all things elſe we agree like marry'd doves.
But the warm neſt, and crowded dovehouſe, thou
Doſt like; I looſely fly from bough to bough,
And rivers drink, and all the ſhining day
Upon fair trees or moſſy rocks I play:
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
From all that you equal with Heav'n admire.
Like one at laſt from the prieſts ſervice fled,
Loathing the honey'd cakes, I long for bread.
Would I a houſe for happineſs erect,
Nature alone ſhould be the architect:
She'd build it more convenient than great,
And, doubtleſs, in the country chooſe her ſeat.
Is there a place doth better helps ſupply
Againſt the wounds of Winter's cruelty?
Is there an air that gentler does aſſuage
The mad celeſtial Dog's or Lion's rage?
Is it not there that ſleep (and only there)
Nor noiſe without, nor cares within, does fear?
Does art through pipes a purer water bring,
Than that which Nature ſtrains into a ſpring?
Can all your tap'ſtries, or your pictures, ſhew
More beauties than in herbs and flow'rs do grow?
Fountains and trees our weary'd pride do pleaſe,
Ev'n in the midſt of gilded palaces;
And in your towns that proſpect gives delight,
Which opens round the country to our ſight.
Men to the good from which they raſhly fly
Return at laſt, and their wild luxury
Does but in vain with thoſe true joys contend,
Which Nature did to mankind recommend.
The man who changes gold for burniſh'd braſs,
Or ſmall right gems for larger ones of glaſs,
Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
Than he who ſells a ſolid good, to buy
The painted goods of pride and vanity.
If thou be wiſe, no glorious fortune chooſe,
Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to loſe;
For when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
With trifles, too, unwillingly we part.
An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,
More clear untainted pleaſures do afford
Than all the tumult of vain greatneſs brings
To kings, or to the favourites of kings.
The horned deer, by Nature arm'd ſo well,
Did with the horſe in common paſture dwell;
And when they fought, the field it always wan,
Till the ambitious horſe begg'd help of man,
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain;
But never after could the rider get
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear:
That they might pow'r above their equals have,
To cruel maſters they themſelves enſlave;
For gold their liberty exchang'd we ſee,
That faireſt flow'r which crowns humanity;
And all this miſchief does upon them light,
Only becauſe they know not how, aright,
That great but ſecret happineſs to prize,
That's laid up in a little for the wiſe.
That is the beſt and eaſieſt eſtate
Which to a man fits cloſe, but not too ſtrait:
'Tis like a ſhoe; it pinches and it burns
Too narrow, and too large it overturns.
My deareſt Friend! ſtop thy deſires at laſt,
And cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou haſt;
And if me ſtill ſeeking for more you ſee,
Chide and reproach, deſpiſe and laugh at me.
Money was made not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleaſures to fulfil.
Shame and wo to us if we our wealth obey;
The horſe does with the horſeman run away.

VIRG. GEORG. LIB. II.

O fortunatos nimium, &c.

A tranſlation out of Virgil.

O happy (if his happineſs he knows)
The country ſwain on whom kind Heav'n beſtows
At home all riches that wiſe Nature needs,
Whom the juſt earth with eaſy plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no morning-tide of clients comes,
And fills the painted channels of his rooms,
Adoring the rich figures, as they paſs,
In tap'ſtry wrought, or cut in living braſs;

Nor is his wool ſuperfluouſly dy'd
With the dear poiſon of Aſſyrian pride;
Nor do Arabian perfumes vainly ſpoil
The native uſe and ſweetneſs of his oil:
Inſtead of theſe, his calm and harmleſs life,
Free from th' alarms of fear and ſtorms of ſtrife,
Does with ſubſtantial bleſſedneſs abound,
And the ſoft wings of Peace cover him round:
Through artleſs grots the murm'ring waters glide,
Thick trees both againſt heat and cold provide,
From whence the birds ſalute him, and his ground
With lowing herbs and bleating ſheep does ſound;
And all the rivers and the foreſts nigh,
Both food, and game, and exerciſe ſupply.
Here a well-harden'd active youth we ſee,
Taught the great art of cheerful poverty;
Here, in this place alone, there ſtill do ſhine
Some ſtreaks of love, both human and divine:
From hence Aſtræa took her flight, and here
Still her laſt footſteps upon earth appear.
'Tis true, the firſt deſire which does control
All the inferior wheels that move my ſoul,
Is that the Muſe me her high prieſt would make,
Into her holieſt ſcenes of myſt'ry take,
And open there to my mind's purged eye,
Thoſe wonders which to ſenſe the gods deny;
How in the moon ſuch change of ſhapes is found,
The moon, the changing world's eternal bound:
What ſhakes the ſolid earth, what ſtrong diſeaſe
Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient eaſe;
What makes the ſea retreat, and what advance,
Varieties too regular for Chance;
What drives the chariot on of Winter's light,
And ſtops the lazy waggon of the Night:
But if my dull and frozen blood deny
To ſend forth ſp'rits that raiſe a ſoul ſo high,
In the next place let woods and rivers be
My quiet, though inglorious deſtiny:
In life's cool vale let my low ſcene be laid,
Cover me, gods! with Tempe's thickeſt ſhade.
Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy he
Who can through groſs effects their cauſes ſee,
Whoſe courage from the deeps of knowledge ſprings,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things,
But does his walk of virtue calmly go,
Through all the alarms of death and hell below.
Happy! but next ſuch conqu'rors happy they,
Whoſe humble life lies not in Fortune's way;
They, unconcern'd, from their ſafe diſtant ſeat,
Behold the rods and ſceptres of the great;
The quarrels of the mighty, without fear,
And the deſcent of foreign troops, they hear;
Nor can ev'n Rome their ſteady courſe miſguide,
With all the luſtre of her periſhing pride.
Them never yet did Strife or Av'rice draw
Into the noiſy markets of the law,
The camps of gowned war; nor do they live
By rules or forms that many madmen give:
Duty for Nature's bounty they repay,
And her ſole laws religiouſly obey.
Some with bold labour plough the faithleſs main;
Some rougher ſtorms in princes' courts ſuſtain:
Some ſwell up their ſlight ſails with pop'lar fame,
Charm'd with the fooliſh whiſtlings of a name:
Some their vain wealth to earth again commit;
With endleſs cares ſome brooding o'er it ſit:
Country and friends are by ſome wretches ſold,
To lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold;
No price too high for profit can be ſhewn;
Not brother's blood, nor hazard's of their own:
Around the world, in ſearch of it they roam,
It makes ev'n their antipodes their home:
Meanwhile the prudent huſbandman is found
In mutual duties ſtriving with his ground,
And half the year he care of that does take,
That half the year grateful returns does make:
Each fertile month does ſome new gifts preſent,
And with new work his induſtry content:
This the young lamb, that the ſoft fleece, doth yield;
This loads with hay, and that with corn, the field:
All ſorts of fruit crown the rich Autumn's pride,
And on a ſwelling hill's warm ſtony ſide,
The pow'rful princely purple of the vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled ſun, does ſhine:
In th' evening to a fair enſuing day,
With joy he ſees his flocks and kids to play,
And loaded kine about his cottage ſtand,
Inviting with known ſound the milker's hand;
And when from wholeſome labour he doth come,
With wiſhes to be there, and wiſh'd for home,
He meets at door the ſofteſt human bliſſes,
His chaſte wife's welcome, and dear children's kiſſes.
When any rural holidays invite
His genius forth to innocent delight,
On earth's fair bed, beneath ſome ſacred ſhade,
Amidſt his equal friends careleſsly laid,
He ſings thee, Bacchus! patron of the vine,
The beechen bowl foams with a flood of wine,
Not to the loſs of reaſon or of ſtrength:
To active games and manly ſport, at length,
Their mirth aſcends, and with fill'd veins they ſee
Who can the beſt at better trials be.
Such was the life the prudent Sabines choſe;
From ſuch the old Hetrurian virtue roſe;
Such Remus and the god his brother led;
From ſuch firm footing Rome grew the world's head:
Such was the life that ev'n till now does raiſe
The honour of poor Saturn's golden days,
Before men born of earth, and bury'd there,
Let in the ſea their mortal fate to ſhare,
Before new ways of periſhing were ſought,
Before unſkilful Death on anvils wrought,
Before thoſe beaſts which human life ſuſtain,
By men, unleſs to the gods' uſe, were ſlain.

SENECA, EX THYESTE, ACT. II. CHOR.

Stet quicunque volet, potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

Upon the ſlippery tops of human ſtate,
The gilded pinnacles of Fate,
Let others proudly ſtand, and, for a while
The giddy danger to beguile,
With joy and with diſdain look down on all,
Till their heads turn, and down they fall;

Me, O ye Gods! on earth, or elſe ſo near
That I no fall to earth may fear,
And, O ye Gods! at a good diſtance, ſeat
From the long ruins of the great:
Here wrapp'd in th' arms of Quiet let me lie;
Quiet! companion of Obſcurity:
Here let my life with as much ſilence ſlide,
As Time, that meaſures it, does glide:
Nor let the breath of Infamy or Fame,
From town to town echo about my name:
Nor let my homely death embroider'd be
With ſcutcheon or with elegy.
An old plebeian let me die,
Alas! all then are ſuch as well as I.
To him, alas! to him I fear,
The face of Death will terrible appear,
Who in his life flatt'ring his ſenſeleſs pride,
By being known to all the world beſide,
Does not himſelf, when he is dying, know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

Happy the man who his whole time doth bound
Within th' encloſure of his little ground:
Happy the man whom the ſame humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his firſt riſing infancy has known,
And by degrees ſees gently bending down,
With natural propenſion to that earth
Which both preſerv'd his life and gave him birth:
Him no falſe diſtant lights, by Fortune ſet,
Could ever into fooliſh wand'rings get;
He never dangers either ſaw or fear'd;
The dreadful ſtorms at ſea he never heard:
He never heard the ſhrill alarms of war,
Or the worſe noiſes of the lawyer's bar:
No change of Conſuls marks to him the year;
The change of ſeaſons is his calendar:
The cold and heat winter and ſummer ſhews,
Autumn by fruits, and ſpring by flow'rs, he knows:
He meaſures time by landmarks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground:
A neighb'ring wood, born with himſelf, he ſees,
And loves his old contemporary trees:
He's only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame:
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red ſea, and of Benacus' lake:
Thus health and ſtrength he to' a third age enjoys,
And ſees a long poſterity of boys.
About the ſpacious world let others roam,
The voyage life is longeſt made at home.

FRAGMENTS.

In the Discourse, by way of vision, concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell.

I.

Ah! happy Isle! how art thou chang'd and curs'd
Since I was born, and knew thee first!
When Peace, which had forsook the world around,
(Frighted with noise, and the shrill trumpet's sound)
Thee for a private place of rest,
And a secure retirement, chose
Wherein to build her halcyon nest;
No wind durst stir abroad the air to discompose.

II.

When all the riches of the globe beside
Flow'd into thee with ev'ry tide;
When all that Nature did thy soil deny,
The growth was of thy fruitful industry,
When all the proud and dreadful sea,
And all his tributary streams,
A constant tribute paid to thee;
When all the liquid world was one extended Thames.

III.

When Plenty in each village did appear,
And Bounty was its steward there;
When Gold walk'd free about in open view,
E'er it one conqu'ring party's pris'ner grew;
When the religion of our state
Had face and substance with her voice,
E'er she by' her foolish loves of late,
Like Echo, (once a nymph) turn'd only into noise.

IV.

When men to men respect and friendship bore,
And God with reverence did adore;
When upon earth no kingdom could have shewn
A happier Monarch to us than our own,
And yet his subjects by him were
(Which is a truth will hardly be
Receiv'd by any vulgar ear,
A secret known to few) made happier ev'n than he.

V.

Thou dost a chaos, and confusion, now,
A Babel, and a Bedlam, grow,
And, like a frantic person, thou dost tear
The ornaments and clothes which thou shouldst wear,
And cut thy limbs; and if we see
(Just as thy barb'rous Britons did)
Thy body with hypocrisy [hid.
Painted all o'er, thou think'st thy naked shame is

VI.

The nations which envy'd thee e'erwhile,
Now laugh, (too little 'tis to smile)
They laugh, and would have pity'd thee, alas!
But that thy faults all pity do surpass.
Art thou the country which didst hate,
And mock the French inconstancy?
And have we, have we seen of late [thee?
Less change of habits there, than governments in

VII.

Unhappy Isle! no ship of thine at sea
Was ever toss'd and torn like thee;
Thy naked hulk loose on the waves does beat,
The rocks and banks around her ruin threat;
What did thy foolish pilots ail,
To lay the compass quite aside?
Without a law or rule to sail, [guide?
And rather take the winds than heav'ns to be their

VIII.

Yet, mighty God! yet, yet, we humbly crave,
This floating Isle from shipwreck save,
And though to wash that blood which does it stain,
It well deserves to sink into the main;
Yet for the Royal Martyr's prayer
(The Royal Martyr prays, we know)
This guilty, perishing, vessel spare;
Hear but his soul above, and not his blood below.

Οὐχ' ὅσιον κταμήνοσιν ἐπ' ανδρασιν εὐ χεταάσθαι.

'Tis wicked, with insulting feet to tread
Upon the monuments of the dead.

I.

Curs'd be the man (what do I wish? as though
The wretch already were not so;
But curs'd on let him be) who thinks it brave
And great his country to enslave;
Who seeks to overpoise alone
The balance of a nation:
Against the whole, but naked state, [weight.
Who in his own light scale makes up with arms the

II.

Who of his nation loves to be the first,
Though at the rate of being worst;
Who would be rather a great monster, than
A well-proportion'd man;
The sun of Earth, with hundred hands,
Upon his three-pil'd mountain stands,
Till thunder strikes him from the sky;
The son of Earth again in his earth's womb does lie.

III.

What blood, confusion, ruin, to obtain
A short and miserable reign?
In what oblique and humble creeping wise
Does the mischievous serpent rise?
But ev'n his forked tongue strikes dead,
When he's rear'd up his wicked head;
He murders with his mortal frown;
A basilisk he grows if once he get a crown.

IV.

But no guards can oppose assaulting ears,
Or undermining tears;
No more than doors or closs-drawn curtains keep
The swarming dreams out when we sleep:
That bloody conscience, too, of his,
(For oh! a rebel red-coat 'tis)
Does here his early hell begin;
He sees his slaves without, his tyrant feels within.

V.

Let, gracious God! let never more thine hand
Lift up this road against our land:
A tyrant is a rod and serpent too,
And brings worse plagues than Egypt knew.
What rivers stain'd with blood have been?
What storm and hailshot have we seen?
What sores deform'd the ulcerous state?
What darkness to be felt has bury'd us of late?

VI.

How has it snatch'd our flocks and herds away!
And made even of our sons a prey:
What croaking sects and vermine has it sent
The restless nation to torment!
What greedy troops, what armed power
Of flies and locusts, to devour
The land, which ev'ry where they fill!
Nor fly they, Lord! away; no, they devour it still.

VII.

Come the eleventh plague rather than this should
Come sink us rather in the sea: [be
Come rather Pestilence, and reap us down;
Come God's sword rather than our own:
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:
In all the bonds we ever bore
We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd before.

VIII.

If by our sins the divine vengeance be
Call'd to this last extremity,
Let some denouncing Jonas first be sent
To try if England can repent:
Methinks at least some prodigy,
Some dreadful comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the earth,
As of good princes' deaths, so of a tyrant's birth.

The Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
To call him to the duties of his cell:
There needs no noise at all to awaken sin;
Th' adult'rer and the thief his larum has within.

It is a truth so certain and so clear,
That to the first-born man it did appear:
Did not the mighty heir, the noble Cain,
By the fresh laws of Nature taught, disdain
That (though a brother) any one should be
A greater favourite to God than he?
He strook him down, and so, said he, so fell
The sheep which thou didst sacrifice so well.
Since all the fullest sheaves which I could bring,
Since all were blasted in the offering,
Lest God should my next victim, too, despise,
The acceptable priest I'll sacrifice
Hence coward Fears; for the first blood so spilt,
As a reward he the first city built.
'Twas a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a grandchild of the Deity:
So well advanc'd, 'twas pity there he staid;
One step of glory more he should have made,
And to the utmost bounds of greatness gone;
Had Adam, too, been kill'd, he might have reign'd alone.
One brother's death what do I mean to name,
A small oblation to Revenge and Fame?
The mighty-soul'd Abimelec, to shew
What for high place a higher sp'rit can do,
A hecatomb almost of brethren slew,
And seventy times in nearest blood he dy'd
(To make it bold) his royal purple pride.
Why do I name the lordly creature man?
The weak, the mild, the coward woman, can.
When to a crown she cuts her sacred way,
All that oppose with manlike courage slay.
So Athalia, when she saw her son,
And with his life her dearer greatness gone,
With a majestic fury slaughter'd all
Whom high birth might to high pretences call:
Since he was dead who all her pow'r sustain'd,
Resolv'd to reign alone; resolv'd, and reign'd.
In vain her sex, in vain the laws, withstood,
In vain the sacred plea of David's blood.
A noble and a bold contention she
(One woman) undertook with Destiny:
She to pluck down, Destiny to uphold,
(Oblig'd by holy oracles of old)
The great Jessæan race on Judah's throne,
Till 'twas at last an equal wager grown;
Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by one.
Tell me not she herself at last was slain;
Did she not first sev'n years (a lifetime) reign?
Sev'n royal years, to a public spirit, will seem
More than the private life of a Methusalem.
'Tis godlike to be great; and as they say
A thousand years to God are but a day,
So to a man, when once a crown he wears,
The coronation day's more than a thousand years.

When, lo! e'er the last words were fully spoke,
From a fair cloud, which rather op'd than broke,

A flash of light, rather than lightning, came
So swift, and yet so gentle was the flame:
Upon it rode, and in his full career
Seem'd to my eyes no sooner there than here,
The comeliest youth of all th' angelic race,
Lovely his shape, ineffable his face.
The frowns with which he strook the trembling fiend,
All smiles of human beauty did transcend;
His beams of locks fell part dishevell'd down,
Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a nat'ral crown,
Such as the British Monarchs us'd to wear,
If gold might be compar'd with angel's hair:
His coat and flowing mantle were so bright,
They seem'd both made of woven silver light:
Across his breast an azure ribbon went,
At which a medal hung, that did present,
In wondrous living figures, to the sight,
The mystic champions and old Dragon's fight;
And from his mantle's side there shone afar
A fix'd, and, I believe, a real star.
In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)
No arms but th' English bloody Cross he bore,
Which when he tow'rds the affrighted tyrant bent,
And some few words pronounc'd, (but what they meant,
Or were, could not, alas! by me be known,
Only I well perceiv'd Jesus was one)
He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away,
Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey.
Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes,
(Robb'd, as he thinks, unjustly of his prize)
Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and draws
The bleating lamb from out his rav'nous jaws;
The shepherd fain himself would he assail,
But fear above his hunger does prevail:
He knows his foe too strong, and must be gone;
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

In several discourses by way of essays in verse and prose.

I. *Of Liberty.*

Who governs his own course with steady hand,
Who does himself with sov'reign pow'r command;
Whom neither death nor poverty does fright,
Who stands not awkwardly in his own light
Against the truth; who can, when pleasures knock
Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock;
Who can, though honour at his gate should stay
In all her masking clothes, send her away,
And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play.

Magne Deus; quod ad has vitæ brevis attenet horas,
Da mihi, da panem libertatemque, nec ultra
Sollicitas effundo preces: si quid datur ultra,
Accipiam gratus; si non, contentus abibo.

For the few hours of life allotted me,
Give me, great God! but bread and liberty,
I'll beg no more; if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,
I'll thankfully that overplus receive:
If beyond this no more be freely sent,
I'll thank for this, and go away content.

II. *Of Solitude.*

Sic ego secretis possum benè vivere silvis
Quà nulla humano sit via trita pede,
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground has press'd;
Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

Odi et amo, quanám id faciam ratione requiris?
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrutior.

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that so it is I know,
And feel with torment that 'tis so.

O vita! stulto longa, sapienti brevis!

O life! long to the fool, short to the wise!

I.

Hail, old Patrician Trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye Plebeian Underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

II.

Hail the poor Muse's richest Manor-seat!
Ye country Houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft' they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

III.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature! the fairest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

IV.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

V.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

VI.

Ah! wretched, and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he call in Sin or Vanity
To help to bear it away.

VII.

Oh, Solitude! first state of humankind!
Which blest'd remain'd till man did find
Ev'n his own helper's company:
As soon as two, alas! together join'd,
The serpent made up three.

VIII.

Though God himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,

Thee, ſacred Solitude! alone,
Before the branchy head of Number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one;

IX.

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
Doſt break and tame th' unruly heart,
Which elſe would know no ſettled pace,
Making it move, well manag'd by thy art,
With ſwiftneſs and with grace.

X.

Thou the faint beams of Reaſon's ſcatter'd light
Doſt, like a burning glaſs, unite,
Doſt multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the ſtrength, till thou doſt bright
And noble fires beget.

XI.

Whilſt this hard truth I teach, methinks I ſee
The monſter London laugh at me;
I ſhould at thee, too, fooliſh City!
If it were fit to laugh at miſery;
But thy eſtate I pity.

XII.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee ſo,
Ev'n thou, who doſt thy millions boaſt,
A village leſs than Iſlington will grow,
A ſolitude almoſt.

III. *Of Obſcurity.*

NAM neque divitibus contingunt gaudia ſolis,
Nec vixit male, qui natus morienſque feſellit.
Hor. Epiſt. l. i. 18.

GOD made not pleaſures only for the rich:
Nor have thoſe men without their ſhare, too, liv'd,
Who both in life and death the world deceiv'd.

IV. *Of Agriculture.*

NESCIO qua natale ſolum dulcedine Muſas
Ducit, et immemores non ſinit eſſe ſui.

THE Muſes ſtill love their own native place,
It has ſecret charms which nothing can deface.

As well might corn as verſe in cities grow;
In vain the thankleſs glebe we plough and ſow,
Againſt the unnatural ſoil in vain we ſtrive;
'Tis not a ground in which theſe plants will thrive.

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴασιν ὅσῳ Πλεόν' Ἥμισυ Παντὸς,
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μέγ' ὄνειαρ,
Κρύψαντές γὰρ ἔχουσι θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώποισι.

UNHAPPY they to whom God has not reveal'd,
By a ſtrong light which muſt their ſenſe control,
That half a great eſtate's more than the whole;
Unhappy, from whom ſtill conceal'd does lie
Of roots and herbs the wholeſome luxury.

——Hæc (inquit) limina victor
Alcides ſubiit, hæc illum regia cepit, [num
Aude, Hoſpes! contemnere opes, et te quoq; dig-
Finge Deo, rebuſque veni non aſper egenis.

THIS humble roof, this ruſtic court, ſaid he,
Receiv'd Alcides crown'd with victory;
Scorn not, great Gueſt! the ſteps where he has trod;
But contemn wealth, and imitate a god.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Lib. IV. *Plantarum.*

BLESS'D be the man (and bleſs'd he is) whom e'er
(Plac'd far out of the roads of hope or fear)
A little field and little garden feeds;
The field gives all that frugal Nature needs;
The wealthy garden lib'rally beſtows
All ſhe can aſk, when ſhe luxurious grows.
The ſpecious inconveniencies that wait
Upon a life of buſ'neſs and of ſtate,
He ſees (nor does the ſight diſturb his reſt)
By fools deſir'd, by wicked men poſſeſs'd
Thus, thus (and this deſerv'd great Virgil's praiſe)
The old Corycian yeoman paſs'd his days:
Thus his wiſe life Abdolonymus ſpent:
Th' ambaſſadors, which the great emp'ror ſent
To offer him a crown, with wonder found
The rev'rend gard'ner hoeing of his ground:
Unwillingly, and ſlow, and diſcontent,
From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went;
And oft' he ſtopp'd in his triumphant way,
And oft' look'd back, and oft' was heard to ſay,
Not without ſighs, Alas! I there forſake
A happier kingdom than I go to take.
Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obſcurely then without a name,
Aglaüs, now conſign'd t' eternal fame:
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Preſum'd at wiſe Apollo's Delphic ſeat,
Preſum'd to aſk, oh! thou, the whole world's eye,
Seeſt thou a man that happier is than I?
The god, who ſcorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be?
We've heard as yet of no ſuch king as he.
And true it was, through the whole earth around
No king of ſuch a name was to be found.
Is ſome old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?
Is it ſome mighty gen'ral, that has done
Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?
Is it ſome man of endleſs wealth? ſaid he.
None, none of theſe. Who can this Aglaüs be?
After long ſearch and vain inquiries paſt,
In an obſcure Arcadian vale at laſt,
(Th' Arcadian life has always ſhady been)
Near Sopho's town (which he but once had ſeen)
This Aglaüs, who monarchs' envy drew,
Whoſe happineſs the gods ſtood witneſs to,
This mighty Aglaüs was lab'ring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.
So, gracious God! (if it may lawful be
Among thoſe fooliſh gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on ſuch a private ſtage,
The laſt dull ſcenes of my declining age:
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my toſs'd veſſel gain:
Of heav'nly reſt this earneſt to me lend;
Let my life ſleep, and learn to love her end.

V. *The Garden.*

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole and entire to lie,
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

I.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet, because thou'rt bless'd
With prudence how to choose the best.
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
(Things which thou well dost understand,
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble innocent delight; [meet
And in thy virtuous wife where thou again dost
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh! who would change these soft yet solid joys,
For empty shews and senseless noise,
And all which rank Ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flow'rs, and are such pois'nous weeds?

II.

When God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great Potter's art refin'd,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of heav'n, too, did appear,
As far as earth could such a likeness bear,
That man no happiness might want
Which earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant,
By the quick hand of his omnipotent Word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift, first ev'n before a wife.

III.

For God, the universal architect,
It had been as easy to erect
A Louvre or Escurial, or a Tower,
That might with heav'n communication hold,
As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the skill or power;
In the world's fabric those were shewn,
And the materials were all his own:
But well he knew what place would best agree
With innocence and with felicity;
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,
If any part of either yet remain;
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the search direct;
God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

IV.

Oh! blessed Shades! O gentle cool retreat
From all th' immoderate heat
In which the frantic world does burn and sweat!
This does the Lion-star, ambition's rage;
This avarice, the Dog-star's thirst, assuage:
Ev'ry where else their fatal pow'r we see,
They make and rule man's wretched destiny:
They neither set nor disappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the year,
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.

The birds that dance from bough to bough,
And sing above in ev'ry tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free
Than we who lie, or sit, or walk, below,
And should by right be singers too.
What prince's choir of music can excel
That which within this shade does dwell?
To which we nothing pay or give;
They like all other poets live,
Without reward or thanks for their obliging pains;
'Tis well if they become not prey:
The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
And a grave bass the murm'rings fountains play:
Nature does all this harmony bestow;
But to our plants art's music too,
The pipe, theorbo, and guitar, we owe;
The lute itself, which once was green and mute,
When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute,
The trees danc'd round, and understood,
By sympathy, the voice of wood.

V.

These are the spells that to kind sleep invite,
And nothing does within resistance make,
Which yet we moderately take:
Who would not choose to be awake
While he's encompass'd round with such delight
To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and sight?
When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep
A pris'ner in the downy bands of sleep,
She od'rous herbs and flow'rs beneath him spread,
As the most soft and sweetest bed;
Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head.
Who that has reason and has smell,
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
Rather than all his spirits choke
With exhalations of dirt and smoke?
And all th' uncleanness which does drown,
In pestilential clouds, a populous town?
The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
Than all the female men or women there,
Not without cause, about them bear.

VI.

When Epicurus to the world had taught
That pleasure was the chiefest good,
(And was perhaps i' th' right, if rightly understood)
His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a garden's shade that sov'reign pleasure sought.
Whoever a true Epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Vitellius his table, which did hold
As many creatures as the Ark of old;
That fiscal table, to which ev'ry day
All countries did a constant tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford
Than Nature's liberality,
Help'd with a little art and industry,
Allows the meanest gard'ner's board.
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
For which the grape or melon he would lose,
Though all the inhabitants of sea and air
Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,
Yet still the fruits of earth we see
Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.

VII.

But with no ſenſe the garden does comply;
None courts or flatters, as it does, the eye.
When the great Hebrew king did almoſt ſtrain
The wondrous treaſures of his wealth and brain,
His royal ſouthern gueſt to entertain;
Though ſhe on ſilver floors did tread,
With bright Aſſyrian carpets on them ſpread,
To hide the metal's poverty;
Though ſhe look'd up to roofs of gold,
And nought around her could behold
But ſilk and rich embroidery,
And Babylonian tapeſtry,
And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;
Though Ophir's ſtarry ſtones met ev'ry where her eye;
Though ſhe herſelf, and her gay hoſt, were dreſs'd
With all the ſhining glories of the Eaſt;
When laviſh Art her coſtly work had done,
The honour and the prize of bravery
Was by the garden from the palace won;
And ev'ry roſe and lily there did ſtand,
Better attir'd by Nature's hand.
The caſe thus judg'd againſt the king we ſee,
By one that would not be ſo rich, though wiſer far than he.

VIII.

Nor does this happy place only diſpenſe
Such various pleaſures to the ſenſe:
Here Health itſelf does line,
That ſalt of life which does to all a reliſh give,
Its ſtanding pleaſure and intrinſic wealth, [health.
The body's virtue, and the ſoul's good fortune,
The tree of Life, when it in Eden ſtood,
Did its immortal head to heaven rear,
It laſted a tall cedar till the flood;
Now a ſmall thorny ſhrub it does appear,
Nor will it thrive, too, ev'ry where;
It always here is freſheſt ſeen;
'Tis only here an evergreen.
If through the ſtrong and beauteous fence
Of temperance and innocence,
And wholeſome labours, and a quiet mind,
Any diſeaſes paſſage find,
They muſt not think here to aſſail
A land unarm'd, or without a guard:
They muſt fight for it, and diſpute it hard,
Before they can prevail:
Scarce any plant is growing here
Which againſt death ſome weapon does not bear.
Let cities boaſt that they provide
For life the ornaments of pride;
But 'tis the country and the field
That furniſh it with ſtaff and ſhield.

IX.

Where does the wiſdom and the pow'r divine
In a more bright and ſweet reflection ſhine?
Where do we finer ſtrokes and colours ſee
Of the Creator's real poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?
If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moſes, ſhould eſpy
Ev'n in a buſh, the radiant Deity:
But we deſpiſe theſe his inferior ways,
(Though no leſs full of miracle and praiſe)
Upon the flow'rs of heav'n we gaze;
The ſtars of earth no wonder in us raiſe,
Though theſe, perhaps, do more than they,
The life of mankind ſway:
Although no part of mighty Nature be
More ſtor'd with beauty, pow'r, and myſtery;
Yet, to encourage human induſtry,
God has ſo order'd, that no other part
Such ſpace and ſuch dominion leaves for art.

X.

We no where Art do ſo triumphant ſee,
As when it grafts or buds the tree:
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile ſcholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It overrules, and is her maſter here:
It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her ſometimes, and ſometimes does refine.
It does, like grace, the fallen tree reſtore
To it's bleſs'd ſtate of Paradiſe before.
Who would not joy to ſee his conqu'ring hand
O'er all the vegetable world command?
And the wild giants of the wood receive
What law he's pleas'd to give?
He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce
The gentler apple's winy juice,
The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiſs:
He does the ſavage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear;
He bids the ruſtic plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach;
Ev'n Daphne's coyneſs he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her ſtock,
Though ſhe refus'd Apollo's ſuit;
Ev'n ſhe, that chaſte and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herſelf, to ſee
That ſhe's a mother made, and bluſhes in her fruit,

XI.

Methinks I ſee great Diocleſian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble ſhade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made:
I ſee him ſmile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambaſſadors, who come in vain
T' entice him to a throne again.
If I, my Friends! (ſaid he) ſhould to you ſhew
All the delights which in theſe gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much that you ſhould with me ſtay,
Than tis that you ſhould carry me away:
And truſt me not, my Friends! if ev'ry day
I walk not here with more delight
Than ever, after the moſt happy fight,
In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought myſelf almoſt a god.

VI. *Of Greatneſs.*

If ever I more riches did deſire
Than cleanlineſs and quiet do require;

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wiſh ſo mean as to be great;
Continue, Heav'n! ſtill from me to remove
The humble bleſſings of that life I love.

Was it for this that Rome's beſt blood he ſpilt,
With ſo much falſehood, ſo much guilt?
Was it for this that his ambition ſtrove
To equal Cæſar firſt, and after Jove?
Greatneſs is barren, ſure, of ſolid joys;
Her merchandiſe, I fear, is all in toys;
She could not elſe, ſure, ſo uncivil be
To treat his univerſal majeſty,
His new-created deity,
With nuts, and bounding ſtones, and boys.

——Sed quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.

As far as up tow'rds heav'n the branches grow,
As far the root ſinks down to hell below.

And what a noble plot was croſs'd,
And what a brave deſign was loſt!

VII. *Of Avarice.*

And, oh! what man's condition can be worſe
Than his whom plenty ſtarves and bleſſings curſe?
The beggars but a common fate deplore;
The rich poor man's emphatically poor.

I admire, Mecænas! how it comes to paſs
That no man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that ſtate
In which his own choice plants him, or his Fate.
Happy the merchant, the old ſoldier cries:
The merchant, beaten with tempeſtuous ſkies,
Happy the ſoldier, one half hour to thee
Gives ſpeedy death or glorious victory.
The lawyer, knock'd up early from his reſt
By reſtleſs clients, calls the peaſant bleſs'd;
The peaſant, when his labours ill ſucceed,
Envies the mouth which only talk does feed.
'Tis not (I think you'll ſay) that I want ſtore
Of inſtances, if here I add no more;
They are enough to reach at leaſt a mile
Beyond long Grator Fabius his ſtyle.
But, hold, you whom no fortune e'er endears,
Gentlemen, male-contents, and mutineers,
Who bounteous Jove ſo often cruel call,
Behold Jove's now reſolv'd to pleaſe you all.
Thou, ſoldier, be a merchant; merchant, thou
A ſoldier be; and lawyer, to the plough.
Change all their ſtations ſtraight; why do they ſtay?
The devil a man will change now when he may.
Were I in General Jove's abuſed caſe,
By Jove I'd cudgel this rebellious race:
But he's too good. Be all then as you were,
However, make the beſt of what you are,
And in that ſtate be cheerful and rejoice,
Which either was your fate or was your choice.
No; they muſt labour yet, and ſweat, and toil,
And very miſerable be awhile;
But 'tis with a deſign only to gain
What may their age with plenteous eaſe maintain
The prudent piſmire does this leſſon teach,
And induſtry to lazy mankind preach:
The little drudge does trot about and ſweat,
Nor does he ſtraight devour all he can get,
But in his temp'rate mouth carries it home,
A ſtock for winter, which he knows muſt come;
And when the rolling world to creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong ſide of the year,
And ſhuts him in with ſtorms, and cold, and wet,
He cheerfully does his paſt labours eat.
O, does he ſo? your wiſe example, th' ant,
Does not at all times reſt and plenty want;
But weighing juſtly a mortal ant's condition,
Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.
Thee neither heat, nor ſtorms, nor wet, nor cold,
From thy unnatural diligence can withhold:
To th' Indies thou wouldſt run, rather than ſee
Another, though a friend, richer than thee.
Fond Man! what good or beauty can be found
In heaps of treaſure bury'd under ground?
Which rather than diminiſh'd e'er to ſee,
Thou wouldſt thyſelf, too, bury'd with them be.
And what's the diff'rence? Is it not quite as bad
Never to uſe, as never to have had?
In thy vaſt barns millions of quarters ſtore,
Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more
Than mine does. Ev'ry baker makes much bread;
What then? he's with no more than others fed.
Do you within the bounds of nature live,
And to augment your own you need not ſtrive.
One hundred acres will no leſs for you
Your life's whole buſ'neſs than ten thouſand do.
But pleaſant 'tis to take from a great ſtore.
What, Man! though you're reſolv'd to take no more
Than I do from a ſmall one? If your will
Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill.
To ſome great river for it muſt you go,
When a clear ſpring juſt at your feet does flow?
Give me the ſpring which does to human uſe
Safe, eaſy, and untroubled ſtores produce:
He who ſcorns theſe, and needs will drink at Nile
Muſt run the danger of the crocodile,
And of the rapid ſtream itſelf, which may
At unawares bear him, perhaps, away.
In a full flood Tantalus ſtands, his ſkin
Waſh'd o'er in vain for ever dry within;
He catches at the ſtream with greedy lips,
From his touch'd mouth the wanton torrent ſlips.
You laugh, now, and expand your careful brow;
'Tis finely ſaid, but what's all this to you?
Change but the name, this fable is thy ſtory;
Thou in a flood of uſeleſs wealth doſt glory,
Which thou canſt only touch, but never taſte;
Th' abundance ſtill, and ſtill the want, does laſt.
The treaſures of the gods thou wouldſt not ſpare,
But when they're made thine own, they ſacred are,
And muſt be kept with rev'rence as if thou
No other uſe of precious gold didſt know,
But that of curious pictures, to delight,
With the fair ſtamp, thy virtuoſo ſight.
The only true and genuine uſe is this,

To buy the things which Nature cannot miſs
Without diſcomfort; oil, and vital bread,
And wine, by which the life of Life is fed,
And all thoſe few things elſe by which we live;
All that remains is giv'n for thee to give.
If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,
The bitter fruits be which fair Riches bear,
If a new poverty grow out of ſtore,
The old plain way, ye Gods! let me be poor.

VIII. *The dangers of an honeſt man in much company.*

Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought,
What has thee, Fabian! to the City brought?
Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canſt play,
Nor with falſe whiſpers the innocent betray;
Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldams get
A living by thy induſtry and ſweat:
Nor with vain promiſes nor projects cheat,
Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.
But you're a man of learning, prudent, juſt;
A man of courage firm, and fit for truſt.
Why, you may ſtay, and live unenvy'd here;
But, faith, go back, and keep you where you were.

IX. *The Shortneſs of Life, and Uncertainty of Riches.*

Inſere nunc Melibæe pyros, pone ordine vites.

Go, Melibæus! now,
Go graff thy orchards, and thy vineyards plant;
Behold the fruit!

I.

Why doſt thou heap up wealth, which thou muſt quit,
Or, what is worſe, be left by it?
Why doſt thou load thyſelf when thou'rt to fly,
Oh, Man! ordain'd to die?

II.

Why doſt thou build up ſtately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou ſow'ſt and planteſt, but no fruit muſt ſee,
For Death, alas! is ſowing thee.

III.

Suppoſe thou Fortune couldſt to tameneſs bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppoſe thou couldſt on Fate ſo far prevail,
As not to cut off thy entail;

IV.

Yet Death at all that ſubtilty will laugh;
Death will that fooliſh gard'ner mock,
Who does a ſlight and annual plant ingraff
Upon a laſting ſtock.

V.

Thou doſt thyſelf wiſe and induſtrious deem;
A mighty huſband thou wouldſt ſeem:
Fond Man! like a bought ſlave thou all the while
Doſt but for others ſweet and toil.

VI.

Officious Fool! that needs muſt meddling be
In bus'neſs that concerns not thee;
For when to future years thou' extend'ſt thy cares,
Thou deal'ſt in other men's affairs.

VII.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Proviſions for long travel they deſign,
In the laſt point of their ſhort line.

VIII.

Wiſely the ant againſt poor Winter hoards
The ſtock which Summer's wealth affords;
In graſhoppers, that muſt at autumn die,
How vain were ſuch an induſtry?

IX.

Of pow'r and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuſe our cheated ſight,
If it of life the whole ſmall time would ſtay,
And be our ſunſhine all the day.

X.

Like lightning that, begot but in a cloud,
(Though ſhining bright and ſpeaking loud)
Whilſt it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

XI.

Oh, ſcene of Fortune! which doſt fair appear
Only to men that ſtand not near:
Proud Poverty that tinſel brav'ry wears,
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

XII.

Be prudent, and the ſhore in proſpect keep;
In a weak boat truſt not the deep;
Plac'd beneath envy, above envying riſe;
Pity great men, great things deſpiſe.

XIII.

The wiſe example of the heav'nly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley! mark;
Above the clouds let thy proud muſic ſound,
Thy humble neſt build on the ground.

X. *The Danger of Procraſtination.*

——Sapere aude,
Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam,
Ruſticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wiſe;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting ſtay,
Till the whole ſtream, which ſtopp'd him, ſhould be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Jam cras heſternum conſumpſimus, ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos.

Our yeſterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And ſtill a new to-morrow does come on.
We by to-morrows draw up all our ſtore,
Till the exhauſted well can yield no more.

XI. *Of Myſelf.*

——Nec vos dulciſſima mundi
Nomina, vos Muſæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique ſylvæque anima remanente relinquam.

Nor by me e'er ſhall you,
You of all names the ſweeteſt and the beſt,
You Muſes, books, and liberty, and reſt;
You gardens, fields, and woods, forſaken be,
As long as life itſelf forſakes not me.

EPITAPHIUM

VIVI AUCTORIS.

HIC, ô Viator! ſub lare parvulo
Couleius hîc eſt conditus. Hîc jacet
Defunctus humani laboris
Sorte, ſupervacuâque vitâ.

Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis otio,
Vanóq; dilectis popello
Divitiis animoſus boſtis.

Poſſis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En terra jam nunc quantula ſufficit!
Exempta ſit curis, Viator,
Terra ſit illa levis, precare.

Hîc ſparge flores, ſparge brevis roſas,
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus,
Herbiſque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc vinerem calentem.

THE AUTHOR's EPITAPH.

Upon himſelf yet alive, but withdrawn from the buſy world to a country life; to be ſuppoſed written on his houſe.

Here, Paſſenger! beneath this ſhade,
Lies Cowley, though entomb'd, not dead,
Yet freed from human toil and ſtriſe,
And all the impertinence of life;

Who in his poverty is neat,
And even in retirement great!
With gold, the people's idol, he
Holds endleſs war and enmity.

Can you not ſay he has reſign'd
His breath, to this ſmall cell confin'd?
With this ſmall manſion let him have
The reſt and ſilence of the grave.

Strew roſes here as on his herſe,
And reckon this his fun'ral verſe:
With wreaths of fragrant herbs adorn
The yet ſurviving Poet's urn.

Latin Epitaph on the Author's Tomb in Weſtminſter Abbey.

ABRAHAMUS COULEIUS,
Anglorum, Pindarus, Flaccus, Maro,
Deliciæ, Decus, Deſiderium Ævi ſui,
Hic juxta ſitus eſt.

Aurea dum volitant latè tua ſcripta per orbem,
Et Famâ æternùm vivis, Divine Poeta,
Hic placidâ jaceas requie, Cuſtodiat urnam
Cana Fides, vigilentq; perenni lampade Muſæ,
Sit ſacer iſte locus, Nec quis temerarius auſit
Sacrilega turbare manu Venerabile Buſtum.
Intacti maneant, maneant per ſecula dulcis
Couleij cineres, ſerveatq; immobile ſaxum.
Sic Vovet;
Votumq; ſuum apud Poſteros ſacratum eſſe voluit.
Qui Viro Incomparabili poſuit ſepulchrale marmor.

GEORGIUS DUX BUCKINGHAMIE.

Exceſſit è vita Anno Ætis 49, *et honorifica pompa elatus ex Ædibus Buckingamianis, viris illuſtribus omnium ordinum exſequias celebrantibus. Sepultus eſt Die* 3° *M. Auguſti A. D.* 1667.

THE EPITAPH

Tranſcribed from the Author's Tomb in Weſtminſter-Abbey, attempted in Engliſh.

Here under lies

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

THE PINDAR, HORACE, AND VIRGIL,

Of the Engliſh nation.

While through the world thy labours ſhine
Bright as thyſelf, thou Bard divine;
Thou in thy fame wilt live, and be
A partner with eternity.

Here in ſoft peace for ever reſt,
(Soft as the love that fill'd thy breaſt:)
Let hoary Faith around thy urn,
And all the watchful Muſes, mourn.

For ever ſacred be this room;
May no rude hand diſturb thy tomb,
Or ſacrilegious rage and luſt
Affront thy venerable duſt.

Sweet Cowley's duſt let none profane
Here may it undiſturb'd remain:
Eternity not take, but give,
And make this ſtone for ever live.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND WALLER.

Containing his

MISCELLANIES,	EPITAPHS,
EPISTLES,	FRAGMENTS,
SONGS,	DIVINE POEMS,
EPIGRAMS,	&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When WALLER, kindling with celeſtial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wond'ring age,
His pleaſing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces ſung, and wove his myrtle wreath.—
His Muſe, by Nature form'd to pleaſe the fair,
Or ſing of heroes with majeſtic air,
To melting ſtrains attun'd her voice, and ſtrove
To waken all the tender pow'rs of love.—
The florid and ſublime, the grave and gay,
From WALLER's beams imbibe a purer ray.—
Maker and model of melodious verſe!
Accept theſe votive honours at thy hearſe.

FENTON.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, PARLIAMENT STAIRS,

Anno 1792.

LIFE OF WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER was fortunately exempted from thoſe uſual concomitants of genius, obſcurity n the commencement of life, and Poverty during its continuance,—his father having been a gentleman of family and fortune in Buckinghamſhire, and his mother ſiſter to the celebrated Hampden. The poet himſelf was born at Coleſhill in Hertfordſhire on the 3d of March 1605.

His father dying in the infancy of his ſon, left him heir to an eſtate worth three thouſand five hundred pounds a-year; an income more than equivalent to ten thouſand pounds of our money at preſent.

He was educated at Eaton, whence he removed to King's College, Cambridge.

His *debut* both in politics and poetry was ſplendid and early; for he was choſen a member of parliament in his eighteenth year; and then too, gave a ſpecimen to the world of his genius, in a copy of verſes on the Prince's (Charles I.'s) eſcape at St. Andero, which at once diſplayed that correct taſte and ſuavity of numbers for which he is ſo juſtly celebrated; and which he ſeems to have intuitively poſſeſſed, ſince no models exiſted at that time, in the Engliſh language, from which he could copy them.

Waller, happily for himſelf, being placed above the neceſſity of writing for ſubſiſtence, compoſed all his pieces occaſionally, at different intervals, from his eighteenth to his eightieth year. Our poet indeed found a much ſhorter road for improving his fortune than that leading to Parnaſſus, having married a rich city heireſs, though oppoſed by the intereſt of the court, who wiſhed to provide for the lady a different huſband. She dying in a ſhort time, left him a widower of five and twenty, in the full enjoyment of health, wit, and affluence, to commence a freſh matrimonial engagement.

Young, rich, vain, amorous and ambitious, our poet became the ſuitor of the lady Dorothea Sydney, eldeſt daughter to the Earl of Leiceſter. To her we are indebted for thoſe elegant effuſions of poetical gallantry, in which ſhe is celebrated under the name of Sachariſſa; an appellation which unhappily did not accord with the lady's diſpoſition; for, in ſpite of his beautiful verſes, ſhe treated his love with dignified diſdain, and at once quaſhed his hopes and extinguiſhed his paſſion, by beſtowing her hand on the Earl of Sunderland.

Waller was not, however, driven to deſpair; but diverted his diſappointment by transferring his affection and his poetry to new objects; and accordingly attached himſelf to Lady Sophia Murray, who is ſuppoſed to be the Amoret of ſome of his moſt pleaſing pieces.

About the year 1640, he is thought to have taken a voyage to the iſlands of Bermudas, which ſupplied the incidents and imagery of his poem on the battle of the Whales, the moſt conſiderable for length of all his pieces. It diſplays his uſual felicity of verſification, with ſome vigorous paſſages; but it is not eaſy to determine whether it was intended for a ſerious or a mock heroic poem.

Between his twenty-eighth and thirty-fifth year he alſo compoſed ſeveral leſſer pieces, ſuch as that on the reduction of Sallee,—on the repairs of St. Paul's Church,—on the Navy, &c. In all theſe, the ſweetneſs of his numbers are conſpicuous; and he ſometimes ſurpaſſes himſelf in energy of thought, and vivacity of expreſſion.

Waller was not of a complexion to remain long without a mate. He obtained the hand of a lady of the name of Breſſe, unaided by poetry. In reality poetry is no adjunct to domeſtic felicity. True home-felt bliſs, like a deep ſtream, makes the leaſt noiſe in its courſe; and that ſuch Waller enjoyed

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in his ſecond marriage, may be reaſonably inferred from his wife's having brought him thirteen children.

Waller diſtinguiſhed himſelf early in the ever memorable politics of the times. Connected by affinity with the principal leaders, in poſſeſſion of an ample fortune, and gifted by nature with ſplendid talents,—had his virtue been equal to theſe endowments, he might have taken a principal lead in them. It does not uſually happen, that ſimilar powers for proſe and poetical compoſition, unite in the ſame perſon. Cicero, with the moſt harmonious proſe, was a wretched poet. In Waller, however, we find them eminently conjoined. His parliamentary ſpeeches ſurpaſs all his contemporaries in eloquence and wit. Even at this day, when Engliſh oratory may diſpute the palm with Greece and Rome, his language would not be deemed obſolete.

As Waller was related to Hampden and Cromwell, he outwardly embraced the republican ſide; but his real inclination tended to monarchy.

In 1643, we find him engaged with his brother-in-law Tomkyns and others, in a plot to reſtore the king: His plot was however diſcovered juſt as it was ripe for execution. Tomkyns was hanged; but the poet ſaved his life at the expence of his honour and of half his fortune; having accuſed ſeveral of the nobility, as being concerned with him, although unable to prove his allegations; and he paid a fine of ten thouſand pounds, forfeited his ſeat in the houſe, and was baniſhed his country. How forcible is the contraſt between Waller and his kinſman Cromwell! and how wide the difference between acting and ſpeaking! All the natural and acquired accompliſhments of the one, aided by a powerful fortune and dazzling eloquence, were loſt, becauſe the poſſeſſor was deſtitute of fortitude, conſiſtency, and active powers; while the other, wanting them all, and ſcarcely able to ſpeak or write a ſentence intelligibly, yet by an unparalelled energy of ſoul, and an intuitive perception of the human character, overturned an ancient monarchy, uſurped the government, and ruled a nation of demagogues uncontrolled.

Waller choſe Paris for his reſidence in exile, where he kept open table, and lived in ſplendor, till his fortune ſuffered ſo much, that he was obliged to ſell his wife's jewels. At length he ſolicited and obtained permiſſion from the protector, to return to his native country, where he was again received into favour and confidence. This kindneſs was not forgot; for on Cromwell's death, which happened ſoon after, he celebrated his memory in thoſe fine lines, which are eſteemed his *chef d' œuvre*, and which are conſidered as a model for a panygerical poem.

On the reſtoration, Waller, not leſs a pliant courtier, than an eloquent poet, offered his adulatory incenſe to Majeſty reſtored, with the ſame facility that he had before done to Charles I. and to Cromwell. The king however, perceived and remarked, that the congratulatory verſes to him were not equal to thoſe on the death of Oliver. The addreſs of Waller on the occaſion, has been much celebrated, "Poets, Sir, (he replied,) ſucceed better in fiction than in truth."

Waller, during all this reign, ſerved in parliament with his uſual celebrity. His wit, cheerfulneſs, and ſocial powers, continued unimpaired, and procured him the attention of all diſtinguiſhed for rank or abilities: Nor was his fame confined to England only; for St. Evermond, with whom he kept up a confidential correſpondence, diſſeminated it over Europe.

He alſo took an active part in the perſecution of Lord Clarendon, which was thought to ariſe rather from a vindictive ſpirit than a love for juſtice, becauſe the chancellor refuſed to affix his ſeal to a grant given him by the king of the provoſtſhip of Eaton College, that place being generally filled by a clergyman.

Theſe two great men, it is certain, bore no good will towards each other. Waller treated the earl with warmth and perſevering aſperity in the houſe: The earl on the other hand hath drawn the character of the poet, in his celebrated hiſtory, in no very favourable colours.

In 1685 he was again choſen, being then in his eightieth year, a repreſentative in the firſt parliament of James II. with which monarch he continued to enjoy the ſame familiar confidence that he was honoured with by his predeceſſors.

Being now arrived at an age ſeldom the lot of a poet or a courtier, he began to feel the quick decay of his vital powers, while thoſe of his mind continued unimpaired; for the compoſitions of the laſt year of his life poſſeſs all the excellencies of his former ones.

At

At length, on the 21ſt October 1687, he yielded up his breath, with the reſignation and hope of a Chriſtian; for in the principles of Chriſtianity he ever continued ſtedfaſt. He was buried at Beaconſfield, where a monument is erected to his memory.

The political character of Waller will not bear a ſcrutiny. He was in truth a time-ſerving courtier; yet we cannot withhold an admiration, in contemplating thoſe abilities which enabled him to ſteer in ſuch ſecurity, in times ſo pregnant with danger, through the very midſt of contending factions. We muſt be ſtruck with that conſummate addreſs, thoſe inſinuating manners, and that conciliating pliability, by which he preſerved his intereſts with ſovereigns ſo very different in their tempers and in their views, as were James I. Charles I. Cromwell, Charles II. and James II.

The addreſs of Atticus, in preſerving the eſteem of all, amidſt the moſt violent contentions of parties, has been loudly celebrated. That of Waller was no leſs dexterous, and perhaps too, as virtuous; for, if the boaſted neutrality of the Roman be ſcrutinized, it will probably be found to be only a refined tergiverſation.

The poetry of Waller, when we conſider the time in which his firſt pieces (which are no ways inferior to his later ones) were written, diſplays a great elegance of taſte, and a judgment almoſt congenially matured. One can ſcarcely believe, that but twenty years intervened between the laſt publication of Spencer, and the firſt of Waller; yet the former (who indeed affected the obſolete,) cannot be read without a gloſſary; whereas, the diction and turn of ſtile (ſave a few ſcattered expletives) of the latter, are ſo entirely modern, that they ſeem no otherwiſe different, than by conveying that ſuperior weight and energy of ſentiment, which ſo ſtrongly mark the character of the older poetry, and which yet promiſes it a longer exiſtence than its florid but feeble offſpring can hope for.

MISCELLANIES.

I.

OF THE DANGER

HIS MAJESTY [BEING PRINCE]

ESCAPED IN THE ROAD AT ST. ANDERÒ.

Now had his Highneſs bid farewell to Spain,
And reach'd the ſphere of his own pow'r, the main:
With Britiſh bounty in his ſhip he feaſts
Th' Heſperian princes, his amazed gueſts,
To find that wat'ry wilderneſs exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
Healths to both kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons, echo'd from th' affrighted ſhore,
With loud reſemblance of his thunder, prove
Bacchus the ſeed of cloud-compelling Jove;
While to his harp divine Arion ſings
The loves and conqueſts of our Albion kings.
Of the Fourth Edward was his noble ſong,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:
He rent the crown from vanquiſh'd Henry's head,
Rais'd the White Roſe, and trampled on the Red:
Till Love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd ſide:
Neglected Warwick (whoſe bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and reſumes the ſceptre of our ſtate)
Woos for his maſter; and with double ſhame,
Himſelf deluded, mocks the princely dame,
The Lady Bona, whom juſt anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! ſpare your ſwords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave th' affront, and muſt repair the ſame:
When France ſhall boaſt of her, whoſe conqu'ring eyes
Have made the beſt of Engliſh hearts their prize;
Have pow'r to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counſels of our ſtate.
What the prophetic Muſe intends, alone
To him that feels the ſecret wound is known.
With the ſweet ſound of this harmonious lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play,
Too ſure a ſign of ſea's enſuing rage,
Which muſt anon this royal troop engage;
To whom ſoft ſleep ſeems more ſecure and ſweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.

Theſe mighty peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of ſo brave a charge,
With painted oars the youths begin to ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep;
Which ſoon becomes the ſeat of ſudden war
Between the wind and tide that fiercely jar.
As when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds try
Their force at football, care of victory
Makes them ſalute ſo rudely breaſt to breaſt,
That their encounter ſeems too rough for jeſt;
They ply their feet, and ſtill the reſtleſs ball,
Toſs'd to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds,
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britons ſtill ſecurely row'd;
Charles and his virtue was their ſecret load;
Than which a greater pledge Heav'n could not give,
That the good boat this tempeſt ſhould outlive.
But ſtorms increaſe, and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the Prince's face;
The reſt reſign their courage, ſkill, and ſight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle veſſel (wont with ſtate and pride
On the ſmooth back of ſilver Thames to ride)
Wanders aſtoniſh'd in the angry main,
As Titan's car did, while the golden reign
Fill'd the young hand of his advent'rous ſon ¶,
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whoſe deſire
Waves threaten now, as that was ſcar'd by fire.
Th' impatient Sea grows impotent, and raves,
That, Night aſſiſting, his impetuous waves
Should find reſiſtance from ſo light a thing;
Theſe ſurges ruin, thoſe our ſafety bring.
Th' oppreſſed veſſel doth the charge abide,
Only becauſe aſſail'd on ev'ry ſide:
So men with rage and paſſion ſet on fire,
Trembling for haſte, impeach their mad deſire.
The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care,
To ſee the Prince with danger mov'd no more
Than with the pleaſures of their court before:
Godlike his courage ſeem'd, whom nor delight
Could ſoften, nor the face of death affright.

¶ Phaeton.

Next to the pow'r of making tempeſts ceaſe
Was in that ſtorm to have ſo calm a peace.
Great Maro could no greater tempeſt feign,
When the loud winds uſurping on the main
For angry Juno, labour'd to deſtroy
The hated relics of confounded Troy:
His bold Æneas, on like billows toſt
In a tall ſhip, and all his country loſt,
Diſſolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had
In honourable fight; our hero, ſet [quell'd
In a ſmall ſhallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and ſceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flouriſh'd wore;
His loins yet full of ungot princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 'tis love's untaſted joys,
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France;
Where he had ſeen a brighter nymph than ſhe *
That ſprung out of his preſent foe, the ſea.
That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry Thetis raiſe her waves above
Th' heroic Prince's courage or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear he felt,
The ſhrine ſhould periſh where that image dwelt.
Ah, Love forbid! the nobleſt of thy train
Should not ſurvive to let her know his pain;
Who nor his peril minding nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with ſome leſs ſerious game,
Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic court,
All highly born, obſequious to her ſport:
They roſes ſeem, which in their early pride
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide;
She the glad morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their ſmiling leaves, and gilds them ſo;
Like bright Aurora, whoſe refulgent ray
Foretells the fervour of enſuing day,
And warns the ſhepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafy ſhadows from the threaten'd heat.
From Cupid's ſtring of many ſhafts, that fled,
Wing'd with thoſe plumes which noble Fame had ſhed,
As through the wond'ring world ſhe flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;
Some had already touch'd the royal maid,
But Love's firſt ſummons ſeldom are obey'd:
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown;
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own;
His glorious name had ſo poſſeſs'd her ears,
That with delight thoſe antique tales ſhe hears
Of Jaſon, Theſeus, and ſuch worthies old,
As with his ſtory beſt reſemblance hold.
And now ſhe views, as on the wall it hung,
What old Muſæus ſo divinely ſung;
Which art with life and love did ſo inſpire,
That ſhe diſcerns and favours that deſire;
Which there provokes th' advent'rous youth to
And in Leander's danger pities him; [ſwim,
Whoſe not new love alone, but fortune, ſeeks
To frame his ſtory like that amorous Greek's.

* Venus.

For from the ſtern of ſome good ſhip appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o'er the waves that taper make;
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair hero's hand extends.
The ſhip at anchor, like a fixed rock,
Breaks the proud billows which her large ſides knock;
Whoſe rage reſtrained, foaming higher ſwells,
And from her port the weary barge repels.
Threat'ning to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.
Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain: the Fates
Would not be mov'd for our ſiſter ſtates.
For England is the third ſucceſsful throw,
And then the genius of that land they know,
Whoſe prince muſt be (as their own books deviſe)
Lord of the ſcene where now his danger lies.
Well ſung the Roman bard, "All human things
"Of deareſt value hang on ſlender ſtrings."
O ſee thee then ſole hope, and in deſign
Of Heav'n, our joy, ſupported by a line!
Which for that inſtant was heav'n's care above,
The chain that's fix'd to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends,
One link diſſolv'd, the whole creation ends.

II.

OF HIS MAJESTY'S

RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM's DEATH.

So earneſt with thy God! can no new care,
No ſenſe of danger, interrupt thy pray'r?
The ſacred Wreſtler, till a bleſſing given,
Quits not his hold, but halting, conquers Heav'n.
Nor was the ſtream of thy devotion ſtopp'd,
When from the body ſuch a limb was lopp'd,
As to thy preſent ſtate was no leſs maim,
Though thy wiſe choice has ſince repair'd the ſame.
Bold Homer durſt not ſo great virtue feign
In his beſt pattern *; of Patroclus ſlain,
With ſuch amuſement as weak mothers uſe,
And frantic geſture, he receives the news.
Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by royal Hector's lance;
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy boſom, left his high command.
The famous painter ¶ could allow no place
For private ſorrow in a prince's face:
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He caſt a veil upon ſuppoſed grief.
'Twas want of ſuch a precedent as this
Made the old Heathen frame their gods amiſs.
Their Phœbus ſhould not act a fonder part
For the fair boy ‖, than he did for his hart;
Nor blame for Hyacinthus' Fate his own,
That kept from him wiſh'd death, hadſt thou been known.
He that with thine ſhall weigh good David's
Shall find his paſſion nor his love exceeds; [deeds,

* Achilles. ¶ Timanthes. ‖ Cypariſſus.

He curs'd the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,
But let falſe Ziba with his heir divide;
Where thy immortal love to thy bleſt friends,
Like that of Heav'n, upon their ſeed deſcends.
Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
God-like, unmov'd, and yet, like woman, kind!
Which of the ancient poets had not brought
Our Charles' pedigree from Heav'n, and taught
How ſome bright dame, compreſs'd by mighty Jove,
Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

III.

ON THE

TAKING OF SALLE.

Of Jaſon, Theſeus, and ſuch worthies old,
Light ſeem the tales Antiquity has told:
Such beaſts and monſters as their force oppreſt,
Some places only, and ſome times, infeſt.
Sallé, that ſcorn'd all pow'r and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threat'ning with a rude
And ſavage race ſucceſſively renew'd;
Their king deſpiſing with rebellious pride,
And foes profeſt to all the world beſide;
This peſt of mankind gives our hero fame,
And through th' obliged world defates his name.
The Prophet once to cruel Agag ſaid,
As thy fierce ſword has mothers childleſs made,
So ſhall the ſword make thine, and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his ſword:
Juſt Charles like meaſure has return'd to theſe
Whoſe Pagan hands had ſtain'd the troubled ſeas;
With ſhips they made the ſpoiled merchant mourn;
With ſhips their city and themſelves are torn.
One ſquadron of our winged caſtles ſent,
O'erthrew their fort, and all their navy rent:
For not content the dangers to increaſe,
And act the part of tempeſts in the ſeas,
Like hungry wolves, thoſe pirate from our ſhore
While flocks of ſheep, and raviſh'd cattle bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Sov'reign of the ſea!
Mad Cacus ſo, whom like ill fate perſuades,
The herd of fair Alcmena's ſeed invades,
Who for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and cruſh'd that horrid thief.
Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,
Save that his preſence his affairs exact,
Had come in perſon to have ſeen and known
The injur'd world's revenger and his own.
Hither he ſends the chief among his peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd preſents bears;
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumis'd, and matchleſs horſe.

IV.

UPON HIS

MAJESTY'S REPAIRING OF ST. PAUL'S.

That ſhipwreck'd veſſel which th' Apoſtle bore,
Scarce ſuffer'd more upon Melita's ſhore,
Than did his temple in the ſea of time,
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When firſt the Monarch ¶ of this happy iſle,
Mov'd with the ruin of ſo brave a pile,
The work of coſt and piety begun,
To be accompliſh'd by his glorious ſon,
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wiſe ſire has to perfection brought;
He, like Amphion, makes thoſe quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap;
For in his art of regiment is found
A pow'r like that of harmony in ſound. [kings,
Thoſe antique minſtrels, ſure, were Charles-like
Cities their lutes, and ſubjects hearts their ſtrings,
On which with ſo divine a hand they ſtrook,
Conſent of motion from their breath they took:
So all our minds with his conſpire to grace
The Gentles' great apoſtle, and deface
Thoſe ſtate-obſcuring ſhades, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad ſaint ſhakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his ſacred hand:
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd ſide.
Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of ſome new ſtructure, to have borne her name.
Two diſtant virtues in one act we find,
The modeſty and greatneſs of his mind;
Which not content to be above the rage,
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth ſecure, doth higher climb,
And things half ſwallow'd from the jaws of time
Reduce; an earneſt of his grand deſign,
To frame no new church, but the old refine;
Which ſpouſe like, may with comely grace command,
More than by force of argument or hand.
For doubtful reaſon few can apprehend,
And war brings ruin where it ſhould amend;
But beauty, with a bloodleſs conqueſt, finds
A welcome ſov'reignty in rudeſt minds.
Not ought which Sheba's wond'ring queen beheld [held
Amongſt the works of Solomon, excell'd
His ſhips and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art.
While the propitious heav'ns this work attend,
Long wanted ſhowers they forget to ſend;
As if they meant to make it underſtood
Of more importance than our vital food.
The ſun which riſeth to ſalute the quire
Already finiſh'd, ſetting ſhall admire
How private bounty could ſo far extend:
The King built all, but Charles the weſtern end.
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens and obliges heav'n!
Laomedon, that had the gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the ſacred day §,
Could no ſuch ſtructure raiſe: Troy wall'd to high,
Th' Atrides might as well have forc'd the ſky.
Glad, though amaz'd, are our neighbour kings,
To ſee ſuch pow'r employ'd in peaceful things:
They liſt not urge it to the dreadful field;
The taſk is eaſier to deſtroy than build.

---sic gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis---- HOR.

¶ King James I. § Apollo.

V.

OF THE QUEEN.

The lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field;
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora smiling bids her rise and play,
Then strait she shews 'twas not for want of voice,
Or pow'r to climb, she made so low a choice;
Singing she mounts; her airy wings are stretch'd
'Tow'rds heav'n, as if from heav'n her note she fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our song;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.
Those sov'reign beams which heal the wounded soul,
And all our cares, but once beheld, control!
There the poor lover, that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion cur'd,
Fares like the man who first upon the ground
A glow-worm spy'd, supposing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing stone;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone;
He held it dear, 'till by the springing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.
She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lopp'd limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High Heav'n, and these expostulations use:
"Could Nature then no private woman grace,
"Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
"Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
"Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
"Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
"What envious pow'r has plac'd this glorious "light?"
Thus in a starry night fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky,
Which, though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compassion to mankind;
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face:
For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.
Such guard and comfort the distressed find
From her large pow'r, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill Fate would ruin, it prefers,
For all the miserable are made her's.
So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds,
Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds, shields:
The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.
Joy of our age, and safety of the next;
For which so oft' thy fertile womb is vext;
Nobly contented, for the public good,
To waste thy spirits and diffuse thy blood,
What vast hopes may these islands entertain,
Where monarchs, thus descended, are to reign?
Led by commanders of so fair a line,
Our seas no longer shall our pow'r confine.
A brave romance who would exactly frame,
First brings his knight from some immortal dame,
And then a weapon and a flaming shield,
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield.
None might the mother of Achilles be,
By the fair pearl and glory of the sea *:
The man to whom great Maro gives such fame ¶,
From the high bed of heav'nly Venus came;
And our next Charles, whom all the stars design
Like wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.

VI.

THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

For not approaching the lady who can do any thing but sleep when she pleaseth.

My charge it is those breaches to repair
Which Nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care:
Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds; but nought can add to her
Whom Heav'n, and her transcendent thoughts have plac'd
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.
Bright as the deathless gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free;
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haste obeys.
Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,
What dream can I present to recompense?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command,
Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest
Among th' immortals, who with nectar feast,
That pow'r would seem, that entertainment, short
Of the true splendour of her present court,
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Ascending, do the seat of sense invade,
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,
To overcast her ever-shining mind,
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies,
Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies;
That crystal heav'n, where Phœbus never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.
But what so hard which numbers cannot force;
So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course.
The bold Mæonian ‖ made me dare to steep
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep;
And since the Muses do invoke my pow'r,
I shall no more decline that sacred bow'r
Where Gloriana their great mistress lies,
But gently taming those victorious eyes,
Charm all her senses, till the joyful sun
Without a rival half his course has run;
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

* Thetis. ¶ Æneas. ‖ Homer.

VII.

PUERPERIUM.

You gods that have the pow'r
To trouble and compose
All that's beneath your bow'r,
Calm silence on the seas, on earth impose.

Fair Venus! in thy soft arms
The God of Rage confine;
For thy whispers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breast canst tame
With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddess! give this thy sacred island rest;
Make heav'n smile,
That no storm disturb us while
Thy chief care, our halcyon, builds her nest.

Great Gloriana! fair Gloriana!
Bright as high heav'n is, and fertile as earth,
Whose beauty relieves us,
Whose royal bed gives us,
Both glory and peace,
Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

VIII.

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

IN MOURNING.

When from black clouds no part of sky is clear,
But just so much as lets the sun appear,
Heav'n then would seem thy image, and reflect
Those sable vestments and that bright aspect.
A spark of virtue by the deepest shade
Of sad adversity is fairer made;
Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get,
A Venus rising from a sea of jet!
Such was th' appearance of new-formed Light,
While yet it struggled with eternal Night.
Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase
Of glory by the noble Lord's decease.
We find not that the laughter-loving dame ¶
Mourn'd for Anchises; 'twas enough she came
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
And that his living eyes such beauty fed:
Had she been there, untimely joy through all
Men's hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the funeral.
Those eyes were made to banish grief: as well
Bright Phœbus might affect in shades to dwell,
As they to put on sorrow: nothing stands,
But pow'r to grieve, exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou must do so alone;
Grief in thy presence can lay hold on none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove,
Who, by the pow'r of his enchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threat'ning monarchs wrung.
War he prevented, or soon made it cease,
Instructing princes in the arts of peace;
Such as made Sheba's curious queen resort
To the large-hearted Hebrew's ¶ famous court.
Had Homer sat amongst his wond'ring guests,
He might have learn'd, at those stupendous feasts,
With greater bounty, and more sacred state,
The banquets of the gods to celebrate.
But, oh! what elocution might he use,
What potent charms, that could so soon infuse
His absent master's love into the heart
Of Henrietta! forcing her to part
From her lov'd brother, country, and the sun,
And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run
Into his arms? while the Parisian dames
Mourn for the ravish'd glory; at her flames
No less amaz'd than the amazed stars,
When the bold charmer of Thessalia wars
With heav'n itself, and numbers does repeat,
Which call descending Cynthia from her seat.

* Venus,

¶ Solomon.

IX.

In answer to one who writ a libel against the

COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

What fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,
With Diomed, to wound the Queen of Love?
Thy mistress' envy, or thine own despair?
Not the just Pallas in thy breast did move
So blind a rage, with such a diff'rent fate;
He honour won where thou hast purchas'd hate.

She gave assistance to his Trojan foe!
Thou, that without a rival thou may'st love,
Dost to the beauty of this Lady owe,
While after her the gazing world does move.
Canst thou not be content to love alone?
Or is thy mistress not content with one?

Hast thou not read of Fairy Arthur's shield,
Which but disclos'd amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of prondest foes, and won the doubtful field?
So shall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambics swell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies;
Rewarding Phœbus for inspiring so
His noble brain, by likening to those eyes
His joyful beams; but Phœbus is thy foe,
And neither aids thy fancy nor thy sight,
So ill thou rhym'st against so fair a light.

X.

OF HER CHAMBER.

They taste of death that do at heav'n arrive,
But we this paradise approach alive.
Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike,
And renders all within these walls alike.
The high in titles, and the shepherd, here
Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear.
All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the fair,
Lose thought of what themselves or others are:

Ambition lose, and have no other scope,
Save Carlisle's favour, to employ their hope.
The Thracian(1) could (though all those tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do:
Before his feet so sheep and lions lay,
Fearless and wrathless while they heard him play.
The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdu'd alike, all but one passion have:
No worthy mind but finds in her's there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:
While she with cheerful, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like Phœbus so divides her light,
And warms us, that she stoops not from her height.

XI.

ON MY

LADY DOROTHY SYDNEY'S PICTURE.

Such was Philoclea, and such Dorus' (2) flame!
The matchless Sydney (3), that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd,
Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd
With such extremes of excellence, compose
Wonders so distant in one face disclose!
Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,
Moves certain love, but with as doubtful fate
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
All the rich flow'rs through his Arcadia found,
Amaz'd we see in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artist took
From the fair picture of that noble book)
Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends(4) had jarr'd,
And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
Just Nature, first instructed by his thought,
In his own house thus practis'd what he taught.
This glorious piece transcends what he could think,
So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

XII.

AT PENSHURST.

Han Dorothea liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her pow'r that gave
The peace and glory which these allies have;
Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudest place;
And beauty too, and order, can impart,
Where Nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre.
If she sit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd,
They round about her into arbours crowd;
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well marshall'd and obsequious band.
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:

And in the symmetry' of her parts is found
A pow'r like that of harmony in sound.
Ye lofty Beeches! tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!—
Go, Boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love;
His humble love whose hope shall ne'er rise higher
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

XIII.

OF THE LADY

WHO CAN SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASES.

No wonder sleep from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himself in Sachariss's eyes.
As fair Astrea once from earth to heav'n,
By strife and loud impiety was driv'n;
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wise Somnas to that paradise repairs;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake,
To court the nymph for whom those wretches wake.
More proud than Phœbus of his throne of gold,
Is the soft God those softer limbs to hold;
Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the skies
In dark'ning clouds, the pow'r to close her eyes;
Eyes which so far all other lights control,
They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul!
Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast
Holds such deep quiet and untroubled rest,
Know that though Venus and her son should spare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care,
Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep,
And for another's joy suspend her sleep.

XIV

OF THE MISREPORT

OF HER BEING PAINTED.

As when a sort of wolves infest the night
With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light,
The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
But never reach the mistress of the skies;
So with the news of Sachariss's wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues;
Call Love to witness that no painted fire
Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire;
While, unconcerned, she seems mov'd no more
With this new malice than our loves before;
But from the height of her great mind looks down
On both our passions, without smile or frown.
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame whom Heav'n affecteth so,
Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which spreads
Like glorious colours through the flow'ry meads,
When lavish Nature, with her best attire,
Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire.

(1) Orpheus. (2) Pamela. (3) Sir Philip Sydney.
(4) Pyrocles and Musidorus.

Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
With the same art wherewith she paints the morn;
With the same art wherewith she gilded so
Those painted clouds which form Thaumantias' bow.

XV.

OF HER PASSING

THROUGH A CROWD OF PEOPLE.

As in old chaos (heav'n with earth confus'd,
And stars with rocks together crush'd and bruis'd)
The sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd;
So in this throng bright Sachariſſa far'd,
Oppreſs'd by those who strove to be her guard;
As ships, though never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a tempest on their admiral.
A greater favour this disorder brought
Unto her servants than their awful thought
Durst entertain; when thus compell'd, they prest
The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
While love insults, disguised in the cloud
And welcome force of that unruly crowd.
So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Just distance keeps from his desired palm;
But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs,
Though loth he seems her tender leaves to pres,
More loth he is that friendly storm should cease,
From whose rude bounty he the double use
At once receives, of pleasure and excuse.

XVI.

THE STORY OF

PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE

APPLIED.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sachariſſa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use!
Such is the chase when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flow'ry meads;
Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
Or form some image of his cruel fair,
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus, thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

XVII.

FABULA PHOEBI ET DAPHNIS.

Arcadiæ juvenis Thyrsis, Phœbique sacerdos,
Ingenti frustra Sachariſſæ ardebat amore.
Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat;
Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:
Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
Pascua: formosam nunc his componere nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem insanâ mente solebat.
Audiit illa procul miserum, cytharamque sonantem;
Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis! [tem;
Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
Sidera perculsi referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic, non quæsitus cumulatus laudibus, olim
Elapsâ reperit Daphne sua laurea Phœbus.

XVIII.

AT PENSHURST.

While in this park I sing, the list'ning deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bow'rs
With loud complaints, they answer me in show'rs.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is giv'n, [heav'n!
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the
Love's foe profeſs'd! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sydney? from which noble strain
He sprung (a), that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love or high desire
Seems but the smoke of am'rous Sydney's fire.
Nor call her mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be suppos'd to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock,
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, plac'd those healing springs (b)
Which not more help than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my num'rous moan
Melt to compassion: now my trait'rous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!
This last complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:
Thus he advis'd me: "On yon' aged tree
"Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
"That there with wonders thy diverted mind
"Some truce, at least, may with this passion find."
Ah, cruel Nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief into the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which heav'n has heap'd on her

(a) Sir Philip Sydney. (b) Tunbridge-Wells.

XIX.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT

SACHARISSA AND AMORET.

Tell me, lovely, loving Pair!
Why so kind, and so severe?
Why so careless of our care,
Only to yourselves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the pow'r of Love control,
While the Boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
Still beguiled Love does come,
Where he finds a foreign guest,
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
Yok'd in Cytherea's car,
Not the wings that lift so high,
And convey her son so far,

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love;
Are so choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more consent do move.

XX.

A LA MALADE.

Ah, lovely Amoret! the care
Of all that know what's good or fair!
Is heav'n become our rival too?
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers——to pretend?
Hence to this pining sickness (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us) no pow'r is giv'n
Thy beauties to impair; for Heav'n
Solicits thee with such a care,
As roses from their stalks we tear,
When we would still preserve them new
And fresh as on the bush they grew.
With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain,
That, languishing, you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in storms appear,
Scorch more than when the skies are clear.
And as pale sickness does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that fair lodging, still more clear
Make the bright guest, your soul, appear.
So nymphs o'er pathless mountains borne,
Their light robes by the brambles torn,
From their fair limbs, exposing new
And unknown beauties to the view
Of following gods, increase their flame,
And haste to catch the flying game.

XXI.

UPON THE DEATH

OF MY LADY RICH.

May those already curs'd Effexian plains,
Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns,
Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,
But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light which all our island grac'd,
Like Hero's taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that exposed to the boist'rous wind.
Ah, cruel Heav'n! to snatch so soon away
Her for whose life, had we had time to pray,
With thousand vows and tears we should have
fought
That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.
But we, alas! no whisper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas sin to wish her here again.
That horrid word, at once, like lightning spread,
Strook all our ears,—The Lady Rich is dead!
Heart-rending news! and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue;
That Death should license have to range among
The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young!
The Paphian Queen (1) from that fierce battle
With gored hand, and veil so rudely torn, [borne,
Like terror did among th' immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that goddesses may bleed.
All stand amazed! but beyond the rest
Th' heroic dame (2) whose happy womb she blest,
Mov'd with just grief, expostulates with Heav'n,
Urging the promise to th' obsequious giv'n,
Of longer life; for ne'er was pious soul
More apt t' obey, more worthy to control.
A skilful eye at once might read the race
Of Caledonian monarchs in her face,
And sweet humility: her look and mind
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do:
So gentle and severe, that what was bad,
At once her hatred and her pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The rolling lights of heav'n, as change her course.
Some happy angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here!
And when this cloud of sorrow's overblown,
Through the wide world we'll make her graces
known.
So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
That all our art and pow'r of speech is waste.
Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise
Eternal monuments of louder praise.
There our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Fair Sacharissa!—and now only fair!
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear,

(1) Venus, (2) Christian Countess of Devonshire,

(Such as the Romans did erect of old)
Where on a marble pillar ſmall be told
The lovely paſſion each to other bare,
With the reſemblance of that matchleſs pair.
Narciſſus to the thing for which he pin'd
Was not more like than your's to her fair mind,
Save that ſhe grac'd the ſev'ral parts of life,
A ſpotleſs virgin, and a faultleſs wife.
Such was the ſweet converſe 'twixt her and you,
As that ſhe holds with her aſſociates now.
How falſe is Hope, and how regardleſs Fate,
That ſuch a love ſhould have ſo ſhort a date!
Lately I ſaw her, ſighing, part from thee:
(Alas that the laſt farewell ſhould be!)
So look'd Aſtræa, her remove deſign'd,
On thoſe diſtreſſed friends ſhe left behind.
Conſent in virtue knit your hearts ſo faſt,
That ſtill the knot, in ſpite of death, does laſt;
For as your tears, and ſorrow-wounded ſoul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole,
So all we know of what they do above,
Is that they happy are, and that they love.
Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themſelves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well choſen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the ſky.
Then grieve no more that one ſo heav'nly ſhap'd,
The crooked hand of trembling age eſcap'd:
Rather, ſince we beheld her not decay,
But that ſhe vaniſh'd ſo entire away,
Her wondrous beauty and her goodneſs merit
We ſhould ſuppoſe that ſome propitious ſpirit
In that celeſtial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceaſes to appear.

XXII.

OF LOVE.

Anger, in haſty words or blows,
Itſelf diſcharges on our foes;
And ſorrow too, finds ſome relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So ev'ry paſſion, but fond love,
Unto its own redreſs does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own deſigns;
Makes him lament, and ſigh, and weep,
Diſorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Poſtures which render him deſpis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women, (born to be control'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic and the loud.
Who firſt the gen'rous ſteed oppreſt,
Not kneeling did ſalute the beaſt;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horſe.
Unwiſely we the wiſer Eaſt
Pity, ſuppoſing them oppreſt
With tyrants' force, whoſe law is will,
By which they govern, ſpoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no leſs rigour here.
Should ſome brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty laſſes, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his preſent flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modeſt guiſe and ſilent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does ſcarce deſcend
To mark their follies, he would ſwear
That theſe her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more mageſtic queen,
Or humbler ſlaves, he had not ſeen.
All this with indignation ſpoke,
In vain I ſtruggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conq'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning ſtrook
My blaſted ſoul, and made me bow
Lower than thoſe I pity'd now.
So the tall ſtag, upon the brink
Of ſome ſmooth ſtream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With ſhame remembers that he fled
The ſcorned dogs, reſolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He ſtrait reſumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untaſted ſpring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

XXIII.

FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

Let brutes and vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink;
A more indulgent miſtreſs guides our ſp'rits,
Reaſon, that dares beyond our appetites:
She would our care as well as thirſt redreſs,
And with divinity rewards exceſs.
Deſerted Ariadne, thus ſupply'd,
Did perjur'd Theſeus' cruelty deride:
Bacchus embrac'd, from her exalted thought
Baniſh'd the man, her paſſion and his fault.
Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove ally'd,
And each by other's timely heat ſupply'd:
All that the grapes owe to his rip'ning fires
Is paid in numbers which their juice inſpires.
Wine fills the veins, and healths are underſtood
To give our friends a title to our blood;
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

XXIV.

OF MY LADY ISABELLA

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

Such moving ſounds from ſuch a careleſs touch!
So unconcern'd herſelf, and we ſo much!
What art is this, that with ſo little pains
Tranſports us thus, and o'er our ſpirits reigns?
The trembling ſtrings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiſs aloud.
Small force there needs to make them tremble ſo;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes ſtand, and while ſhe charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the liſt'ning deer.
Muſic ſo ſoftens and diſarms the mind,
That not an arrow does reſiſtance find.

Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herſelf the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

XXV.

OF MRS. ARDEN.

Behold, and liſten, while the fair
Breaks in ſweet ſounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the fire,
Which her bright eyes do firſt inſpire.
What reaſon can that love control,
Which more than one way courts the ſoul?
So when a flaſh of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid, which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from heav'n it came;
But if the winds with that conſpire,
Men ſtrive not, but deplore the fire.

XXVI.

OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

Design or Chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As ſhe deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom Heav'n ſeem'd to frame
And meaſure out this only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whoſe heads thoſe arrows fly
Of ſad diſtruſt and jealouſy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
To him the faireſt nymphs do ſhew
Like moving mountains topp'd with ſnow;
And ev'ry man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea ſeem:
None may preſume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.
Ah! Chloris! that kind Nature thus
From all the world had ſever'd us;
Creating for ourſelves us two,
As Love has me for only you!

XXVII.

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

Treading the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave,
Reſolv'd my country and my friends
All that remain'd of me ſhould have.

And this reſolve no mortal dame,
None but thoſe eyes could have o'erthrown;
The nymph I dare not, need not name,
So high, ſo like herſelf alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aſpires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and deſign'd for nobler uſe,
Not to make warm, but build the houſe,
Though from our meaner flames ſecure,
Muſt that which falls from heav'n endure.

XXVIII.

FROM A CHILD.

Madam, as in ſome climes the warmer ſun
Makes it full ſummer e'er the ſpring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our violets dare look abroad;
So meaſure not by any common uſe
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
Wrapp'd my glad head, I wiſh'd me ſo indeed,
That haſty time might never make me grow
Out of thoſe favours you afford me now;
That I might ever ſuch indulgence find,
And you not bluſh, or think yourſelf too kind;
Who now, I fear, while I theſe joys expreſs,
Begin to think how you may make them leſs.
The ſound of love makes your ſoft heart afraid,
And guard itſelf, though but a child invade,
And innocently at your white breaſt throw
A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n ſnow.

XXIX.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her ſlender waiſt confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.
It was my heav'n's extremeſt ſphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!
A narrow compaſs! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the reſt the ſun goes round.

XXX.

THE FALL.

See! how the willing earth gave way,
To take th' impreſſion where ſhe lay.
See! how the mould, as loth to leave
So ſweet a burden, ſtill doth cleave
Cloſe to the nymph's ſtain'd garment. Here
The coming ſpring would firſt appear,
And all this place with roſes ſtrow,
If buſy feet would let them grow.
Here Venus ſmil'd to ſee blind Chance
Itſelf before her ſon advance,
And a fair image to preſent,
Of what the Boy ſo long had meant.
'Twas ſuch a chance as this made all
The world into this order fall;
Thus the firſt lovers, on the clay,
Of which they were compoſed, lay.
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the firſt patterns of our race.
Then bluſh not, Fair! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble ſtrait;
How could he then ſupport your weight?

How could the youth, alas! but bend,
When his whole heav'n upon him lean'd?
If ought by him amiss were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

XXXI.

OF SYLVIA.

Our sighs are heard; just heav'n declares
The sense it has of lovers' cares:
She that so far the rest outshin'd,
Sylvia the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now.
So, when the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's self her name,
Lest she, provoking Heav'n, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine and die,
Than her bright morning, overcast
With sullen clouds, should be defac'd.

XXXII.

THE BUD.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose:
I pluck'd it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flow'r, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

XXXIII.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF A LADY'S PAINTING.

Pygmalion's fate revers'd is mine;
His marble love took flesh and blood:
All that I worshipp'd as divine,
That beauty! now 'tis understood
Appears to have no more of life
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
Some sudden cause of causeless fear,
Although that seeming cause take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A shaking through their limbs they find,
Like leaves saluted by the wind:

So though the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me so;
Yet from my breast I cannot tear
The passion which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my fancy raise
The print of that supposed face.

A real beauty, though too near,
The fond Narcissus did admire:
I dote on that which is no where;
The sign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er so cruel
As this, which thus survives the fuel!

XXXIV.

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

Not caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from myself, how far behind
Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this deep?
No: 'tis so rockless and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
From shipwreck'd vessels, but there borne.

Sweetness, truth, and ev'ry grace,
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the Boy;
Can with a single look inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

XXXV.

THE SELF-BANISHED.

It is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay;
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away,

In vain, alas! for ev'ry thing
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which Phœbus through his veins has shot:

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſh'd ſervant trouble you;
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
The vow I made—to love you too,

XXXVI.

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

As lately I on ſilver Thames did ride,
Sad Galatea on the bank I ſpy'd:
Such was her look as ſorrow taught to ſhine
And thus ſhe grac'd me with a voice divine.

GAL. You that can tune your ſounding ſtrings
Of ladies' beauties, and of love to tell, [ſo well,
Once change your note, and let your lute report
The juſteſt grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYR. Fair nymph! I have in your delights no ſhare,
Nor ought to be concerned in your care; [knew,
Yet would I ſing, if I your ſorrows
And to my aid invoke no muſe but you.

GAL. Hear then, and let your ſong augment our grief,
Which is ſo great as not to wiſh relief.

She that had all which Nature gives, or Chance,
Whom Fortune join'd with Virtue to advance
To all the joys this iſland could afford,
The greateſt miſtreſs, and the kindeſt lord;
Who with the royal mix'd her noble blood,
And in high grace with Gloriana ſtood;
Her bounty, ſweetneſs, beauty, goodneſs, ſuch,
That none e'er thought her happineſs too much;
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heav'n had been to her!
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well ſhe acted in this ſpan of life,
That though few years (too few, alas!) ſhe told,
She ſeem'd in all things but in beauty old.
As unripe fruit, whoſe verdant ſtalks do cleave
Cloſe to the tree, which grieves no leſs to leave
The ſmiling pendant which adorns her ſo,
And until Autumn on the boughs ſhould grow;
So ſeem'd her youthful ſoul, not eas'ly forc'd,
Or from ſo fair, ſo ſweet, a ſeat divorc'd:
Her fate at once did haſty ſeem and ſlow;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYR. Under how hard a law are mortals born!
Whom now we envy, we anon muſt mourn:
What Heav'n ſets higheſt, and ſeems moſt to prize,
Is ſoon removed from our wond'ring eyes!
But ſince the ſiſters ¶ did ſo ſoon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll ſtrive to piece the line.
Vouchſafe, ſad nymph! to let me know the dame,
And to the muſes I'll commend her name:
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The liſt'ning trees, and ſavage mountains groan.
What rock's not moved, when the death is ſung
Of one ſo good, ſo lovely, and ſo young?

GAL. 'Twas Hamilton!—whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me ſay no more.

¶ Parcæ.

XXXVII.

ON THE HEAD OF A STAG.

So we ſome antique hero's ſtrength
Learn by his lance's weight and length;
As theſe vaſt beams expreſs the beaſt,
Whoſe ſhady brows alive they dreſt.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty Nimrod did purſue.
What huntſman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare ſuch a monſter chace?
Reſembling, with each blow he ſtrikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.
O fertile Head! which ev'ry year
Could ſuch a crop of wonder bear!
That teeming earth did never bring,
So ſoon, ſo hard, ſo huge a thing;
Which might it never have been caſt,
(Each year's growth added to the laſt)
Theſe lofty branches had ſupply'd
The earth's bold ſon's prodigious pride:
Heav'n with theſe engines had been ſcal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

XXXVIII.

THE MISER'S SPEECH.

IN A MASK.

Balls of this metal ſlack'd At'lanta's pace,
And on the am'rous youth (a) beſtow'd the race:
Venus, (the nymph's mind meaſuring by her own)
Whom the rich ſpoils of cities overthrown
Had proſtrated to Mars, could well adviſe
Th' advent'rous lover how to gain the prize.
Nor leſs may Jupiter to gold aſcribe,
For when he turn'd himſelf into a bribe,
Who can blame Danae, or the brazen tow'r,
That they withſtood not that almighty ſhow'r?
Never till then did love make Jove put on
A form more bright and nobler than his own;
Nor were it juſt, would he reſume that ſhape,
That ſlack devotion ſhould his thunder 'ſcape.
'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong,
Thoſe aſs's ears on Midas' temples hung,
But fond repentance of his happy wiſh,
Becauſe his meat grew metal like his diſh.
Would Bacchus bleſs me ſo, I'd conſtant hold
Upon my wiſh, and die creating gold.

XXXIX.

UPON BEN. JOHNSON.

Mirror of Poets! mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy ſtage,
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd with her own faults, endures
A remedy like thoſe whom muſic cures.
Thou haſt alone thoſe various inclinations
Which Nature gives to ages, ſexes, nations:
So traced with thy all-reſembling pen,
That whate'er cuſtom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit, (which deforms them ſo,
That ſcarce a brother can his brother know)

(a) Hippomenes.

Is repreſented to the wond'ring eyes
Of all that ſee or read thy Comedies.
Whoever in thoſe glaſſes looks, may find
The ſpots return'd, or graces, of his mind;
And by the help of ſo divine an art,
At leiſure view and dreſs his nobler part.
Narciſſus, cozen'd by that flatt'ring well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, diſcov'ring the deform'd eſtate
Of his fond mind, preſerv'd himſelf with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In fleſh and blood ſo well, that Plato had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colours, ſpeech and motion grac'd.
The ſundry poſtures of thy copious Muſe
Who would expreſs, a thouſand tongues muſt uſe,
Who's fate's no leſs peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldſt all characters impart,
So none could render thine, which ſtill eſcapes,
Like Proteus, in variety of ſhapes;
Who was not this, nor that; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

XL.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER's PLAYS.

Fletcher! to thee we do not only owe
All theſe good plays, but thoſe of others too:
Thy wit repeated does ſupport the ſtage,
Credits the laſt, and entertains this age.
No worthies, form'd by any Muſe but thine,
Could purchaſe robes to make themſelves ſo fine.
What brave commander is not proud to ſee
Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?
Our greateſt ladies love to ſee their ſcorn
Outdone by thine in what themſelves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, e'er the year be done,
Sees thy Aſpaſia weeping in her gown.
I never yet the tragic ſtrain aſſay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable maid(1);
And when I venture at the comic ſtyle,
Thy Scornful Lady ſeems to mock my toil.
Thus has thy Muſe at once improv'd and marr'd
Our ſport in plays, by rend'ring it too hard!
So when a fort of luſty ſhepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the reſt outgo
So far, but that the beſt are meas'ring caſts,
Their emulation and their paſtime laſts;
But if ſome brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and toſs the axletree a yard
Or more beyond the furtheſt mark, the reſt
Deſpairing ſtand; their ſport is at the beſt.

XLI.

VERSES TO

DR. GEORGE ROGERS,

On his taking the degree of Doctor in Phyſic at Padua, in the year 1664.

When as of old the earth's bold children ſtrove,
With hills on hills, to ſcale the throne of Jove,
Pallas and Mars ſtood by their ſov'reign's ſide,
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd;
While the wiſe Phœbus, Hermes, and the reſt,
Who joy in peace, and love the Muſes beſt,
Deſcending from their ſo diſtemper'd ſeat,
Our groves and meadows choſe for their retreat.
There firſt Apollo try'd the various uſe
Of herbs, and learn'd the virtues of their juice,
And fram'd that art, to which who can pretend
A juſter title than our noble Friend?
Whom the like tempeſt drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad.
This crowns him here, and in the bays ſo earn'd,
His country's honour is no leſs concern'd,
Since it appears not all the Engliſh rave,
To ruin bent; ſome ſtudy how to ſave:
And as Hippocrates did once extend
His ſacred art, whole cities to amend;
So we, brave Friend! ſuppoſe that thy great ſkill,
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic iſle,
Their ſpirits calm, and peace again ſhall ſmile.

EDM. WALLER, Anglus.

Patavij typis Pauli Frambotti.

XLII.

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

MADE TO A SARABAND.

CHLORIS.

Hylas, oh Hylas! why ſit we mute,
Now that each bird ſaluteth the ſpring?
Wind up the ſlacken'd ſtrings of thy lute,
Never canſt thou want matter to ſing;
For love thy breaſt does fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'er is fair moves thy deſire.

HYL. Sweeteſt! you know the ſweeteſt of things
Of various flow'rs the bees do compoſe;
Yet no particular taſte it brings
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or roſe:
So love the reſult is of all the graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſev'ral faces.

CHLO. Hylas! the birds which chant in this grove,
Could we but know the language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant Muſe;
For love their breaſts does fill with ſuch a fire,
That what they once do chooſe, bounds their deſire.

HYL. Chloris! this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm ſeaſon hither does bring;
Time from yourſelf does further remove
You than the winter from the gay ſpring:
She that like lightning ſhin'd while her face laſted,
The oak now reſembles which lightning hath blaſted.

XLIII.

IN ANSWER OF

SIR JOHN SUCKLING's VERSES.

CON.

Stay here, fond Youth! and aſk no more; be wiſe;
Knowing too much long ſince loſt Paradiſe.

PRO. And by your knowledge we ſhould be be-
Of all that paradiſe which yet is left. [reft

(1) The Maid's Tragedy.

CON. The virtuous joys thou haſt, thou wouldſt
ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride; and wouldſt not take it ill
If rudely, from ſweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd: he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.
PRO. How can the joy or hope which you allow
Be ſtyled virtuous, and the end not ſo?
Talk in your ſleep, and ſhadows ſtill admire!
'Tis True, he wakes that feels this real fire:
But—to ſleep better; for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this Nepenthe, rocks himſelf aſleep.
CON. Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroys,
And while it pleaſeth much, yet ſtill it cloys.
Who thinks he ſhould be happier made for that,
As reas'nably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a ſurfeit: this once paſt,
What reliſhes? ev'n kiſſes loſe their taſte.
PRO. Bleſſings may be repeated while they cloy.
But ſhall we ſtarve, 'cauſe ſurfeitings deſtroy?
And if fruition did the taſte impair
Of kiſſes, why ſhould yonder happy pair,
Whoſe joys juſt Hymen warrants all the night,
Conſume the day too in this leſs delight?
CON. Urge not 'tis neceſſary; alas! we know
The homelieſt thing that mankind does is ſo.
The world is of a large extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled; children there muſt be:—
So muſt bread too; but ſince there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?
PRO. I need not plough, ſince what the ſtooping
hine
Gets of my pregnant land muſt all be mine:
But in this nobler tillage 'tis not ſo;
For when Anchiſes did fair Venus know,
What int'reſt had poor Vulcan in the boy,
Famous Æneas, or the preſent joy?
CON. Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've
been,
Are like romances read, or ſcenes once ſeen:
Fruition dulls or ſpoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before.
PRO. Plays and romances read and ſeen, do fall
In our opinions; yet not ſeen at all,
Whom would they pleaſe? To an heroic tale
Would you not liſten, leſt it ſhould grow ſtale?
CON. 'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear;
Heav'n were not heav'n if we knew what it were.
PRO. If 'twere not heav'n, if we knew what it
were,
'Twould not be heav'n to thoſe that now are there.
CON. And as in proſpects we are there pleas'd
moſt,
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſs; ſo here reſtraint
Holds up delight, that with exceſs would faint.
PRO. Reſtraint preſerves the pleaſure we have
got,
But he ne'er has it that enjoys it not.
In goodly proſpects who contracts the ſpace,
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
We wiſh remov'd what ſtandeth in our light,
And Nature blame for limiting our ſight;
Where you ſtand wiſely winking, that the view
Of the fair proſpect may be always new.
CON. They who know all the wealth they have
are poor;
He's only rich that cannot tell his ſtore.
PRO. Not he that knows the wealth he has is
poor,
But he that dares not touch nor uſe his ſtore.

XLIV.

AN APOLOGY

FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

They that never had the uſe
Of the grape's ſurpriſing juice,
To the firſt delicious cup
All their reaſon render up;
Neither do nor care to know
Whether it be beſt or no.

So they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,
To the firſt that's fair or kind,
Make a preſent of their heart:
It is not ſhe that firſt we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that as in th' ev'ning made,
Stars gave the firſt delight,
Admiring, in the gloomy ſhade,
Thoſe little drops of light:
Then at Aurora, whoſe fair hand
Remov'd them from the ſkies,
He gazing tow'rd the eaſt did ſtand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright ſun did appear,
All thoſe he 'gan deſpiſe;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher riſe.
He neither might, nor wiſh'd to know
A more refulgent light:
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employ'd his utmoſt ſight.

XLV.

THE NIGHT-PIECE:

OR, A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

Darkness, which faireſt nymphs diſarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thouſand captives make.
Her ſpeech is grac'd with ſweeter ſound
Than in another's ſong is found;
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.
As the bright ſtars and Milky Way,
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day;
So we, in that accompliſh'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the ſplendour of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converſe with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her ſhining image is a light
Fix'd in our hearts, and conquers night.
Like jewels to advantage ſet,
Her beauty by the ſhade does get;
There bluſhes, frowns, and cold diſdain,
All that our paſſion might reſtrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Preſents the fair idea kind.
Yet friended by the night, we dare
Only in whiſpers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch, (they are ſo keen!)
Wound as unſhot, and ſhe unſeen.
All near approaches threaten death;
We may be ſhipwreck'd by her breath:
Love, favour'd once with that ſweet gale,
Doubles his haſte, and fills his ſail,
Till he arrive where ſhe muſt prove
The haven or the rock of love,
So we th' Arabian coaſt do know
At diſtance, when the ſpices blow;
By the rich odour taught to ſteer,
Tho' neither day nor ſtars appear.

XLVI.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

TRANSLATED.

Beginning at V. 437.

-------Taleſque miſerrima fletus
Fertque refertque ſoror.--------

And ending with

Adnixi torquent ſpumas, et cærula verrunt. V. 583.

All this her weeping ſiſter (a) does repeat
To the ſtern man (b), whom nothing could entreat!
Loſt were her pray'rs, and fruitleſs were her tears;
Fate and great Jove had ſtopp'd his gentle ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling trunk, and with a boiſt'rous ſound
Scatter his leaves, and ſtrew them on the ground,
He fixed ſtands; as deep his roots doth lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No leſs on every ſide the hero preſt,
Feels love and pity ſhake his noble breaſt,
And down his cheeks though fruitleſs tears do roll,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel Heav'n to hate.
Her reſolution to diſpatch and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
The water conſecrate for ſacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes;
The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own ſiſter, knows.

Beſides there ſtood, as ſacred to her lord (c),
A marble temple which ſhe much ador'd,
With ſnowy fleeces and freſh garlands crown'd;
Hence ev'ry night proceeds a dreadful ſound;
Her huſband's voice invites her to his tomb,
And diſmal owls preſage the ills to come.
Beſides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold:
Scorn'd and deſerted to herſelf ſhe ſeems,
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.
So to mad Pentheus double Thebes appears,
And furies howl in his diſtemper'd ears.
Oreſtes ſo, with like diſtraction toſt,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghoſt.
Now grief and fury to their height arrive.
Death ſhe decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved ſiſter, with a cheerful grace,
(Hope well diſſembled ſhining in her face)
She thus deceives. Dear Siſter! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of Ethiopia lies
The place where Atlas does ſupport the ſkies;
Hence came an old magician, that did keep
Th' Heſperian fruit, and made the dragon ſleep:
Her potent charms do troubled ſouls relieve,
And, where ſhe liſts, makes calmeſt minds to grieve:
The courſe of rivers, and of heav'n, can ſtop,
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.
Witneſs, ye Gods! and thou, my deareſt part!
How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed where I my ruin did embrace:
With all the reliques of our impious gueſt,
Arms, ſpoils, and preſents, let the pile be dreſt;
(The knowing woman thus preſcribes) that we
May raiſe the man out of our memory.
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which ſhe doth thoſe ſacred rights pretend.
Nor worſe effects of grief her ſiſter thought
Would follow, than Sichæus' murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her: and now, heaped high
The cloven oaks and lofty pines do lie;
Hung all with wreaths and flow'ry garlands round,
So by herſelf was her own fun'ral crown'd!
Upon the top the Trojan's image lies;
And his ſharp ſword, wherewith anon ſhe dies.
They by the alter ſtand, while with looſe hair
The magic propheteſs begins her pray'r:
On Chaos, Erebus, and all the gods
Which in th' infernal ſhades have their abodes,
She loudly calls, beſprinkling all the room
With drops, ſuppos'd from Lethe's lake to come.
She ſeeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new foal'd colts, and herbs by moonlight mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot ſtands:
One tender foot was bare, the other ſhod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking ev'ry god,
And ev'ry pow'r, if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!
Now was the time when weary mortals ſteep
Their careful temples in the dew of ſleep:

(a) Anna. (b) Æneas. (c) Sichæus.

On ſees, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet and deep ſilence fell;
But not on Dido! whoſe untamed mind
Refus'd to be by ſacred night confin'd:
A double paſſion in her breaſt does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus ſhe afflicts her ſoul: What ſhall I do?
With fate inverted ſhall I humbly woo?
And ſome proud prince, in wild Numidia born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my ſcorn?
Or ſhall I with th' ungrateful Trojan go,
Quit all my ſtate, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough, by ſad experience known,
The perjur'd race of falſe Laomedon?
With my Sidonians ſhall I give them chaſe,
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No:—die! and let this ſword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.
Ah, Siſter! vanquiſh'd with my paſſion, thou
Betray'dſt me firſt, diſpenſing with my vow.
Had I been conſtant to Sichæus ſtill,
And ſingle liv'd, I had not known this ill!
Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breaſt,
While the Dardanian does ſecurely reſt
In his tall ſhip, for ſudden flight prepar'd;
To whom once more the ſon of Jove appear'd;
Thus ſeems to ſpeak the youthful deity;
Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.
Fair Venus' ſeed! canſt thou indulge thy ſleep,
Nor better guard in ſuch great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to loſe ſo fair a wind!
If here thy ſhips the purple morning find,
Thou ſhalt behold this hoſtile harbour ſhine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine:
She meditates revenge, reſolv'd to die;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.
This ſaid, the god in ſhades of night retir'd.
Amaz'd Æneas, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull ſleep, and rouſing up his men.
Behold! the gods command our flight again.
Fall to your oars, and all your canvaſs ſpread:
What god ſoe'er that thus vouchſafes to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey;
Aſſiſt us ſtill, ſmoothing our happy way,
And make the reſt propitious!—With that word
He cuts the cable with his ſhining ſword:
Through all the navy doth like ardour reign,
They quit the ſhore, and ruſh into the main;
Plac'd on their banks, the luſty Trojans ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

XLVII.

ON THE

PICTURE OF A FAIR YOUTH,

TAKEN AFTER HE WAS DEAD.

As gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay and freſh, as on the ſtalk they grew,
Torn from the root that nouriſh'd them a while,
(Not taking notice of their fate) they ſmile,
And in the hand which rudely pluck'd them ſhew
Fairer than thoſe that to their autumn grow;
So love and beauty ſtill that viſage grace;
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Thoſe lovely features which cold Death has ſpar'd,
No wonder then he ſped in love ſo well,
When his high paſſion he had breath to tell;
When that accompliſh'd ſoul, in this fair frame,
No bus'neſs had but to perſuade that dame,
Whoſe mutual love advanc'd the youth ſo high,
That, but to heav'n, he could no higher fly.

XLVIII.

ON A

BREDE OF DIVERS COLOURS.

WOVEN BY FOUR LADIES.

Twice twenty ſlender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies ſhine.
As nature them, ſo they this ſhade have wrought,
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not Juno's bird, when his fair train diſpread,
He woos the female to his painted bed:
No, not the bow, which ſo adorns the ſkies,
So glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dyes.

XLIX.

OF A WAR WITH SPAIN,

AND FIGHT AT SEA.

Now for ſome ages had the pride of Spain
Made the ſun ſhine on half the world in vain,
While ſhe bid war, to all that durſt, ſupply
The place of thoſe her cruelty made die.
Of Nature's bounty men ſorbore to taſte,
And the beſt portion of the earth lay waſte.
From the new world her ſilver and her gold
Came, like a tempeſt, to confound the old:
Feeding with theſe, the brib'd Electors' hopes,
Alone ſhe gives us Emperors and Popes:
With theſe accompliſhing her vaſt deſigns,
Europe was ſhaken with her Indian mines.
When Britain, looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon this gilded majeſty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire muſt decline,
Whoſe chief ſupport and ſinews are of coin,
Our nation's ſolid virtue did oppoſe
To the rich troublers of the world's repoſe,
And now ſome months, encamping on the main,
Our naval army had beſieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy deſign'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red Croſs they triumphant ſee,
Riding without a rival on the ſea.
Others may uſe the ocean as their road,
Only the Engliſh make it their abode,
Whoſe ready ſails with ev'ry wind can fly,
And make a cov'nant with th' inconſtant ſky:

Out oaks ſecure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a ſteady foot.
Meanwhile the Spaniards in America,
Near to the line the ſun approaching ſaw,
And hop'd their European coaſts to find
Clear'd from our ſhips by the autumnal wind:
Their huge capacious galleons ſtuff'd with plate,
The lab'ring winds drive ſlowly tow'rds their fate.
Before Saint Lucar they their guns diſcharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge:
This heard ſome ſhip of ours, (though out of view)
And, ſwift as eagles, to the quarry flew;
So heedleſs lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.
Arriv'd, they ſoon begin that tragic play,
And with their ſmoaky cannons baniſh day:
Night, horror, ſlaughter, with confuſion meets,
And in their ſable arms embrace the fleets.
Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And of one wound hundreds together die:
Born under diff'rent ſtars, one fate they have,
The ſhip their coffin, and the ſea their grave!
Bold were the men which on the ocean firſt
Spread their new ſails, when ſhipwreck was the worſt:
More danger now from man alone we find,
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had ſail'd from near th' Antartic Pole,
Their treaſure ſafe, and all their veſſels whole,
In ſight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or ſea!
What they would ſpare our fiercer art deſtroys,
Surpaſſing ſtorms in terror and in noiſe.
Once Jove from Ida did both hoſts ſurvey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray;
Here Heav'n in vain that kind retreat ſhould found:
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize; while others, burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down ſinks at once (ſo Fortune with us ſports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.
Vain man! whoſe rage buries as low that ſtore
As avarice had digg'd for it before:
What earth in her dark bowels could not keep
From greedy hands, lies ſafer in the deep,
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Thoſe ſeeds of luxury, debate, and pride.
And now into her lap the richeſt prize
Fell with the nobleſt of our enemies:
The Marquis (a), (glad to ſee the fire deſtroy
Wealth that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ſhip his children ſent,
To periſh in a milder element;
Then laid him by his burning lady's ſide,
And, ſince he could not ſave her, with her dy'd.
Spices and gums about them melting fry,
And phœnix-like, in that rich neſt they die:
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd,
And now together are to aſhes turn'd;
Aſhes! more worth than all their ſun'ral coſt,
Than the huge treaſure which was with them loſt.
Theſe dying lovers, and their floating ſons,
Suſpend the fight, and ſilence all our guns:

(a) Of Bajadoz,

Beauty and youth about to periſh, finds
Such noble pity in brave Engliſh minds,
That (the rich ſpoil forgot, their valour's prize)
All labour now to ſave their enemies.
How frail our paſſions! how ſoon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care.
They that but now for honour and for plate
Made the ſea bluſh with blood, reſign their hate;
And, their young foes endeav'ring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.
With theſe return victorious Montagu,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.
Let the brave generals divide that bough,
Our great Protector hath ſuch wreaths enough:
His conq'ring head has no more room for bays:
Then let it be as the glad nation prays;
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the ſtate fix'd, by making him a crown:
With ermine clad, and purple, let him hold
A royal ſceptre, made of Spaniſh gold.

L.

UPON THE DEATH OF

THE LORD PROTECTOR.

We muſt reſign! Heav'n his great ſoul does claim
In ſtorms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his laſt breath, ſhakes our iſle,
And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile;
About his palace their broad roots are toſt
Into the air.——So Romulus was loſt!
New Rome in ſuch a tempeſt miſs'd her king,
And from obeying fell to worſhipping.
On Octa's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him ſpread.
The poplar, too, whoſe bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay proſtrate there.
Thoſe his laſt fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying hero from the continent
Raviſh'd whole towns, and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his laſt legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which ſo long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaſter mind;
Our bounds enlargement was his lateſt toil,
Nor hath he left us priſ'ners to our iſle:
Under the tropic is our language ſpoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us diſengage,
Found nobler objects for our martial rage;
And, with wiſe conduct, to his country ſhew'd
The ancient way of conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him grieve, concern'd to ſee
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herſelf took notice of his death,
And, ſighing, ſwell'd the ſea with ſuch a breath,
That to remoteſt ſhores her billows roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

II.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY.

Of the firſt Paradiſe there's nothing found;
Plants ſet by Heav'n are vaniſh'd, and the ground;
Yet the deſcription laſts; who knows the fate
Of lines that ſhall this Paradiſe relate?
Inſtead of rivers rolling by the ſide
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide:
The ſea, which always ſerv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleaſure too.
Of famous cities, we the founders know;
But rivers, old as ſeas, to which they go,
Are Nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river than to build a town.
For future ſhade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new ſtream appear in even ranks:
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them ſtand:
May they increaſe as faſt, and ſpread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to ſee them all
Dark ſhadows caſt, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I ſee the love that ſhall be made,
The lovers walking in that am'rous ſhade,
The gallants dancing by the river ſide;
They bathe in ſummer, and in winter ſlide;
Methinks I hear the muſic in the boats,
And the loud echo which returns the notes,
While over head a flock of new ſprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the ſun control,
Dark'ning the ſky: they hover o'er, and ſhrowd
The wanton ſailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath, a ſhoal of ſilver fiſhes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' ſides:
The ladies angling in the cryſtal lake,
Feaſt on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fiſhes and the men their prize.
A thouſand Cupids on the billows ride,
And ſea-nymphs enter with the ſwelling tide;
From Thetis ſent as ſpies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her ſov'reign's court.
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
Or dead, the palate, here you may deſcry:
The choiceſt things that furniſh'd Noah's ark,
Or Peter's ſheet, inhabiting this Park;
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whoſe loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the ſpacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muſe knows not what path to tread.
Yonder, the harveſt of cold months laid up,
Gives a freſh coolneſs to the royal cup:
There ice, like cryſtal firm, and never loſt,
Tempers hot July with December's froſt;
Winter's dark priſon, whence he cannot fly,
Though the warm ſpring, his enemy, draws nigh.
Strange that extremes ſhould thus preſerve the
High on the Alps, or in deep caves below. [ſnow
Here a well-poliſh'd Mall gives us the joy
To ſee our Prince his matchleſs force employ;
His manly poſture, and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth, in all his motions ſeen;
His ſhape ſo lovely, and his limbs ſo ſtrong,
Confirm our hopes we ſhall obey him long.
No ſooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And ſuch a fury from his arm has got,
As from a ſmoking culv'rin it were ſhot.
Near this my Muſe, what moſt delights her, ſees,
A living gallery of aged trees;
Bold ſons of Earth, that thruſt their arms ſo high,
As if once more they would invade the ſky.
In ſuch green palaces the firſt kings reign'd,
Slept in their ſhades, and angel's entertain'd;
With ſuch old counſellors they did adviſe,
And by frequenting ſacred groves grew wiſe.
Free from th' impediments of light and noiſe,
Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
Here Charles contrives th' ordering of his ſtates,
Here he reſolves his neighb'ring princes' fates;
What nation ſhall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this orac'lous ſhade;
The world, from India to the frozen North,
Concern'd in what this ſolitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives;
The proſpect thought and contemplation gives.
That ſeat of empire here ſalutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themſelves apply;
The ſtructure by a prelate (1) rais'd, Whitehall,
Built with the fortune of Rome's Capitol:
Both, diſproportion'd to the preſent ſtate
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
From hence he does that antique pile (2) behold,
Where royal heads receive the ſacred gold:
It gives them crowns, and does their aſhes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they ſleep:
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Thoſe ſuns of Empire! where they riſe, they ſet.
When others fell, this ſtanding did preſage
The crown ſhould triumph over pop'lar rage:
Hard by that Houſe (3) where all our ills were ſhap'd
Th' auſpicious temple ſtood; and yet eſcap'd.
So ſnow on Ætna does unmelted lie,
Whence rolling flames and ſcatter'd cinders fly;
The diſtant country in the ruin ſhares;
What falls from heav'n the burning mountain ſpares.
Next that capacious Hall (4) he ſees, the room
Where the whole nation does for juſtice come;
Under whoſe large roof flouriſhes the gown,
And judges grave on high tribunals frown.
Here, like the people's paſtor, he does go,
His flock ſubjected to his view below;
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private paſſion does indulgence find:
The pleaſures of his youth ſuſpended are,
And made a ſacrifice to public care
Here, free from court compliances, he walks,
And with himſelf, his beſt adviſer, talks.
How peaceful olives may his temples ſhade,
For mending laws, and for reſtoring trade:
Or how his brows may he with laurel charg'd,
For nations conquer'd and our bounds enlarg'd.
Of ancient prudence here he ruminates,
Of riſing kingdoms and of falling ſtates:
What ruling arts gave great Auguſtus fame,
And how Alcides purchas'd ſuch a name.

(1) Cardinal Wolſey. (2) Weſtminſter-Abbey.
(3) Houſe of Commons. (4) Weſtminſter-Hall.

His eyes, upon his native palace ¶ bent,
Close by, suggest a greater argument.
His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
On what the world may from that star expect
Which at his birth appear'd, to let us see
Day, for his sake, could with the night agree:
A prince on whom such diff'rent lights did smile,
Born the divided world to reconcile!
Whatever Heav'n, or high extracted blood
Could promise, or foretel, he will make good;
Reform these nations, and improve them more
Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

LII.

Of the invasion and defeat

OF THE TURKS,

IN THE YEAR 1683.

The modern Nimrod, with a base delight
Pursuing beasts, that save themselves by flight,
Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.
A prince with eunuchs and the softer sex
Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,
Provoke the German, and, neglecting heav'n,
Forget the truce for which his oath was giv'n.
His Grand Visier, presuming to invest
The chief Imperial city of the West ‖,
With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The standard lost, and Janizaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his master vain.
The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the mem'ry of his father's doom;
And his guard murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccessful kings.
The trembling Sultan's forc'd to expiate
His own ill conduct by another's fate:
The Grand Visier, a tyrant, though a slave,
A fair example to his master gave;
He Bassas' heads, to save his own, made fly,
And now, the Sultan, to preserve, must die.
The fatal bowstring was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought;
Made the world tremble with a num'rous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies! yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud,
That of the great, neglecting to be just,
Heav'n in a moment makes an heap of dust.
The Turks so low, why should the Christians lose
Such an advantage of their barb'rous foes?
Neglect their present ruin to complete,
Before another Solyman they get?
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
That num'rous herd, by such a lion led:
He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.
But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possest,
The Christians perish, by themselves oppress:

¶ St James's. ‖ Vienna.

Cities and provinces so dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!
What angel shall descend to reconcile
The Christian states, and end their guilty toil?
A prince more fit from Heav'n we cannot ask
Than Britain's king, for such a glorious task;
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fear and favour of mankind:
His warrant does the Christian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain
What Rome had fought from her fierce sons in vain.
In battles won Fortune a part doth claim,
And soldiers have their portion in the fame;
In this successful union we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word,
Without unsheathing the destructive sword;
Without a tax upon his subjects laid,
Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade:
And what can they to such a Prince deny,
With whose desires the greatest kings comply?
The arts of peace are not to him unknown;
This happy way he march'd into the throne;
And we owe more to Heav'n than to the sword,
The wish'd return of so benign a lord.
Charles! by old Greece with a new freedom grac'd,
Above her antique heroes shall be plac'd.
What Theseus did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace;
Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants and their monsters slain:
Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told,
This glorious act the living do behold.

LIII.

OF HER MAJESTY,

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

What revolutions in the world have been!
How are we chang'd since we first saw the Queen!
She, like the sun, does still the same appear,
Bright as she was at her arrival here!
Time has commission mortals to impair,
But things celestial is oblig'd to spare.
May ev'ry new year find her still the same
In health and beauty as she hither came!
When Lords and Commons with united voice,
Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the royal choice:
First of our queens, whom not the King alone,
But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.
With like consent, and like deceit, was crown'd
The glorious Prince ¶ that does the Turk confound.
Victorious both! his conduct wins the day,
And her example chases vice away:
Though louder fame attend the martial rage;
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

¶ John Sobieski, King of Poland.

LIV.

OF TEA.

COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
The best of queens, and best of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation which the way did shew
To the fair region where the sun does rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
The Muses' friend, tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit on her birth-day to salute the Queen.

LV.

OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

Mother to the Prince of Orange: and of her portrait written by the late Duchess of York while she lived with her.

Heroic Nymph! in tempests the support,
In peace the glory of the British court!
Into whose arms the church, the state, and all
That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that shall your bounty hear,
Will think you mistress of the Indies were:
Though straiter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy mine:
Like the blest oil, the widow's lasting feast,
Your treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
Your native isle does with your praises ring:
But above all, a nymph[1] of your own train
Give us your character in such a strain,
As none but she, who in that court did dwell,
Could know such worth, or worth describe so well.
So while we mortals here at heav'n do guess,
And more our weakness than the place express,
Some angel, a domestic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath seen and known.

LVI.

UPON HER MAJESTY'S[2]

NEW BUILDING AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

Great Queen! that does our island bless
With princes and with palaces;
Treated so ill, chas'd from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the Town;
And with a brave revenge do shew
Their glory went and came with you.
While Peace from hence and you were gone,
Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,
Those wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon and relieve.
Constant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove.
Though by rude hands their nests are spoil'd,
There the next spring again they build.
Accusing some malignant star,
Not Britain, for that fatal war,
Your kindness banishes your fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here.
But what new mine this work supplies?
Can such a pile from ruin rise?
This, like the first creation, shews,
As if at your command it rose.
Frugality and bounty too
(Those diff'ring virtues) meet in you:
From a confin'd, well-manag'd store,
You both employ and feed the poor.
Let foreign princes vainly boast
The rude effects of pride and cost;
Of vaster fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing but the pay:
This, by the Queen herself design'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind:
The state and order does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.
Each part with just proportion grac'd,
And all to such advantage plac'd,
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Ent'ring, beneath us we descry,
And wonder how we came so high.
She needs no weary steps ascend;
All seems before her feet to bend;
And here, as she was born, she lies,
High, without taking pains to rise.

[1] Lady Anne Hyde.
[2] Henrietta Maria, Queen-consort of K. Charles I.

LVII.

OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

Fair hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does shew
Like track of leverets in morning snow.
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours or of oil!
For though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake;
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you
Can make the motion and the forest too.

LVIII.

OF THE LADY MARY,

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

As once the lion honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came;
A royal hero, no less brave,
Produc'd this sweet, this lovely dame.

To her the prince, that did oppoſe
Such mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could ſo well free, himſelf does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the ſun does riſe,
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conqu'ring eyes.

Orange with youth experience has;
In action young, in counſel old:
Orange is what Auguſtus was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree which bears his name,
Bloſſoms and fruit at once are found:
In him we all admire the fame,
His flow'ry youth with wiſdom crown'd!

Empire and freedom reconcil'd
In Holland are by great Naſſau:
Like thoſe he ſprung from juſt and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-happy Pair! ſo near ally'd
In royal blood, and virtue too!
Now Love has you together ty'd,
May none this triple knot undo!

The church ſhall be the happy place
Where ſtreams which from the ſame ſource run,
Though divers lands awhile they grace,
Unite again, and are made one.

A thouſand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all,
For while he thus his niece beſtows,
About our iſle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which Athens had,
By th' oracle's advice, of wood:
Had theirs been ſuch as Charles has made,
That mighty ſtate till now had ſtood.

LIX.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

Poets may boaſt, as ſafely vain,
Their works ſhall with the world remain:
Both bound together live or die,
The verſes and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line ſhould long
Laſt in a daily changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails,
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we uſe ill-choſen ſtone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that laſting marble ſeek,
Muſt carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in ſand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his ſenſe can only boaſt,
The glory of his numbers loſt!
Years have defac'd his matchleſs ſtrain,
And yet he did not ſing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
The ſhining ſubjects of his rage,
Hoping they ſhould immortal prove,
Rewarded with ſucceſs his love.

This was the gen'rous poet's ſcope,
And all an Engliſh pen can hope,
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can ſo far extend their fame.

Verſe, thus deſign'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty, if it prove
But as long-liv'd as preſent love.

LX.

UPON THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S

Tranſlation of Horace, De Arte Poetica: and of the uſe of Poetry.

Rome was not better by her Horace taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
The poet writ to noble Piſo there;
A noble Piſo does inſtruct us here;
Give us a pattern in his flowing ſtyle,
And with rich precepts does oblige our iſle:
Britain! whoſe genius is in verſe expreſs'd,
Bold and ſublime, but negligently dreſs'd.
Horace will our ſuperfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and ſet our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horſe,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.
Though poets may of inſpiration boaſt,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is loſt.
He that proportion'd wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his fancy and his judgment ſhews.
Chaſte moral writing we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no wit can recompence.
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That ſacred ſtream! ſhould never water weeds,
Nor make the crop of thorns and thiſtles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature ſow.
Well-ſounding verſes are the charm we uſe,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuſe:
Things of deep ſenſe we may in proſe unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſuades.
The Muſes' friend, unto himſelf ſevere,
With ſilent pity looks on all that err;
But where a brave, a public action ſhines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.

Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight;
Praiſe of great acts he ſcatters as a ſeed
Which may the like in coming ages breed.
Here taught the fate of verſes, (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much deſpis'd)
Men will be leſs indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets loſe half the praiſe they ſhould have got,
Could it be known what they diſcreetly blot,
Finding new words, that to the raviſh'd ear
May like the language of the gods appear,
Such as of old wiſe bards employ'd, to make
Unpoliſh'd men their wild retreats forſake:
Law-giving heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raiſing cities with their charming lutes:
For rudeſt minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muſes taught.
So wand'ring bees would periſh in the air,
Did not a ſound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appeaſe their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flow'rs, and to forbear the ſpoil,
Preſerv'd in winter by their ſummer's toil;
They give us food which may with nectar vie,
And wax that does the abſent ſun ſupply.

LXI.

AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM

DE BENTIVOGLIO SUO.

Floribus Angligenis non hanc tibi necto corollam,
Cùm ſatis indigenis te probet ipſe Liber:
Per me Roma ſciet tibi ſe debere, quòd Anglo
Romanus didicit cultiùs ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Cæſare vidit,
Candida Romulidum te duce ſcripta videt.
Conſilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris, eſto!
Sed ſtudio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis liber hic inſtructus, et arte Batavâ,
A Belga nobis ut cavéamus, ait.
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris
Vulnera; diſcordes Flandria quaſſa monet.
Hic diſcat miles pugnare, orare ſenator;
Qui regnant, leni ſceptra tenere manu.
Macte, Comes! virtute novâ; veſtri ordinis ingens
Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!
Dùm ſtertunt alii ſomno vinoque ſepulti,
Nobilis antiquo ſtemmate digna facis.

LXII.

ON THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S

Expedition into Scotland in the ſummer ſolſtice.

Swift as Jove's meſſenger, (the winged god †)
With ſword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command,
And in a moment reach'd that northern land,
Where day contending with approaching night,
Aſſiſts the hero with continu'd light.
On foes ſurpris'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have ruſh'd; but noble pity held
His hand awhile, and to their choice gave ſpace
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder ſpoke,
And then, like lightning, through that cloud he broke.
His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
The guilty Scots with ſuch a terror ſtrook,
That to his courage they reſign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that ſo little loyal blood it coſt,
He grieves ſo many Britons ſhould be loſt;
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To ſave the flyers than to win the field;
And at the Court his intereſt does employ,
That none, who 'ſcap'd his fatal ſword, ſhould die.
And now theſe raſh bold men their error find,
Not truſting one beyond his promiſe kind;
One! whoſe great mind, ſo bountiful and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer and to ſave.
In vulgar breaſts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as theſe his high extraction tell,
And give a ſecret joy to him that reigns *;
To ſee his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins;
To ſee a leader whom he got and choſe,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.
But ſeeing envy, like the ſun, does beat,
With ſcorching rays, on all that's high and great,
This, ill-requited Monmouth! is the bough
The Muſes ſend to ſhade thy conqu'ring brow.
Lampoons, like ſquibs, may make a preſent blaze,
But time and thunder pay reſpect to bays.
Achilles' arms dazzle our preſent view,
Kept by the Muſe as radiant and as new
As from the forge of Vulcan firſt they came;
Thouſands of years are paſt, and they the ſame;
Such care ſhe takes to pay deſert with fame!
Than which no monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompence.

LXIII.

THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

When through the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller the ſun,
Hither at length the Roman Eagle flies,
As the laſt triumph of her conqu'ring eyes.
As heir to Julius, ſhe may pretend
A ſecond time to make this iſland bend;
But Portſmouth, ſpringing from the ancient race
Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chaſe,
As they great Cæſar did oppoſe, makes head,
And does againſt this new invader lead.
That goodly nymph, the taller of the two,
Careleſs and fearleſs to the field does go.
Becoming bluſhes on the other wait,
And her young look excuſes want of height.
Beauty gives courage; for ſhe knows the day
Muſt not be won the Amazonian way.

† Mercury.

* King Charles II.

Legions of Cupids to the battle come,
For Little Britain thefe, and thofe for Rome.
Drefs'd to advantage, this illuftrious pair
Arriv'd, for combat in the lift appear.
What may the fates defign! for never yet
From diftant regions two fuch beauties met.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And vict'ry to declare herfelf feems loath;
Over the camp, with doubtful wings fhe flies,
Till Chloris fhining in the field fhe fpies.
The lovely Chloris well-attended came,
A thoufand graces waited on the dame:
Her matchlefs form made all the Engliih glad,
And foreign beauties lefs affurance had:
Yet, like the Three on Ida's top, they all
Pretend alike, conteiting for the ball:
Which to determine love himfelf declin'd,
Leit the neglected fhould become lefs kind.
Such killing looks! fo thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unfafe to be a ftander-by.
Poets, approaching to defcribe the fight,
Are by their wounds inftructed how to write.
They with lefs hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in Alfatia;
And with that foil of violence and rage,
Set off the fplendour of our Golden age:
Where Love gives law, beauty the fceptre fways,
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

LXIV.

OF AN

ELEGY MADE BY MRS. WHARTON

ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Thus mourn the muies, on the hearfe
Not ftrowing tears, but lafting verfe,
Which fo preferve the hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.
Chloris, in lines fo like his own,
Gives him fo juft and high renown,
That fhe th' afflicted world relieves,
And fhews that ftill in her he lives:
Her wit as graceful, great, and good;
Ally'd in genius as in blood.
His lofs fupply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the nymph fhould melt in tears,
Then, faireft Chloris! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our fake,
Leit his fair foul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

LXV.

UPON OUR LATE LOSS

OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

The failing bloffoms which a young plant bears,
Engage our hope for the fucceeding years;
And hope is all which Art or Nature brings,
At the firft trial, to accompliih things.
Mankind was firft created an eiTay:
That ruder draught the deluge waih'd away.
How many ages pafs'd, what blood and toil,
Before we made one kingdom of this ifle!
How long in vain had Nature ftriv'd to frame
A perfect princefs e'er her Highnefs came?
For joys fo great we muft with patience wait;
'Tis the fet price of happinefs complete.
As a firft fruit Heav'n claim'd that lovely boy;
The next fhall live, and be the nation's joy.

LXVI.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

For the drawing of the poiture and progrefs of his Majefty's forces at fea, under the command of his Highnefs-Royal; together with the battle and victory obtained over the Dutch, June 3. 1665.

First draw the fea; that portion which between
The greater world and this of ours is feen:
Here place the Britifh, there the Holland fleet,
Vaft floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who fhould reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd main.
Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unufual ftar
Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.
Make the fea fhine with gallantry, and all
The Engliih youth flock to the Admiral,
The valiant Duke! whofe early deeds abroad
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct fhew'd;
His bright fword now a dearer int'reit draws,
His brother's glory, and his country's caufe.
Let thy bold pencil hope and courage fpread
Through the whole navy, by that hero led:
Make all appear where fuch a Prince is by,
Refolv'd to conquer, or refolv'd to die.
With his extraction and his glorious mind,
Make the proud fails fwell more than with the wind:
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop when they find a lion in their way.
Make him beftride the ocean, and mankind
Afk his conient to ufe the fea and wind,
While his tall fhips in the barr'd Channel ftand,
He grafps the Indies in his armed hand.
Paint an eaft-wind, and make it blow away
Th' excufe of Holland for their navy's ftay:
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to fhun,
Through the cold north and rocky regions run.
To find the coaft where morning firft appears,
By the dark pole the wary Belgian fteers;
Confeiling now, he dreads the Engliih more
Than all the dangers of a frozen fhore;
While from our arms, fecurity to find,
They fly fo far, they leave the day behind.
Defcribe their fleet abandoning the fea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey;

Our first success in war make Bacchus crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.
The Dutch their wine, and all their brandy lose,
Disarm'd of that from which their courage grows;
While the glad English, to relieve their toil,
In healths to their great leader drink the spoil.
His high command to Afric's coast extend,
And make the Moors before the English bend:
Those barb'rous pirates willingly receive
Conditions such as we are pleas'd to give.
Deserted by the Dutch, let nations know
We can our own and their great bus'nes do;
False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,
Which worse than tempests did infest the main.
Within those Straits make Holland's Smyrna fleet
With a small squadron of the English meet;
Like Falcons these, those like a num'rous flock
Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.
There paint confusion in a various shape;
Some sink, some yield; and, flying, some escape.
Europe and Africa, from either shore,
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar;
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight so deserve to rule the sea.
But, nearer home, thy pencil use once more,
And place our navy by the Holland shore;
The world they compass'd while they fought with Spain,
But here already they resign the main:
Those greedy mariners, out of whose way
Diffusive Nature could no region lay,
At home, preserv'd from rocks and tempests, lie,
Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.
Their single towns th' Iberian armies prest;
We all their provinces at once invest;
And in a month ruin their traffic more
Than that long war could in an age before.
But who can always on the billows lie?
The wat'ry wilderness yields no supply:
Spreading our sails, to Harwich we resort,
And meet the beauties of the British court:
Th' illustrious Duchess, and her glorious train,
(Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the main.
The gazing sea-gods, since the Paphian Queen ¶
Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen.
Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
Those deathless pow'rs for us themselves declare,
Resolv'd the aid of Neptune's court to bring,
And help the nation where such beauties spring:
The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
And takes new valour from the ladies' eyes. [gone,
Meanwhile, like bees, when stormy winter's
The Dutch (as if the sea were all their own)
Desert their ports, and, falling in their way,
Our Hamburg merchants are become their prey.
Thus flourish they, before th' approaching fight,
As dying tapers give a blazing light.
To check their pride, our fleet half-victuall'd
Enough to serve us till we reach our foes; [goes,
Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold,
A greater force than that which here we find
Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.

Restrain'd awhile by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient English scarce attend the light.
But now the morning (heav'n severely clear!)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear;
And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,
That he might see, and thus record the fight.
As when loud winds from diff'rent quarters
Vast clouds encount'ring one another crush; [rush,
With swelling sails so, from their sev'ral coasts,
Join the Batavian and the British hosts.
For a less prize, with less concern and rage,
The Roman fleets at Actium did engage;
They for the empire of the world they knew,
These for the Old contend, and for the New.
At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,
Nor heav'n nor sea their former face retain'd:
Fury and art produce effects so strange,
They trouble Nature, and her visage change.
Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
And no light shines but that by which men die,
There York appears! so prodigal is he
Of royal blood as ancient as the sea!
Which down to him so many ages told,
Has through the veins of mighty monarchs roll'd!
The great Achillis march'd not to the field
Till Vulcan that impenetrable shield
And arms had wrought; yet there no bullets flew,
But shafts and darts which the weak Phrygians threw.
Our holder hero on the deck does stand
Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land;
Defensive arms laid by as useless here,
Where massy balls the neighb'ring rocks do tear.
Some pow'r unseen those princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themselves neglect.
Against him first Opdam his squadron leads,
Proud of his late success against the Swedes,
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to perish by a prince's hand.
The tall Batavian in a vast ship rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow sides;
Yet not inclin'd the English ship to board,
More on his guns relies than on his sword;
From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd;
It miss'd the Duke, but his great heart it griev'd;
Three worthy persons (a) from his side it tore,
And dy'd his garment with their scatter'd gore.
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,
More to be valu'd than a thousand lives!
On such a theatre as this to die,
For such a cause, and such a witness by!
Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
To have his blood on such an altar laid?
The rest about him strook with horror stood,
To see their leader cover'd o'er with blood.
So trembled Jacob, when he thought the stains
Of his son's coat had issued from his veins.
He feels no wound but in his troubled thought;
Before for honour, now revenge he fought:
His friends in pieces torn, (the bitter news
Not brought by fame) with his own eyes he views.
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valour, and their truth,

¶ Venus.

(a) Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr. Boyle.

The joys of court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him abandon'd,—and their lives!
He ſtorms and ſhoots; but flying bullets now,
To execute his rage, appear too ſlow:
They miſs, or ſweep but common ſouls away;
For ſuch a loſs Opdam his life muſt pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ſhip to board,
And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
His winged veſſel like an eagle ſhews,
When through the clouds to truſs a ſwan ſhe goes:
The Belgian ſhip unmov'd, like ſome huge rock
Inhabiting the ſea, expects the ſhock:
From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the bus'neſs of the day:
Bullets their flight, and guns their noiſe ſuſpend;
The ſilent ocean does th' event attend,
Which leader ſhall the doubtful victʼry bleſs,
And give an earneſt of the war's ſucceſs,
When Heav'n itſelf, for England to declare,
Turns ſhip, and men, and tackle, into air.

Their new commander from his charge is toſt,
Which that young prince ¶ had ſo unjuſtly loſt,
Whoſe great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, ſway'd their infant ſtate.
His flight tow'rds heav'n th' aſpiring Belgian took,
But fell, like Phaeton, with thunder ſtrook,
From vaſter hopes than his he ſeem'd to fall,
That durſt attempt the Britiſh Admiral:
From her broad ſides a ruder flame is thrown
Than from the fiery chariot of the ſun;
That bears the radiant enſign of the day,
And ſhe the flag that governs in the ſea. [vent

The Duke, (ill-pleas'd that fire ſhould thus pre-
The work which for his brighter ſword he meant,
Anger ſtill burning in his valiant breaſt,
Goes to complete revenge upon the reſt.
So on the guardleſs her'd, their keeper ſlain,
Ruſhes a tyger in the Lybian plain.
The Dutch accuſtom'd to the raging ſea,
And in black ſtorms the frowns of Heav'n to ſee,
Never met tempeſt which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! Mars he reſembles, when
Jove ſends him down to ſcourge perfidious men;
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid
Both thoſe that led, and thoſe that gave them aid.
Where he gives on diſpoſing of their fates,
Terror and death on his loud cannon waits,
With which he pleads his brother's cauſe ſo well,
He ſhakes the throne to which he does appeal:
The ſea with ſpoils his angry bullets ſtrow,
Widows and orphans making as they go:
Before his ſhip fragments of veſſels torn,
Flags, arms, and Belgian carcaſſes, are borne,
And his deſpairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their canvaſs to invite the wind.
So the rude Boreas, where he liſts to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the ſhore, and with a boiſt'rous rage
Does heav'n at once, and earth, and ſea engage.

¶ Prince of Orange.

The Dutch, elſewhere, did through the wat'ry field,
Perform enough to have made others yield.
But Engliſh courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noiſe, and ſlaughter, takes delight:
Their bloody taſk, unweary'd ſtill, they ply;
Only reſtrain'd by death or victʼry.
Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
Like ſhow'rs of hail, from either ſide are borne:
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
Ingenious to their ruin, ev'ry age
Improves the arts and inſtruments of rage.
Death-haſt'ning ills Nature enough hath ſent,
And yet men ſtill a thouſand more invent!

But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on,
So fierce at firſt, to favour us begun:
Brandy and wine (their wonted friends) at length
Render them uſeleſs, and betray their ſtrength.
So corn in fields, and in the garden flow'rs,
Revive and raiſe themſelves with mod'rate ſhow'rs;
But overcharg'd with never-ceaſing rain,
Become too moiſt, and bend their heads again.
Their reeling ſhips on one another fall,
Without a foe, enough to ruin all.
Of this diſorder, and the fav'ring wind,
The watchful Engliſh ſuch advantage find,
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
And up the ſo-entangled Belgians blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms, and then
Their guns ſhoot bullets, and their veſſels men.
The ſcorch'd Batavians on the billows float,
Sent from their own, to paſs in Charon's boat.

And now our Royal Admiral ſucceſs
(With all the marks of victʼry) does bleſs:
The burning ſhips, the taken, and the ſlain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd main.
Nearer to Holland as their haſty flight
Carries the noiſe and tumult of the fight,
His cannons roar, forerunner of his fame,
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amſterdam:
The Britiſh thunder does their houſes rock,
And the Duke ſeems at ev'ry door to knock.
His dreadful ſtreamer (like a comet's hair,
Threat'ning deſtruction) haſtens their deſpair;
Makes them deplore their ſcatter'd fleet as loſt,
And fear our preſent landing on their coaſt.

The trembling Dutch th' approaching Prince behold
As ſheep a lion leaping tow'rds their fold:
Thoſe piles which ſerve them to repel the main,
They think too weak his fury to reſtrain.
" What wonders may not Engliſh valour work,
" Led by th' example of victorious York?
" Or what defence againſt him can they make,
" Who at ſuch diſtance does their country ſhake?
" His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow,
" And let in both the ocean and the foe."
Thus cry the people;—and their land to keep,
Allow our title to command the deep;
Blaming their States' ill conduct, to provoke
Thoſe arms which freed them from the Spaniſh yoke.

Painter! excuſe me, if I have awhile
Forgot thy art, and us'd another ſtile;

For though you draw arm'd heroes as they fit,
The taſk in battle does the Muſes fit:
They in the dark confuſion of a fight
Diſcover all, inſtruct us how to write;
And light and honour to brave actions yield,
Hid in the ſmoke and tumult of the field.
Ages to come ſhall know that leader's toil,
And his great name on whom the Muſes ſmile:
Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace,
And this relation with thy colours grace.
Then draw the Parliament, the nobles met,
And our great Monarch (a) high above them ſet:
Like young Auguſtus let his image be,
Triumphing for that victory at ſea,
Where Egypt's Queen (b), and the Eaſtern Kings o'erthrown,
Made the poſſeſſion of the world his own.
Laſt draw the Commons at his royal feet,
Pouring out treaſure to ſupply his fleet:
They vow with lives and fortunes to maintain
Their King's eternal title to the main:
And with a preſent to the Duke, approve
His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

LXVII.

A Preface of the Ruin

OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE,

Preſented to

HIS MAJESTY KING JAMES II.

On his Birth-Day.

SINCE James the Second grac'd the Britiſh throne,
Truce, well obſerv'd, has been infring'd by none:
Chriſtians to him their preſent union owe,
And late ſucceſs againſt the common foe;
While neighb'ring princes, loth to urge their fate,
Court his aſſiſtance, and ſuſpend their hate.
So angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.
This happy day peace to our iſland ſent,
As now he gives it to the Continent.
A prince more fit for ſuch a glorious taſk
Than England's King from Heav'n we cannot aſk:
He (great and good!) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn ſwords ſhall turn againſt the Turk.
Such kings, like ſtars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aſpect propitious to mankind;
Favour the innocent, repreſs the bold,
And while they flouriſh, make an Age of Gold.
Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour, young;
At ſea ſucceſsful, vigorous, and ſtrong;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Eſteem and rev'rence through the world do find.
A prince with ſuch advantages as theſe,
Where he perſuades not, may command a peace.
Britain declaring for the juſter ſide,
The moſt ambitious will forget their pride:
They that complain will their endeavours ceaſe,
Adviſ'd by him, inclin'd to preſent peace,
Join to the Turk's deſtruction, and then bring
All their pretences to ſo juſt a king.
If the ſucceſsful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crown'd, ſo great applauſe do find,
Shall the vex'd world leſs honour yield to thoſe
That ſtop their progreſs, and their rage oppoſe?
Next to that Pow'r which does the ocean awe,
Is to ſet bounds, and give Ambition law.
The Britiſh Monarch ſhall the glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer ſlave;
That ſource of art and cultivated thought!
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither brought.
The baniſh'd muſes ſhall no longer mourn,
But may with liberty to Greece return:
Though ſlaves (like birds that ſing not in a cage)
They loſt their genius and poetic rage;
Homers again, and Pindars, may be found,
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.
The Turk's vaſt empire does united ſtand:
Chriſtians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes would be ſoon undone,
Did not this hero make their int'reſt one;
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the Croſs, and lay the Creſcent low.
Thus may the goſpel to the riſing ſun
Be ſpread, and flouriſh where it firſt begun;
And this great day, (ſo juſtly honour'd here!)
Known to the Eaſt, and celebrated there.

(a) King Charles II. (b) Cleopatra.

"Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!
Auſus et ipſe manu juvenum tentare laborem." VIRG.

LXVIII.

THESE VERSES

were writ in the

TASSO OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

TASSO knew how the fairer ſex to grace,
But in no one durſt all perfection place.
In her alone that owns this book is ſeen
Clorinda's ſpirit, and her lofty mien,
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
Armida's charms, her beauty, and her youth.
Our Princeſs here, as in a glaſs, does dreſs
Her well taught mind, and every grace expreſs.
More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought,
The hero's race excels the poet's thought.

LXIX.

THE BATTLE

OF THE

SUMMER ISLANDS,

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how Heav'n ſmiles
Upon thoſe late diſcover'd iſles!

AID me Bellona! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation and two whales I write.

Seas ſtain'd with gore I ſing, advent'rous toil!
And how theſe monſters did diſarm an iſle.
Bermuda, wall'd with rocks, who does not know?
That happy iſland where huge lemons grow,
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
Th' Heſperian garden boaſts of none ſo fair;
Where ſhining pearl, and coral, many a pound,
On the rich ſhore, of ambergris is found.
The lofty cedar, which to heav'n aſpires,
The prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:
The ſmoke by which their loaded ſpits do turn,
For incenſe might on ſacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on od'rous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.
The ſweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadeſt ſhield,
Under the ſhadow of whoſe friendly boughs
They ſit carouſing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans ſhew,
With the rare fruit, inviting them to ſpoil
Carthage, the miſtreſs of ſo rich a ſoil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But as ſome conſtant ſeaſons, ev'ry year
Their barren tops with luſcious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worſt of things, which they
To Engliſh landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould that the bleſt tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candy'd plantains and the juicy pine,
On choiceſt melons and ſweet grapes they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton ſwine.
Nature theſe cates with ſuch a laviſh hand
Pours out among them, that our coarſer land
Taſtes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
For the kind ſpring, which but ſalutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and bloſſoms on the ſame trees live;
At once they promiſe what at once they give.
So ſweet the air, ſo moderate the clime,
None ſickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heav'n ſure has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt,
To ſhew how all things were created firſt.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reſerve their fruit for the next age's taſte:
There a ſmall grain in ſome few months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a ſpacious tree.
The palma-chriſti, and the fair papâ
Now but a ſeed, (preventing Nature's law)
In half the circle of the haſty year
Project a ſhade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region ſet,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get,
So in this northern track our hoarſer throats
Utter unripe and ill-conſtrained notes,
While the ſupporter of the poets' ſtyle,
Phœbus, on them eternally does ſmile.
Oh! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
Under the plantain's ſhade, and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my vein!
No paſſion there in my free breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet and beſt of paſſions, love.
There while I ſing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the ſtring ſo high,
With the ſweet ſound of Sachariſſa's name
I'll make the liſt'ning ſavages grow tame.——
But while I do theſe pleaſing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes Diſcover'd were, this Canto ſhews.

Tho' rocks ſo high about this iſland riſe,
That well they may the num'rous Turk deſpiſe,
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear,
Which ſhakes their hearts, while through the iſle they hear
A laſting noiſe, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur e'er they know
From what blind cauſe th' unwonted ſound may grow:
At length two monſters of unequal ſize,
Hard by the ſhore, a fiſherman eſpies;
Two mighty whales! which ſwelling ſeas had toſt,
And left them pris'ners on the rocky coaſt;
One as a mountain vaſt, and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool, among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had ſeen the like lie murder'd on the ſhore;
By the wild fury of ſome tempeſt caſt,
The fate of ſhips, and ſhipwreck'd men, to taſte.
As careleſs dames, whom wine and ſleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay;
So there ſometimes the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood expoſes; when the whales
Againſt ſharp rocks, like reeling veſſels quaſh'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces daſh'd:
Along the ſhore their dreadful limbs lie ſcatter'd,
Like hills with earthquakes ſhaken, torn, and ſhatter'd.
Hearts, ſure, of braſs they had who tempted firſt
Rude ſeas, that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.
The welcome news through all the nations ſpread,
To ſudden joy and hope converts their dread:
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
Diſpoſe already of th' untaken ſpoil,
And, as the purchaſe of their future toil,
Theſe ſhare the bones, and they divide the oil.
So was the huntſman by the bear oppreſt,
Whoſe hide he ſold—before he caught the beaſt!
They man their boats, and all their young men arm
With whatſoever may the monſters harm;
Pikes, halberts, ſpits, and darts that wound ſo far,
The tools of peace, and inſtruments of war.
Now was the time for vig'rous lads to ſhew
What love or honour could invite them to:
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With rev'rend age and lovely laſſes crown'd.

Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's ſhare;
Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater ſound among our Britiſh peers;
And worthy he the mem'ry to renew,
The fate and honour to that title due,
Whoſe brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And through the new world ſpread his growing fame.—
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, ſucceſsleſs toil,
And how the fiſhes ſack'd the iſle.

The boat which on the firſt aſſault did go,
Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe;
Who, when he felt his ſide ſo rudely gor'd,
Loud as the ſea that nouriſh'd him he roar'd.
As a broad bream, to pleaſe ſome curious taſte.
While yet alive, in boiling water caſt,
Vex'd with unwonted heat he flings about
The ſcorching braſs, and hurls the liquor out;
So with the barbed jav'lin ſtung, he raves,
And ſcourges with his tale the ſuff'ring waves.
Like Spenſer's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tail;
Diſſolving at one ſtroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat;
With ev'ry fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.

The bigger whale like ſome huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth ſea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly ſhe ſwims, and when provok'd, ſhe wou'd
Advance her tail, her head ſalutes the mud:
The ſhallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous ſwinge:
The ſhining ſteel her tender ſides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.

This ſees the cub, and does himſelf oppoſe
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes:
With deſp'rate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd, the ſeas with billows fill,
And make a tempeſt though the winds be ſtill.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wiſh this cub away:
Their wiſh they have: he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap though which they thither came)
Before her ſwims, and quits the hoſtile lake,
A pris'ner there but for his mother's ſake.
She by the rocks compell'd to ſtay behind,
Is by the vaſtneſs of her bulk confin'd.

They ſhout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances ſpent, one, bolder than the reſt,
With his broad ſword provok'd the ſluggiſh beaſt;
Her oily ſide devours both blade and haft.
And there his ſteel the bold Bermudan left.
Courage the reſt from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake:
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded ſide,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And riſe the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal ſtreight.
She ſwims in blood, and blood does ſpouting throw
To heav'n, that Heav'n men's cruelties might know.
Their fixed jav'lins in her ſide ſhe wears;
And on her back a grove of pikes appears,
You would have thought, had you the monſter ſeen
Thus dreſt, ſhe had another iſland been.
Roaring ſhe tears the air with ſuch a noiſe,
As well reſembled the conſpiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won,
To reach the ears of her eſcaped ſon:
He, though a league removed from the foe,
Haſtes to her aid: the pious Trojan (1) ſo,
Neglecting for Creuſa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men, amazed, bluſh to ſee the ſeed
Of monſters human piety exceed,
Well proves this kindneſs, what the Grecian ſung,
That love's bright mother from the Ocean ſprung.
Their courage droops, and, hopeleſs now, they wiſh
For compoſition with th' unconquer'd fiſh;
So ſhe their weapons would reſtore again,
Through rocks they'd hew her paſſage to the main.
But how inſtructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monſters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous ſon protected ſo,
They charge their muſquets, and, with hot deſire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire;
Standing aloof, with lead they bruiſe the ſcales,
And tear the fleſh of the incenſed whales.
But no ſucceſs their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their fort they are about to ſend
For the loud engines which their iſle defend;
But what thoſe pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on thoſe mighty whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know, who ſends
A tide ſo high that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monſters loſt, and they their arms.

(1) Æneas.

EPISTLES.

I.

TO THE KING.

ON HIS NAVY.

WHERE'ER thy navy ſpreads her canvaſs wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all ſhe brings:
The French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
Forget their hatred, and conſent to fear.
So Jove from Ida did both hoſts ſurvey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.
Ships heretofore in ſeas like fiſhes ſped,
The mightieſt ſtill upon the ſmalleſt fed:
Thou on the deep impoſeſt nobler laws,
And by that juſtice haſt remov'd the cauſe
Of thoſe rude tempeſts, which for rapine ſent,
Too oft', alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now ſhall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free
From both thoſe fates of ſtorms and piracy.
But we moſt happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegaſean horſe.
'Tis not ſo hard for greedy foes to ſpoil
Another nation, as to touch our ſoil.
Should Nature's ſelf invade the world again,
And o'er the centre ſpread the liquid main,
Thy pow'r were ſafe, and her deſtructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful fleet would ſtyle thee Lord of All,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball;
Thoſe tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And viſit mountains where they once did grow.
The world's Reſtorer once could not endure
That finiſh'd Babel ſhould thoſe men ſecure,
Whoſe pride deſign'd that fabric to have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond flood;
To thee, his choſen, more indulgent, he
Dares truſt ſuch pow'r with ſo much piety.

II.

TO THE QUEEN,

Occaſioned upon ſight of

HER MAJESTY'S PICTURE.

WELL fare the hand which to our humble ſight
Preſents that beauty which the dazzling light
Of royal ſplendour hides from weaker eyes,
And all accels, ſave by his art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory, here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious image, ſeeming to give leave,
Propitious ſtands, vouchſafing to be ſeen,
And by our Muſe ſaluted Mighty Queen,
In whom th' extremes of pow'r and beauty move,
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love!
As the bright ſun (to which we owe no light
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wiſely plac'd in ſo ſublime a ſeat,
T' extend his light and moderate his heat;
So happy 'tis you move in ſuch a ſphere,
As your high Majeſty with awful fear
In human breaſts might qualify that fire,
Which kindled by thoſe eyes had flamed higher
Than when the ſcorched world like hazard run
By the approach of the ill-guided ſun.
No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,
But as their meanneſs larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondeſt lover moves
With admiration than his private loves;
With admiration! for a pitch ſo high,
(Save ſacred Charles his) never love durſt fly.
Heav'n that preferr'd a ſceptre to your hand,
Favour'd our freedom more than your command:
Beauty had crown'd you, and you muſt have been
The whole world's miſtreſs, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals, and you might have ſpar'd,
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd, without a guard,
No pow'r achiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals Love's empire both in heav'n and earth.
Such eyes as your's on Jove himſelf have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:
Witneſs our Jove, prevented by their flame
In his ſwift paſſage to th' Heſperian dame:
When, like a lion, finding in his way
To ſome intended ſpoil a fairer prey,
The royal youth purſuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallic court;
There public care with private paſſion, fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
Should he confeſs his greatneſs and his love,
And the free faith of your great brother (1) prove;

(1) Lewis XIII. K. of France.

With his Achates (1) breaking through the cloud
Of that diſguiſe which did their graces ſhroud;
And mixing with thoſe gallants at the ball,
Dance with the ladies, and outſhine them all;
Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?—
So when the fair Leucothoë he eſpy'd,
To check his ſteeds impatient Phœbus yearn'd,
Though all the world was in his courſe concern'd.
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warm'd his boſom ſo?
Not ſo divine a flame, ſince deathleſs gods,
Forbore to viſit the defil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortal breaſt did burn;
Nor ſhall, till Piety and they return.

III.

TO THE

QUEEN-MOTHER OF FRANCE,

UPON HER LANDING.

GREAT Queen of Europe! where thy offspring wears
All the chief crowns; where princes are thy heirs;
As welcome thou to ſea-girt Britain's ſhore
As erſt Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)
To Delos was: here ſhines a nymph as bright,
By thee diſclos'd with like increaſe of light.
Why was her joy in Belgia confin'd?
Or why did you ſo much regard the wind?
Scarce could the ocean (tho' enrag'd) have toſt
Thy ſov'reign bark, but where th' obſequious coaſt
Pays tribute to thy bed. Rome's conqu'ring hand
More vanquiſh'd nations under her command
Never reduc'd. Glad Berecynthia ſo
Among her deathleſs progeny did go;
A wreath of tow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend head,
Mother of all that on ambroſia fed.
Thy godlike race muſt ſway the age to come,
As ſhe Olympus peopled with her womb.
Would thoſe commanders of mankind obey
Their honour'd parent, all pretences lay
Down at your royal feet, compoſe their jars,
And on the growing Turk diſcharge theſe wars;
The Chriſtian knights that ſacred tomb ſhould wreſt
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the Eaſt:
Our England's Prince, and Gallia's Dolphin, might
Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight:
In ſingle combat by their ſwords again
The proud Argantes and fierce Soldan ſlain:
Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your Tuſcan Muſe (2) exalt the fight.

IV.

THE COUNTRY.

TO MY LADY OF CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the ſacred Muſe inſpir'd,
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his ſong admir'd,
And nature's ſelf, in thoſe that could not lie:
Your beauty next our ſolitude invades,
And warms us ſhining through the thickeſt ſhades.

Nor ought the tribute which the wond'ring court
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to ſcorn
The anſwer and conſent to that report,
Which, echo-like, the country does return:
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our ſprings
Preſent th' impartial images of things.

A rural judge (3) diſpos'd of beauty's prize;
A ſimple ſhepherd (3) was preferr'd to Jove:
Down to the mountains from the partial ſkies,
Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that which was ſo juſtly giv'n
To the bright Carliſle of the court of heav'n.

Carliſle! a name which all our woods are taught
Loud as their Amaryllis to reſound:
Carliſle! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of ev'ry tree that's worthy of the wound.
From Phœbus' rage our ſhadows and our ſtreams
May guard us better than from Carliſle's beams.

V.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! 'twas love that injur'd you,
And on that rock Your Thyrſis threw,
Who for proud Cælia could have dy'd,
While you no leſs accus'd his pride.
Fond love his darts at random throws,
And nothing ſprings from what he ſows:
From foes diſcharg'd as often meet
The ſhining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide air creating fire,
As ſouls that join in one deſire.
Love made the lovely Venus burn
In vain, and for the cold youth (4) mourn,
Who the purſuit of churliſh beaſts
Preferr'd to ſleeping on her breaſts.
Love makes ſo many hearts the prize
Of the bright Carliſle's conqu'ring eyes,
Which ſhe regards no more than they
The tears of leſſer beauties weigh.
So have I ſeen the loſt clouds pour
Into the ſea an uſeleſs ſhow'r,
And the vex'd ſailors curſe the rain,
For which poor ſhepherds pray'd in vain.
Then Phyllis, ſince our paſſions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care,
But ſport of Heav'n, which takes delight
To look upon this Parthian fight
Of Love, ſtill flying, or in chaſe,
Never encount'ring face to face,
No more to Love we'll ſacrifice,
But to the beſt of deities;
And let our hearts, which Love diſjoin'd
By his kind mother be combin'd.

(1) Duke of Ducktingham. (2) Taſſo. (3) Paris (4) Adonis.

VI.

TO MY

LORD OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

To this great loss a sea of tears is due,
But the whole debt not to be paid by you:
Charge not yourself with all, nor render vain
Those show'rs the eyes of us your servants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart
In which nor fear nor anger has a part?
Virtue would blush if time should boast (which dries,
Her sole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
Your mind's relief, where reason triumphs so
Over all passions, that they ne'er could grow
Beyond their limits in your noble breast,
To harm another, or impeach your rest.
This we observ'd, delighting to obey
One who did never from his great self stray:
Whose mild example seemed to engage
Th' obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,
(The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon)
In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
Of changing fortune, and thus highly spoke
Before Rome's people; "We did oft' implore,
"That if the Heav'ns had any bad in store
"For your Æmilius, they would pour that ill
"On his own house, and let you flourish still."
You on the barren seas, my Lord, have spent
Whole springs and summers to the public lent;
Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
And shorten'd the short joy of such a wife;
For which your country's more obliged than
For many lives of old less happy men.
You that have sacrific'd so great a part
Of youth, and private bliss, ought to impart
Your sorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction as delight.
Then with Æmilian courage bear this cross
Since public persons only public loss
Ought to affect. And though her form and youth
Her application to your will and truth,
That noble sweetness, and that humble state,
(All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate!)
Might give excuse to any common breast,
With the huge weight of so just grief oppress;
Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
With passion, but your character maintain'd
To the last act. It is enough her stone
May honour'd be with superscription
Of the sole lady who had pow'r to move
The great Northumberland to grieve and love.

VII.

TO MY LORD ADMIRAL.

OF HIS LATE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

With joy like our's the Thracian youth invades
Orpheus returning from th' Elysian shades;
Embrace the hero, and his stay implore;
Make it their public suit, he would no more
Desert them so, and for his spouse's sake,
His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethean lake.
The ladies, too, the brightest of that time,
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who shall the fair Eurydice succeed:
Eurydice! for whom his num'rous moan
Makes list'ning trees and savage mountains groan:
Through all the air his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the land affecting and the main,
When the glad news that you were Admiral
Scarce through the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all,
That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in you,
Would be perplexed how to choose a new.
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worst it gave our souls relief,
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.
Nature (her fairest lights eclipsed) seems
Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires,
The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
Their beauty they, and we our love suspend;
Nought can our wishes, save thy health, intend.
As lilies overcharg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heav'n contend;
Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry
He is too faultless and too young to die.
So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away.
Who would not languish, by so fair a train
To be lamented and restor'd again?
Or, thus withheld, what hasty soul would go,
Though to the blest? O'er young Adonis so
Fair, Venus mourn'd, and with the precious show'r
Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flow'r.
The next support, fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that noble frame,
By loss of thee would no advantage have,
But step by step pursue thee to the grave.
And now relentless Fate, about to end
The line which backward does so far extend
That antique stock, which still the world supplies
With bravest spirits and with brightest eyes,
Kind Phœbus, interposing, bid me say,
Such storms no more shall shake that house but they,
Like Neptune, and his seaborn niece (1) shall be
The shining glories of the land and sea;
With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age,
And lovers fill with like poetic rage,

(1) Venus,

VIII.

TO VAN DYCK.

Rare Artifan! whofe pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves;
From thy fhop of beauty we
Slaves return'd that enter'd free.
The heedlefs lover does not know
Whofe eyes they are that wound him fo;
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed freſh again
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hope of grace:
Nor fcorn nor cruelty does find,
But gladly fuffers a falfe wind
To blow the aſhes of deſpair
From the reviving brand of care,
Fool! that forgers her ſtubborn look
This ſoftneſs from thy finger took.
Strange! that thy hand ſhould not inſpire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act and power of a face.
May'ſt thou yet thyſelf as well,
As all the world beſides, excel!
So you th' unfeign'd truth rehearſe,
(That I may make it live in verſe)
Why thou couldſt not at one eſſay,
That face to aftertimes convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee ſit?
Confeſs, and we'll forgive thee this;
For who would not repeat that bliſs?
And frequent ſight of ſuch a dame
Buy with the hazard of his fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameleſs ſkill,
Though thy good hand had failed ſtill,
When nature's ſelf ſo often errs?
She for this many thouſand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women fair;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the earth,
Which waxed old e'er it could ſee
Her that amaz'd thy art and thee.
But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where thoſe immortal colours grow
That could this deathleſs piece compoſe!
In lilies? or the fading roſe?
No; for this theft thou haſt climb'd higher
Than did Prometheus for his fire.

IX.

TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

Not that thy trees at Penſhurſt groan,
Oppreſſed with their timely load,
And ſeem to make their ſilent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad:
They to delight his taſte or eye
Would ſpend themſelves in fruit, and die.
Not that thy harmleſs deer repine,
And think themſelves unjuſtly ſlain.
By any other hand than thine,
Whoſe arrows they would gladly ſtain;
No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
That peace with France which keeps thee there.

All theſe are leſs than that great cauſe
Which now exacts your preſence here,
Wherein there meet the divers laws
Of public and domeſtic care.
For one bright nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright ſhield of Thetis' ſon *
(For which ſuch ſtern debate did riſe,
That the great Ajax Telamon
Refus'd to live without the prize)
Thoſe Achive peers did more engage
Than ſhe the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty which begun
To warm us ſo when thou were here,
Now ſcorches like the raging ſun,
When Sirius does firſt appear.
O fix this flame! and let deſpair
Redeem the reſt from endleſs care.

X.

TO MRS. BRAGHTON,

SERVANT TO SACHARISSA.

Fair fellow-ſervant! May your gentle ear
Prove more propitious to my ſlighted care
Than the bright dame's we ſerve: for her relief
(Vex'd with the long expreſſions of my grief)
Receive theſe plaints; nor will her high diſdain
Forbid my humble muſe to court her train.
So, in thoſe nations which the ſun adore,
Some modeſt Perſian, or ſome weak-ey'd Moor,
No higher dares advance his dazzled ſight,
Than to ſome gilded cloud, which near the light
Of their aſcending god adorns the eaſt,
And, graced with his beams, outſhines the reſt.
Thy ſkillful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets thoſe arrows which confound us ſo.
A thouſand Cupids in thoſe curls do ſit
('Thoſe curious nets!) thy ſlender fingers knit.
The Graces put not more exactly on
Th' attire of Venus when the ball ſhe won,
Than Sachariſſa by thy care is dreſt,
When all our youth prefers her to the reſt.
You the ſoft ſeaſon know when beſt her mind
May be to pity or to love inclin'd:
In ſome well-choſen hour ſupply his fear,
Whoſe hopeleſs love durſt never tempt the ear
Of that ſtern goddeſs. You, her prieſt, declare
What off'rings may propitiate the fair:
Rich orient pearl, bright ſtones that ne'er decay
Or poliſh'd lines, which longer laſt than they:

For if I thought ſhe took delight in thoſe,
To where the cheerful morn does firſt diſcloſe,
(The ſhady night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold love I'd fly to fetch ſuch gems.
But ſince her eyes, her teeth, her lip, excels
All that is found in mines or fiſhes' ſhells,
Her nobler part as far exceeding theſe,
None but immortal gifts her mind ſhould pleaſe.
The ſhining jewels Greece and Troy beſtow'd
On Sparta's Queen (a) her lovely neck did load,
And ſnowy wriſts; but when the town was burn'd,
Thoſe fading glories were to aſhes turn'd;
Her beauty, too, had periſh'd, and her fame,
Had not the muſe redeem'd them from the flame.

XI.

TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

Why came I ſo untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
Or ſhadow of felicity?
That time ſhould me ſo far remove,
From that which I was born to love

Yet, faireſt bloſſom! do not ſlight
That age which you may know ſo ſoon:
The roſy morn reſigns her light
And milder glory to the noon:
And then what wonders ſhall you do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warms us ſo?

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime;
And ſummer, though it be leſs gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination or decay:
For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promis'd by the ſpring.

XII.

TO AMORET.

Fair! that you may truly know
What you unto Thryſis owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sachariſſa love and you.
Joy ſalutes me when I ſet
My bleſt eyes on Amoret;
But with wonder I am ſtrook,
While I on the other look.
If ſweet Amoret complains,
I have ſenſe of all her pains;
But for Sachariſſa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
All that of myſelf is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine;
Sachariſſa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And thoſe ſcorching beams to ſhun,
To thy gentle ſhadow run.

(a) Helen.

If the ſoul had free election
To diſpoſe of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sachariſſa's ſcorn:
But 'tis ſure ſome pow'r above,
Which controls our wills in love!
If not a love, a ſtrong deſire
To create and ſpread that fire
In my breaſt, ſolicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.
'Tis amazement more than love
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If leſs ſplendor wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine,
I would turn my dazzled ſight
To behold their milder light:
But as hard 'tis to deſtroy
That high flame as to enjoy;
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heav'n (as eas'ly ſcal'd) does know!
Amoret! as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious food,
Which but taſted does impart
Life and gladneſs to the heart.
Sachariſſa's beauty's wine,
Which to madneſs doth incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can ſuſtain.
Scarce can I to heav'n excuſe
The devotion which I uſe
Unto that adored dame;
For 'tis not unlike the ſame
Which I thither ought to ſend;
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to Heav'n itſelf be due,
To ſucceed her and not you;
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, though not ſo fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the ſame.
Then ſmile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is ſhorter liv'd than love.

XIII.

TO AMORET.

Amoret! the milky way
Fram'd of many nameleſs ſtars!
The ſmooth ſtream where none can ſay
He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret! my lovely foe!
Tell me where thy ſtrength does lie?
Where the pow'r that charms us ſo?
In thy ſoul, or in thy eye?

By that ſnowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion ſeen,
No ſuch wonders could be done;
Yet thy waiſt is ſtraight and clean
As Cupid's ſhaft, or Herme's rod,
And pow'rful, too, as either god.

XIV.

TO PHYLLIS.

Phyllis! why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan,
Beauty like a ſhadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth and beauty ſtay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath ſwifter wings than time.
Change in love to Heav'n does climb.
Gods, that never change their ſtate,
Vary oft their love and hate.
Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two.
Let not you and I inquire
What has been our paſt deſire;
On what ſhepherds you have ſmil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:
Leave it to the planets too
What we ſhall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of preſent love.

XV.

TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

Brave Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes:
Who hears this told, and does not ſtraight ſuppoſe
We ſend the Graces and the Muſes forth,
To civilize and to inſtruct the North?
Not that theſe ornaments make ſwords leſs ſharp;
Apollo bears as well his bow as harp:
And though he be the patron of that ſpring,
Where, in calm peace, the ſacred virgins ſing,
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of Jove, and caſt th' ambitious giants down.
Ah, noble Friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great ſoul thou art, (longing to twiſt
Bays with that ivy which ſo early kiſs'd
Thy youthful temples) with that horror we
Think on the blind events of war and thee?
To fate expoſing that all-knowing breaſt
Among the throng as cheaply as the reſt:
Where oaks and brambles (if the copſe be burn'd)
Confounded lie, to the ſame aſhes turn'd.
Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempeſt yet, which frights our iſland ſo!
Guarded with ſhips, and all the ſea our own,
From Heav'n this miſchief on our heads is thrown.
In a late dream the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I ſaw, like the fair Hebrew *, ſtand,
When firſt ſhe felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the ſeat of Civil war.
Inclin'd to whoſe relief, and with preſage
Of better fortune for the preſent age,
Heav'n ſends, quoth I, this diſcord for our good,
To warm, perhaps, but not to waſte our blood;
To raiſe our drooping ſpirits, grown the ſcorn
Of our proud neighbours, who e'er long ſhall mourn
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occaſion to reſume our arms.
A lion ſo with ſelf-provoking ſmart,
(His rebel tail ſcourging his nobler part)
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

* Rebeckah.

XVI.

TO A LADY

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

Chloris! yourſelf you ſo excel,
When you vouchſafe to breath my thought,
That, like a ſpirit, with this ſpell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the ſhaft that made him die,
Eſpy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.

Had Echo, with ſo ſweet a grace,
Narciſſus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

XVII.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

Here, Cælia! for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo near my heart;
The paſſion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the conſtancy!
And, that I may ſucceſsful prove,
Transform myſelf to what you love.
Fool that I was! ſo much to prize
Thoſe ſimple virtues you deſpiſe:
Fool! that with ſuch dull arrows ſtrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove:
For you, that are in motion ſtill,
Decline our force, and mock our ſkill;
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Againſt a windmill our vain lance.
Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a ſtoop at ev'ry fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawleſs as the ſea or wind)
Purſue you wherefoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formal ſtars do travel ſo,
As we their names and courſes know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books;
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motion us'd
By thoſe free vapours are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpairs to find the rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows as they ſlide;

And therefore of the ſpacious air
Jove's royal conſort had the care;
And by that pow'r did once eſcape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape:
She, with her own reſemblance, grac'd
A ſhining cloud, which he embrac'd.
Such was that image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming kindneſs, which beguil'd
Your Thyrſis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
'Twas ſhap'd like her, but for the fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.
A fate for which he grieves the leſs,
Becauſe the gods had like ſucceſs:
For in their ſtory one, we ſee,
Purſues a nymph, and takes a tree;
A ſecond, with a lover's haſte,
Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd;
But ſhe that did a virgin ſeem,
Poſſeſs'd, appears a wand'ring ſtream.
For his ſuppoſed love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird,
And ſtands amaz'd to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of th' air!
To theſe old tales ſuch nymphs as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new;
The am'rous now like wonders find
In the ſwift changes of your mind.
But, Cælia, if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed friend,
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the ſame;
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he ſwears he'll not complain:
For ſtill to be deluded ſo,
Is all the pleaſure lovers know;
Who, like good ſale'ner's take delight
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

XVIII.

TO A LADY.

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

Madam! intending to have try'd
The ſilver favour which you gave,
In ink the ſhining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the ſable wave;
When, griev'd to be ſo foully ſtain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

"Suppoſe you had deſerv'd to take
From her fair hand ſo fair a boon,
Yet how deſerved I to make
So ill a change, who ever won
Immortal praiſe for what I wrote,
Inſtructed by her noble thought?

I, that expreſſed her commands
To mighty lords and princely dames,
Always moſt welcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names,
Muſt now be taught an humble ſtyle,
Some meaner beauty to beguile!"

So I, the wronged pen to pleaſe,
Make it my humble thanks expreſs
Unto your Ladyſhip in theſe:
And now 'tis forced to confeſs
That your great ſelf did ne'er endite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

XIX.

TO CHLORIS.

Chloris! ſince firſt our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increaſe,
And growing miſchiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which ſtill preſerves
Her fruit and ſtate while no wind blowe,
In ſtorms from that uprightneſs ſwerves,
And the glad earth about her ſtrows
With treaſure, from her yielding bows.

XX.

TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

Sees not my love how time reſumes
The glory which he lent theſe flow'rs;
Though none ſhould taſte of their perfumes,
Yet muſt they live but ſome few hours.
Time what we forbear devours!

Had Helen, or the Egyptian Queen ¶,
Been ne'er ſo thrifty of their graces,
Thoſe beauties muſt at length have been
The ſpoil of age, which finds out faces
In the moſt retired places

Should ſome malignant planet bring
A barren drought or ceaſeleſs ſhow'r
Upon the autumn or the ſpring,
And ſpare us neither fruit nor flow'r,
Winter would not ſtay an hour.

Could the reſolve of love's neglect
Preſerve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more reſpect
Were due to ſo divine a faſhion,
Nor would I indulge my paſſion.

XXI.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

On his tranſlation

OF SOME PARTS OF THE BIBLE.

How bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of thoſe men
Who here with the ſame ſpirit ſung,

¶ Cleopatra.

Wherewith they now aſſiſt the choir
Of angels, who their ſongs admire!

Whatever thoſe inſpired ſouls
Were urged to expreſs, did ſhake
The aged deep and both the poles;
Their num'rous thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heav'n conſent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say, ſacred Bard! what could beſtow
Courage on thee to ſoar ſo high?
Tell me, brave Friend! what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake off all mortality?
To light this torch thou haſt climb'd higher
Than he who ſtole celeſtial fire ¶.

XXII.

TO MR. WILLIAM LAWES,

Who had then newly ſet a ſong of mine, in the year 1635.

Verse makes heroic virtue live,
But you can life to verſes give.
As when in open air we blow,
The breath (though ſtrain'd) ſounds flat and low,
But if a trumpet take the blaſt,
It lifts it high, and makes it laſt;
So in your airs our numbers dreſt,
Make a ſhrill ſally from the breaſt
Of nymphs, who ſinging what we penn'd,
Our paſſions to themſelves commend;
While love, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice and heart.
You by the help of tune and time
Can make that ſong which was but rhyme,
Noy pleading, no man doubts the cauſe,
Or queſtions verſes ſet by Lawes.
As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint;
So others with diviſion hide
The light of ſenſe, the poets's pride;
But you alone may truly boaſt
That not a ſyllable is loſt:
The writer's and the ſetter's ſkill
At once the raviſh'd ears do fill.
Let thoſe which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a ſong,
Content themſelves with *Ut*, *Re*, *Mi*:
Let words and ſenſe be ſet by thee.

XXIII.

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT.

Written in France.

Thus the wiſe nightingale that leaves her home,
Her native wood, when ſtorms and winter come,
Purſuing conſtantly the cheerful ſpring,
To foreign groves does her old muſic bring.

The drooping Hebrews baniſh'd, harps unſtrung,
At Babylon upon the willows hung:
Your's ſounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No leſs in courage than in ſinging well;
While unconcern'd you let your country know
They have impoveriſh'd themſelves, not you;
Who with the Muſes' help can mock thoſe fates
Which threaten kingdoms and diſorder ſtates.
So Ovid, when from Cæſar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muſe to Pontus with him led;
Where he ſo ſung, that we through Pity's glaſs
See Nero milder than Auguſtus was.
Hereafter ſuch in thy behalf ſhall be
Th' indulgent cenſure of poſterity.
To baniſh thoſe who with ſuch art can ſing,
Is a rude crime which its own curſe doth bring:
Ages to come ſhall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love, their preſent youth be taught.
This to thyſelf.—Now to thy matchleſs book,
Wherein thoſe few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure freſh language told,
Like new-ſtamp'd coin made out of angel gold;
Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,
In ſuch a ſtyle as courts may boaſt of now;
Which no bold tales of gods or monſters ſwell,
But human paſſions, ſuch as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme, his virtue or his rage
Drawn to the life in each elab'rate page.
Mars nor Beliona are not named here,
But ſuch a Gondibert as both might fear:
Venus had here, and Hebe, been outſhin'd
By thy Bright Birtha and thy Roſalind.
Such is thy happy ſkill, and ſuch the odds
Betwixt thy worthies and the Grecian gods!
Whoſe deities in vain had here come down,
Where mortal beauty wears the ſov'reign crown:
Such as of fleſh compos'd, by fleſh and blood,
Though not reſiſted, may be underſtood.

XXIV.

TO MY

WORTHY FRIEND MR. WASE,

THE TRANSLATOR OF GRATIUS.

Thus by the muſic we may know
When noble wits a-hunting go
Through groves that on Parnaſſus grow.

The Muſes all the chaſe adorn;
My friend on Pegaſus is borne;
And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having old Gratius in the wind,
No pack of critics e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntſmen with delight may read
How to chooſe dogs for ſcent or ſpeed,
And how to change or mend the breed.

What arms to uſe, or nets to frame,
Wild beaſts to combat or to tame;
With all the myſt'ries of that game.

¶ Prometheus.

But, worthy Friend! the face of war
In ancient times doth differ far
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, ſince powder known,
That man ſo cruel to his own,
Should ſpare the race of beaſts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun
Men wait in trees from ſun to ſun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text
To tell how modern beaſts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muſe to court the age
With ſomewhat of your proper rage;

Since none does more to Phœbus owe,
Or in more languages can ſhew
Thoſe arts which you ſo early know.

XXV.

TO HIS

WORTHY FRIEND MR. EVELYN,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

Lucretius, (with a ſtork-like fate,
Born and tranſlated in a ſtate)
Comes to proclaim, in Engliſh verſe,
No monarch rules the univerſe,
But chance, and atoms, makes this All
In order democratical,
Where bodies freely run their courſe,
Without deſign, or fate or force:
And this in ſuch a ſtrain he ſings,
As if his Muſe, with angels' wings,
Had ſoar'd beyond our utmoſt ſphere,
And other worlds diſcovered there:
For his immortal, boundleſs wit,
To Nature does no bounds permit,
But boldly has remov'd thoſe bars
Of heav'n and earth, and ſeas and ſtars,
By which they were before ſuppos'd,
By narrow wits to be inclos'd,
Till his free Muſe threw down the pale,
And did at once diſpark them all.
So vaſt this argument did ſeem,
That the wiſe author did eſteem
The Roman language (which was ſpread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.
This ſpeaks thy glory, noble Friend!
And Britiſh language does commend;
For here Lucretius whole we find,
His words, his muſic, and his mind.
Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid tranſlated, Virgil too,
Shew'd long ſince what our tongue could do:
Nor Lucan we, nor Horace ſpar'd;
Only Lucretius was too hard:
Lucretius, like a fort did ſtand
Untouch'd, till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear:
A garland! made of ſuch new bays,
And fought in ſuch untrodden ways,
As no man's temples e'er did crown,
Save this great author's and your own!

XXVI.

TO HIS

WORTHY FRIEND SIR THO. HIGGINS,

Upon his tranſlation of

THE VENETIAN TRIUMPH.

The winged Lion's ¶ not ſo fierce in fight,
As Liberi's hand preſents him to our ſight;
Nor would his pencil make him half ſo fierce,
Or roar ſo loud, as Buſinello's verſe:
But your tranſlation does all three excel,
The fight, the piece, and lofty Buſinel.
As their ſmall gallies may not hold compare
With our tall ſhips, whoſe ſails employ more air;
So does th' Italian to your genius vail,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler gale.
Thus while your Muſe ſpreads the Venetian ſtory,
You make all Europe emulate her glory!
You make them bluſh weak Venice ſhould defend
The cauſe of Heav'n, while they for words contend;
Shed Chriſtian blood, and pop'lous cities raſe,
Becauſe they're taught to uſe ſome diff'rent phraſe.
If, liſt'ning to your charms, we could our jars
Compoſe, and on the Turk diſcharge theſe wars,
Our Britiſh arms the ſacred tomb might wreſt
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the Eaſt;
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great Taſſo celebrate the fight.

¶ The arms of Venice.

XXVII.

TO A FRIEND.

OF THE DIFFERENT SUCCESS OF THEIR LOVES.

Thrice happy Pair! of whom we cannot know
Which firſt began to love, or loves moſt now:
Fair courſe of paſſion! where too lovers ſtart,
And run together, heart ſtill yok'd with heart:
Succeſsful youth! whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious in the firſt eſſay.
Sure love's an art beſt practiſed at firſt,
And where th' experienced ſtill proſper worſt!
I with a diff'rent fate purſu'd in vain
The haughty Cælia, till my juſt diſdain
Of her neglect, above that paſſion borne,
Did pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn.
Now ſhe relents; but all too late to move
A heart directed to a nobler love.

The ſcales are turn'd, her kindneſs weighs no more
Now, than my vows and ſervice did before.
So in ſome well wrought hangings you may ſee
How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee:
Here the fierce Mars his courage ſo inſpires,
That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires:
But there, from heav'n the blue ey'd virgin falls (1)
And frighted Troy retires within her walls:
They that are foremoſt in that bloody race
Turn head anon, and give the conqu'rors chaſe.
So like the chances are of love and war,
That they alone in this diſtinguiſh'd are,
In love the victors from the vanquiſh'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they purſue that die.

XXVIII.

TO ZELINDA.

Fairest piece of well-form'd earth!
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The pow'r which you have o'er us lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
"None but a Prince!"—Alas! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taſte,
But what the maſter-bees have plac'd
In compaſs of their cells, how ſmall
A portion to your ſhare would fall?
Nor all appear, among thoſe few,
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew,
The ſap which at the root is bred
In trees, through all the boughs is ſpread;
But virtues which in parents ſhine
Make not like progreſs through the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where we live;
The place does oft' thoſe graces give.
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd had led.
He that the world ſubdu'd (2), had been
But the beſt wreſtler on the green.
'Tis art and knowledge which draw forth
The hidden ſeeds of native worth:
They blow thoſe ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames as touch the ſkies.
To the old heroes hence was giv'n
A pedigree which reach'd to heav'n:
Of mortal ſeed they were not held,
Which other mortals ſo excell'd.
And beauty, too, in ſuch exceſs
As your's Zelinda! claims no leſs.
Smile but on me, and you ſhall ſcorn,
Henceforth, to be of princes born.
I can deſcribe the ſhady grove
Where your lov'd mother ſlept with Jove,
And yet excuſe the faultleſs dame,
Caught with her ſpouſe's ſhape and name.
Thy matchleſs form will credit bring
To all the wonders I ſhall ſing.

(1) Minerva. (2) Alexander.

XXIX.

TO MY LADY MORTON.

On new-year's day

AT THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

Madam! new years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are ſo kind;
Still as they paſs they court and ſmile on you,
And make your beauty, as themſelves, ſeem new.
To the fair Villars we Dalkeith preſer,
And faireſt Morton now as much to her:
So like the ſun's advance your titles ſhew,
Which as he riſes does the warmer grow.
But thus to ſtyle you Fair, your ſex's praiſe,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays.
From armed foes to bring a Royal prize (1),
Shews your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the gen'ral's head,
Can give us paſſion when her ſtory's read,
What may the living do, which brought away,
Though a leſs bloody, yet a nobler prey;
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princeſs, like a brand?
A brand! preſerv'd to warm ſome prince's heart,
And make whole kingdoms take her brother's (2) part.
So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did ſhroud
The hope of Rome (3), and ſav'd him in a cloud.
This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and abſolve this age.
Dark ſhades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime!
Let him that draws it hide the reſt in night;
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind nymph, changing her faultleſs ſhape,
Becomes unhandſome, handſomely to 'ſcape,
When through the guards, the river, and the ſea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit, and Courage, made their way,
As the brave eagle does with ſorrow ſee
The foreſt waſted, and that lofty tree
Which holds her neſt about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor ſhe cannot ſtay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away:
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burden to the Gallic ſhore.
Born in the ſtorms of war, this Royal Fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempeſtuous air,
Though now ſhe flies her native iſle, (leſs kind,
Leſs ſafe for her than either ſea or wind!)
Shall, when the bloſſom of her beauty's blown,
See her great brother on the Britiſh throne;
Where Peace ſhall ſmile, and no diſpute ariſe,
But which rules moſt, his ſceptre, or her eyes.

(1) Henrietta Maria, youngeſt daughter to K. Charles I.
(2) K. Charles II.
(3) Æneas.

XXX.

TO A FAIR LADY,

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

STRANGE! that such horror and such grace
Should dwell together in one place;
A fury's arm, an angel's face!

'Tis innocence and youth which makes
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes
To start at love, and play with Snakes.

By this and by her coldness barr'd,
Her servants have a task too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy snake! that in her sleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow
He lies, as he his bliss did know,
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
Another tempter of this Snake:
A marble one so warm'd would speak.

XXXI.

A

PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

Of the present greatness, and joint interest

OF HIS HIGHNESS, AND THIS NATION.

WHILE with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign:
And own no liberty but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repress.

Your drooping country, torn with Civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet.
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and its states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector, shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Through ev'ry land that near the ocean lies.
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest.
What may be thought impossible to do
By us embraced by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea.
And ev'ry coast may trouble or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive;
While we descend, at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
So what our earth and what our heav'n denies
Our ever constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow;
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds.
Rome, though her Eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conqu'ring Henry flourish'd, and now you;
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wiſt not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reſerv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did ſubdue.

He ſafely might old troops to battle lead,
Againſt th' unwarlike Perſian and the Mede,
Whoſe haſty flight did, from a bloodleſs field,
More ſpoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garriſons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more ſhall make them come;
Our Engliſh iron holds them faſt at home.

They that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer region than the hills of ſnow,
May blame the ſun, but muſt extol your grace,
Which in our ſenate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conqueſt, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one.
So kind Dictators made, when they come home,
Their vanquiſh'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Iriſh, with like fate
Advanc'd to be a portion of our ſtate;
While by your valour and your bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the ſea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendſhip, is content
To be our outguard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuſe,
Preventing poſts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour princes trembled at their roar;
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing ſword made war to ceaſe,
And now you heal us with the acts of peace;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and reſtrain our rage.

Leſs pleaſure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in reſtoring ſuch as are undone.
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, ſpare.

To pardon willing, and to puniſh loath,
You ſtrike with one hand, but you heal with both,
Lifting up all that proſtrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or error had our age miſled,
And o'er this nation ſuch confuſion ſpread,
The only cure which could from Heav'n come down
Was ſo much pow'r and piety in one!

One! whoſe extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may ſhine.

The meaneſt in your nature, mild and good,
The nobleſt reſt ſecured in your blood.

Oft' have we wonder'd how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to ſuch things as theſe;
How ſuch a ruling ſp'rit you could reſtrain,
And practiſe firſt over yourſelf to reign.

Your private life did a juſt pattern give
How fathers, huſbands, pious ſons, ſhould live.
Born to command, your princely virtues ſlept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept:

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchleſs worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a proſp'rous end.

Still as you riſe, the ſtate exalted too,
Finds no diſtemper while 'tis chang'd by you:
Chang'd like the world's great ſcene! when, without noiſe,
The riſing ſun night's vulgar lights deſtroys.

Had you, ſome ages paſt, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we ſhould read your ſtory;
But living virtue, all achievements paſt,
Meets envy ſtill to grapple with at laſt.

This Cæſar found; and that ungrateful age,
With loſing him, went back to blood and rage;
Miſtaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that ſtroke.

That ſun once ſet, a thouſand meaner ſtars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To ſuch a tempeſt as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great ſenate could not wield that ſword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies but by you?

You! that had taught them to ſubdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high ſp'rits compoſe;
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion ſhakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that firſt took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.

As the vex'd world, to find repoſe, at laſt
Itſelf into Auguſtus' arms did caſt;
So England now does, with like toil oppreſt,
Her weary head upon your boſom reſt.

Then let the Muſes, with ſuch notes as theſe,
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter ſhall endite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight:

Tell of towns ſtorm'd, of armies overrun,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;

How, while you thunder'd, clouds of duſt did choke
Contending troops, and ſeas lay hid in ſmoke.

Illuſtrious acts high raptures do infuſe,
And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muſe.
Here, in low ſtrains, your milder deeds we ſing;
But there, my Lord! we'll bays and olive bring,

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquiſh'd nations, and the ſea beſide;
While all your neighbour princes unto you,
Like Joſeph's ſheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

XXXII.

TO THE KING,

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN.

The riſing ſun complies with our weak ſight,
Firſt gilds the clouds, then ſhews his globe of light
At ſuch a diſtance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his haſty beams would do.
But your full majeſty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the ſplendor of your ſtate,
(Wrapp'd up, till now, in clouds of adverſe fate!)
With ſuch a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our ſpread hearts with ſo great joy ſurpriſe,
That if your grace incline that we ſhould live,
You muſt not, Sir! too haſtily forgive.
Our guilt preſerves us from th' exceſs of joy,
Which ſcatters ſpirits, and would life deſtroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting Eſther, does before you-ſtand,
Watching your ſceptre. The revolting ſea
Trembles to think ſhe did your foes obey.
Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage became the ſcorn and hate
Of her proud neighbours, who began to think
She with the weight of her own force would ſink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Giant Iſle has got her eye again.
Now ſhe might ſpare the ocean, and oppoſe
Your conduct to the fierceſt of her foes.
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad, and now your thunders ſhall.
Princes that ſaw you diff'rent paſſions prove,
For now they dread the object of their love,
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whoſe converſation was their late delight.
So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove, diſguiſed in a mortal ſhape,
When ſhe beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.
And though it be our ſorrow and our crime
To have accepted life ſo long a time
Without you here, yet does this abſence gain
No ſmall advantage to your preſent reign:
For having view'd the perſons and the things,
The councils, ſtate, and ſtrength of Europe's kings,
You know your work; ambition to reſtrain,
And ſet them bounds, as Heav'n does to the main.
We have you now with ruling wiſdom fraught,
Not ſuch as books, but ſuch as practice taught.
So the loſt ſun, while leaſt by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night for our concern employ'd:
He ripens ſpices, fruits, and precious gums,
Which from remoteſt regions hither comes.
This ſeat of your's (from th' other world remov'd)
Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd
His engine's force fix'd here. Your pow'r and ſkill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.
Much ſuff'ring Monarch! the firſt Engliſh-born
That has the crown of theſe three nations worn!
How has your patience, with the barb'rous rage
Of your own ſoil, contended half an age!
Till (your try'd virtue and your ſacred word,
At laſt preventing your unwilling ſword)
Armies and fleets which kept you out ſo long,
Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redreſs'd his wrong.
When ſtraight the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once, like powder ſet on fire,
And, with a noble rage, their King require.
So th' injur'd ſea, which from her wonted courſe,
To gain ſome acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel ſtay;
Raging, the late-got land ſhe overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.
Offenders now, the chiefeſt, do begin
To ſtrive for grace, and expiate their ſin,
All winds blow fair that did the world embroil;
Your vipers treacle yield, and ſcorpions oil.
If then ſuch praiſe the Macedonian (a) got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot,
What glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravell'd int'reſts? has the knot unty'd,
And without ſtroke ſo ſmooth a paſſage made,
Where Craft and Malice ſuch impeachments laid.
But while we praiſe you, you aſcribe it all
To his high hand which threw the untouch'd wall
Of ſelf-demoliſh'd Jericho ſo low:
His angels 'twas that did before you go,
Tam'd ſavage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of corn when wind ſalutes the field.
Thus, patience-crown'd, like Job's, your trouble ends,
Having your foes to pardon and your friends:
For though your courage were ſo firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the ſhock?
Like your Great Maſter, you the ſtorm withſtood,
And pity'd thoſe who love with frailty ſhew'd.
Rude Indians, tort'ring all their royal race,
Him with the throne and dear-bought ſceptre grace
That ſuffers beſt. What region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?
The next experience of your mighty mind
Is, how you combat Fortune, now ſhe's kind,
And this way, too, you are victorious found;
She flatters with the ſame ſucceſs ſhe frown'd,

(a) Alexander.

While to yourself severe, to others kind,
With pow'r unbounded and a will confin'd,
Of this vast empire you possess the care,
The softer parts fall to the people's share.
Safety and equal government are things
Which subjects make as happy as their kings.
Faith, Law, and Piety, (that banish'd train!)
Justice and Truth, with you return again.
The city's trade, and country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase;
And does the shepherds as securely keep,
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.
But, above all, the muse-inspired train
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again:
Kind Heav'n at once, has, in your person, sent
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique, virorum
Clarorum apparent---- HOR.

XXXIII.

TO THE QUEEN,

UPON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

After her happy recovery from a dangerous sickness.

FAREWELL the year which threaten'd so
The fairest light the world can shew.
Welcome the new! whose ev'ry day,
Restoring what was snatch'd away
By pining sickness from the fair,
That matchless beauty does repair
So fast, that the approaching spring,
(Which does to flow'ry meadows bring
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all she had before.
But we recover not so fast
The sense of such a danger past:
We that esteem'd you sent from heav'n,
A pattern to this island giv'n,
To shew us what the bless'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here,
When that which we immortal thought,
We saw so near destruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure,
And tremble yet as not secure:
So though the sun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipse set free,
The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.
But that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help so near
For all the evil you can prove,
The kindness of your royal love:
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserv'd for you, more dear,
More priz'd than all those kingdoms were:
For when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropp'd the show'r
Reviv'd you like a dying flow'r.

XXXIV.

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

When she was taking leave of

THE COURT AT DOVER.

THAT sun of beauty did among us rise:
England first saw the light of your fair eyes:
In English, too, your early wit was shewn:
Favour that language, which was then your own,
When, though a child, through guards you made your way:
What fleet or army could an angel stay?
Thrice happy Britain! if she could retain
Whom she first bred within her ambient main.
Our late burnt London, in apparel new,
Shook off her ashes to have treated you:
But we must see our glory snatch'd away,
And with warm tears increase the guilty sea:
No wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,
We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose!
Sighs will not let us half our sorrow tell—
Fair, lovely, great, and best of nymphs, farewell!

XXXV.

TO A LADY,

From whom he received the Copy of the Poem, intituled, Of a Tree cut in Paper, which for many years had been lost.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;
All they subdue become their spies.
Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
Presented to oblige the fair:
No wonder, then, that a lost thought
Should there be found where souls are caught.
The picture of fair Venus, (that
For which men say the goddess sat)
Was lost, till Lely from your look
Again that glorious image took.
If virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write.
All things but one you can restore;
The heart you get returns no more.

XXXVI.

TO MR. KILLEGREW;

Upon his altering his Play, Pandora, from a Tragedy into a Comedy, because not approved on the Stage.

SIR! you should rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your play:

You had oblig'd us by employing wit
Not to reform Pandora, but the Pit;
For as the nightingale, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her song,
While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws
The whole assembly of his fellow-daws;
So must the writer whose productions should
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould;
Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and lessen as they fly.

XXXVII.

TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Who lately writ a religious book, intituled, Historical Applications, and Occasional Meditations, upon several Subjects.

Bold is the man that dares engage
For Piety in such an age!
Who can presume to find a guard
From scorn, when Heav'n's so little spar'd?
Divines are pardon'd; they defend
Altars on which their lives depend;
But the profane impatient are,
When nobler pens make this their care;
For why should these let in a beam
Of divine light to trouble them,
And call in doubt their pleasing thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth and fortune warrant give
That such men write what they believe;
And, feeling first what they endite,
New credit give to ancient light.
Amongst these few, our author brings
His well-known pedigree from kings.
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find:
I wish the throng of great and good
Made it less eas'ly understood!

XXXVIII.

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Upon his incomparable, incomprehensible Poem, intituled, The British Princes.

Sir! you've oblig'd the British nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And at your own charge monuments as hard
As brass or marble to your fame have rear'd:
For as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how their brave ancestors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improv'd your own;
That 'twill be doubtful whether you do write,
Or they have acted at a nobler height.
You of your ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Explain'd their customs and their rights anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew;
Unriddled those dark oracles as well
As those that made them could themselves foretel.
For as the Britons long have hop'd in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in your poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen
To raise the dead, and give new life to men,
Make rival princes meet in arms, and love
Whom distant ages did so far remove:
For as eternity has neither past
Nor future, authors say, nor first nor last,
But is all instant, your eternal muse
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why should you, whose miracles of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-busied head
T' observe what times they liv'd in, or were dead!
For such you have, such arbitrary pow'r,
It were defect in judgment to go low'r,
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the vulgar latitude:
For no man's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit:
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring sense that understands it here.

XXXIX.

TO CHLORIS.

Chloris! what's eminent, we know
Must for some cause be valu'd so:
Things without use though they be good,
Are not by us so understood.
The early rose, made to display
Her blushes to the youthful May,
Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.
Our stars do shew their excellence
Not by their light, but influence:
When brighter comets, since still known,
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
So your admired beauty still
Is, by effects, made good or ill.

XL.

TO THE KING.

Great Sir! disdain not in this piece to stand
Supreme commander both of sea and land.
Those which inhabit the celestial bow'r,
Painters express with emblems of their pow'r;

His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow,
Jove has his thunder, and your navy you.
But your great providence no colours here
Can repreſent, nor pencil draw that care
Which keeps you waking to ſecure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increaſe:
You for theſe ends whole days in council ſit,
And the diverſions of your youth forget.
Small were the worth of valour and of force,
If your high wiſdom govern'd not their courſe:
You as the ſoul, as the firſt mover you,
Vigour and life on ev'ry part beſtow:
How to build ſhips, and dreadful ord'nance caſt,
Inſtruct the artiſts, and reward their haſte.
So Jove himſelf, when Typhon heav'n does brave,
Deſcends to viſit Vulcan's ſmoky cave,
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame
His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.
Had the old Greeks diſcover'd your abode,
Crete had not been the cradle of their god:
On that ſmall iſland they had look'd with ſcorn,
And in great Britain thought the thund'rer horn.

XLI.

TO THE DUCHESS,

When he preſented

THIS BOOK TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here preſent you with the rage,
And with the beauties of a former age,
Wiſhing you may with as great pleaſure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then; your brighter eyes inſpire
A nobler flame, and raiſe our genius high'r.
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become ſevere:
Your matchleſs beauty gives our fancy wing,
Your judgment makes us careful how we ſing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haſte,
Poliſh'd like marble, ſhall like marble laſt,
And make you through as many ages ſhine
As Taſſo has the heroes of your line.
Though other names our wary writers uſe,
You are the ſubject of the Britiſh Muſe:
Dilating miſchief to yourſelf unknown,
Men write, and die of wounds they dare not own.
So the bright ſun burns all our graſs away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

SONGS.

I.

SONG.

Stay, Phœbus! ſtay;
The world to which you fly ſo faſt,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haſte
With no ſuch object, nor ſalute your riſe
With no ſuch wonder as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove
The error of thoſe antique books
Which made you move
About the world: her charming looks
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rolling earth ſnatch her away.

II.

SONG.

Say, lovely Dream! where couldſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n itſelf thou ſure wert dreſt
With that angel-like diſguiſe:
Thus deluded him I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But, ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a dream:
Cruel Sachariſſa's mind
Never put on that ſweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'ſt me grace,
Change that heav'nly face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd love in thy face,
And make it t' appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre, let it look,
With a pity-moving ſhape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſs nymph appear,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo;
Softly in her ſleeping ear,
With humble words expreſs my woe.

Perhaps from greatneſs, ſtate, and pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
And, death-reſembling, equals all.

III.

SONG.

Peace, babbling Muſe!
I dare not ſing what you endite;
Her eyes refuſe,
To read the paſſion which they write:
She ſtrikes my lute, but if it ſound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground;
And I no leſs her anger dread
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce lion does embrace
His breathleſs corpſe, and lick his face:
Wrapp'd up in ſilent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

IV.

SONG.

I.

Chloris! farewell; I now muſt go,
For if with thee I longer ſtay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me ſo,
I ſhall prove blind, and loſe my way.

II.

Fame of thy beauty and thy youth,
Among the reſt, me hither brought:
Finding this fame fall ſhort of truth,
Made me ſtay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,
A ſervant to another's will:
Yet for thy love I'd forfeit both,
Could I be ſure to keep it ſtill.

IV.

But what aſſurance can I take,
When thou, foreknowing this abuſe
For ſome more worthy lover's ſake,
May'ſt leave me with ſo juſt excuſe?

v.

For thou may'ſt ſay, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didſt thus inconſtant prove,
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath to mend thy love.

vi.

No, Chloris! no: I will return
And raiſe thy ſtory to that height,
That ſtrangers ſhall at diſtance burn,
And ſhe diſtruſt me reprobate.

vii.

Then ſhall my love this doubt diſplace,
And gain ſuch truſt, that I may come
And banquet ſometimes on thy face,
But make my conſtant meals at home.

V.

SONG TO FLAVIA.

i.

'Tis not your beauty can engage
My wary heart;
The ſun, in all his pride and rage,
Has not that art;
And yet he ſhines as bright as you,
If brightneſs could our ſoul ſubdue.

ii.

'Tis not the pretty things you ſay,
Nor thoſe you write,
Which can make Thryſis' heart your prey:
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind
In ſome of our own ſex we find.

iii.

No, Flavia! 'tis your love I fear;
Love's ſureſt darts,
Thoſe which ſo ſeldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts:
Their very ſhadows make us yield;
Diſſemble well, and win the field.

VI.

SONG.

Behold the brand of Beauty toſt!
See how the motion does dilate the flame!
Delighted Love his ſpoils does boaſt,
And triumph in this game.
Fire, to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder and our fear,
Moving the mind,
As light'ning hurled through the air.

High heav'n the glory does increaſe
Of all her ſhining lamps this artful way;
The ſun in figures, ſuch as theſe,
Joys with the moon to play:
To the ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſpheres,
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

VII.

SONG.

While I liſten to thy voice,
Chloris, I feel my life decay;
That pow'rful noiſe
Calls my fleeting ſoul away.
Oh! ſuppreſs that magic ſound,
Which deſtroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace! our ſinging die,
That together you and I
To heav'n may go;
For all we know
Of what the bleſſed do above,
Is that they ſing, and that they love.

VIII.

SONG.

Go, lovely Roſe!
Tell her that waſtes her time and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſerts where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die! that ſhe
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair!

IX.

SUNG BY

MRS. KNIGHT, TO HER MAJESTY

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

This happy day two lights are ſeen
A glorious Saint, a matchleſs Queen;
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
The ſaint above, th' infanta here.
May all thoſe years which Catharine
The martyr did for heav'n reſign,
Be added to the line
Of your bleſt life among us here!
For all the pains that ſhe did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleaſures ſhare!
May Heav'n itſelf content
With Catharine the Saint!
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold!

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

I.

PROLOGUE FOR THE LADY-ACTORS,

SPOKEN BEFORE K. CHARLES II.

Amaze us not with that majeſtic frown,
But lay aſide the greatneſs of your crown!
And for that look which does your people awe,
When in your throne and robes you give them law,
Lay it by here, and give a gentler ſmile,
Such as we ſee great Jove's in picture, while
He liſtens to Apollo's charming lyre,
Or judges of the ſongs he does inſpire.
Comedians on the ſtage ſhew all their ſkill,
And after do as Love and Fortune will.
We are leſs careful, hid in this diſguiſe;
In our own clothes more ſerious and more wiſe.
Modeſt at home, upon the ſtage more bold,
We ſeem warm lovers, though our breaſts be cold:
A fault committed here deſerves no ſcorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

II.

PROLOGUE

TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

Scarce ſhould we have the boldneſs to pretend
So long renown'd a tragedy to mend,
Had not already ſome deſerv'd your praiſe
With like attempt. Of all our elder plays
This and Philaſter have the loudeſt fame:
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.
In both our Engliſh genius is expreſs'd;
Lofty and bold, but negligently dreſs'd.
Above our neighbours our conceptions are;
But faultleſs writing is th' effect of care.
Our lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haſte,
Poliſh'd like marble, would like marble laſt.
But as the preſent, ſo the laſt age writ:
In both we find like negligence and wit.
Were we but leſs indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,
Our muſe would flouriſh, and a nobler rage
Would honour this than did the Grecian ſtage.
Thus ſays our author, net content to ſee
That others write as careleſsly as he;
Though he pretends not to make things complete,
Yet, to pleaſe you, he'd have the poets ſweat.
In this old play, what's new we have expreſt
In rhyming verſe, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
That as the Rhone its haſty way does make
(Not mingling waters) through Geneva's lake,
So having here the diff'rent ſtyles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.
If we leſs rudely ſhall the knot untie,
Soften the rigour of the tragedy,
And yet preſerve each perſon's character,
Then to the other this you may prefer.
'Tis left to you: the boxes and the pit
Are ſov'reign judges of this ſort of wit.
In other things the knowing artiſt may
Judge better than the people; but a play,
(Made for delight, and for no other uſe)
If you approve it not, has no excuſe.

III.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

Spoken by the King.

The fierce Melantius was content, you ſee,
The King ſhould live; be not more fierce than he:
Too long indulgent to ſo rude a time,
When love was held ſo capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compaſſion find,
But dy'd—becauſe the killer had been kind;
Nor is't leſs ſtrange ſuch mighty wits as thoſe
Should uſe a ſtyle in tragedy like proſe.
Well-ſounding verſe, where princes tread the ſtage,
Should ſpeak their virtue, or deſcribe their rage.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſuades:
And verſes are the potent charms we uſe,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuſe.

When next we act this tragedy again,
Unleſs you like the change, we ſhall be ſlain.
The innocent Aſpaſia's life or death,
Amintor's too, depends upon your breath.
Exceſs of love was heretofore the cauſe;
Now if we die, 'tis want of your applauſe.

IV.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

Deſigned upon the firſt alteration of the Play, when the King only was left alive.

Aspasia bleeding on the ſtage does lie,
To ſhew you ſtill 'tis the Maid's Tragedy.
The fierce Melantius was content, you ſee,
The king ſhould live: be not more fierce than he.
Too long indulgent to ſo rude a time,
When love was held ſo capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compaſſion find,
But dy'd—becauſe the killer had been kind!
This better natur'd poet had repriev'd
Gentle Amintor too, had he believ'd
The fairer ſex his pardon could approve,
Who to ambition ſacrific'd his love.
Aſpaſia he has ſpar'd; but for her wound
(Neglected love!) there could no ſalve be found.
When next we act this tragedy again,
Unleſs you like the change, I muſt be ſlain.
Exceſs of love was heretofore the cauſe;
Now if I die, 'tis want of your applauſe.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

I. *Under a lady's Picture.*

Such Helen was! and who can blame the boy (1)
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his Troy;
But had like virtue ſhin'd in that fair Greek,
The am'rous ſhepherd had not dar'd to ſeek
Or hope for pity, but with ſilent moan,
And better fate, had periſhed alone,

II. *Of a lady who writ in praiſe of Mira.*

While ſhe pretends to make the graces known
Of matchleſs Mira, ſhe reveals her own:
And when ſhe would another's praiſe indite,
Is by her glaſs inſtructed how to write.

III. *To one married to an old man.*

Since thou wouldſt needs (bewitch'd with ſome ill charms!)
Be bury'd in thoſe monumental arms,
All we can wiſh is, may that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs! and ſo good night.

IV. *An epigram on a painted lady with ill teeth.*

Were men ſo dull they could not ſee
That Lyce painted; ſhould they flee,
Like ſimple birds, into a net
So groſsly woven and ill ſet,
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that ſhe had got.
Thoſe teeth fair Lyce muſt not ſhew
If ſhe would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they ſtoop at ſeeming grapes,
Are diſabus'd when firſt ſhe gapes:
The rotten bones diſcover'd there
Shew 'tis a painted ſepulchre.

V. *Epigram upon the golden medal.*

Our guard upon the royal ſide!
On the reverſe our beauty's pride!
Here we diſcern the frown and ſmile,
The force and glory of our iſle.
In the rich medal, both ſo like
Immortals ſtand, it ſeems antique;
Carv'd by ſome maſter, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove deſcend in gold,
And Danae wond'ring at that ſhow'r,
Which, falling, ſtorm'd her brazen tow'r:
Britannia there, the fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain:
Thunder itſelf had fail'd to paſs:
Virtue's a ſtronger guard than braſs.

(1) Paris.

VI. *Written on a card that her Majeſty* (1) *tore at Ombre.*

The cards you tear in value riſe;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to celeſtial things aſpire,
Are by that paſſion rais'd the higher.

VII. *To Mr. Granville, (now Lord Lanſdown) on his verſes to K. James II.*

An early plant! which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhews a genius ſo beyond his years:
A judgment! that could make ſo fair a choice;
So high a ſubject to employ his voice:
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing
The growing greatneſs of our matchleſs King!

VIII. *Long and ſhort life.*

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In largeneſs, but th' exactly round:
So life we praiſe that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

IX. *Tranſlated out of Spaniſh.*

Though we may ſeem importunate,
While your compaſſion we implore,
They whom you make too fortunate,
May with preſumption vex you more.

(1) Queen Catharine.

X. *Tranſlated out of French.*

FADE, Flow'rs! fade, Nature will have it ſo;
'Tis but what we muſt in our autumn do!
And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loſs alone by thoſe that lov'd them found;
So in the grave ſhall we as quiet lie,
Miſs'd by ſome few that lov'd our company:
But ſome ſo like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they periſh, grieve.

XI. *Some verſes of an imperfect copy deſigned for a friend, On his tranſlation of Ovid's Faſti.*

ROME's holy days you tell, as if a gueſt
With the old Romans you were wont to feaſt.
Numa's religion, by themſelves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in ſhew receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their dictators taken from the plow;
Such pow'r has juſtice, faith and honeſty!
The world was conquer'd by morality.
Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
That's neither faithful, honeſt, juſt, nor brave;
But where religion does with virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel ſhine.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

XII. *On the ſtatue of King Charles I. at Charing-croſs, in the year* 1674.

THAT the Firſt Charles does here in triumph ride,
See his ſon reign'd where he a martyr dy'd,
And people pay that rev'rence as they paſs,
(Which then he wanted) to the ſacred braſs,
Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the ſtatue and the ſtone;
But Heav'n this laſting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught,
Rebellion, though ſucceſsful, is but vain,
And king's ſo kill'd riſe conquerors again.
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of ſurviving Fame.

XIII. *Pride.*

NOT the brave Macedonian youth (1) alone,
But baſe Caligula, when on the throne,
Boundleſs in pow'r, would make himſelf a god,
As if the world depended on his nod.
The Syrian King (2) to beaſts was headlong thrown,
E'er to himſelf he could be mortal known,
The meaneſt wretch, if heav'n ſhould give him line,
Would never ſtop till he were thought divine.
All might within diſcern the ſerpent's pride,
If from ourſelves nothing ourſelves did hide.
Let the proud peacock his gay feathers ſpread,
And woo the female to his painted bed;
Let winds and ſeas together rage and ſwell;
This nature teaches, and becomes them well.
" Pride was not made for men (3);" a conſcious ſenſe
Of guilt, and folly, and their conſequence,
Deſtroys the claim, and to beholders tells,
Here nothing but the ſhape of manhood dwells.

(1) Alexander. (2) Nebuchadnezzar. (3) Eccluſ. chap. x. ver. 18.

XIV. *Epitaph on Sir George Speke.*

UNDER this ſtone lies virtue, youth,
Unblemiſh'd probity, and truth:
Juſt unto all relations known,
A worthy patriot, pious ſon;
Whom neighb'ring towns ſo often ſent,
To give their ſenſe in parliament;
With lives and fortunes truſting one
Who ſo diſcreetly us'd his own.
Sober he was, wiſe, temperate,
Contented with an old eſtate,
Which no foul av'rice did increaſe,
Nor wanton luxury make leſs,
While yet but young, his father dy'd,
And left him to an happy guide:
Not Lemuel's mother with more care
Did counſel or inſtruct her heir,
Or teach with more ſucceſs her ſon
The vices of the time to ſhun.
An heireſs ſhe; while yet alive,
All that was her's to him did give;
And he juſt gratitude did ſhew
To one that had oblig'd him ſo:
Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was ſo bred and taught.
So (early made that path to tread,
Which did his youth to honour lead)
His ſhort life did a pattern give
How neighbours, huſbands, friends, ſhould live.
The virtues of a private life
Exceed the glorious noiſe and ſtrife
Of battles won: in thoſe we find
The ſolid int'reſt of mankind.
Approv'd by all, and lov'd ſo well,
Though young, like fruit that's ripe he fell.

XV. *Epitaph on Colonel Charles Cavendiſh.*

HERE lies Charles Ca'ndiſh: let the marble ſtone,
That hides his aſhes, make his virtue known.
Beauty and valour did his ſhort life grace,
The grief and glory of his noble race!
Early abroad he did the world ſurvey,
As if he knew he had not long to ſtay:
Saw what great Alexander in the Eaſt
And mighty Julius conquer'd in the Weſt:
Then with a mind as great as theirs he came
To find at home occaſion for his fame;
Where dark confuſion did the nations hide,
And where the juſter was the weaker ſide.
Two loyal brothers took their Sov'reign's part,
Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art;
The elder (1) did whole regiments afford;
The younger brought his conduct and his ſword.
Born to command, a leader he begun,
And on the rebels laſting honour won.
The horſe inſtructed by their general's worth,
Still made the king victorious in the North.
Where Ca'ndiſh fought, the royaliſts prevail'd;
Neither his courage nor his judgment fail'd.
The current of his vict'ries found no ſtop,
Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefeſt prop.

(1) William Earl of Devonſhire,

Equal ſucceſs had ſet theſe champions high,
And both reſolv'd to conquer or to die.
Virtue with rage, fury with valour ſtrove;
But that muſt fall which is decreed above!
Cromwell with odds of number and of Fate,
Remov'd this bulwark of the church and ſtate;
Which the ſad iſſue of the war declar'd,
And made his taſk to ruin both leſs hard.
So when the bank, neglected, is o'erthrown,
The boundleſs torrent does the country drown.
Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;
Strew bays and flowers on his honour'd grave!

XVI. *Epitaph on the Lady Sedley.*

Here lies the learned Savil's heir,
So early wiſe, and laſting fair!
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot;
And ſhe ſo well improv'd that ſtock,
Both of his knowledge and his flock,
That Wit and Fortune reconcil'd
In her, upon each other ſmil'd.
While ſhe, to ev'ry well taught mind,
Was ſo propitiouſly inclin'd,
And gave ſuch title to her ſtore,
That none but th' ignorant were poor.
The muſes daily found ſupplies
Both from her hands and from her eyes.
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchleſs beauty warm their rage.
Such was this dame in calmer days,
Her nation's ornament and praiſe!
But when a ſtorm diſturb'd our reſt,
The port and refuge of th' oppreſt.
This made her fortune underſtood,
And look'd on as ſome public good.
So that (her perſon and her ſtate,
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our Civil fury ſhe
Stood, like a ſacred temple, free.
May here her monument ſtand ſo,
To credit this rude age! and ſhew
To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue ſee;
And one ſublime example had
Of good among ſo many bad.

XVII. *Epitaph to be written under the Latin inſcription upon the tomb of the only ſon of the Lord Andover.*

'Tis fit the Engliſh reader ſhould be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold.
'Tis not a noble corpſe alone does lie
Under this ſtone, but a whole family.
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies bury'd with this boy:
This lovely Youth! for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been ſpace and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit, and breeding, to have ſhew'd,
We had not found, in all the num'rous roll
Of his fam'd anceſtors, a greater ſoul:
His early virtues to that ancient ſtock
Gave as much honour as from thence he took.
Like buds appearing e'er the froſts are paſt,
To become man he made ſuch fatal haſte,
And to perfection labour'd ſo to climb,
Preventing ſlow experience and time,
That 'tis no wonder Death our hopes beguil'd.
He's ſeldom old that will not be a child.

XVIII *Epitaph unfiniſhed.*

Great Soul! for whom death will no longer ſtay,
But ſends in haſte to ſnatch our bliſs away.
O cruel Death! to thoſe you take more kind
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue, ſhin'd.
Free from the clouds of pride that ſhade the mind.
Inſpired verſe may on this marble live,
But can no honour to thy aſhes give——
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

DIVINE POEMS.

OF DIVINE LOVE.

A POEM IN SIX CANTOS.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant;
Sic nos Scripturæ depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetua semper dignissima vita!——
Nam divinis amor cum cæpit vociferari,
Diffugiunt animi terrores—— LUCRETIUS, lib. iii.

Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,
Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis:——
Namque ubi mota calent sacra mea pectora Musa,
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.

OVID. de Trist. lib. iv. el. 1

The Arguments.

I. ASSERTING the authority of the Scripture, in which this love is revealed.
II. The preference and love of God to man in the creation.
III. The same love more amply declared in our redemption.
IV. How necessary this love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.
V. Shewing how happy the world would be, if this love were universally embraced.
VI. Of preserving this love in our memory, and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO I.

THE Grecian Muse has all their gods survived,
Nor Jove at us nor Phœbus is arriv'd;
Frail deities! which first the poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid;
Yet if they still divert us with their rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better age,
When not from Helicon's imagin'd spring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing?
This with the fabric of the world begun,
Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun.
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall:
Long since despis'd and silent, they afford
Honour and triumph to th' Eternal Word.
As late philosophy our globe has grac'd,
And rolling earth among the planets plac'd,
So has this Book entitled us to heav'n,
And rules to guide us to that mansion giv'n:
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His pow'r in Nature's ample book we find,
But the less volume does express his mind.
This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught
That his blest gods vouchsafe us not a thought,
But unconcern'd let all below them slide,
As fortune does, or human wisdom, guide.

Religion thus remov'd, the facred yoke,
And band of all fociety, is broke.
What uſe of oaths, of promiſe, or of teſt,
Where men regard no God but intereſt?
What endleſs war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witneſs what they ſwear?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet juſt,
Among themſelves to find ſo little truſt!
Were Scripture ſilent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falſehood and our ſhame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the firſt ſtep tow'rds being good or wiſe;
For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect.
Slaves to their paſſion, reaſon men employ
Only to compaſs what they would enjoy.
His fear to guard us from ourſelves we need,
And Sacred Writ our reaſon does exceed:
For though heav'n ſhews the glory of the Lord,
Yet ſomething ſhines more glorious in his Word:
His mercy this, (which all his work excels!)
His tender kindneſs and compaſſion tells:
While we inform'd by that celeſtial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.
Love there reveal'd, (which never ſhall have end,
Nor had beginning) ſhall our ſong commend;
Deſcribe itſelf, and warm us with that flame
Which firſt from Heav'n, to make us happy came.

CANTO II.

The fear of hell, or aiming to be bleſt,
Savours too much of private intereſt,
This mov'd not Moſes, nor the zealous Paul,
Who for their friends abandon'd ſoul and all:
A greater yet from heav'n to hell deſcends,
To ſave and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praiſe can fathom ſuch a love,
Which reach'd the loweſt bottom from above?
The royal prophet *, that extended grace
From heav'n to earth, meaſur'd but half that ſpace.
The law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
Hell was not conquer'd when that poet wrote:
Heav'n was ſcarce heard of until He came down,
To make the region where love triumphs known.
That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' Almighty did perſuade;
For love it was that firſt created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night
From the rude Chaos, and beſtow'd new grace
On things diſpos'd of to their proper place:
Some to reſt here, and ſome to ſhine above,
Earth, ſea, and heav'n, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be return'd: but there was none
That to themſelves or others yet were known:
The world a palace was without a gueſt,
Till one appears that muſt excel the reſt:
One! like the Author, whoſe capacious mind
Might by the glorious work, the Maker find;
Might meaſure heav'n, and give each ſtar a name;
With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with ſwelling ſails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know;

* David.

Make ſtrongeſt beaſts obedient to his will,
And ſerve his uſe, the fertile earth to till.
When by his Word God had accompliſh'd all,
Man to create he did a council call:
Employ'd his hand, to give the duſt he took
A graceful figure and majeſtic look;
With his own breath convey'd into his breaſt
Life, and a ſoul fit to command the reſt,
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For ſuch a gift, and tell from whence it came.
Birds ſing his praiſes in a wilder note,
But not with laſting numbers and with thought,
Man's great prerogative! but above all
His grace abounds in his new fav'rite's fall.
If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation ſhakes:
From his juſt wrath our guilty parents fled;
He curs'd the earth, but bruis'd the ſerpent's head.
Amidſt the ſtorm his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promiſe of the Virgin's ſeed:
Though juſtice death, as ſatisfaction, craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO III.

Not willing terror ſhould his image move;
He gives a pattern of eternal love;
His Son deſcends to treat a peace with thoſe
Which were, and muſt have ever been, his foes;
Poor he became, and left his glorious ſeat
To make us humble, and to make us great;
His bus'neſs here was happineſs to give
To thoſe whoſe malice could not let him live.
Legions of angels, which he might have us'd,
(For us reſolv'd to periſh) he refus'd:
While they ſtood ready to prevent his loſs,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the croſs.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by ſuch great love conſtrain'd
To make return of love. Upon this pole
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an eſſay, a taſte of heav'n below!
He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of thoſe that lov'd him he was hid from none.
Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But ſmoke will vaniſh when that flame breaks out:
This is the fire that would conſume our droſs,
Refine, and make us richer by the loſs.
Could we forbear diſpute, and practiſe love,
We ſhould agree as angels do above.
Where love preſides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues ſtay behind:
Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train
Of mortal virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there,
For born in heav'n, it does but ſojourn here.
He that alone would wiſe and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.
Love as he lov'd!—How can we ſoar ſo high?—
He can add wings when he commands to fly.
Nor ſhould we be with this command diſmay'd;
He that examples gives will give his aid:
For he took fleſh, that where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.

His love at once, and dread, inſtruct our thought;
As man he ſuffer'd, and as God he taught.
Will for the deed he takes: we may with eaſe
Obedient be, for if we love we pleaſe.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard taſk,
And love for love is all that heav'n does aſk.
Love! that would all men juſt and temp'rate make,
Kind to themſelves and others for his ſake.
'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love, they muſt with weeds abound,
(Unruly paſſions) whoſe effects are worſe
Than thorns and thiſtles ſpringing from the curſe.

CANTO IV.

To glory man, or miſery, is born,
Of his proud foe the envy, or the ſcorn:
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
Baſe in himſelf, but great in Heav'n's eſteem:
With love, of all created things the beſt;
Without it, more pernicious than the reſt:
For greedy wolves unguarded ſheep devour
But while their hunger laſts, and then give o'er:
Man's boundleſs avarice his wants exceeds,
And on his neighbours round about him feeds.
His pride and vain ambition are ſo vaſt,
That deluge like, they lay whole nations waſte.
Debauches and exceſs (though with leſs noiſe)
As great a portion of mankind deſtroys.
The beaſts and monſters Hercules oppreſt,
Might in that age ſome provinces infeſt:
Theſe more deſtructive monſters are the bane
Of ev'ry age, and in all nations reign;
But ſoon would vaniſh, if the world were bleſs'd
With ſacred love, by which they are repreſs'd.
Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
Are dreadful gueſts, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vex'd conſcience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of deſpair does their whole life annoy;
But love appearing, all theſe terrors fly;
We live contented, and contented die.
They in whoſe breaſt this ſacred love has place,
Death as a paſſage to their joy embrace.
Clouds and thick vapours, which obſcure the day,
The ſun's victorious beams may chaſe away:
Thoſe which our life corrupt and darken, love
(The nobler ſtar!) muſt from the ſoul remove.
Spots are obſerv'd in that which bounds the year;
This brighter ſun moves in a boundleſs ſphere,
Of heav'n the joy, the glory, and the light;
Shines among angels, and admits no night.

CANTO V.

Turs Iron Age (ſo fraudulent and bold!)
Touch'd with this love, would be an Age of Gold:
Not as they feign'd that oaks ſhould honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unſown crop;
Love would make all things eaſy, ſafe, and cheap;
None for himſelf would either ſow or reap:
Our ready help and mutual love would yield
A nobler harveſt than the richeſt field.
Famine and death confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenneſs of hearts.
Some pine for want, where others ſurfeit now;
But then we ſhould the uſe of plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich and needy ſtand,
And ſpread Heav'n's bounty with an equal hand:
At once the givers and receivers bleſs,
Increaſe their joy, and make their ſuff'ring leſs.
Who for himſelf no miracle would make,
Diſpens'd with ſev'ral for the people's ſake:
He that, long faſting, would no wonder ſhew,
Made loaves and fiſhes, as they ate them, grow.
Of all his pow'r, which boundleſs was above,
Here he us'd none but to expreſs his love;
And ſuch a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths we feed.
Laws would be uſeleſs which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tigers and lions into dens we thruſt,
But milder creatures with their freedom truſt.
Devils are chain'd, and tremble; but the Spouſe
No force but love, nor bound but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now ſo fierce and dangerous ſee)
Would guardian angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform,
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love what Iſaiah propheſy'd can do,
Exalt the vallies, lay the mountains low,
Humble the lofty, the dejected raiſe, [ways.
Smooth and make ſtraight our rough and crooked
Love, ſtrong as death, and like it levels all;
With that poſſeſt, the great in title fall;
Themſelves eſteem but equal to the leaſt,
Whom Heav'n with that high character has bleſt;
This love, the centre of our union can
Alone beſtow complete repoſe on man;
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign ſtrife, among the nations ceaſe.
No martial trumpet ſhould diſturb our reſt,
Nor princes arm, though to ſubdue the Eaſt,
Where for the tomb ſo many heroes (taught
By thoſe that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love ſo unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would ceaſe, or be dilated, when
We ſhould behold as many ſelfs as men;
All of one family, in blood ally'd,
His precious blood, that for our ranſom dy'd!

CANTO VI.

Though the creation (ſo divinely taught!)
Prints ſuch a lively image on our thought,
That the firſt ſpark of new-created light,
From Chaos ſtrook, affects our preſent ſight,
Yet the firſt Chriſtians did eſteem more bleſt
The day of riſing than the day of reſt,
That ev'ry week might new occaſion give
To make his triumph in their mem'ry live.
Then let our Muſe compoſe a ſacred charm
To keep his blood among us ever warm,

And ſinging as the bleſſed do above,
With our laſt breath dilate this flame of love.
But on ſo vaſt a ſubject who can find
Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?
Our language fails; or, if it could ſupply,
What mortal thought can raiſe itſelf ſo high?
Deſpairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But though we find this ſacred taſk too hard,
Yet the deſign, th' endeavour, brings reward:
The contemplation does ſuſpend our wo,
And makes a truce with all the ills we know.
As Saul's afflicted ſpirit from the ſound
Of David's harp a preſent ſolace found;
So, on this theme while we our muſe engage,
No wounds are felt of Fortune or of Age.
On Divine Love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to ceaſe.
Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundleſs Pow'r ſo infinitely kind,
The ſoul contending to that light to flee
From her dark cell, we practiſe how to die;
Employing thus the poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy ſo complete, ſo ſolid, and ſevere,
Would leave no place for meaner pleaſures there;
Pale they would look, as ſtars that muſt be gone,
When from the Eaſt the riſing ſun comes on.

OF THE FEAR OF GOD.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

The fear of God is freedom, joy and peace,
And makes all ills that vex us here to ceaſe.
Though the word Fear ſome men may ill endure,
'Tis ſuch a fear as only makes ſecure.
Aſk of no angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy ſtate.
He that invites will not th' invited mock,
Op'ning to all that do in earneſt knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
All our aſſurance rolls upon that ſphere.
This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my ſong the morning of our day!
Where that fear is, there's nothing to be fear'd:
It brings from heav'n an angel for a guard.
Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
Hell gapes for thoſe that do without it live.
It is a beam which he on man lets fall
Of light, by which he made and governs all.
'Tis God alone ſhould not offended be;
But we pleaſe others, as more great than he.
For a good cauſe the ſufferings of man
May well be borne: 'tis more than angels can.
Man, ſince his fall, in no mean ſtation reſts,
Above the angels or below the beaſts.
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
That thirſt and hunger to perform his will.
Others, though rich, ſhall in this world be vext,
And ſadly live, in terror of the next. [purſue,
The world's great conqu'ror (1) would his point
And wept becauſe he could not find a new;
Which had he done, yet ſtill he would have cry'd,
To make him work until a third he ſpy'd.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To Heav'n itſelf, unleſs it make them grow.
Though richly fed, man's care does ſtill exceed;
Has but one mouth, yet would a thouſand feed.
In wealth and honour, by ſuch men poſſeſt,
If it increaſe not, there is found no reſt,
All their delight is while their wiſh comes in;
Sad when it ſtops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis ſtrange men ſhould neglect their preſent ſtore,
And take no joy but in purſuing more;

No! though arriv'd at all the world can aim;
This is the mark and glory of our frame.
A ſoul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing but he that made can ſatisfy.
A thouſand worlds, if we with him compare,
Leſs than ſo many drops of water are.
Men take no pleaſure but in new deſigns;
And what they hope for, what they have outſhines.
Our ſheep and oxen ſeem no more to crave,
With full content feeding on what they have;
Vex not themſelves for an increaſe of ſtore,
But think to-morrow we ſhall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from Heav'n,
They do from us expect it ſhould be giv'n.
We made them not, yet they on us rely,
More than vain men upon the Deity;
More beaſts than they! that will not underſtand
That we are fed from his immediate hand.
Man, that in him has being, moves, and lives,
What can he have or uſe but what he gives?
So that no bread can nouriſhment afford,
Or uſeful be, without his Sacred Word.

CANTO II.

Earth praiſes conquerors for ſhedding blood,
Heav'n thoſe that love their foes, and do them good.
It is terreſtial honour to be crown'd
For ſtrowing men, like ruſhes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to riſe above them all,
Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminiſhes mankind,
Does no addition to his ſtature find;
But he that does a noble nature ſhew,
Obliging others, ſtill does higher grow:
For virtue practis'd ſuch an habit gives,
That among men he like an angel lives:
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,
Lov'd and admir'd by thoſe he does excel.
Fools anger ſhew, which politicians hide;
Bleſt with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong;

(1) Alexander.

Nor ſees he reaſon why he ſhould engage,
Or vex his ſpirit, for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, toſt
On raging waves, and in the tempeſt loſt.
The rolling planets, and the glorious ſun,
Still keep that order which they firſt begun:
They their firſt leſſon conſtantly repeat,
Which their Creator as a law did ſet.
Above, below, exactly all obey;
But wretched men have found another way.
Knowledge of good and evil, as at firſt,
(That vain perſuaſion!) keeps them ſtill accurſt!
The Sacred Word refuſing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the ſkilful hand
Of ſome great maſter, at the figure ſtand,
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random ſtrike, and the falſe hour do ſhew;
So from our Maker wandering, we ſtray,
Like birds that know not to their neſts the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here,
And may, returning, find contentment there:
True joy may find, perfection of delight,
Behold his face, and ſhun eternal night.
Silence, my Muſe! make not theſe jewels cheap
Expoſing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is beſt,
Where great truths are in feweſt words expreſt,
Wreſtling with death, theſe lines I did endite;
No other theme could give my ſoul delight.
O that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
Or that I now could write as well as then!
But 'tis of grace if ſickneſs, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born again:
Timely they come to wean us from this earth,
As pangs that wait upon a ſecond birth.

OF DIVINE POESY.

TWO CANTOS,

Occasioned upon sight of the fifty-third Chapter of Isaiah turned into Verse,
By Mrs. Wharton.

CANTO I.

Poets we prize, when in their verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The secret which this oracle does shew.
What was to come Isaiah did declare,
Which she describes as if she had been there;
Had seen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws so lively, that they bleed anew.
As ivy thrives which on the oak takes hold,
So with the Prophet's may her lines grow old!
If they should die, who can the world forgive;
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?
Who with his breath his image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a nobler fire:
Not love which brutes as well as men may know;
But love like his to whom that breath we owe.
Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought;
The smoke which we from burning incense raise,
When we complete the sacrifice of praise.
In boundless verse the fancy soars too high
For any object but the Deity.
What mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share
In the superlatives of wise and fair?
A meaner subject when with these we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.
Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
Like that sweet oil, above all private use,
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the altar laid.
Verse shews a rich inestimable vein,
When dropp'd from heav'n 'tis thither sent again.

Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise:
For as that angel up to heav'n did rise,
Born on the flame of Manoah's sacrifice;
So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky,
Teach clouds and stars to praise him as we fly,
The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)
His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.
For that he reigns all creatures should rejoice,
And we with songs supply their want of voice.
The church triumphant, and the church below,
In songs of praise their present union shew;
Their joys are full; our expectation long:
In life we differ, but we join in song.
Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.
Thus we reach heav'n, while vainer poems muse
No higher rise than winds may lift the dust.
From that they spring; this from his breath that gave,
To the first dust, th' immortal soul we have
His praise well sung, (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

He that did first this way of writing grace (a)
Convers'd with th' Almighty face to face:
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told.
The writer feels no dire effect of age,
Nor verse that flows from so divine a rage.

(a) Moses.

Eldeſt of poets, he beheld the light,
When firſt it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he ſaw, and could diſtinctly tell
How that confuſion into order fell.
As if conſulted with, he has expreſt
The work of the Creator, and his reſt;
How the flood drown'd the firſt offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, ſo even and ſo fair,
Leſs equal now, uncertain makes the air;
Surpris'd with heat and unexpected cold,
Early diſtempers make our youth look old;
Our days ſo evil, and ſo few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
Strong as the oaks that nouriſh'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
Neglecting Heav'n; but we of ſhorter date!
Should be more mindful of impendent fate.
To worms that crawl upon this rubbiſh here,
This ſpan of life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler ſeat.
Which well obſerving, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how faſt his life declines:
In whom he dwelt before the world was made,
And may again retire when that ſhall fade.
The laſting Iliads have not liv'd ſo long
As his and Deborah's triumphant ſong.
Delphos unknown, no muſe could them inſpire
But that which governs the celeſtial choir.
Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal,
And from their ſtore ſucceeding poets ſteal.
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And ſwell'd ſo high, by her old Kiſhon taught,
His river ſcarce could fierce Achilles ſtay;
Her's, more ſucceſsful, ſwept her foes away.
The hoſt of heav'n, his Phœbus and his Mars,
He arms, inſtructed by her fighting ſtars.
She led them all againſt the common foe;
But he (miſled by what he ſaw below!)
The pow'rs above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into diff'rent ſides.
The nobleſt parts which in his heroes ſhine,
May be but copies of that heroine.
Homer himſelf, and Agamemnon, ſhe
The writer could, and the commander be.
Truth ſhe relates in a ſublimer ſtrain,
Than all the tales the boldeſt Greeks could feign;
For what ſhe ſung, that ſpirit did endite,
Which gave her courage and ſucceſs in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchleſs dame;
From heav'n her poem and her conqueſt came.
Though of the Jews ſhe merit moſt eſteem,
Yet here the Chriſtian has the greater theme:
Her martial ſong deſcribes how Sis'ra fell:
This ſings our triumph over death and hell.
The riſing light employ'd the ſacred breath
Of the bleſt Virgin and Elizabeth.
In ſongs of joy the angels ſung his birth:
Here how he treated was upon the earth
Trembling we read! th' affliction and the ſcorn,
Which for our guilt ſo patiently was borne!
Conception, birth, and ſuff'ring, all belong,
(Though various parts) to one celeſtial ſong;
And ſhe, well uſing ſo divine an art,
Has in this concert ſung the tragic part.
As Hannah's ſeed was vow'd to ſacred uſe,
So here this lady conſecrates her muſe.
With like reward may Heav'n her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair as by her muſe is born!

ON THE

PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

Silence, you winds! liſten, ethereal lights!
While our Urania ſings what Heav'n endites:
The numbers are the nymph's; but from above
Deſcends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are inſtructed to approach his throne;
And how can he to miſerable men
Deny requeſts which his own hand did pen;
In the Evangeliſts we find the proſe
Which, paraphras'd by her, a poem grows;
A devout rapture! ſo divine a hymn,
It may become the higheſt ſeraphim!
For they, like her, in that celeſtial choir,
Sing only what the ſpirit does inſpire.
Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may
For all but pardon for offences pray.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS

Upon the ſeveral

PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

I. His ſacred name with reverence profound
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the ſound
It was Jehovah; 'tis our Father now;
So low to us does Heav'n vouchſafe to bow (b)!
He brought it down that taught us how to pray,
And did ſo dearly for our ranſom pay.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unleſs he does in our affections reign.
Abſurd it were to wiſh for ſuch a King,
And not obedience to his ſceptre bring,
Whoſe yoke is eaſy, and his burden light,
His ſervice freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;
But as in heav'n, it muſt be made our own.
His will ſhould all our inclinations ſway,
Whom Nature and the univerſe obey.
Happy the man! whoſe wiſhes are confin'd
To what has been eternally deſign'd;
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear than to ourſelves we are.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup;

(b) Pſalm xviii. 9.

Like new-born babes depending on the breaſt,
From day to day we on his bounty feaſt:
Nor ſhould the ſoul expect above a day
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:
The ſetting ſun ſhould ſeem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of ſpecial grace.

v. *That he ſhould all our treſpaſſes forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live;
Though ſo to pray may ſeem an eaſy taſk,
We curſe ourſelves when thus inclin'd we aſk.
This pray'r to uſe, we ought with equal care
Our ſouls, as to the ſacrament, prepare.
The nobleſt worſhip of the Pow'r above,
Is to extol and imitate his love;
Not to forgive our enemies alone,
But uſe our bounty, that they may be won.

vi. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe;*
And thoſe we may in ſeverel ſtations know:
The rich and poor in ſlipp'ry places ſtand,
Give us enough, but with a ſparing hand!
Not ill-perſuading want, nor wanton wealth,
But what proportion'd is to life and health:
For not the dead but living ſing thy praiſe,
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raiſe.

Favete linguis!-------
Virginibus puerisque canto. Hor.

ON THE

FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS.

When we for age could neither read nor write,
The ſubject made us able to endite:
The ſoul, with nobler reſolutions deckt,
The body ſtooping does herſelf erect.
No mortal parts are requiſite to raiſe
Her that, unbody'd, can her maker praiſe.

The ſeas are quiet when the winds give o'er:
So calm are we when paſſions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boaſt
Of fleeting things, ſo certain to be loſt.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptineſs which age deſcries.

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakneſs, wiſer men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That ſtand upon the threſhold of the new.

---------Miratur limen Olympi.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Now you muſt know Sir Hudibras
With ſuch perfections gifted was,
And ſo peculiar in his manner,
That all that ſaw him did but honour.——HUD. AT COURT.
But ſince his worſhip's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this ſtone,
The Reader is deſir'd to look
For his achievements in his Book;
Which will preſerve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itſelf ſhall fail. HUD's EPITAPH.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, PARLIAMENT STAIRS.

Anno 1792.

LIFE OF BUTLER.

THE father of Samuel Butler was a country farmer, who, with a ſmall eſtate of his own, rented a farm in the pariſh of Streſham in Worceſterſhire; at which place, in the year 1612, the poet was born.

He was educated at the grammar ſchool of Worceſter, under the tuition of Mr. Henry Bright; and, after having purſued his ſtudies for the uſual period, removed from thence to Cambridge.

At that Univerſity he reſided for ſome time; but the narrowneſs of his circumſtances preventing him from completing an academical education, he never entered a ſtudent there.

On his return home, he became clerk to Mr. Jeffreys of Earlſcroomb, an eminent juſtice of the peace, in whoſe eaſy ſervice he continued for a number of years, and found ſufficient leiſure, not only to improve himſelf in every ſpecies of learning, but alſo to cultivate an acquaintance with the fine arts of muſic and of painting.

He was afterwards admitted into the houſehold of the Counteſs of Kent, a lady celebrated for her encouragement of literature; where he had free acceſs to a noble library, and where he acquired the friendſhip of the great Selden, who was ſteward to the Counteſs, and whoſe confidence in Butler was ſo great, that he made uſe of his aſſiſtance in various literary occupations. But what was the particular nature of his engagements, or how long he continued in that family, could never be learned.

The fickleneſs of his deſtiny next fixed him in the employment of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's principal officers. Here he is ſaid to have firſt conceived, and to have partly compoſed his inimitable work; which is the more probable, as here only he could have a fair opportunity of obſerving the characters of the ſectaries, in the confidence of ſucceſs, and exulting in the full completion of their machinations, having thrown aſide their cloaks of fanaticiſm and hypocriſy.

On the Reſtoration, he became ſecretary to the Earl of Carbery, Preſident of the Principality of Wales, from whom he obtained the ſtewardſhip of Ludlow Caſtle, when the Court of Marches was revived. At that period he married Mrs. Herbert, a lady of good family and conſiderable fortune; from which, however, he reaped but little benefit, as the greater part of it was loſt in bad ſecurities.

In 1663 was publiſhed the firſt part of Hudibras, which was followed the ſubſequent year by the ſecond part. It was quickly introduced to the notice of the polite world, by the taſte and influence of that accompliſhed nobleman, the Earl of Dorſet; and ſoon became ſo popular at Court, that it was quoted by the King, ſtudied by the courtiers, and admired by all the world. No wonder that the author ſhould be elated with hopes of independence, when his writings met with ſuch pointed attention; but, alas! independence was not his lot. Baffled in his expectations, and diſappointed in his reliance on court promiſes, the man whoſe wit delighted, and whoſe ſatire tended to reform a nation, was ſuffered in his old age to ſtruggle with all the calamities of indigence.

There is ſomething ſtrikingly ſimilar in the fate of thoſe two great original geniuſes, Butler and Cervantes: Both ſucceſsfully attempted to free their reſpective countries from fanaticiſm of different kinds, by the united and irreſiſtable force of wit, humour and ſatire; yet, while their works were univerſally applauded, the authors themſelves were ſuffered, the one to periſh with infirmity and

want in a prison, and the other (a fate to a generous mind as severe) to linger out a long life in precarious dependence: so just is the observation of Juvenal, which the experience of sixteen centuries hath ratified, and the history of the manners of every nation confirmed,

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta Domi——

"Slow rises worth by poverty oppress'd."

Notwithstanding this neglect, Butler, in 1678, published a third part of Hudibras; which however still leaves the plan of the poem imperfect: What that would have been, if the author had completed his design it is impossible now to conjecture. The work, considered as a whole, is certainly deficient in incident and interest: for though it contains more wit and learning than perhaps any other that ever was written; and though there is hardly a subject for which an applicable motto might not be found in Hudibras; it cannot, after all, be read through but as a task. The characters indeed are now obsolete, for the manners that gave them birth no longer exist; yet will this work remain an unrivalled monument of genius, united with wit and learning, while the English language endures.

Butler died in the year 1680, aged 78, and was privately buried in Covent Garden church-yard, at the expence of his good friend Mr. Longueville, who solicited in vain a subscription for his interment in Westminster Abbey; in which place, about sixty years afterwards, a monument was erected to his memory by Alderman Barber.

Some time after his death, three small volumes were published as his posthumous works; but as they added nothing to the reputation of the author of Hudibras, they have been deemed spurious.

Two small volumes however, certainly genuine, and admitted as such into this collection, were published in 1759 by Mr. Thyer, from the Manuscript in the possession of Mr. Longueville.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO I.

The Argument.

Sir HUDIBRAS his paſſing worth,
The manner how he ſally'd forth,
His arms and equipage are ſhewn,
His horſe's virtues and his own:
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is ſung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon firſt grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealouſies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whoſe honeſty they all durſt ſwear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Goſpel-trumpeter, ſurrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle ſounded;
And pulpit, drum eccleſiaſtic,
Was beat with fiſt inſtead of a ſtick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling *.
A wight he was, whoſe very ſight would
Entitle him mirror of knighthood,
That never bow'd his ſtubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Knight worſhipful on ſhoulder blade;
Chief of domeſtic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the ſaddle,
That could as well bind o'er as ſwaddle;
Mighty he was at both of theſe,
And ſtyl'd of War, as well as Peace:
(So ſome rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water)
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wiſe or ſtout:
Some hold the one, and ſome the other,
But, howſoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was ſo ſmall, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain:
Which made ſome take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains ſhe thought him but an aſs,
Much more ſhe would Sir Hudibras;
For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write;
But they're miſtaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was not ſuch.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very ſhy of uſing it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about:
Unleſs on holidays or ſo,
As men their beſt apparel do.
Beſide, 'tis known he could ſpeak Greek
As naturally as pigs ſqueak;

* The knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a colonel in the parliament army, but alſo a ſcoutmaſter-general in the counties of Bedford, Surry, &c.

That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whiſtle:
Being rich in both, he never ſcanted
His bounty unto ſuch as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flouriſh moſt in barren ground,
He had ſuch plenty as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him circumcis'd;
And truly ſo he was perhaps,
Not as a proſelyte, but for claps.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly ſkill'd in analytic:
He could diſtinguiſh, and divide
A hair 'twixt ſouth and ſouth-weſt ſide;
On either which he would diſpute,
Confute, change hands, and ſtill confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horſe;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a gooſe a juſtice †,
And rooks committee-men and truſtees.
He'd run in debt by diſputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by ſyllogiſm true,
In mood and figure he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope:
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his ſpeech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to ſhew why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Elſe when with greateſt art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to ſhew't, his ſpeech,
In loftineſs of ſound, was rich;
A Babyloniſh dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd dreſs
Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages;
'Twas Engliſh cut on Greek and Latin,
Like ſuſtian heretofore on ſattin;
It had an old promiſcuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made ſome think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himſelf pronounce
A leaſh of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his ſtock would ne'er be ſpent;
And truly, to ſupport that charge,
He had ſupplies as vaſt and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words ſo debas'd and hard, no ſtone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hatſy noiſe he ſpoke 'em;
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble ſtones
When he harangu'd, but known his phraſe,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe * or Erra Pater †;
For he, by geometric ſcale,
Could take the ſize of pots of ale;
Reſolve by ſines and tangents ſtraight
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wiſely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does ſtrike, by algebra.
Beſide, he was a ſhrewd philoſopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloſs over;
Whate'er the crabbed'ſt author hath,
He underſtood b' implicit faith:
Whatever ſceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he underſtood by rote,
And, as occaſion ſerv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either ſaid or ſung.
His notions fitted things ſo well,
That which was which he could not tell,
But oſtentimes miſtook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abſtracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghoſts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in perſon does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphyſic wit can fly:
In ſchool-divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable ‖;
A ſecond Thomas §, or, at once
To name them all, another Dunce ¶:
Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways beyond them all **:
For he a rope of ſand could twiſt
As tough as learned Sorboniſt,
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for ſcull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurniſhed.

† Such was Alderman Pennington, who ſent a perſon to Newgate for ſinging (what he called) *a malignant pſalm*.

* An eminent Daniſh mathematician.

† William Lilly, the famous aſtrologer of thoſe times.

‡ Alexander Hales, ſo called: he was an Engliſhman, born in Glouceſterſhire, and flouriſhed about the year 1236, at the time when what was called School-divinity was much in vogue; in which ſcience he was ſo deeply read, that he was called *Doctor Irrefragabilis*; that is, the *Invincible Doctor*, whoſe arguments could not be refuted.

§ Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born in 1224, ſtudied at Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the ſchool-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doctor*, and *Eagle* of divines.

‖ Johannes Dunſcotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The Engliſh and Scots ſtrive which of them ſhall have the honour of his birth. The Engliſh ſay he was born in Northumberland; the Scots allege he was born at Dunſe in the Merſe, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called *Dunſcotus*.

¶ Guliel. Occham was the father of the Nominals, and Johannes Dunſcotus of the Reals.

He could raiſe ſcruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And ſtab herſelf with doubts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall pain
The ſores of Faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find
They always leave a ſcar behind.
He knew the ſeat of Paradiſe,
Could tell in what degree it lies,
And, as he was diſpos'd, could prove it
Below the moon, or elſe above it;
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her cloſet in his ſide;
Whether the devil tempted her
By a high Dutch interpreter;
If either of them had a navel;
Who firſt made muſic malleable;
Whether the ſerpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloſs or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, ſuch as men ſmatter,
When they throw out, and miſs the matter.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Preſbyterian true blue;
For he was of that ſtubborn crew
Of errant ſaints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controverſies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apoſtolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and ſword, and deſolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended:
A ſect whoſe chief devotion lies
In odd perverſe antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs;
More peeviſh, croſs, and ſplenetic,
Than dog diſtract, or monkey ſick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for ſins they are inclin'd to,
By damning thoſe they have no mind to:
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhipp'd God for ſpite:
The ſelf-ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for:
Freewill they one way diſavow,
Another, nothing elſe allow:
All piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other men all ſin:
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love moſt tenderly;
Quarrel with mince'd pies, and diſparage
Their beſt and deareſt friend, plum porridge;
Fat pig and gooſe itſelf oppoſe,
And blaſpheme cuſtard through the noſe.
Th' apoſtles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were aſs and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by faſt inſtinct
Of wit and temper, was ſo linkt,
As if hypocriſy and nonſenſe
Had got th' advowſon of his conſcience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inſide, not the outward:
That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs;
Then liſten, Sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wiſdom and his face;
In cut and die ſo like a tile,
A ſudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of ſceptres and of crowns;
With griſly type did repreſent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic ſpade,
Its own grave and the State's were made:
Like Samſon's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfal:
It was monaſtic, and did grow
In holy orders by ſtrict vow;
Of rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas bound to ſuffer perſecution,
And martyrdom, with reſolution;
T' oppoſe itſelf againſt the hate,
And vengeance of th' incenſed ſtate,
In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and ſpit upon, and martyr'd;
Maugre all which 'twas to ſtand faſt
As long as monarchy ſhould laſt:
But when the ſtate ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal ſteel,
And fall, as it was conſecrate,
A ſacrifice to fall of ſtate,
Whoſe thread of life the Fatal Siſters
Did twiſt together with its whiſkers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that Time ſhould never,
In life or death, their fortunes ſever,
But with his ruſty ſickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius *, from
The brawny part of Porter's bum,
Cut ſupplemental noſes, which
Would laſt as long as parent breech,

* Gaſper Taliacotius was born at Bononia, *A. D.* 1553, and was profeſſor of phyſic and ſurgery there. He died 1599. His ſtatue ſtands in the anatomy theatre, holding a noſe in its hand. He wrote a treatiſe in Latin, called *Chirurgia Nova*, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noſes, ears, lips, &c. with the proper inſtruments and bandages.

But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the sympathetic snout.
His back, or rather burthen, shew'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire,
Our knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head for want of crupper:
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care,
To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own:
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly on defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till they were storm'd, and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt:
And though knights errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they past,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd;
Though 'twas no table some suppose
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their luncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We shou'd forget where we digrest,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to the purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,
With basket hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew his face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft' had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care;
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.
In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get:
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as the ablest trap:
They were upon hard duty still,
And ev'ry night stood centinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his horse:
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T' his sadle on the further side,
It was so short h' had much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate toe;
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,

From whence he vaulted into th' feat
With ſo much vigour, ſtrength, and heat,
That he had almoſt tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and main,
Which oft' he us'd inſtead of rein.
But now we talk of mounting ſteed,
Before we further do procced,
It doth behove us to ſay ſomething,
Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin.
The beaſt was ſturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I wou'd ſay eye; for h' had but one,
As moſt agree, though ſome ſay none.
He was well ſtay'd, and in his gait
Preſerv'd a grave, majeſtic ſtate;
At ſpur or ſwitch no more he ſkipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;
And yet ſo fiery, he would bound
As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
That Cæſar's horſe, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half ſo tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground ſo ſoft;
And as that beaſt would kneel and ſtoop
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
Would often do to ſet him down.
We ſhall not need to ſay what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad:
His ſtrutting ribs on both ſides ſhew'd
Like furrows he himſelf had plough'd;
For underneath the ſkirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel:
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flurt,
Still as his tender ſide he prickt,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;
For Hudibras wore but one ſpur,
As wiſely knowing, could he ſtir
To active trot one ſide of 's horſe,
The other would not hang an arſe.
A Squire he had, whoſe name was Ralph *,
That in th' adventure went his half,
Though writers, for more ſtately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with metre ſafe,
We'll call him ſo; if not, plain Ralph;
(For rhyme the ruder is of verſes,
With which, like ſhips, they ſteer their courſes)
An equal ſtock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd,
With ſubtle ſhreds, a tract of land,
Did leave it with a caſtle fair
To his great anceſtor, her heir;
From him deſcended croſs-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Againſt the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they deſtroy'd both great and ſmall.
This ſturdy Squire he had as well
As the bold Trojan knight, ſeen hell,
Not with a counterfeited paſs
Of golden bough, but true gold lace:
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by 't:
Some call it Gifts, and ſome New-light;
A lib'ral art, that coſts no pains
Of ſtudy, induſtry, or brains.
His wit was ſent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation ninepence crookt †
With--To and from my love—it lookt.
He ne'er conſider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horſe in the mouth,
And very wiſely wou'd lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too:
For ſaints themſelves will ſometimes be
Of gifts that coſt them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd ſtuff,
He could deep myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a needle;
For as of vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne'er beſide their way,
What'er men ſpeak by this new light,
Still they are ſure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark lantern of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For ſpiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignus fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendom in dirty pond;
To dive like wild fowl, for ſalvation,
And fiſh to catch regeneration.
This light inſpires and plays upon
The noſe of ſaint, like bagpipe drone,
And ſpeaks through hollow empty ſoul,
As through a trunk, or whiſp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But ſpirit'al eaveſdroppers can hear;
So Phœbus, or ſome friendly muſe,
Into ſmall poets ſong infuſe,
Which they at ſecond-hand rehearſe,
Through reed or bagpipe, verſe for verſe.
Thus Ralph became infallible
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.

* Sir Roger L'Eſtrange (*Key to Hudibras*) ſays, This famous Squire was one Isaac Robinſon, a zealous butcher, in Moorfields, who was always contriving ſome new querpo cut in church government; but, in a *Key* at the end of a burleſque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12. it is obſerved, "That Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble a tailor, and one of the Committee of Sequeſtrators."

† Until the year 1696, when all money, not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of ſilver was as common as ſixpences or ſhillings; and theſe ninepences were uſually bent as ſixpences commonly are now, which bending was called, To my love, and from my love; and ſuch ninepences the ordinary fellows gave or ſent to their ſweethearts, as tokens of love.

For myſtic learning, wondrous able
In magic, taliſman, and cabal,
Whoſe primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's firſt green breeches;
Deep-ſighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world cou'd ſay;
A deep occult philoſopher,
As learn'd as the wild Iriſh are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And ſolid lying much renown'd;
He Anthropoſophus and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen underſtood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Roſycrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:
He underſtood the ſpeech of birds
As well as they themſelves do words!
Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry Rope, and Walk, Knave, walk.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glaſs, like water,
Of ſov'reign power to make men wiſe;
For, dropt in blear thick-ſighted eyes,
They'd make them ſee in darkeſt night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of theſe (as he profeſt)
He had Firſt Matter ſeen undreſt
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos, too, he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd;
Not that of Paſteboard, which men ſhew
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great grandſire, firſt o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both couſin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble;
But Reformation was, ſome ſay,
O' th' younger houſe to puppet-play.
He could foretel whats'ever was
By conſequence to come to paſs:
As death of great men, alterations,
Diſeaſes, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipſe of th' ſun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And eaſy to be underſtood:
But with more lucky hit than thoſe
That uſe to make the ſtars depoſe,
Like Knights o' th' Poſt, and falſely charge
Upon themſelves what others forge;
As if they were conſenting to
All miſchiefs in the world men do:
Or, like the devil, did tempt and ſway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll ſearch a planet's houſe, to know
Who broke and robb'd a houſe below;
Examine Venus, and the Moon,
Who ſtole a thimble or a ſpoon;
And though they nothing will confeſs,
Yet by their very looks can gueſs,
And tell what guilty aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the goods:
They'll queſtion Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke;
Make Mercury confeſs, and 'peach
Thoſe thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They'll find, in th' phyſiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's deſtinies:
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o' th' pill,
Caſt th' nativity o' th' queſtion,
And from poſitions to be gueſt on,
As ſure as if they knew the moment
Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulſes of the ſtars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
And tell what criſis does divine
The rot in ſheep, or mange in ſwine;
In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
What gains or loſſes, hangs or ſaves:
What makes men great, what fools or knaves,
But not what wife, for only 'f thoſe
The ſtars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more than can the aſtrologians:
There they ſay right, and like true Trojans,
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other courſe, of which we ſpoke.

Thus was th' accompliſh'd Squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge perlous ſhrewd:
Never did truſty ſquire with knight,
Or knight with ſquire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours, too, were of a rate;
And out they ſally'd at the gate.
Few miles on horſeback had they jogged
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a ſad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But e'er we venture to unfold
Achievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as learned poets uſe,
Invoke th' aſſiſtance of ſome muſe,
However critics count it ſillier
Than jugglers talking too familiar;
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our purpoſe moſt,
Whom therefore thus do we accoſt.

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didſt inſpire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
And force them, though it was in ſpite
Of Nature, and their ſtars, to write;
Who (as we find in ſullen writs,
And croſs-grain'd works of modern wits)
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praiſes of the author, penn'd
B' himſelf, or wit-inſuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and equal rhyme upon't,

All that is left o' th' Forked hill
To make men scribble without skill;
Canst make a poet, spite of Fate,
And teach all people to translate,
Though out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech;
Assist me but this once, I 'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.
In western clime there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not understood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour;
But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call Bear-beating;
A bold advent'rous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian or Nemæan game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout:
For after solemn proclamation
In the bear's name, (as is the fashion
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear,
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim,
Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, he 'tis,
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms,
(For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear,
As he believ'd he was bound to do
In conscience and commission too;
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire;
We that are wisely mounted higher
Than constables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators should foresee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended mischiefs farther than
Low Proletarian tithing-men;
And therefore being inform'd by bruit
That Dog and Bear are to dispute,
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same
(For where the first does hap to be
The last does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To save th' expense of Christian blood,
And try if we, by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody duel without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake
For Cov'nant * and the Cause's sake?
But in that quarrel Dogs and Bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This feud, by Jesuits invented,
By evil counsel is fomented;
There is a Machiavilian plot,
(Though ev'ry nare olfact it not)
And deep design in't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
That *cane* & *angue pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves, without cause?
That some occult design doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the nose.
I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it,
Unless by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.
For what design, what interest,
Can beast have to encounter beast?
They fight for no espoused Cause,
Frail Privilege, fundamental Laws,
Nor for a thorough Reformation,
Nor Covenant nor Protestation,
Nor liberty of consciences,
Nor Lords and Commons' Ordinances †;
Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,
To get them in their own no hands,
Nor evil Counsellors to bring
To justice, that seduce the king,
Nor for the worship of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.

* This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was first framed and taken by the Scottish Parliament, and by them sent to the Parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more closely in religion. It was received and taken by both Houses, and the City of London; and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every person was bound to give his consent, by holding up his hand, at the reading of it.

† The king being driven from the Parliament, no legal acts of Parliament could be made; therefore when the Lords and Commons had agreed upon any bill, they published it, and required obedience to it, under the title of An Ordinance of Lords and Commons, and sometimes An Ordinance of Parliament.

Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a rat, and some
For that church suffer'd martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth;
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death;
But no beast ever was so slight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They had more wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so:
But we who only do infuse
The rage in them like *bonfire-fews*,
'Tis our example that instils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observ'd, beasts that converse
With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all the year, and bitches dogs.
Just so, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
And then set dogs about their ears;
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd antichristian game.
To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily
The point seems very plain to me;
It is an antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name; the word Bear-baiting
Is carnal, and of man's creating;
For certainly there's no such word
In all the Scripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a sin;
And so is (secondly) The thing:
A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than
Provincial, Classic, National,
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, It is idolatrous;
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether Dog, or Bear,
It is idolatrous and Pagan,
No less than worshipping of Dagon.
Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate!
For though the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st;
(For that Bear-baiting should appear
Jure divino lawfuller
Than Synods are, thou dost deny
Totidem verbis, so do I)
Yet there's a fallacy in this;
For if by sly *homœosis*,
Tussis pro crepitu, an art
Under a cough to slur a f—t,
Thou wouldst sophistically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.
And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
But Bear-baiting may be made out,
In gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial, or Parochial Classis;
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness;
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage;
Thou wilt at least but suck a bull,
Or shear swine, all cry, and no wool;
For what can Synods have at all,
With Bear that's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-affairs with Bear-baiting?
A just comparison still is
Of things *ejusdem generis*:
And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?
If animal, both of us may
As justly pass for Bears as they;
For we are animals no less,
Although of diff'rent species.
But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time to argue out the case:
For now the field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
Another manner of dispute:
A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words;
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowess and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
We're slurr'd and outed by success;
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit:
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, w' are steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft' disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions;
Nor do the boldest attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have born us out;
Which though they're known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example;
We're not the only person durst
Attempt this province, nor the first.
In northern clime a val'rous knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fiddler: we have both
Of these the objects of our worth,

And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt or victory to come.
'Tis ſung there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land, yelep'd Sir Samuel Luke,
To whom we have been oft' compar'd
For perſon, parts, addreſs, and beard;
Both equally reputed ſtout,
And in the ſame cauſe both have fought;
He oft' in ſuch attempts as theſe
Came off with glory and ſucceſs:
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal reſolution.
Honour is like a widow, won
With briſk attempt and putting on;
With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
Not ſlow approaches, like a virgin.
This ſaid, as yerſt the Phrygian knight,
So ours with ruſty ſteel did ſmite
His Trojan horſe, and juſt as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty ſtomach groan'd
Juſt as that hollow beaſt did ſound,
And angry anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd tail and blaſt of wind.
So have I ſeen, with armed heel,
A wight beſtride a Commonweal.
While ſtill the more he kick'd and ſpurr'd,
The leſs the ſullen jade has ſtirr'd.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO II.

The Argument.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' beſt men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler priſoner,
Conveys him to enchanted caſtle,
There ſhuts him faſt in wooden Baſtile.

THERE was an ancient ſage philoſopher
That had read Alexander Roſs over,
And ſwore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.
Juſt ſo Romances are, for what elſe
Is in them all but love and battles?
O' th' firſt of theſe w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean in what concerns juſt fight,
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make ſome well-ſounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights,
(Like thoſe that a whole ſtreet do raze
To build a palace in the place)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce deed-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Juſt like the manhood of nine tailors:
So a wild Tartar, when he ſpies
A man that's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his ſpirit;
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd,
As in another is deſtroyed.
For when a giant's ſlain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy caſe, no doubt,
A man ſhould have his brains beat out,
Becauſe he's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their ſtones.
But as for our part, we ſhall tell
The naked truth of what befel,
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction ſhall take part,
But give to each his due deſert,
And never coin a formal lie on 't,
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
This being profeſt, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to ſay, whether tollutation)
As they do term 't, or ſuccuſſation)

We leave it and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how;
Yet ſome, from ſubtle hints, have got
Myſterious light it was a trot:
But let that paſs; they now begun
To ſpur their living engines on
For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls,
The learn'd hold, are animals;
So horſes they affirm to be
Mere engines made by geometry,
And were invented firſt from engines,
As Indian Britains were from Penguins.
So let them be, and, as I was ſaying,
They their live engines play'd, not ſtaying
Until they reach'd the fatal champain
Which th' enemy did then encamp on;
The dire Pharſalian plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field,
As Knight from ridge of ſteed beheld.
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much farther off, much farther he,
Rais'd on his aged beaſt, could ſee;
Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All poſtures of the enemy:
Wherefore he bids the ſquire ride further,
T' obſerve their numbers and their order,
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he ſtopp'd his willing ſteed,
To fit himſelf for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward;
Courage and ſteel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better, or for worſe.
His death-charg'd piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preſerving vittle,
Theſe being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's ſword from retentive ſcabbard;
And after many a painful pluck,
From ruſty durance he bail'd tuck:
Then ſhook himſelf, to ſee that proweſs
In ſcabbard of his arms ſat looſe;
And, rais'd upon his deſp'rate foot,
On ſtirrup-ſide he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing ſtar,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralpho rode on with no leſs ſpeed
Than Hugo in the foreſt did;
But far more in returning made;
For now the foe he had ſurvey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main-battle, wings and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero § march'd expert and able.
Inſtead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's ſtomach come,
Whoſe noiſe whets valour ſharp, like beer,
By thunder turn'd to vinegar,
(For if a trumpet ſound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
A ſqueaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-eaſt ſide,
Juſt where the hangman does diſpoſe,
To ſpecial friends, the knot of nooſe:
For 'tis great grace, when ſtateſmen ſtraight
Diſpatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the ſtrings,
Which was but ſouſe to chitterlings:
For guts, ſome write, e'er they are ſodden,
Are fit for muſic or for pudden;
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of minſtrelſy by ſtring or wind.
His griſly beard was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his fiddleſtick;
For he to horſe-tail ſcorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth;
And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
He made uſe only of his beard.
In Staffordſhire, where virtuous worth
Does raiſe the minſtrelſy, not birth,
Where bulls do chooſe the boldeſt king
And ruler o'er the men of ſtring,
(As once in Perſia, 'tis ſaid,
Kings were proclaim'd by a horſe that neigh'd)
He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded ſore: his leg then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak;
For when a ſhin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt,
Eſteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes place, though the younger brother.
Next march'd brave Orſin, famous for
Wiſe conduct, and ſucceſs in war;
A ſkilful leader, ſtout, ſevere,
Now Marſhall to the champion Bear.
With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
The warrior to the liſts he led;
With ſolemn march, and ſtately pace,
But far more grave and ſolemn face;
Grave as the emperor of Pegu,
Or Spaniſh potentate, Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge or for retreat:
He knew when to fall on pellmell,
To fall back and retreat as well.
So lawyers, leſt the Bear defendant,
And plaintiff Dog, ſhould make an end on't
Do ſtave and tail with Writs of Error,
Reverſe of Judgment and Demurrer,
To let them breathe awhile and then
Cry Whoop, and ſet them on again.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where diſcipline moſt rare is,
In military garden Paris:

§ So called, from *crowd*, a fiddle. This was one Jackſon a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in he ſervice of the Round-heads, and had loſt a leg in it; this brought him to decay, ſo that he was obliged to ſcrape upon a fiddle, from one alehouſe to another, for his bread.

For soldiers heretofore did grow
In gardens just as weeds do now,
Until some splayfoot politicians
T'Apollo offer'd up petitions
For licensing a new invention
They'ad found out of an antique engin,
To root out all the weeds, that grow
In public gardens, at a blow,
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done! quoth Statesmen; Yes, a'nt please ye,
When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.
Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo:
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
A drum! (quoth Phœbus) Troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new:
But though of voice and instrument
We are th' undoubted president,
We such loud music do not profess,
The Devil's master of that office,
Where it must pass; if 't be a drum,
He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
They'd better let 'em grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is, stout Orsin;
That which so oft' by sundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascrib'd to this
Than any other warrior, *(viz.)*
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendor and antiquity,
And from celestial origin
Deriv'd himself in a right line;
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
Made Jupiter himself, and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
(Of which old Homer first made lampoons)
Arctophylax, in northern sphere,
Was his undoubted ancestor;
From him his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name:
Learn'd he was in med'cinal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank wou'd solder;
By skilful chemist, with great cost,
Extracted from a rotten post;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which mountebanks dispense;
Though by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when slovens do amiss
At others doors, by stool or piss,
The learned write, a redhot spit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong;
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure.
Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd
With learning, conduct, fortitude
Incomparable; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, cou'd kill.
The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle *delle guerre*
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds, cant and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged:
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords with which they fight in fray,
So swords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their victual with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacs had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin;
And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws;
And though his countrymen, the Huns,
Did stew their meat between their bums
And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
And ev'ry man ate up his saddle;
He was not half so nice as they,
But ate it raw when 't came in 's way.
He 'd trac'd the countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller,
Who writes, he spous'd in India,
Of noble house, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orsin oft' had been,
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a fav'd citizen; the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more stout
By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood;
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury.
Yet Talgol * was of courage stout,
And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought;

* A butcher in Newgate market, who afterwards obtained a Captain's commission for his rebellious bravery at Naseby, as Sir R. L'Estrange observes.

Inur'd to labour, sweat and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil:
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless had made;
He many a boar and huge dun-cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;
But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd:
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote;
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before and stings behind,
Subdu'd; as poets say, long agone,
Bold Sir George, Saint George, did the Dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Though stor'd with deletery med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since)
E'er sent so vast a colony
To both the under worlds as he;
For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base, if mean:
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred with vile bungling.
Next these the brave Magnano * came,
Magnano, great in martial fame;
Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by 't:
Yet he was fierce as forest boar,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' sevenfold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held;
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist;
Nor cou'd the hardest iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through 't.
In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen-head;
Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
As English Merlin for his heart;
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He cou'd transform himself to colour,
As like the devil as a collier;
As like the hypocrites, in shew,
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker,
He was th' inventor of, and maker:
The trumpet and the kettle drum
Did both from his invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach.

A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half wou'd thrust, the other strike;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.
He Trulla * lov'd, Trulla, more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, stout and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall:
Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him
In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook:
At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize;
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
And laid about in fight more busily
Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.
And though some critics here cry shame,
And say our authors are to blame,
That (spight of all philosophers,
Who hold no females stout but bears,
And heretofore did so abhor
That women should pretend to war,
They would not suffer the stout'st dame
To swear by Hercules's name)
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks;
To lay their native arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride astride;
To run atilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the mistress
Of Gundibert, but he had grace,
And rather took a country lass;
They say 'tis false without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose;
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by that have seen 't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print;
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.
The upright Cerdon † next advanc't,
Of all his race the valiant'st:
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side:
Ill has he read that never hit
On him in Muses' deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide shield wou'd pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Though tougher than the Knight of Greece his,

* Simeon Wait a tinker, as famous an Independent preacher as Burroughs, who, with equal blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would stile Oliver Cromwell the Archangel giving battle to the Devil.

* The daughter of James Spenser, debauched by Magnano the tinker. So called, because the tinkers wife or mistress was commonly called his *trull*.

† A one-ey'd cobler, like his brother Colonel Hewson,

With whom his black-thumb'd anceſtor
Was comrade in the ten years war:
For when the reſtleſs Greeks ſat down
So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd as Homer writes,
For well-ſol'd boots no leſs than fights,
They ow'd that glory only to
His anceſtor that made them ſo.
Faſt friend he was to reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of faſhion;
Next rectifier, of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and cou'd take note,
Transcribe, collect, tranſlate, and quote:
But preaching was his chiefeſt talent *,
Or argument, in which being valiant,
He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like ram or bull at Conventicle:
For diſputants like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that ſpring from ſculls.
Laſt Colon † came, bold man of war,
Deſtin'd to blows by fatal ſtar;
Right expert in command of horſe,
But cruel, and without remorſe.
That which of Centaur long ago
Was ſaid, and has been wreſted to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horſe were of a piece;
One ſpirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame vigour, fury, wroth;
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart,
Although his horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on man's fleſh; as fame goes:
Strange food for horſe! and, yet, alas!
It may be true, for fleſh is graſs.
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Than Hercules to clean a ſtable;
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in dog or neat.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cauſe ſhe wanted fother,
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himſelf and his leſs cruel ſteed.
It was a queſtion whether he
Or's horſe were of a family
More worſhipful; 'till antiquaries
(After they'd almoſt por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The bus'neſs on the horſe's ſide,
And prov'd not only horſe, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder houſe:
For beaſts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himſelf, did th' earth poſſeſs.
Theſe worthies were the chief that led
The combatants each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready, and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of ſev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and ſhires,
Of caſt and weſtern hemiſpheres.

* Mechanics of all ſorts were then Preachers, and ſome of them much followed and admired by the mob.
† Ned Perry, an hoſtler.

From foreign pariſhes and regions,
Of different manners, ſpeech, religions,
Came men and maſtiffs; ſome to fight
For fame and honour, ſome for ſight.
And now the field of death, the liſts,
Were enter'd by antagoniſts,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haſte approach'd,
With Squire and weapons to attack 'em;
But firſt thus from his horſe beſpake 'em.
What rage, O Citizens! what fury
Doth you to theſe dire actions hurry?
What œſtrum, what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus laviſh of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boaſt
And unreveng'd walks——ghoſt?
What towns, what garriſons might you,
With hazard of this blood, ſubdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain untriumphable fray?
Shall ſaints in civil bloodſhed wallow
Of ſaints, and let the cauſe lie fallow?
The cauſe, for which we fought and ſwore
So boldly, ſhall we now give o'er?
Then becauſe quarrels ſtill are ſeen
With oaths and ſwearings to begin,
The Solemn League and Covenant
Will ſeem a mere God-dam me rant,
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
For as we make war for the King
Againſt himſelf, the ſelf-ſame thing,
Some will not ſtick to ſwear, we do
For God and for Religion too;
For if bear-baiting we allow,
What good can Reformation do?
The blood and treaſure that's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are theſe the fruits o' th' Proteſtation,
The prototype of Reformation,
Which all the ſaints, and ſome, ſince martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,
When 'twas reſolv'd by either Houſe
Six Members' quarrel to eſpouſe?
Did they for this draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noiſes formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join throats to cry the Biſhops down?
Who having round begirt the palace,
(As once a month they do the gallows)
As Members gave the ſign about,
Set up their throats with hideous ſhout.
When tinkers bawl'd aloud to ſettle
Church-Diſcipline, for patching kettle;
No ſow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform;
The oyſter women lock'd their fiſh up,
And trudg'd away to cry No Biſhop;
The mouſe-trap men laid ſave-alls by,
And 'gainſt Ev'l Counſellors did cry,
Botcher's left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church:
Some cry'd the Covenant, inſtead
Of pudding-pies and gingerbread;

And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the Common-House:
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A Gospel-preaching Ministry;
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No Surplices nor Service-book:
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation.
And is this all? Is this the end
To which these Carr'ngs on did tend?
Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,
For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?
Did Saints, for this, bring in their plate,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the cause had need on't,
Happy was he that cou'd be rid on't.
Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons?
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups and porringers;
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men as soon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.
Then was the Cause of gold and plate,
The Brethrens' off'rings, consecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it:
So say the Wicked—and will you
Make that sarcasmus scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?
Have pow'rful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themselves out and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and sin'ster,
I' th' pow'r of Gospel preaching Min'ster?
Have they invented tones to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd th' Enemy's design,
And which way best to countermine?
Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?
Told it the news o' th' last express,
And after good or bad success
Made pray'rs not so like petitions
As overtures and propositions,
(Such as the army did present
To their Creator, the Parl'ament)
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the Work be carry'd on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting Church and Commonweal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal;
On which the Saints were all agog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog?
The Parl'ament drew up petitions
To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,
To well-affected persons, down
In ev'ry city and great town,
With pow'r to levy horse and men,
Only to bring them back agen?
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that shew'd
As if they to the pill'ry rode
Have all these courses, these efforts
Been try'd by people of all sorts,
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the Cause's service,
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray?
Shall we, that in the Cov'nant swore
Each man of us to run before
Another, still in Reformation
Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?
How will Dissenting Brethren relish it?
What will Malignants say? *Videlicet*,
That each man swore to do his best
To damn and perjure all the rest?
And bid the Devil take the hin'most
Which at this race is like to win most.
They'll say our business, to Reform
The Church and State, is but a worm;
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
T' an unknown Church discipline,
What is it else, but beforehand
T' engage, and after understand?
For when we swore to carry on
The present Reformation,
According to the purest mode
Of churches best reform'd abroad,
What did we else but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches these should be;
And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore *et cæteras;*
Or the French League in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The cause and work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitances fit for bedlam,
Rather than gospel-walking times,
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious scandal:
In name of King and Parl'ment,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen,
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender
The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For Profane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall *(dictum factum)* both be brought
To condign punishment, as they ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay;

For then I'll take another courſe,
And ſoon reduce you all by force.
This ſaid, he clapt his hand on ſword,
To ſhew he meant to keep his word.
But Talgol, who had long ſuppreſt
Inflamed wrath in glowing breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him: Thou vermine wretched,
As e'er in meaſled pork was hatched;
Thou tail of worſhip that does grow
On rump of juſtice as of cow;
How durſt thou with that ſullen luggage
O' th' ſelf, old ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy ſteed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
How durſt th', I ſay; adventure thus
T' oppoſe thy lumber againſt us?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itſelf about,
Where thou, ſecure from wooden blow,
Thy buſy vanity might ſhew?
Was no diſpute afoot between
The caterwaling Brethren?
No ſubtle queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe out o' their wits, and thoſe i' th' wrong?
No prize between thoſe combatants
O' th' times, the land and water ſaints,
Where thou might'ſt tickle, without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
And not for want of bus'neſs, come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better ſort
Of diſputants, and ſpoil our ſport?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut purſe, or burglary abroad?
No ſtolen pig, nor plunder'd gooſe,
To tie thee up from breaking looſe?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou ſtatute might'ſt alledge,
To keep thee buſy from ſoul evil,
And ſhame due to thee from the devil?
Did no Committee ſit, where he
Might cut out journey work for thee,
And ſet th' a taſk, with ſubornation,
To ſtitch up ſale and ſequeſtration,
To cheat, with holineſs and zeal,
All parties and the commonweal?
Much better had it been for thee
He'd kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
Or ſent th' on bus'neſs any whither,
So he had never brought thee thither:
But if th' haſt brain enough in ſkull
To keep itſelf in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of ſtones,
And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
Tremble, and vaniſh while thou may'ſt,
Which I'll not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.
At this the knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he ſmote on ſtomach ſtout,
From whence, at length, theſe words broke out:
Was I for this entitled, Sir,
And girt with truſty ſword and ſpur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up veal,
Nor all thy tricks and ſlights to cheat,
And ſell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
And ſtop the gangrene in ſtale pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by bullock ne'er withſtood;
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes, made to hew down lives,
Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The hand of Juſtice, or this blade,
Which I, her ſword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military:
Nor ſhall theſe words of venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their native place,
Thy ſtomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free;
Thou down the ſame throat ſhall devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em:
Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid that wight
With gantlet blue and baſes white,
And round blunt truncheon by his ſide,
So great a man at arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That wou'd in Job or Grizel ſtir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His gunſhot, that in hoſtlers watch'd,
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Againſt th outſide of Talgol's ſkull,
Vowing that he ſhou'd ne'er ſtir further,
Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murder:
But Pallas came in ſhape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the ſpring and hammer thruſt
Her gorgon ſhield, which made the cock
Stand ſtiff, as 'twere transform'd to ſtock.
Mean-while fierce Talgol, gath'ring might,
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;
But he, with petronel upheav'd,
Inſtead of ſhield, the blow receiv'd;
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of fight,
And ſhrunk from its great maſter's gripe,
Knock'd down and ſtun'd with mortal ſtripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haſte,
Drew out his ſword; yet not ſo faſt
But Talgol firſt, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back;
But when his nut-brown ſword was out,
With ſtomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon:
The truſty cudgel did oppoſe
Itſelf againſt dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itſelf again.
And though the ſword (ſome underſtood)
In force had much the odds of wood,

'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was val'ant'st:
For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd,
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuits of death,
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting,
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow;
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning slight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.
Meanwhile the incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,
While none that saw them cou'd divine
To which side conquest would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vy,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having crop't them from the root,
He clapt them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail:
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if he'd been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail;
Instead of which, he threw pack,
Of Squire and baggage, from his back;
And blund'ring still, with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope,
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By slight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearest foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down,
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound;
Like featherbed betwixt a wall,
And heavy burnt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, our's far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the Knight;
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout:
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him:
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
For men he alway's took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did failing on him:
It griev'd him to the guts that they,
For whom he 'd fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Shou'd offer such inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier like condition,
For which he flung down his commission;
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose:
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew;
Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread as he the rabble chas'd;
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a several way,
Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held
Though beaten down, and wounded sore:
I th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, suppos'd wound,
And loss of urine, in a swound,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho, (who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup)

Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching Knight from fell muſician;
He ſnatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his ſteed,
(As rats do from a falling houſe)
To hide itſelf from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with ſpeed and fury, flew
To reſcue Knight from black and blue;
Which e'er he cou'd achieve, his ſconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once
And now 't was rais'd to ſmite agen,
When Ralpho thruſt himſelf between;
He took the blow upon his arm,
To ſhield the Knight from further harm,
And joining wrath with force, beſtow'd
On th' wooden member ſuch a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And ſetting conqu'ring foot upon
His trunk, thus ſpoke: What deſp'rate frenzy
Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thyſelf, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy Curſhip
'Gainſt arms, authority, and worſhip,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping poſt prevail,
With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying ſcourge thy ſkin
And ancle free from iron gin?
Which now thou ſhalt—but firſt our care
Muſt ſee how Hudibras does fare.
This ſaid, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And ſet him on his bum upright
To rouſe him from lethargic dump.
He tweak'd his noſe, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breaſt, as if 't had been
To raiſe the ſpirits lodg'd within:
They, waken'd with the noiſe, did fly
From inward room to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the caſement,
Look'd out, but yet with ſome amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to ſee,
Who thus beſpoke the Knight. Quoth he,
Tweaking his noſe, You are, great Sir,
A ſelf-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourſelf but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthineſs, is fled,
All ſave Crowdero, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd Cauſe undertake;
And he lies priſ'ner at your feet,
To be diſpos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or ſale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail;
For one wink of your powerful eye
Muſt ſentence him to live or die.
His Fiddle is your proper purchaſe,
Won in the ſervice of the Churches;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd;
For though ſucceſs did not confer
Juſt title on the conqueror;
Though diſpenſations were not ſtrong
Concluſions whether right or wrong;
Although Outgoings did confirm,
And Owning were but a mere term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though uſurp'd by might,
The property is in the ſaint,
From whom th' injuriouſly detain 't;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horſes, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, maſks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, paraſites;
All which the ſaints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy if they'ad their due.
What we take from 'em is no more
Than what was ours by right before;
For we are their true landlords ſtill,
And they our tenants but at will.
At this the Knight began to rouſe,
And by degrees grow valorous:
He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He ſnatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him,
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withſtood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty ſpirit
Is rais'd too high; this ſlave does merit
To be the hangman's bus'neſs, ſooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his deſtruction; I that am
A Nothingneſs in deed and name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit carcaſe,
Or ill entreat his Fiddle or caſe:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conqu'ring ſword
To break a Fiddle, and your word?
For though I fought and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name:
For great commanders always own
What's proſp'rous by the ſoldier done.
To ſave, where you have power to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your will;
And that your will and pow'r have leſs
Than both might have of ſelfiſhneſs.
This pow'r, which now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead
Wou'd no more keep the ſlave in awe,
Than if you were a Knight of ſtraw;
For Death would then be his conqueror
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you,
'Twere policy and honour too
To do as you reſolv'd to do:

But, Sir, 't would wrong your valour much,
To ſay it needs, or fears a crutch.
Great conqu'rors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than ſlain;
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes: the greateſt fame
Of cripple ſlain can be but lame:
One half of him's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one ſide light,
As worſhip did, when y' were dubb'd Knight;
Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him priſoner of war,
And let him faſt in bonds abide,
At court of juſtice to be try'd;
Where if h' appear ſo bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his ſafety
If any member there diſlike
His face, or to his beard have pique;
Or if his death will ſave or yield
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd,
Though he has quarter, ne'ertheleſs
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you pleaſe;
This has been often done by ſome
Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom;
And has by moſt of us been held
Wiſe juſtice, and to ſome reveal'd:
For words and promiſes, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke;
Like Samſon's cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we ſhould fight for the Cauſe
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call juſt,
The Cauſe would quickly fall to duſt.
This we among ourſelves may ſpeak
But to the wicked or the weak
We muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection truths, ſuch as theſe are.
This ſaid, the high outragious mettle
Of Knight began to cool and ſettle.
He lik'd the Squire's advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the bus'neſs done;
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and uſe
The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms againſt him more.
Ralpho diſpatched with ſpeedy haſte,
And having ty'd Crowdero faſt,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his ſword
In triumph, whilſt the ſteeds he caught,
And them to further ſervice brought.
The Squire, in ſtate rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophy Fiddle and the caſe,
Leaning on ſhoulder like a mace.
The Knight himſelf did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his ſide;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat, againſt the tide and wind.
Thus grave and ſolemn they march'd on,
Until quite through the town they'd gone;
At furtheſt end of which there ſtands
An ancient caſtle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabric
You ſhall not ſee one ſtone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by pow'rful ſpell
Of magic made impregnable:
There's neither iron bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon ſcarce three inches wide;
With roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lie or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in,
Is to the middle-leg in priſon;
In cirele magical confin'd,
With wall of ſubtile air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight
And bold Squire from their ſteeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which their ſtands
A Baſtile, built t' impriſon hands;
By ſtrange enchantment made to fetter
The leſſer parts, and free the greater:
For though the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are faſt enough:
And when a circle 'bout the wriſt
Is made by beadle exorciſt,
The body feels the ſpur and ſwitch,
And if 'twere ridden poſt by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er ſtirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a ſpire,
On which Sir Knight firſt bids the Squire,
The Fiddle, and its ſpoils, the caſe,
In manner of a trophy place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in penſive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the ſurviver of his feet:
But the other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, the releaſe,
Though a delinquent falſe and forged,
Yet b'ing a ſtranger, he's enlarged,
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up faſt in priſon for't:
So Juſtice, while ſhe winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence ſometimes.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO III.

The Argument.

The ſcatter'd route return and rally,
Surround the place; the Knight does ſally,
And is made priſ'ner: then they ſeize
Th' enchanted fort by ſtorm, releaſe
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place;
I ſhould have firſt ſaid Hudibras.

Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron?
What plaguy miſchiefs and miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with after-claps?
For though Dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile,
And leer upon him, for a while,
She'll after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may ſing or ſay
I' th' ditty call'd, What if a Day?
For Hudibras, who thought he'd won
The field, as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop,
Thinking he'd done enough to purchaſe
Thankſgiving-day among the Churches,
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
And regiſter'd by fame eternal,
In deathleſs pages of Diurnal,
Found in few minutes, to his coſt,
He did but count without his hoſt,
And that a turnſtile is more certain
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune

For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
(All but the Dogs, who in purſuit
Of the Knight's victory ſtood to't,
And moſt ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and ſweat)
Seeing the coaſt was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haſte
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring ſtill, until he found
He 'ad got the advantage of the ground,
And then as val'antly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,

Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warriour ſtout and politic,
Until, in ſpite of hot purſuit,
He gain'd a paſs, to hold diſpute
On better terms, and ſtop the courſe
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But ſtill their numbers ſo increas'd,
He found himſelf at length oppreſs'd,
And all evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better fortune,
That he reſolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And ſell his hide and carcaſs at
A price as high and deſperate
As e'er he could. This reſolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The enemy, i' th' greateſt throng;
But what cou'd ſingle valour do
Againſt ſo numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd where th' odds were ſuch;
But one againſt a mulitude,
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was ſuddenly enclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight againſt a foe ſo great.
For now the maſtiffs charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himſelf he bore,
And ſetting his right foot before,
He rais'd himſelf to ſhew how tall
His perſon was above them all.
This equal ſhame and envy ſtirr'd
In th' enemy, that one ſhould bear'd
So many warriors, and ſo ſtout,
As he had done, and ſtav'd it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, ſome in the rear
Attack'd him, and ſome ev'ry where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And being down, ſtill laid about;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps
Is ſaid to fight upon his ſtumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
If Trulla' and Cerdon in the nick
To reſcue him had not been quick:
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As ſhafts which long-field Parthians ſhoot,
(But not ſo light as to be borne
Upon the ears of ſtanding corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their ſtaves they liquor,
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the martial throng;
'There pitying the vanquiſh'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who ſtood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
Shall we (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill *hum drum*,
And ſee ſtout Bruin, all alone,
By numbers baſely overthrown?
Such feats already he 'as achiev'd,
In ſtory not to be believ'd,
And 't would to us be ſhame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.
I would (quoth he) venture a limb
To ſecond thee, and reſcue him;
But then we muſt about it ſtraight,
Or elſe our aid will come too late;
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads to clear the ground,
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that the amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and ſtraight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run.
Mean-while th' approach'd th' place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin.
The conqu'ring foe they ſoon aſſail'd,
Firſt Trulla ſtav'd and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their Maſtiffs loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worſted Bear came off with ſtore
Of bloody wounds, but all before:
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
Made proof againſt dead-doing ſteel
All over, but the Pagan heel;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter loſt a leathern parcel;
For as an Auſtrian archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Cloſe to his head, ſo Bruin far'd;
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other ſide,
Like ſcriv'ner newly crucify'd:
Or like the late-corrected leathern
Ears of the circumciſed brethren.
But gentle Trulla into th' ring
He wore in's noſe convey'd a ſtring,
With which ſhe march'd before, and led
The warrior to a graſſy bed,
As authors write in a cool ſhade,
Which eglantine and roſes made;
Cloſe by a ſoftly-murm'ring ſtream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream;
There leaving him to his repoſe,
Secured from purſuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a ſong,
And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to eaſe his pain
His tugg'd ears ſuffer'd with a ſtrain
They both drew up, to march in queſt
Of his great leader and the reſt.
For Orſin (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his ground,
In ſtanding fight, than for purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that purſu'd the chaſe,
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his Bear purſu'd
So baſely by a multitude,

And like to fall, not by the prowefs,
But numbers, of his coward foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Herculus for lofs of Hylas;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his fad regret;
He beat his breaft, and tore his hair,
For lofs of his dear crony Bear,
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did refound
More wiftfully, by many times,
Than in fmall poets fplayfoot rhymes,
That makes her, in their ruthful ftories,
To anfwer to int'rrogatories,
And moft unconfcionably depofe
To things of which fhe nothing knows;
And when fhe has faid all fhe can fay,
'Tis wrefted to the lover's fancy,
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled? to my—Echo, Ruin.
I thought th' hadft fcorn'd to budge a ftep
For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry guep.
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy ftubborn heart?
Have thefe bones rattled and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
For thy dear fake. Quoth fhe, Mum, budget.
Think'ft thou t'will not be laid i' th' difh
Thou turn'd'ft thy back? Quoth Echo, Pifh.
To run from thofe th' hadft overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengence makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or, if thou haft no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet fhame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to fpend his blood in
His honour's caufe? Quoth fhe, a Puddin.
This faid, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly ftomach burn'd;
Thirft of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of forrow now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his wo
Should equal vengeance undergo,
And with their bones and flefh pay dear
For what he fuffer'd, and his Bear.
This being refolv'd, with equal fpeed
And rage he hafted to proceed
To action ftraight, and giving o'er
To fearch for Bruin any more,
He went in queft of Hudibras,
To find him out where'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But fcarce had he a furlong on
This refolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that view
Whom Hudibras did late fubduc.
Honour revenge, contempt, and fhame,
Did equally their breafts inflame.
'Mong thefe the fierce Magnano was
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;

Cerdon and Colon, warriors ftout,
And refolute, as ever fought;
Whom furious Orfin thus befpoke:
Shall we (quoth he) thus bafely brook
The vile affront that paltry afs,
And feeble fcoundrel Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if th' had routed us in battle?
For my part, it fhall ne'er be fed
I for the washing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' rafcals, but lofs of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether thefe fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my fkill can foretel;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it (as I fhall no doubt,
Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handywork,
And wifh that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.
Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orfin, th' haft
Great reafon to do as thou fay'ft,
And fo has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou haft, or thy Bear:
Others may do as they fee good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And the other mungrel vermine, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is fafe, and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
Myfelf and Trulla made a fhift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's fafe enough:
There let him reft; for if we ftay,
The flaves may hap to get away.
This faid, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the fame defign,
And forthwith put themfelves in fearch
Of Hudibras upon their march:
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious Knight befel;
For fuch, Crowdero being faft
In dungeon fhut, we left him laft.
Triumphant laurels feem'd to grow
No where fo green as on his brow.
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring caftle by,
To reft his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruife
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
To mollify th' uneafy pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang,
Which b'ing by fkilful midwife dreft,
He laid him down to take his reft.

But all in vain: he'd got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure land,
(For he, in all his am'rous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels)
Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the Knight;
The shaft against a rib did glance,
And gall'd him in the purtenance:
But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
After he had sound his suit in vain
For that proud dame, for whom his soul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That belly that so oft' did ake.
And suffer gripping for her sake,
Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs
Had almost brought him off his legs)
Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
That old Pyg—(what d'y' call him) malion,
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.
She had a thousand jaddish tricks;
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange, and mad;
She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady:
Not love, if any lov'd her: hey day *!
So cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been sound
Only to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back way, like a witches prayer.
Mean-while the knight had no small task
To compass what he durst not ask:
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her ignorance is his devotion:
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of steed;
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and looks another way,
Until he seize upon the coney;
Just so does he by matrimony.
But all in vain; her subtile snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which she return'd with so much scorn,
To be by man of honour borne;
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spightful mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the pain
He had endur'd from her disdain,
Turn'd to regret so resolute,
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in sight.
This resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some months, and more had done,

* *Ha day!* In all editions till 1704, then altered to *Hey day*.

But being brought so nigh by Fate,
The victory he achiev'd so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinued hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win
His dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her;
These reasons made his mouth to water
With am'rous longings to be at her,
Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows
But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop?
If nothing can oppugn love,
And virtue envious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'st valour, too, and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft' are taken in:
Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror?
Fortune the audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miscarry;
Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest.
Such thoughts as these the knight did keep
More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep;
And as an owl that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;
So from his couch the knight did start,
To seize upon the widow's heart,
Crying, with hasty tone and hoarse,
Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse,
And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort where he ensconc'd,
And all th' avenues had possest,
About the place, from east to west.

That done, awhile they made a halt
To view the ground, and where t' assault;
Then call'd a council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy; and 'twas agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort
They now drew up t' attack the fort;
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another gate's adventure,
To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger,

That forefight might, or might not, blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his ſhame it might be ſaid,
They took him napping in his bed,
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in ſciences profound.
His courſer ſcarce he had beſtrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,
When ſetting ope the poſtern gate,
Which they thought beſt to ſally at,
The foe appear'd drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This ſomewhat ſtartled the bold Knight,
Surpris'd with th' unexpected ſight:
The bruiſes of his bones and fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh;
Till recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was ſoon converted to rage,
And thus he ſpoke: The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears
As if they had outrun their fears;
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat;
And to their wills we muſt ſuccumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the ſame numeric crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue;
The ſelf-ſame individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageouſly did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory: and when
We ſhall our ſhining blades agen
Brandiſh in terror o'er our heads,
They'll ſtraight reſume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an ague that forſakes
And haunts, by fits, thoſe whom it takes;
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.
This ſaid, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his miſtreſs' name,
His piſtol next he cock'd anew,
And out his rust-brown whinyard drew;
And placing Ralpho in the front,
Reſerv'd himſelf to bear the brunt,
As expert warr'ors uſe; then ply'd,
With iron heel, his courſer's ſide,
Conveying ſympathetic ſpeed
From heel of Knight to heel of ſteed.
Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And ſpeed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn ſo cloſe,
Almoſt to come to handy-blows,
When Orſin firſt let fly a ſtone
At Ralpho; not ſo huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have ſent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which ſaints twice dipt are deſtin'd to,
The danger ſtartled the bold Squire,
And made him ſome few ſteps retire;
But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
And rous'd his ſpirits half diſmay'd:
He wiſely doubting leſt the ſhot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a diſtance gall, preſs'd cloſe,
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd ſtill in an oblique line;
But prudently forebore to fire,
Till breaſt to breaſt he had got nigher;
As expert warriors uſe to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous knight,
Moſt ſoldier-like, obſerv'd in fight,
When Fortune (as ſhe's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to ſtickle,
The more ſhame for her Goodyſhip
To give ſo near a friend the ſlip.
For Colon, chooſing out a ſtone,
Levell'd ſo right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch with ſuch a force,
As almoſt beat him off his horſe.
He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein,
But laying faſt hold on the mane,
Preſerv'd his ſeat: and as a gooſe
In death contracts his talons cloſe,
So did the Knight, and with one claw
The tricker of his piſtol draw.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to ſtout Hudibras,
In all its feats of arms, when leaſt
He dreamt of it to proſper beſt,
So now he far'd: the ſhot, let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and grazing
Upon his ſhoulder, in the paſſing,
Lodg'd in Magnano's braſs habergeon,
Who ſtraight, A ſurgeon cry'd, A ſurgeon:
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did Murder, Murder, Murder, yell.
This ſtartled their whole body ſo,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
He 'd won (the ſecond time) the fight;
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done.
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his hurt, forbore
To preſs th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the reſt diſhearten.
For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd
In cloſe encounter, they both wag'd
They fight ſo well, 'twas hard to ſay
Which ſide was like to get the day.
And now the buſy work of Death
Had tir'd them ſo, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the diſaſter of the Knight,
And th' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho preſs'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,

Each ſtriving to confirm his party
With ſtout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour ſtir
Your ſpirits up; once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your vict'ry as ſubdue,
They durſt not, after ſuch a blow
As you have given them, face us now;
But from ſo formidable a ſoldier
Had fled like crows, when they ſmell powder.
Thrice have they ſeen your ſword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft';
But if you let them recollect
Their ſpirits, now diſmay'd and checkt,
You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet ye 've had, to get the day.
Thus ſpoke the ſtout Squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with ſmall regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;
To which he anſwer'd, Cruel Fate
Tells me thy counſel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hoſe,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal criſis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Reſolv'd to pull my ſtomach down.
I am not apt upon a wound,
Or trivial baſting, to diſpond;
Yet I'd be loath my days to curtal;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we 'ad time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the beſt courſe; but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to ſeize on, the diſhonour
And danger too, as ſuch, I'll ſooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them ſee I am no ſtarter.
In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat;
For thoſe that run away, and fly,
Take place at leaſt o' th' enemy.
This ſaid, the Squire, with active ſpeed,
Diſmounted from his bonny ſteed,
To ſeize the arms, which, by miſchance,
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance;
Theſe being found out, and reſtor'd
To Hudibras, their nat'ral lord,
As a man may ſay, with might and main
He haſted to get up again.
Thrice he eſſay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft'
He was pull'd back, till having found
Th' advantage of the riſing ground,
Thither he led his warlike ſteed,
And having plac'd him right, with ſpeed
Prepar'd again to ſcale the beaſt;
When Oriſin, who had newly dreſt
The bloody ſcar upon the ſhoulder
Of Talgol with Promethean powder,
And now was ſearching for the ſhot
That laid Magnano on the ſpot,
Beheld the ſturdy Squire aforeſaid,
Preparing to climb up his horſe-ſide;
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally;
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.
This ſaid, like to a thunderbolt
He flew with fury to th' aſſault,
Striving th' enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horſe's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beaſt with active vau'ting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His ſeat, and caſt his right leg over;
When Orſin, ruſhing in, beſtow'd
On horſe and man ſo heavy a load,
The beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough ſquire like a ſack,
Or ſtout King Richard, on his back;
Till ſtumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a ſwoon.
Meanwhile the knight began to rouſe
The ſparkles of his wonted proweſs:
He thruſt his hand into his hoſe,
And found, both by his eyes and noſe,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with diſpiteful ire;
Courageouſly he fac'd about,
And drew his other piſtol out;
And now had half-way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave ſo fierce a ſhock,
With ſturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm:
Then ſtoutly preſſing on with ſpeed,
Aſſay'd to pull him off his ſteed.
The knight his ſword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the leaſt cropp'd off a limb,
But Orſin came, and reſcu'd him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight
Upon his quarters oppoſite:
But as a bark, that in foul weather,
Toſs'd by two adverſe winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not whch to turn him to;
So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppoſe;
Till Orſin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by ſpiteful chance
Hit Cerdon ſuch a bang, as ſtunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up,
And, raiſing up himſelf on ſtirrup,
Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,
And I ſhall ſtraight diſpatch another

To bear thee company in death;
But firſt I'll halt a while, and breathe;
As well he might; for Orſin, griev'd
At the wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about
To breathe himſelf, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where beſt
He might the ruffled ſoe infeſt.
This b'ing reſolv'd, he ſpurr'd his ſteed,
To run at Orſin with full ſpeed,
While he was buſy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware;
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And ſeeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and ſtood upon his guard:
Then like a warrior right expert
And ſkilful in the martial art,
The ſubtle knight ſtraight made a halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' aſſault,
Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occaſion ſhould invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time diſentranc'd,
Upon his bum himſelf advanc'd,
Though ſorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er
With ruthleſs bangs, were ſtiff and ſore:
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone,
When Hudibras to aid him came.
Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won;
The foe is profligate and run:
I mean all ſuch as can; for ſome
This hand hath ſent to their long home;
And ſome lie ſprawling on the ground,
With many a gaſh and bloody wound.
Cæſar himſelf could never ſay
He got two victories in a day
As I have done, that can ſay, twice I
In one day, *veni, vidi, vici.*
The foe's ſo numerous, that we
Cannot ſo often *vincere*,
And they *perire*, and yet enow
Be left to ſtrike an after-blow;
Then leſt they rally, and once more
Put us to fight, the buſ'neſs o'er,
Get up, and mount thy ſteed; diſpatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
Quoth Ralph, I ſhould not, if I were
In caſe for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arſe, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got theſe harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of ſtrength: unleſs you ſtoop,
And reach your hands to pull me up,
I ſhall lie here, and be a prey
To thoſe who are now run away.
That thou ſhalt not (quoth Hudibras;)
We read, the ancients held it was
More honourable far *ſervare*
Civem, than ſlay an adverſary;
The one we oft' to-day have done,
The other ſhall diſpatch anon:
And though th' art of a diff'rent church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch
This ſaid, he jogg'd his good ſteed nigher,
And ſteer'd him gently t'wards the Squire,
Then bowing down his body, ſtretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightning behind.
She had been long in ſearch about
Magnano's wound, to find it out,
But could find none, nor where the ſhot
That had ſo ſtartled him was got:
But having found the worſt was paſt,
She fell to her own work at laſt,
The pillage of the priſoners,
Which in all feats of arms was her's;
And now to plunder Ralph ſhe flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew
To ſuccour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, ſhe laid a load
Of blows ſo heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
On th' other ſide, that down he fell.
Yield, ſcoundrel baſe, (quoth ſhe) or die;
Thy life is mine, and liberty;
But if thou think'ſt I took thee tardy,
And dar'ſt preſume to be ſo hardy
To try thy fortune o'er afreſh,
I'll wave my title to thy fleſh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
And if thou haſt the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyſelf a while,
And once more, for that carcaſs vile,
Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras,
Thou offer'ſt nobly, valiant laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word.
Firſt let me riſe and take my ſword;
That ſword which has ſo oft' this day
Through ſquadrons of my foes made way,
And ſome to other worlds diſpatch'd,
Now with a feeble ſpinſter match'd,
Will bluſh, with blood ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd;
But if thou'lt take my advice in this,
Conſider, whilſt thou may'ſt, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial force;
For if with conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have, nor grace
By laws of arms, in ſuch a caſe;
Both which I now do offer freely.
I ſcorn, (quoth ſhe) thou coxcomb ſilly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To ſhew how much ſhe priz'd his ſpeech)
Quarter or counſel from a foe;
If thou can force me to it, do;

But left it ſhould again be ſed,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
This ſaid, ſhe to her tackle fell,
And on the knight let fall a peal
Of blows ſo fierce, and preſs'd ſo home;
That he retir'd, and follow'd's bum.
Stand to it, (quoth ſhe) or yield to mercy;
It is not fighting *arſie-verſie*
Shall ſerve thy turn.—This ſtirr'd his ſpleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel;
Honour, deſpight, revenge, and ſhame,
At once into his ſtomach came;
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a ſtorm
Of blows ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick:
But ſhe upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diverſion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with uſury,
Which long ſhe fail'd not of; for now
The knight with one dead-doing blow
Reſolving to decide the fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the ground:
No ſooner ſhe th' advantage found,
But in ſhe flew; and ſeconding,
With home-made thruſt, the heavy ſwing,
She laid him flat upon his ſide,
And mounting on his trunk aſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, baſe ſcum:
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And ſtain thine honour, than thy ſword?
A man of war to damn his ſoul,
In baſely breaking his parole;
And when before the fight, th' hadſt vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood;
Now thou haſt got me for a Tartar,
To make m' againſt my will take quarter,
Why doſt not put me to the ſword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own;
Thou and thy ſtars have caſt me down:
My laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy conq'ring brow;
My loſs of honour's great enough,
Thou needſt not brand it with a ſcoff:
Sarcaſms may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illuſt'rous
For being benign, and not bluſtrous
Againſt a vanquiſh'd foe: their ſwords
Were ſharp and trenchent, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courteſies about.
Quoth ſhe, Although thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe Slubberdegullion, to be ſerv'd
As thou didſt vow to deal with me,
If thou hadſt got the victory,
Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my fame, than thy deſert,
Thy arms, thy liberty, beſide
All that's on th' outſide of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one ſtraw;
The reſt, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I reſtore.
Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
For me to treat or ſtipulate;
What thou command'ſt I muſt obey;
Yet thoſe whom I expung'd to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
Whom I took priſ'ners in this quarrel.
Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero, whom, in irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into Lob's pond,
Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy carcaſs ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchang'd for him.
This ſaid, the Knight did ſtraight ſubmit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he diſrob'd his gabardine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.
She took it, and forthwith diveſting
The mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting,
Take that, and wear it for my ſake;
Then threw it o'er his ſturdy back.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers
Port-cannons, periwigs and feathers;
Juſt ſo the proud inſulting laſs
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, yerſt
In hurrry of the fight diſperſt,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To ſhare i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide,
With vengeance to be ſatisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden ſhower,
But Trulla thruſt herſelf between,
And ſtriding o'er his back agen,
She brandiſh'd o'er her head his ſword,
And vow'd they ſhould not break her word;
She 'ad given him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, ſhould make that quarter good:
For ſhe was bound, by law of arms,
To ſee him ſafe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero, caſt
By Hudibras, as yet lay faſt,

Where, to the hard and ruthleſs ſtones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him ſhe reſolv'd that Hudibras
Should ranſom, and ſupply his place.
Thus ſtopp'd their fury, and the baſting
Which towards Hudibras was haſting,
They thought it was but juſt and right
That what ſhe had achiev'd in fight
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t' engage in.
The Knight and Squire firſt they made
Riſe from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horſes,
But with their faces to the arſes.
Orſin led Hudibras's beaſt,
And Talgol that which Ralpho preſt;
Whom ſtout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;
All uſh'ring Trulla in the rear,
With th' arms of either pris'ner.
In this proud order and array
They put themſelves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted caſtle,
Where ſtout Crowdero in durance lay ſtill.
Thither with greater ſpeed than ſhews
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do uſe t' allow, or than the bears,
Or pageants borne before lord mayors,
Are wont to uſe, they ſoon arriv'd,
In order ſoldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike poſture,
As fit for battle as for muſter.
The Knight and Squire they firſt unhorſe,
And bending 'gainſt the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnon' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the reſt to enter:
For he was ſkilful in black art,
No leſs than he that built the fort,
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which ſtraight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground:
Him they releaſe from durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t' his Fiddle and his caſe,
And liberty, his thirſty rage
With luſcious vengeance to aſſuage;
For he no ſooner was at large,
But Trulla ſtraight brought on the charge,
And in the ſelf-ſame limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was ſhut;
Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted manſion to know ſorrow,
In the ſame order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away:
But Hudibras, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop,
Cheer'd up himſelf with ends of verſe,
And ſayings of philoſophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind
Is, *ſui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not reſtraint, or liberty,
That makes men priſoners or free;
But perturbations that poſſeſs
The mind, or equanimities.
The whole world was not half ſo wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes; who is not ſaid
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and ſob,
Becauſe he 'ad ne'er another tub.
The ancients make two ſev'ral kinds
Of proweſs in heroic minds,
The active and the paſſive val'ant,
Both which are *pari libra* gallant;
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-neceſſary:
But in defeats the paſſive ſtout
Are always found to ſtand it out
Moſt deſp'rately, and to outdo
The active, 'gainſt a conq'ring foe.
Though we with blacks and blues are ſuggill'd,
Or as the vulgar ſay, are cudgell'd,
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can loſe no honour by't.
Honour's a leaſe for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is ſlain,
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be ſaid
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.
For as we ſee th' eclipſed ſun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light
He ſhines in ſerene ſky moſt bright;
So valour, in a low eſtate,
Is moſt admir'd and wonder'd at.
Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that ſee how here we ſit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As gifted brethren, preaching by
A carnal hourglaſs, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to ſay,
But not how much; ſo well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off:
For who, without a cap and bawble,
Having ſubdu'd a Bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a ſecond proof?
A politic exploit, right fit
For Preſbyterian zeal and wit.
Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tune,
Ralpho, thou always harp'ſt upon:

When thou at any thing wouldſt rail,
Thou tak'ſt Preſbytery, thy ſcale,
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane;
Whats'ever will not with (thy what-d'-ye-call)
Thy light jump right, thou call'ſt fynodical:
As if Preſbytery were a ſtandard
To ſeize whats'ever's to be ſlander'd.
Doſt not remember how this day
Thou to my beard was bold to ſay,
That thou cou'dſt prove bear-beating equal
With ſynods, orthodox and legal?
Do, if thou canſt; for I deny 't,
And dare thee to 't with all thy light.
Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any guts in's brains,
And cou'd believe it worth his pains:
But ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.
Synods are myſtical Bear-gardens,
Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the Babyloniſh ſport;
For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bearward,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but ſev'ral ſynagogues
Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs:
Both antichriſtian aſſemblies,
To miſchief bent as far 's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce conteſts,
The one with men, the other beaſts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th' other Souls and conſciences;
Where Saints themſelves are brought to ſtake
For Goſpel-light and Conſcience' ſake;
Expos'd to Scribes and Preſbyters,
Inſtead of Maſtiff Dogs and Curs;
Than whom they've leſs humanity,
For theſe at ſouls of men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
Who in a viſion ſaw a Bear,
Prefiguring the beaſtly rage
Of Church-rule, in this latter age;
As is demonſtrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
Bears nat'rally are beaſts of prey,
That live by rapine; ſo do they.
What are their Orders, Conſtitutions,
Church-cenſures, Curſes, Abſolutions,
But ſev'ral myſtic chains they make,
To tie poor Chriſtians to the ſtake?
And then ſet Heathen officers,
Inſtead of Dogs, about their ears.
For to prohibit and diſpenſe,
To find out, or to make offence;
Of hell and heav'n to diſpoſe,
To play with ſouls at faſt and looſe;
To ſet what characters they pleaſe,
And Mulcts on ſin or godlineſs;
Reduce the Church to Goſpel-order,
By rapine, ſacrilege, and murder;
To make Prebytery ſupreme,
And Kings themſelves ſubmit to them;
And force all people, though againſt
Their conſciences to turn Saints;
Muſt prove a pretty thriving trade,
When Saints monopoliſts are made:
When pious frauds and holy ſhifts
Are Diſpenſations and Gifts,
There godlineſs becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry Synod but a fair.
Synods are whelps o' th' Inquiſition,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion
And growing up, became the ſires
Of Scribes, Commiſſioners, and Triers;
Whoſe bus'neſs is, by cunning ſleight,
To caſt a figure for men's light,
To find, in lines of beard and face,
The phyſiognomy of Grace;
And by the ſound and twang of noſe,
If all be ſound within diſcloſe;
Free from a crack or flaw of ſinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing;
By black caps underlaid with white,
Give certain gueſs at inward light;
Which ſerjeants at the Goſpel wear,
To make the Sp'ritual Calling clear.
The handkerchief about the neck
(Canonical cravat of ſmeck,
From whom the inſtitution came,
When Church and State they ſet on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of Spiritual Warfaring-men)
Judge rightly if Regeneration
Be of the neweſt cut in faſhion:
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That grace is founded in dominion.
Great piety conſiſts in pride;
To rule is to be ſanctify'd:
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the body and the ſoul,
Is the moſt perfect diſcipline
Of Church-rule, and by right divine.
Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than theſe by far:
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat;
But theſe will not be fobb'd off ſo,
They muſt have wealth and pow'r too;
Or elſe with blood and deſolation
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
Sure theſe themſelves from primitive
And Heathen prieſthood do derive
When Butchers were the only clerks,
Elders and Preſbyters of Kirks;
Whoſe directory was to kill,
And ſome believe it is ſo ſtill.
The only diff'rence is that then
They ſlaughter'd only beaſts, now men.
For then to ſacrifice a bullock,
Or, now and then, a child to Moloch,
They count a vile abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole nation.
Preſbytery does but tranſlate
The papacy to a free ſtate:

A commonwealth of Popery,
Where ev'ry village is a See
As well as Rome, and muſt maintain
A tithe-pig metropolitan;
Where ev'ry Preſbyter and Deacon
Commands the keys for cheeſe and bacon,
And ev'ry hamlet's governed
By's Holineſs, the Church's head,
More haughty and ſevere in's place,
Than Gregory and Boniface.
Such Church muſt, ſurely, be a monſter,
With many heads: for if we conſter
What in th' Apocalyps we find,
According to th' Apoſtle's mind,
'Tis that the whore of Babylon
With many heads did ride upon,
Which heads denote the ſinful tribe
Of Deacon, Prieſt, Lay-elder, Scribe.
Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whoſe little finger is as heavy
As lions of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And biſhop-ſecular. This zealot
Is of a mungrel, diverſe kind,
Cleric before, and Lay behind;
A lawleſs linſeywoolſey brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beaſt, a fiſh in water;
That always preys on grace or ſin;
A ſheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquiſitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief
And manners; can pronounce a ſaint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When ſuperciliouſly he ſifts
Through coarſeſt boulter others' gifts:
For all men live and judge amiſs,
Whoſe talents jump not juſt with his;
He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
On dulleſt noddle Light and Grace,
The manufacture of the Kirk.
Thoſe paſtors are but the handywork
Of his mechanic paws, inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling:
From whence they ſtart up Choſen Veſſels,
Made by contact, as men get meaſles.
So Cardinals, they ſay, do grope
At th' other end the new-made Pope.
Hold, hold quoth Hudibras, ſoft fire,
They ſay, does make ſweet malt. Good Squire,
Feſtina lente, not too faſt,
For haſte (the proverb ſays) makes waſte.
The quirks and cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe and built upon miſtake:
And I ſhall bring you, with your pack
Of ſallacies, t' Elenchi back;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be underſtood.
I'll force you by right ratiocination
To leave your vitilitigation,
And make you keep to th' queſtion cloſe,
And argue *ſtrictly*.
The queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is, which is better or which worſt,
Synods or Bears? Bears I avow
To be the worſt, and Synods thou;
But to make good th' aſſertion,
Thou ſay'ſt they're really all one.
If ſo, not worſe; for if they're *idem*,
Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the ſame, by courſe
Neither is better, neither worſe.
But I deny they are the ſame,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*
I grant, but not *rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find;
And can no more make Bears of theſe,
Than prove my horſe is Socrates.
That Synods are Bear-gardens, too,
Thou doſt affirm; but I ſay No:
And thus I prove it, in a word;
Whats'ever Aſſembly's not empower'd
To Cenſure, Curſe, Abſolve, and ordain,
Can be no Synod; but Bear-garden
Has no ſuch pow'r; *ergo*, 'tis none,
And ſo thy ſophiſtry's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beſide the queſt'on
Which thou didſt raiſe the firſt conteſt on:
For that was, Whether Bears are better
Than Synod-men? I ſay *Negatur*.
That Bears are beaſts, and Synods men,
Is held by all: they're better then;
For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
As beaſts; but Synod-men on two.
'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that Synod-men have tails;
Or that a rugged ſhaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of Preſbyter!
Or that his ſnout and ſpacious ears
Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
A Bear's a ſavage beaſt, of all
Moſt ugly and unnatural;
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lickt it into ſhape and frame:
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever Synod-man was lickt,
Or brought to any other faſhion
Than his own will and inclination.
But thou doſt further yet in this,
Oppugn thyſelf and ſenſe; that is,
Thou wouldſt have Preſbyters to go
For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too:
A ſtrange chimera of beaſts and men,
Made up of pieces het'rogene;
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem ſubjectlo yet.
Thy othes arguments are all
Suppoſures hypothetical,
That do but beg; and we may chooſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid, which I know when
And where thou ſtol'ſt from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
Are all but plagiary ſhifts)
And is the ſame that Ranter ſed,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,

And tore a handful of my beard;
The self-same cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out;
And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
Will serve to answer thee again.
Quoth Ralpho, nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of knowledge as replete,
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art t' encumber Gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes Light inactive, dull and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet;
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own;
A fort of error, to ensconce
Absurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplext and intricate:
For nothing goes for Sense or Light,
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the schools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
This Pagan, Heathenish invention
Is good for nothing but contention:
For as in sword and buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light;
So when men argue, the great'st part
O' the contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' argument.
Quoth Hudibras, friend Ralph thou hast
Outrun the constable at last:
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white;
Mere *disperata*; that concerning
Presbytery, this human learning;
Two things s' averse, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by' ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this we're in: therefore let's stop here,
And rest our wearied bones awhile,
Already tir'd with other toil.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO I.

The Argument.

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being caſt illegally in priſon,
Love brings his action on the caſe,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's viſit,
And cunningly ſolicits his ſuit,
Which ſhe defers; yet on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

But now, t' obſerve Romantic method,
Let bloody ſteel awhile be ſheathed;
And all thoſe harſh and rugged ſounds
Of baſtinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
Exchang'd to love's more gentle ſtyle,
To let our reader breathe awhile:
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is poſſible, by way of preface,
Is 't not enough to make one ſtrange,
That ſome men's fancies ſhould ne'er change,
But make all people do and ſay
The ſame things ſtill the ſelf ſame way?
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
And knights purſuing like a whirlwind:
Others make all their knights, in fits
Of jealouſy, to loſe their wits;
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
They're forthwith cur'd of their capriches.
Some always thrive in their amours,
By pulling plaiſters off their ſores;
As cripples do to get an alms,
Juſt ſo do they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in deſpite
O' geography, to change their ſite;
Make former times ſhake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.
But thoſe that write in rhyme ſtill make
The one verſe for the other's ſake;
For one for ſenſe, and one for rhyme,
I think's ſufficient at one time.
But we forget in what ſad plight
We whilom left the captiv'd Knight
And penſive Squire, both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into ſafe cuſtody.
Tir'd with diſpute, and ſpeaking Latin,
As well as baſting and Bear-baiting,
And deſperate of any courſe,
To free himſelf by wit or force,
His only ſolace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was ſo low,
That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend,
In which he found th' event, no leſs
Than other times, beſide his gueſs.
There is a tall long-ſided dame,
(But wondrous light) ycleped Fame
That like a thin chameleon boards
Herſelf on air, and eats her words

Upon her ſhoulders wings ſhe wears
Like hanging ſleeves, lin'd through with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets liſt,
Made good by deep mythologiſt:
With theſe ſhe through the welkin flies,
And ſometimes carries truth, oft' lies;
With letters hung, like eaſtern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furtheſt regions;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their public uſe to bring down
The rate of whetſtones in the kingdom.
About her neck a packet-mail,
Fraught with advice, ſome freſh, ſome ſtale,
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monſters brought to bed;
Of hailſtones big as pullets' eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
A blazing ſtar ſeen in the weſt,
By ſix or ſeven men at leaſt.
Two trumpets ſhe does ſound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones;
But whether both with the ſame wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one ſounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar authors name
Th' one Good, th' other evil Fame.
This tattling goſſip knew too well
What miſchief Hudibras beſel,
And ſtraight the ſpiteful tidings bears
Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd ſo loud,
To ſee bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals, with ſtately pomp,
March ſlowly on in ſolemn dump,
As ſhe laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as ſides, was like to crack.
She vow'd ſhe wou'd go ſee the ſight,
And viſit the diſtreſſed Knight;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a goſſip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail the ſtocks,
To ſet at large his fetter-locks;
And by exchange, parole, or ranſom,
To free him from th' enchanted manſion.
This b'ing reſolv'd, ſhe call'd for hood
And uſher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beſide a ſlender
Young waiting damſel to attend her,
All which appearing, on ſhe went
To find the Knight, in limbo pent:
And 'twas not long before ſhe found
Him and his ſtout Squire in the pound;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together:
For as he ſat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either ſide,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by joul,
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the ſudden,
As ſpirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful ſhapes th' appear,
No ſooner did the Knight perceive her,
But ſtraight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with diſgrace,
To be ſeen by' her in ſuch a place;
Which made him hang his head, and ſcoul,
And wink, and goggle like an owl:
He felt his brains begin to ſwim,
When thus the Dame accoſted him.
This place (quoth ſhe) they ſay's enchanted,
And with delinquent ſpirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and ſcourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like perſons I have ſeen ſomewhere.
Some have miſtaken blocks and poſts
For ſpectres, apparitions, ghoſts,
With ſaucer eyes, and horns; and ſome
Have heard the devil beat a drum;
But if our eyes are not falſe glaſſes,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I ſhould be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;
For though it be diſfigur'd ſomewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy Knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by 't.
When Hudibras the Lady heard,
Diſcourſing thus upon his beard,
And ſpeak with ſuch reſpect and honour
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it beſt to ſet as good
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he ſpoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard's th' identic beard you knew,
The ſame numerically true;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himſelf.
O heavens! quoth ſhe, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiſkers,
But by your dialect and diſcourſe,
That never ſpoke to man or beaſt,
In notions vulgarly expreſt:
But what malignant ſtar, alas!
Has brought you both to this ſad paſs?
Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
Which I am leſs afflicted for,
Than to be ſeen with beard and face
By you in ſuch a homely caſe.
Quoth ſhe, Thoſe need not be aſham'd
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
Though your's be ſorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your viſage more adorn
Than if 't were prun'd, and ſtarch'd, and lander'd,
And cut ſquare by the Ruſſian ſtandard.
A torn beard's like a tatter'd enſign,
That's braveſt which there are moſt rents in.
That petticoat about your ſhoulders,
Does not ſo well become a ſoldier's;

And I'm afraid they are worſe handled,
Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led;
And thoſe uneaſy bruiſes make
My heart for company to ake,
To ſee ſo worſhipful a friend
I' th' pillory ſet, at the wrong end.
Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain,
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)
Not bad *ſimpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 'tis underſtood.
Senſe is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other groſs *phænomenas*
In which it oft' miſtakes the caſe.
But ſince th' immortal intellect
(That's free from error and defect,
Whoſe objects ſtill perſiſt the ſame)
Is free from outward bruiſe or maim,
Which nought external can expoſe
To groſs material bangs or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be ſure
Whether we pain or not endure,
And juſt ſo far are ſore and griev'd
As by the fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion ſtraight;
Others, though wounded ſore in reaſon,
Felt no contuſion, nor diſcretion.
A Saxon duke did grow ſo fat,
That mice (as hiſtories relate)
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His phoique parts, without his feeling;
Then how is 't poſſible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?
Quoth ſhe, I grant it is in vain
For one that's baſted to feel pain,
Becauſe the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure;
Yet honour hurt is wont to rage
With pain no med'cine can aſſuage.
Quoth he, That honour's very ſqueamiſh,
That takes a baſting for a blemiſh:
For what's more hon'rable than ſcars,
Or ſkin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A ſhoe be Spaniſh or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With ſome whom they have taught that cunning.
The furtheſt way about, t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the neareſt home.
By laws of learned duelliſts
They that are bruis'd with wood or fiſts,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and pultroons;
But if they dare engage t' a ſecond,
They're ſtout and gallant fellows reckon'd.
Th' old Romans freedom did beſtow,
Our princes worſhip, with a blow.
King Pyrrhus cur'd his ſplenetic
And teſty courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when ſome mighty lord
Or potentate's to be reſtor'd,
And pardon'd for ſome great offence,
With which he's willing to diſpenſe,
Firſt has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and ſide, t' a jelly;
That done, he riſes, humbly bows,
And give thanks for the princely blows;
Departs, not meanly proud, and boaſting
Of his magnificent rib-roaſting.
The beaten ſoldier proves moſt manful,
That, like his ſword, endures the anvil,
And juſtly's held more formidable,
The more his valour's malleable:
But he that fears a baſtinado,
Will run away from his own ſhadow:
And though I'm now in durance faſt,
By our own party baſely caſt,
Ranſom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
And worſe than by the en'my us'd;
In cloſe *cataſta* ſhut, paſt hope
Of wit or valour to elope;
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth ſtill grow more reverend;
And cannons ſhoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches;
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.
Quoth ſhe, You've almoſt made me' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great ſtates,
Do ſometimes ſink with their own weights:
Th' extremes of glory and of ſhame,
Like eaſt and weſt, become the ſame.
No Indian prince has to his palace
More foll'wers than a thief to the gallows,
But if a beating ſeem ſo brave.
What glories muſt a whipping have?
Such great achievements cannot fail
To caſt ſalt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your nat'ral talent
Of paſſive courage were ſo gallant,
As you ſtrain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and dote.
When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up's ears, and ſtrok'd his beard,
Thought he, this is the lucky hour,
Wines work when vines are in the flower:
This criſis then I'll ſet my reſt on,
And put her boldly to the queſt'on.
Madam, what you won'd ſeem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out;
How I've been drubb'd, and with what ſpirit
And magnanimity I bear it;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll ſtake myſelf down againſt you;
And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner, and take both.
Quoth ſhe, I've heard old cunning ſtagers
Say, fools for arguments uſe wagers;
And though I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit;
Which if you have, you muſt needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich
Beyond th' infliction of a witch;
So cheats to play with thoſe ſtill aim,
That do not underſtand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Thoſe only that ſee nothing by 't.
Have you not pow'r to entertain,
And render love for love again;
As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath?
Or do you love yourſelf ſo much,
To bear all rivals elſe a grutch?
What fate can lay a greater curſe
Than you upon yourſelf would force?
For wedlock without love, ſome ſay,
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it raviſhment,
But b'ing againſt the mind's conſent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may deſpiſe us?
But though you cannot love, you ſay,
Out of your own fanatic way,
Why ſhould you not at leaſt allow
Thoſe that love you to do ſo too?
For, as you fly me, and purſue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practiſe what you call a fault.
Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay is true,
You muſt fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In love and preaching, that muſt ſway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulſe to move,
My beard to grow, my years to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup.
Command me to piſs out the moon,
And 'twill as eaſily be done.
Love's pow'r's too great to be withſtood
By feeble human fleſh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hect'ring kill-cow Hercules;
Transform'd his leager-lion's ſkin
T' a petticoat, and made him ſpin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble diſtaff and a ſpindle.
'Twas he that made Emp'rors gallants
To their own ſiſters and their aunts;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
And fluxt the Houſe of many a burgeſs;
Made thoſe that repreſent the nation
Submit, and ſuffer amputation;
And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal
Adjourn to tubs at ſpring and fall.
He mounted Synod-men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom;
Made 'em curvet like Spaniſh Jenets,
And take the ring at Madam——*
'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to,
In cold and froſty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of ſnow;
And though ſhe were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accoſt and tempt her,
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.
Quoth ſhe, If love have theſe effects,
Why is it not forbid our ſex?
Why is 't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked?
And ſung, as out of tune, againſt,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find I've greater reaſon for it,
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.
Quoth Hudibras, Theſe ſad effects
Spring from your Heatheniſh neglects
Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourſelves with equal ſcorns,
And thoſe who worthy lovers ſlight,
Plagues with prepoſt'rous appetite:
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her ſweet;
And from her greatneſs ſtoop ſo low,
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to proſtitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkey's ſweethearts:
Some with the dev'l himſelf in league grow,
By's repreſentative a Negro.
'Twas this made Veſtal maid loveſick,
And venture to be bury'd quick:
Some by their fathers and their brothers
To be made miſtreſſes and mothers.
'Tis this that proudeſt dames enamours
On *Iacques*, and *valets des chambres*;
Their haughty ſtomachs overcomes,
And makes 'em ſtoop to dirty grooms;
To ſlight the world, and to diſparage
Claps, iſſue, infamy, and marriage.
Quoth ſhe, Theſe judgments are ſevere,
Yet ſuch as I ſhould rather bear
Than truſt men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and ſecreſy in love.
Says he, There is weighty reaſon
For ſecreſy in love, as treaſon.
Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the windore eyes does ſteal in,
To rob the heart, and with his prey
Steals out again a cloſer way,
Which whoſoever can diſcover,
He's ſure (as he deſerves) to ſuffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and ſparkles
In men, as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which ſooty chemiſts ſtop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals;

* Stennet, the perſon whoſe name was daſhed (ſays Sir Roger L'Eſtrange. (*Key to Hudibras.*) "Her huſband "was by profeſſion a broom man and lay-elder. She fol- "lowed the laudable employment of bawding, and ma- "naged ſeveral intrigues for thoſe Brothers and Siſters "whoſe purity conſiſted chiefly in the whiteneſs of their "linen."

So lovers ſhould their paſſions choke,
That though they burn, they may not ſmoke.
'Tis like that ſturdy thief that ſtole
And dragg'd beaſts backwards into's hole;
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impreſſion may diſcover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I ſhould reveal
What you intruſt me under ſeal,
I'll prove myſelf as cloſe and virtuous
As your own ſecretary' Albertus.
Quoth ſhe, I grant you may be cloſe
In hiding what your aims propoſe:
Love-paſſions are like parables,
By which men ſtill mean ſomething elſe:
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic ſenſe,
The real ſubſtance of the ſhadow,
Which all addreſs and courtſhip's made to.
Thought he, I underſtand your play,
And how to quit you your own way;
He that will win his dame, muſt do
As Love does, when he bends his bow;
With one hand thruſt the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat:
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampant and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and bloſſoms at fourſcore:
'Tis that by which the ſun and moon,
At their own weapons, are outdone:
That makes knights errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and ſacred call:
For what is worth in any thing,
But ſo much money as 'twill bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can ſolely call his own,
In which no creature goes his half,
Unleſs it be to ſquint and laugh?
I do confeſs, with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at ſecond-hand;
And ſuch you are: nor is't your perſon
My ſtomach's ſet ſo ſharp and fierce on;
But 'tis (your better part) your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
Let me your fortune but poſſeſs,
And ſettle your perſon how you pleaſe,
Or make it o'er in truſt to the devil,
You'll find me reaſonable and civil.
Quoth ſhe, I like this plainneſs better
Than falſe mock paſſion, ſpeech or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or ſowning,
But hanging of yourſelf or drowning;
Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck:
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like ninepins, they ſtrike others down;
So that wou'd break my heart; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.

These are but trifles; ev'ry lover
Will damn himſelf over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a leſs worthy miſtreſs' ſake:
Yet they're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns.
Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof;
It is not jeſting, trivial matter,
To ſwing i' th' air, or douce in water,
And like a water-witch try love;
That's to deſtroy, and not to prove:
As if a man ſhould be diſſected,
To find what part is diſaffected:
Your better way is to make over,
In truſt, your fortune to your lover:
Truſt is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not ſo deſp'rate as a neck:
Beſide, th' experiment's more certain;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The ſoldier does it ev'ry day
(Eight to the week) for ſixpence pay;
Your pettifoggers damn their ſouls,
To ſhare with knaves, in cheating fools;
And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain:
This is the way I adviſe you to;
Truſt me, and ſee what I will do.
Quoth ſhe, I ſhould be loath to run
Myſelf all th' hazard, and you none,
Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome deed
Of your's aforeſaid do precede:
Give but yourſelf one gentle ſwing,
For trial, and I'll cut the ſtring;
Or give that rev'rend head a maul,
Or two, or three, againſt a wall,
To ſhew you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage myſelf to ſettle.
Quoth he, My head's not made of braſs,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was,
Nor (like the Indian's ſcull) ſo tough,
That, authors ſay, 'twas muſket-proof;
As it had need to be, to enter,
As yet, on any new adventure:
You ſee what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd:
But if that's all you ſtand upon,
Here ſtrike me, Luck, it ſhall be done,
Quoth ſhe, The matter's not ſo far gone
As you ſuppoſe; two words t' a bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof;
And yet 'tis no fantaſtic pique
I have to love, nor coy diſlike;
'Tis no implicit, nice averſion
T' your converſation, mien, or perſon,
But a juſt fear, leſt you ſhould prove
Falſe and perfidious in love:
For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.
Quoth he, My faith as adamantin
As chains of Deſtiny, I'll maintain:

True as Apollo ever ſpoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak;
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in cloſe hugger-mugger pent,
And ſhine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pigſney,
The ſun and day ſhall ſooner part,
Than love or you ſhake off my heart;
The ſun, that ſhall no more diſpenſe
His own, but your bright influence.
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true-love-knots and flouriſhes
That ſhall infuſe eternal ſpring,
And everlaſting flouriſhing;
Drink ev'ry letter on't in ſtum,
And make it briſk Champaign become.
Where'er you tread, your foot ſhall ſet
The primroſe and the violet;
All ſpices, perfumes, and ſweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
Nature her charter ſhall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die.
Only our loves ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
New worlds and Nature's to outlive,
And like to heralds' moons remain,
All creſcents, without change or wane.
Hold, hold, quoth ſhe, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiſs;
For you will find it a hard chapter,
To catch me with poetic rapture,
In which your Maſtery of Art
Doth ſhew itſelf, and not your heart:
Nor will you raiſe in mine combuſtion,
By dint of high heroic fuſtion.
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a deſk to write upon,
And what men ſay of her they mean.
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian ſpices ſtrive
T' embalm her cruelly alive;
Or ſeaſon her as French cooks uſe
Their *haut-gouſts*, *boullies*, or *ragouſts*:
Uſe her ſo barbarouſly ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the *facet doublet* doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth:
Her mouth, compar'd t' an oyſter's with
A row of pearl in't, 'ſtead of teeth,
Others make poſies of her cheeks,
Where red and whiteſt colours mix;
In which the lily and the roſe,
For Indian lake and ceruſe goes.
The ſun and moon, by her bright eyes,
Eclips'd and darken'd in the ſkies,
Are but black patches that ſhe wears,
Cut into ſuns, and moons, and ſtars;
By which aſtrologers, as well
As thoſe in heav'n above, can tell
What ſtrange events they do foreſhew
Unto her under world below.
Her voice the muſic of the ſpheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wiſe philoſophers have thought,
And that's the cauſe we hear it not.
This has been done by ſome, who thoſe
Th' ador'd in rhyme would kill in proſe;
And in thoſe ribands would have hung,
Of which melodiouſly they ſung,
That have the hard fate to write beſt
Of thoſe ſtill that deſerve it leaſt;
It matters not how falſe or forc'd,
So the beſt things be ſaid o' th' worſt;
It goes for nothing when 'tis ſaid,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it he a ſwan or gooſe
They level at: ſo ſhepherds uſe
To ſet the ſame mark on the hip
Both of their ſound and rotten ſheep:
Fot wits that carry low or wide,
Muſt be aim'd higher, or beſide
The mark, which elſe they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you ſhould chooſe
This way t'attack me with your Muſe
As one cut out to paſs your tricks on,
With Fulhams of poetic fiction:
I rather hop'd I ſhould no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting ſcore;
For hard dry baſtings us'd to prove
The readieſt remedies of love,
Next a dry diet; but if thoſe fail,
Yet this uneaſy loop-hol'd jail,
In which ye're hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock;
Wedlock, that's worſe than any hole here,
If that may ſerve you for a cooler
T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That for a bruis'd or broken pate,
Has freed you from thoſe knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage;
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puiſſance;
Level at beauty and at wit;
The faireſt mark is eaſieſt hit.
Quoth Hudibras, I am before hand
In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your Conſtellation meet?
Quoth ſhe, What does a match imply
But likeneſs and equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yokefellow of your wit;
Nor take one of ſo mean deſerts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I cou'd believe,
I've not the conſcience to receive.
That conſcience, quoth Hudibras,
Is miſinform'd; I'll ſtate the caſe,
A man may be a legal doner
Of any thing whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he liſts,
I' th' judgment of all caſuiſts:

Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be alienated, and made away,
By thoſe that are proprietors,
As I may give or ſell my horſe.
Quoth ſhe, I grant the caſe is true,
And proper 'twixt your horſe and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or ſell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worſe than thieves receivers are.
How ſhall I anſwer Hue and Cry?
For a Roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All ſpurr'd and ſwitch'd, a lock on's hoof,
A ſorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were ſold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or, ſhould I take you for a ſtray,
You muſt be kept a year and day,
(E'er I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if ye're bought, you may be found;
And in the mean-time I muſt pay
For all your provender and hay.
Quoth he, It ſtands me much upon
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myſelf, by topic clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.
Loſs of virility's averr'd
To be the cauſe of loſs of beard,
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become:
This firſt a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who firſt of all cut men o' th' ſtone,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of ſow-geldering operation:
Look on his beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear ſuch, or geldings either?
Next it appears I am no horſe,
That I can argue and diſcourſe,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.
Quoth ſhe, that nothing will avail;
For ſome philoſophers of late here,
Write men have four legs by Nature,
And that 'tis cuſtom makes them go
Erroneouſly upon but two;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a boy that loſt himſelf in a wood,
And growing down t' a man, was wo
With wolves upon all fours to hunt.
As for your reaſons drawn from tails,
We cannot ſay they're true or falſe,
Till you explain yourſelf and ſhew
B' experiment 'tis ſo or no.
Quoth he, If you'll join iſſue on't,
I'll give you ſatisfact'ry account;
So you will promiſe, if you loſe,
To ſettle all, and be my ſpouſe.
That never ſhall be done (quoth ſhe)
To one that wants a tail, by me;
For tails by Nature ſure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;
And though the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beaſt they are ſo comely,
So genteel, alamode, and handſome,
I'll never marry man that wants one;
And till you can demonſtrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piecemeal by a horſe,
Ere I'll take you for better or worſe.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is aſp, and baſiliſk, and toad,
Which makes him have ſo ſtrong a breath,
Each night he ſtinks a queen to death;
Yet I ſhall rather lie in's arms
Than your's on any other terms.
Quoth he, What Nature can afford
I ſhall produce, upon my word;
And if ſhe ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean by poſtulate illation,
When you ſhall offer juſt occaſion;
But ſince ye've yet deny'd to give
My heart, your priſ'ner, a reprieve,
But made it ſink down to my heel,
Let that at leaſt your pity feel;
And for the ſuff'rings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter;
And by diſcharge, or mainprize, grant
Deliv'ry from this baſe reſtraint.
Quoth ſhe, I grieve to ſee your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg;
And if I knew which way to do't
(Your honour ſafe) I'd let you out.
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant knights have been ſet free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And ſometimes for it, too, laid in,
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oaths, and honour too;
For what are they renown'd and famous elſe,
But aiding of diſtreſſed damoſels?
But for a lady, no ways errant,
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or claſſic author yet of France;
And I'd be loath to have you break
An ancient cuſtom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique uſe,
To free your heels by any courſe
That might b'unwholeſome to your ſpurs:
Which if I ſhould conſent unto,
It is not in my pow'r to do;
For 'tis a ſervice muſt be done ye
With ſolemn previous ceremony;
Which always has been us'd t' untie
The charms of thoſe who here do lie:
For as the Ancients heretofore
To honour's temple had no door
But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
So from this dungeon there's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by paſſing
That other virtuous ſchool of laſhing,
Where knights are kept in narrow liſts,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wriſts;
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies ſuffer penance;

Whipping, that's Virtue's governeſs,
Tutreſs of arts and ſciences,
That mends the groſs miſtakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter,
That lays foundation for renown :
And all the honours of the gown :
This ſuffer'd, they are ſet at large,
And freed with hon'rable diſcharge ;
Then, in their robes, the penitentials
Are ſtraight preſented with credentials,
And in their way attended on
By magiſtrates of ev'ry town;
And all reſpect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient ſeats convey'd.
Now if you'll venture, for my ſake.
To try the toughneſs of your back,
And ſuffer (as the reſt have done)
The laying of a whipping on,
(And may you proſper in your ſuit,
As you with equal vigour do't)
I here engage myſelf to looſe ye,
And free your heels from caperdewſie.
But ſince our ſex's modeſty
Will not allow I ſhould be by,
Bring me on oath, a fair account,
And honour too, when you have don't;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go
By deſt'ny, why not whipping too ?
What med'cine elſe can cure the fits
Of lovers when they loſe their wits ?
Love is a boy, by poets ſtyl'd,
Then ſpare the rod, and ſpoil the child.
A Perſian emp'ror whipp'd his grannam,
The ſea, his mother Venus came on ;
And hence ſome rev'rend men approve
Of roſemary in making love.
As ſkilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,
Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
With comely movement, and by art,
Raiſe paſſion in a lady's heart ?
It is an eaſier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather ſuffer whippin,
Than ſwallow toaſt of bits of ribbin ?
Make wicked verſes, treats, and faces,
And ſpell names over, with beer-glaſſes ?
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's ſacrifice, and all a lie ?
With china-oranges and tarts,
And whining plays, lay baits for hearts ;
Bribe chambermaids with love and money,
To break no roguiſh jeſts upon ye ?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roſes,
With painted perfumes hazard noſes ?
Or, vent'ring to be briſk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lantern ?
All this you may compound for now,
By ſuff'ring what I offer you ;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone.
Did not the great La Mancha do ſo
For the Infanta Del Toboſo ?
Did not th' illuſtrious Baſſa make
Himſelf a ſlave for Miſſe's ſake,
And with hall's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove ?
Was not young Florio ſent (to cool
His flame for Biancaſiore) to ſchool,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her ſake ſuffer martyrdom ?
Did not a certain lady whip,
Of late, her huſband's own lordſhip ?
And though a grandee of the Houſe,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows ;
Ty'd him ſtark-naked to a bed-poſt,
And firk'd his hide, as if ſhe 'ad rid poſt ;
And after in the Seſſions court,
Where whipping's judg'd, and honour for't
This ſwear you will perform, and then
I'll ſet you from th' inchanted den,
And the Magician's circle, clear.
Quoth he, I do profeſs and ſwear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never ſee you mine.
Amen, (quoth ſhe) then turn'd about,
And bid her Squire let him out.
But e'er an artiſt could be found
T' undo the charms another bound,
The ſun grew low and left the ſkies,
Put down (ſome write) by ladies' eyes.
The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from ſight,
(Myſterious veil, of brightneſs made,
That's both her luſtre and her ſhade)
And in the lantern of the night,
With ſhining horns hung out her light ;
For darkneſs is the proper ſphere
Where all falſe glories uſe t' appear.
The twinkling ſtars began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd luſtre,
While ſleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
His whipping penance, till the morn,
Our vot'ry thought it beſt t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of ſuch importance in the dark,
With erring haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do't in th' open face of day ;
And in the mean time go in queſt
Of next retreat to take his reſt.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO II.

The Argument

The Knight and Squire, in hot diſpute,
Within an ace of falling out;
Are parted with a ſudden fright
Of ſtrange alarm, and ſtranger ſight;
With which adventuring to ſtickle,
They're ſent away in naſty pickle.

'Tis ſtrange how ſome men's tempers ſuit
(Like bawd and brandy) with diſpute,
That for their own opinions ſtand faſt
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt;
That keep their conſciences in caſes,
As fiddlers do their crowds and baſes;
Ne'er to be us'd, but when they're bent
To play a ſit for argument;
Make true and falſe, unjuſt and juſt,
Of no uſe but to be diſcuſt;
Diſpute, and ſet a paradox,
Like a ſtrait boot, upon the ſtocks,
And ſtretch'd it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.
So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,
With fierce diſpute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and ſtudy,
To prove that virtue is a body,
That *bonum* is an animal,
Made good with ſtout polemic brawl;
In which ſome hundreds on the place
Were ſlain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of noſe, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their ſect avers'd.

All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath,
Had like t' have ſuffer'd for their faith;
Each ſtriving to make good his own,
As by the ſequel ſhall be ſhewn.
The ſun had long ſince, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And like a lobſter boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt ſleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowſy eyes,
And from his couch prepar'd to riſe,
Reſolving to diſpatch the deed
He vow'd to do with truſty ſpeed:
But firſt, with knocking loud, and bawling,
He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling:
And after many circumſtances
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do uſe to ſpend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent deſcription,
They got (with much ado) to horſe,
And to the caſtle bent their courſe,
In which he to the dame before
To ſuffer whipping-duty ſwore:

Where now arriv'd, and half unharneſt,
To carry on the work in earneſt,
He ſtopp'd, and paus'd upon the ſudden,
And with a ſerious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new ſcruple in his head,
Which firſt he ſcratch'd, and after ſaid;
Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I ſhould wave this ſwinging,
And what I've ſworn to bear forbear,
And ſo b' equivocation ſwear;
Or whether 't be a leſſer ſin
To be foreſworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and ſubtle points, which muſt,
To inform Conſcience, be diſcuſt;
In which to err a title may
To errors infinite make way:
And therefore I deſire to know
Thy judgment e'er we further go.
Quoth Ralpho, ſince you do enjoin 't,
I ſhall enlarge upon the point;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmative may be made out.
But firſt, to ſtate the caſe aright,
For beſt advantage of our light;
And thus 'tis; Whether 't be a ſin
To claw and curry your own ſkin,
Greater or leſs, than to forbear,
And that you are forſworn forſwear.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The inward man,
And outward, like clan and clan,
Have always been at daggers drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing;
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a ſpiritual miſtic ſenſe;
Which to miſtake, and make 'em ſquabble
In literal fray, 's abominable:
'Tis Heatheniſh, in frequent uſe
With Pagans and apoſtate Jews,
To offer ſacrifice of bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their idols;
And mongrel Chriſtians of our times,
That expiate leſs with greater crimes,
And call the foul abomination
Contrition and mortification.
Is 't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked,
With ſinful members of the Wicked;
Our veſſels, that are ſanctify'd,
Profan'd and curry'd back and ſide;
But we muſt claw ourſelves with ſhameful
And Heathen ſtripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious becauſe they did it:
This therefore, may be juſtly reckon'd
A heinous ſin. Now to the ſecond;
That Saints may claim a diſpenſation
To ſwear and forſwear on occaſion,
I doubt not but it will appear
With pregnant light: the point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind;
Too feeble implements to bind;
And hold with deeds proportion, ſo
As ſhadows to a ſubſtance do.
Then when they ſtrive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker veſſel ſhould ſubmit.
Although your Church be oppoſite
To ours, as black friars are to white,
In rule and order, yet I grant
You are a Reformado Saint;
And what the Saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to:
But Saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege;
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some ſelf-advantage of their own:
For if the Devil, to ſerve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the Saints ſhould ſcorn
When it ſerves theirs, to ſwear and lie,
I think there's little reaſon why:
Elſe he 'as a greater power than they,
Which 't were impiety to ſay.
We're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to ſwear;
But to ſwear idly and in vain,
Without ſelf-intereſt or gain:
For breaking of an oath and lying
Is but a kind of ſelf-denying,
A ſaint-like virtue; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence *:
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themſelves, and broke their word:
And this the conſtant rule and practice
Of all our late apoſtles' acts is.
Was not the cauſe at firſt begun
With perjury, and carry'd on?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our oaths in firſt,
Before our plate, to have them burſt,
And caſt in fitter models, for
The preſent uſe of Church and War?
Did not our worthies of the houſe,
Before they broke the peace, break vows?
For having freed us, firſt from both
Th' alleg'ance and ſuprem'cy oath,
Did they not next compel the nation,
To take, and break the proteſtation;
To ſwear, and after to recant,
The Solemn League and Covenant?
To take th' engagement, and diſclaim it,
Enforc'd by thoſe who firſt did frame it?
Did they not ſwear, at firſt, to fight
For the king's ſafety, and his right?
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horſe and foot;
But yet ſtill had the confidence
To ſwear it was in his defence?
Did they not ſwear to live and die
With Eſſex, and ſtraight laid him by?

* When it was firſt moved in the Houſe of Commons to proceed capitally againſt the King, Cromwell ſtood up and told them, "That if any man moved this with deſign, he ſhould think him the greateſt traitor in the "world; but ſince Providence and neceſſity had caſt them "upon it, he ſhould pray to God to bleſs their counſels." And when he kept the King cloſe priſoner in Cariſbrook Caſtle, cntrary to vows and proteſtations, he affirmed, "The Spirit would not let him keep his word." And when, contrary to the public faith, they murdered him, they pretended they could not reſiſt the motions of the Spirit.

If that were all, for ſome have ſwore
As falſe as they if they did no more.
Did they not ſwear to maintain Law,
In which that ſwearing made a flaw?
For Proteſtant religion vow,
That did that vowing diſallow?
For Privilege of Parl'ament,
In which that ſwearing made a rent?
And ſince, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not ſwear in expreſs words,
To prop and back the Houſe of Lords?
And after turn'd out the whole houſeful
Of Peers, as dang'rous and unuſeful.
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' Houſe;
Vow'd that the Redcoats would diſband,
Ay, marry would they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and ſwore, and ſwore,
'Till th' army turn'd them out of door.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and ſwearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To ſerve for an expedient.
What was the public faith found out for,
But to flur men of what they fought for?
The public faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' obſerve, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should private faith have ſuch a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the good and juſt in awe,
But to confine the bad and ſinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.
A Saint's of th' heav'nly realm a Peer;
And as no Peer is bound to ſwear,
But on the goſpel of his honour,
Of which he may diſpoſe, as owner,
It follows, though the thing be forg'ry,
And falſe, t' affirm it is no perj'ry,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing but a form of ſpeech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere ſaluting of the book.
Suppoſe the Scriptures are of force,
They're but commiſſions of courſe;
And ſaints have freedom to digreſs,
And vary from 'em, as they pleaſe;
Or miſinterpret them by private
Inſtructions to all aims they drive at.
Then why ſhould we ourſelves abridge,
And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
Their light within 'em) will not ſwear;
Their goſpel is an accidence,
By which they conſtrue conſcience,
And hold no ſin ſo deeply red,
As that of breaking Priſcian's head,
(The head and founder of their order,
That ſtirring hats held worſe than murder)
Theſe thinking they're oblig'd to troth
In ſwearing, will not take an oath;
Like mules, who, if they've not their will
To keep their own pace, ſtand ſtockſtill:
But they are weak, and little know
What freeborn conſciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil;
For Saints may do the ſame things by
The Spirit, in ſincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's inſtance do,
And yet the actions be contrary,
Juſt as the Saints and Wicked vary.
For as on land there is no beaſt
But in ſome fiſh at ſea's expreſt;
So in the wicked there's no vice
Of which the Saints have not a ſpice;
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a ſin.
Is 't not ridiculous and nonſenſe,
A Saint ſhould be a ſlave to Conſcience,
That ought to be above ſuch fancies,
As far as above ordinances?
She's of the wicked, as I gueſs,
B' her looks, her language, and her dreſs:
And though, like conſtables, we ſearch
For falſe wares one another's church;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the wicked due.
The truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal ſwine.
Quoth Hudibras, All this is true;
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Thoſe myſteries and revelations;
And therefore topical evaſions
Of ſubtle turns and ſhifts of ſenſe,
Serve beſt with th' wicked for pretence,
Such as the learned Jeſuits uſe,
And Preſbyterians, for excuſe
Againſt the Proteſtants, when th' happen
To find their churches taken napping:
As thus: A breach of oath is duple,
And either way admits a ſcruple,
And may be *ex parte* of the maker,
More criminal than the injur'd taker;
For he that ſtrains too for a vow,
Will break it, like an o'erbent bow:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it,
A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
As found t' all purpoſes of troth,
As broken laws are ne'er the worſe,
Nay, till they're broken, have no force.
What's juſtice to a man, or laws,
That never comes within their claws?
They have no pow'r, but to admoniſh;
Cannot control, coerce, or puniſh,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Thoſe only that do make 'em ſuch.
Beſide, no engagement is allow'd
By men in priſon made for good;
For when they're ſet at liberty,
They're from th' engagement too ſet free.
The Rabbins write, When any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow,
Which afterwards he found untoward,
And ſtubborn to be kept, or too hard,

Any three other Jews o' th' nation
Might free him from the obligation:
And have not two Saints pow'r to uſe
A greater privilege than three Jews?
The court of Conſcience, which in man
Should be ſupreme and ſoveran,
Is't fit ſhould be ſubordinate
To ev'ry petty court i' th' State,
And have leſs power than the leſſer,
To deal with perjury at pleaſure?
Have its proceedings diſallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of pie-powder?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For ſwearing *ex officio?*
But forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unſtring'd at *vif. franc.* pledge?
Diſcover thieves, and bawds, recuſants,
Prieſts, witches, aveſdroppers, and nuiſance;
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;
And have no power at all, nor ſhift,
To help itſelf at a dead lift?
Why ſhould not conſcience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return;
And make as nice diſtinction ſerve
To ſplit a caſe, as thoſe that carve,
Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
Why ſhould not tricks as ſlight do points?
Is not the high court of juſtice ſworn
To judge that law that ſerves their turn?
Make their own jealouſies high treaſon,
And fix 'em whomſoe'er they pleaſe on?
Cannot the learned counſel there
Make laws in any ſhape appear?
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to deſtroy,
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purpoſe to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confeſs,
Impeach of treaſon whom they pleaſe,
And moſt perfidiouſly condemn
Thoſe that engage their lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own ſenſe,
But what they ought by oath and conſcience.
Can they not juggle, and with ſlight
Conveyance play with wrong and right;
And ſell their blaſts of wind as dear,
As Lapland witches bottled air?
Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge,
The ſame caſe ſev'ral ways adjudge?
As ſeamen with the ſelf-ſame gale,
Will ſev'ral diff'rent courſes ſail;
As when the ſea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Thoſe banks, and dams, that, like a ſcreen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in;
So when tyrannical uſurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land, that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man ſwear
What makes beſt for him in his anſwer?
Is not the winding up witneſſes,
And nicking, more than half the buſ'neſs?
For witneſſes, like watches, go
Juſt as they're ſet, too faſt or ſlow,
And where in conſcience they're ſtrait lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that ſide is caſt.
Do not your juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cauſe, not heard it?
And as they pleaſe make matter o' fact
Run all on one ſide, as they're packt?
Nature has made man's breaſt no windores,
To publiſh what he does within doors;
Nor what dark ſecrets there inhabit,
Unleſs his own raſh folly blab it.
If oaths can do a man no good
In his own buſ'neſs, why they ſhou'd,
In other matters do him hurt,
I think there's little reaſon for 't.
He that impoſes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be ſaid
To break an oath he never made?
Theſe reaſons may perhaps look oddly
To th' wicked, though they evince the godly
But if they will not ſerve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glaſſy bubble,
That finds philoſophers ſuch trouble,
Whoſe leaſt part crackt, the whole does fly,
And wits are crackt to find out why.
Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word
To ſwear by only in a lord:
In other men 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, inſtead of proof,
That, like a wen, looks big and ſwells,
Inſenſeleſs, and juſt nothing elſe.
Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the world's opinion ſtill.
But as men are not wiſe that run
The ſlighteſt hazard they may ſhun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do 't,
By proxy whipt, or ſubſtitute.
Though nice and dark the point appear,
(Quoth Ralpho) it may hold up and clear.
That ſinners may ſupply the place
Of ſuff'ring ſaints, is a plain caſe.
Juſtice gives ſentence many times
On one man for another's crimes,
Our brethren of New England uſe
Choice malefactors to excuſe,
And hang the guiltleſs in their ſtead,
Of whom the churches have leſs need;
As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a cobler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut uſe,
And mend men's lives, as well as ſhoes.
This precious brother having ſlain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
(Becauſe he was an Infidel)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,

Complaining forely of the breach
Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,
Againſt the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the ſaints to render
Into his hands, or hang th' offender;
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that ſerv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and coble)
Reſolv'd to ſpare him; yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too.
Impartial juſtice, in his ſtead did
Hang an old weaver that was bedrid:
Then wherefore may not you be ſkipp'd,
And in your room another whipt?
For all philoſophers, but the Sceptic,
Hold whipping may be ſympathetic.
It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou haſt reſolv'd and clear'd the caſe;
And canſt, in conſcience, not refuſe,
From thy own doctrine to raiſe uſe:
I know thou wilt not (for my ſake)
Be tender conſcienc'd of thy back:
Then ſtrip thee of thy carnal jarkin,
And give thy outward fellow a ferking;
For when thy veſſel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of ſinning will be ſtopp'd.
Quoth Ralpho, you miſtake the matter,
For in all ſcruples of this nature,
No man includes himſelf, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own ſelf catches
The itch, or amorous French aches;
So no man does himſelf convince,
By his own doctrine, of his ſins:
And though all cry down ſelf, none means
His own ſelf in a literal ſenſe:
Beſides, it is not only ſoppiſh,
But vile, idolatrous, and Popiſh
For one man out of his own ſkin
To friſk and whip another's ſin;
As pedants out of ſchoolboys' breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches,
But in this caſe it is profane,
And ſinful too, becauſe in vain;
For we muſt take our oaths upon it,
You did the deed, when I have done it.
Quoth Hudibras, That's anſwer'd ſoon;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.
Quoth Ralpho, That we may ſwear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you;
For when with your conſent 'tis done,
The act is really your own.
Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain
(I ſee) to argue 'gainſt the grain.
Or like the ſtars, incline men to
What they're averſe themſelves to do:
For when diſputes are weary'd out,
'Tis intereſt ſtill reſolves the doubt:
But ſince no reaſon can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your duty;
For ſo it is, howe'er you mince it,
As, e'er we part, I ſhall evince it;
And curry (if you ſtand out) whether
You will or no, your ſtubborn leather.
Canſt thou refuſe to bear thy part
I' th' public work, baſe as thou art?
To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight an op'lent ſpouſe,
Whoſe wealth his bowels yearn to purchaſe,
Merely for th' intereſt of the churches?
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the cauſe:
Nor ſhalt thou find him a curmudgin,
If thou diſpatch it without grudging:
If not, reſolve, before we go,
That you and I muſt pull a crow.
Ye 'ad beſt (quoth Ralpho) as the ancients
Say wiſely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you e'er you leap;
For as you ſow, you're like to reap:
And were you as good as George-a-Green,
I ſhould make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the iſſue
In a juſt quarrel, and mine is ſo.
Is 't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the ſaints, like Biſhop Bonner?
A Knight t' uſurp the beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raiſe brave trophies?
But I adviſe you (not for fear,
But for your own ſake) to forbear.
And for the churches, which may chance,
From hence, to ſpring a variance,
And raiſe among themſelves new ſcruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politics
We ſtill have worſted all your holy tricks;
Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
And took your grandees down a peg;
New-modell'd th' army, and caſhier'd
All that to Legion Smec adher'd;
Made a mere utenſil o' your church,
And after left it in the lurch;
A ſcaffold to build up our own,
And when we 'ad done with 't, pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,
And ſnapp'd their Canons with a Why-not:
(Grave ſynod-men, that were rever'd
For ſolid face, and depth of beard)
Their claſſic model prov'd a maggot,
Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;
And drown'd their diſcipline like a kitten,
On which they 'ad been ſo long a ſitting;
Decry'd it as a holy cheat,
Grown out of date and obſolete,
And all the ſaints of the firſt graſs,
As caſtling foals of Balaam's aſs.
At this the Knight grew high in chaſe,
And, ſtaring furiouſly on Ralph,
He trembled, and look'd pale with ire,
Like aſhes firſt, then red as fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in ſight,
And for ſo many moons lain by 't,
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?
Not but they thought me worth a ranſom,
Much more conſid'rable and handſome,

But for their own ſakes, and for fear
They were not ſafe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a ſcoundrel,
An upſtart ſect'ry, and a mongrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own church, like wens or tumours,
And, like a maggot in a ſore,
Wou'd that which gave it life devour;
It never ſhall be done or ſaid:
With that he ſeiz'd upon his blade
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his baſket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readineſs prepar'd,
To draw, and ſtand upon his guard;
When both were parted on the ſudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all ſorts of noiſe had been
Contracted into one loud din:
Or that ſome member to be choſen,
Had got the odds above a thouſand;
And, by the greatneſs of his noiſe,
Prov'd fitteſt for his country's choice.
This ſtrange ſurpriſal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright;
And though they ſtood prepar'd, with fatal
Impetuous rancour, to join battle,
Both thought it was the wiſeſt courſe
To wave the fight, and mount to horſe,
And to ſecure, by ſwift retreating,
Themſelves from danger of worſe beating;
Yet neither of them would diſparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,
Which made 'em ſtoutly keep their ground,
With horror and diſdain windbound.
And now the cauſe of all their fear,
By ſlow degrees approach'd ſo near,
They might diſtinguiſh diff'rent noiſe
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettledrums, whoſe ſullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
But when the ſight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique ſhew;
A triumph that, for pomp and ſtate,
Did proudeſt Romans emulate:
For as the Aldermen of Rome
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
(As ſome, miſtaken, write, in ſtory)
Being mounted in their beſt array,
Upon a car, and who but they?
And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
Crying, Hey for our town, through the Borough;
So when this triumph drew ſo nigh,
They might particulars deſcry,
They never ſaw two things ſo pat,
In all reſpects, as this and that,
Firſt, he that led the cavalcate
Wore a ſow-gelder's flagellate,
On which he blew as ſtrong a levet,
As well-feed lawyer on his brev'ate,
When over one another's heads
They charge (three ranks at once) like Swedes.
Next pans and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double baſe;
And after them upon a nag,
That might paſs for a forehand ſtag,
A Cornet rode, and on his ſtaff
A ſmoke diſplay'd did proudly wave;
Then bagpipes of the loudeſt drones,
With ſnuffling, broken-winded tones,
Whoſe blaſts of air, in pockets ſhut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And makes a viler noiſe than ſwine,
In windy weather, when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
Shall here be nameleſs, mixt with grains
Which he diſpens'd among the ſwains,
And buſily upon the crowd
At random round about beſtow'd.
Then, mounted on a horned horſe,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt ſpurs,
Ty'd to the pummel of a long ſword
He held reverſt, the point turn'd downward;
Next after, on a raw-bon'd ſteed,
The conqu'ror's Standardbearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat diſplay'd, and rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Beſtrid her beaſt, and on the rump on't.
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warrior whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a ſpindle and a diſtaff,
Which as he rode ſhe made him twiſt off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her ſhoulder
Chaſtis'd the reformado ſoldier,
Before the Dame, and round about,
March'd whifflers, and ſtaffiers on foot,
With lacquies, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom ſome torches bore, ſome links,
Before the croud virago minx,
That was both Madam and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clam'rous ſhout.
The Knight tranſported, and the Squire,
Put up their weapons, and their ire;
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On ſuch fights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His an'madverſions, for his heart.
Quoth he, in all my life, till now,
I ne'er ſaw ſo profane a ſhew;
It is a Paganiſh invention,
Which Heathen writers often mention;
And he who made it had read Goodwin,
Or Roſs, or Cælius Rhodogine,
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That beſt deſcribe thoſe ancient ſhews;
And has obſerv'd all fit decorums
We find deſcrib'd by old hiſtorians:
For as the Roman conqueror,
That put an end to foreign war,
Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
Bore a ſlave with him in his chariot;

So this insulting female brave
Carries, behind her here, a slave:
And as the Ancients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,
So her proud Standardbearer here,
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
Next links and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the emperor:
And as in antique triumph eggs
Were born for mystical intrigues;
There's one in truncheon, like a laddle,
That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;
And still at random, as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout bestows.
Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter;
For all th' antiquity you smatter
Is but a riding us'd of course,
When The grey mare's the better horse;
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vast dominion,
And in the cause impatient Grizel
Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
And brought him under Covert-baron,
To turn her vassal with a murrain;
When wives their sexes shift, like hares,
And ride their husbands, like night-mares,
And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,
Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels:
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence,
Impertinently, and against sense:
'Tis not the least disparagement
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force;
That does not make a man the worse,
Although his shoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune.
A tailor's prentice has no hard
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard;
But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day;
Or to surrender e'er th' assault,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault;
And renders men of honour less
Than all the adversity of success;
And only unto such this shew
Of horns and petticoats is due.
There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd Ovation:
For as Ovation was allow'd
For conquest purchas'd without blood;
So men decree those lesser shews
For victory gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give battle with, and overcome;
These mounted in a chair-curule,
Which Moderns call a Cucking-stool,
March proudly to the river's side,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
Like dukes of Venice, who are fed
The Adriatic sea to wed;
And have a gentler wife than those
For whom the state decrees those shews.
But both are Heathenish, and come
From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome,
And by the Saints should be withstood,
As antichristian and lewd;
And we, as such, should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.
This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dogtrot through the bawling crowd
T' attack the leader, and still prest
Till they approach'd him breast to breast;
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) this devil's procession
With men of orthodox profession?
'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,
From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Bab'lon ride
Upon her horned Beast astride,
Like this proud Dame, who either is
A type of her, or she of this?
Are things of superstitious function,
Fit to be us'd in Gospel sunshine?
It is an antichristian opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of Popery;
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To scandalize that sex, for scolding,
To whom the Saints are so beholden.
Women, who were our first apostles,
Without whose aid we 'ad all been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd
In which the cause might be concern'd;
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols;
Their husband's cullies, and sweethearts,
To take the Saints' and Churches' parts;
Drew sev'ral Gifted Brethren in,
That for the Bishops wou'd have been,
And fix'd 'em constant to the party,
With motives powerful and hearty:
Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their Gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver;
Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent
With holding forth for Parl'ament;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow puddings many a meal:
Enabled them, with store of meat,
On controverted points, to cat;
And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ake,
With caudle, custard, and plumcake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the Cause at London?
March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
T' intrench the City for defence in:
Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
To put th' Enemy to stands;
From ladies down to oysterwenches
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,

Fall'n to their pickaxes, and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles.
Have not the handmaids of the City
Chose of their Members a Committee,
For raising of a common purse,
Out of their wages, to raise horse?
And do they not as Triers sit,
To judge what officers are fit?
Have they—At that an egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmear'd,
With orange-tawny slime, his beard;
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appear'd in view.
Then he that on the panniers rode,
Let fly on the other side a load,
And quickly charg'd again gave fully,
In Ralpho's face, another volley.
The Knight was startled with the smell,
And for his sword began to feel;
And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link,
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horses touch-hole;
And straight another, with his flambeau,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray;
And though disorder'd in retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his seat:
For quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes,
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
With spurring put their cattle to 't,
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After they'd paus'd awhile, supplying
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs, for action or discourse;

Quoth he, that man is sure to lose,
That fouls his hands with dirty foes:
For where no honour's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd:
'Twas ill for us we had to do
With so dishon'rable a foe:
For though the law of arms doth bar
The use of venom'd shot in war,
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisom,
Their case-shot savour strong of poison,
And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
Of some that had a stinking breath;
Else when we put it to the push,
They had not giv'n us such a brush:
But as those poltroons that fling durt
Do but defile but cannot hurt;
So all the honour they have won,
Or we have lost, is much at one.
'Twas well we made so resolute
A brave retreat without pursuit;
For if we had not, we had sped
Much worse to be in triumph led;
Than which the ancients held no state
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
It may, being destin'd to assert
Her sex's honour, reach her heart:
And as such homely treats, (they say)
Portend good fortune, so this may.
Vespasian being daub'd with durt,
Was destin'd to the empire for't;
And from a scavinger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul address
Presage in love the same success?
Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest ponds;
And after (as we first design'd)
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO III.

The Argument.

The Knight, with various doubts poſſeſt,
To win the Lady goes in queſt
Of Sydrophel the Roſycrucian,
To know the Deſt'nies' reſolution;
With whom, b'ing met, they both chop logic
About the ſcience aſtrologic;
Till falling from diſpute to fight,
The Conj'rer's worſted by the Knight.

Doubtless the pleaſure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers on feel moſt delight,
That leaſt perceive a juggler's ſlight,
And ſtill leſs they underſtand,
The more th' admire his ſlight of hand.
Some with a noiſe, a greaſy light,
Are ſnapt, as men catch larks by night,
Enſnar'd and hamper'd by the ſoul,
As nooſes by the legs catch fowl.
Some with a med'cine and receipt
Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out.
Others believe no voice t' an organ
So ſweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
Until with ſubtle cobweb-cheats
They're catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir, the more the're tangled;
And while their purſes can diſpute,
There's no end of th' immortal ſuit.
Others ſtill grape t' anticipate
The cabinet-deſigns of Fate,
Apply to wizards, to foreſee
What ſhall, and what ſhall never be;
And as thoſe vultures do forebode,
Believe events prove bad or good;
A flam more ſenſeleſs than the roguery
Of old auruſpicy and aug'ry,
That out of garbages of cattle
Preſag'd th' events of truce or battle;
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
Succeſs of great'ſt attempts wou'd reckon:
Though cheats, yet more intelligible,
Than thoſe that with the ſtars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll ſhew:
For he with beard and face made clean,
Being mounted on his ſteed again,
(And Ralpho got a cock-horſe too,
Upon his beaſt, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the Widow's houſe,
T' acquit himſelf, and pay his vows;
When various thoughts began to buſtle,
And with his inward man to juſtle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If ſhe ſhould find he ſwore untrue;

Or if his Squire or he ſhould fail,
And not be punctual in their tale,
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith, and love:
But if he ſhould forbear to go,
She might conclude he'd broke his vow;
And that he durſt not now, for ſhame,
Appear in court to try his claim,
This was the penn'worth of his thought,
To paſs time, and uneaſy trot.
Quoth he, In all my paſt adventures
I ne'er was ſet ſo on the tenters,
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me,
And with inextricable doubt,
Beſets my puzzled wits about:
For though the Dame has been my bail,
To free me from enchanted jail,
Yet as a dog, committed cloſe
For ſome offence, by chance breaks looſe;
And quits his clog; but all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him his chain:
So though my ankle ſhe has quitted,
My heart continues ſtill committed;
And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
Although at large, I am bound over:
And when I ſhall appear in court
To plead my cauſe, and anſwer for't,
Unleſs the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love?
For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumſtance miſcarry;
Or if ſhe put me to ſtrict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,
To ſhew, by evident record,
Writ on my ſkin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd into her favour?
But faith, and love, and honour loſt,
Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Poſt?
Beſide that ſtripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by argument,
And juſtify I have a tail,
And that way, too, my proof may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
And ſolve the problems of my fate;
Or find, by necromantic art,
How far the Deſt'nies take my part;
For if I were not more than certain
To win and wear her and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtſhip,
To hazard ſoul, eſtate, and Worſhip:
For though an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou haſt prov'd) yet 'tis profane,
And ſinful, when men ſwear in vain.
Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel *,
That deals in Deſtiny's dark counſels,
And ſage opinion of the Moon ſells,
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair;
When braſs and pewter hap to ſtray,
And linen ſlinks out o' the way;
When geeſe and pullen are ſeduc'd,
And ſows of ſucking pigs are chows'd;
When cattle feel indiſpoſition,
And need th' opinion of phyſician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or ſheep,
And chickens languiſh of the pip;
When yeſt and outward means do fail,
And have no pow'r to work on ale;
When butter does refuſe to come,
And love proves croſs and humourſome;
To him with queſtions, and with urine,
They for diſcov'ry flock, for curing.
Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel
I've heard of, and ſhould like it well,
If thou canſt prove the Saints have freedom
To go to forc'rers when they need 'em,
Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that;
Thoſe principles I quoted late,
Prove that the Godly may allege
For any thing their privilege,
And to the dev'l himſelf may go,
If they have motives thereunto:
For as there is a war between
The dev'l and them, it is no ſin,
If they by ſubtle ſtratagem
Make uſe of him, as he does them.
Has not this preſent Parl'ament
A leger to the dev'l ſent,
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threeſcore of 'em in one ſhire;
Some only for not being drown'd,
And ſome for ſitting above ground,
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
And ſome for putting knaviſh tricks
Upon green geeſe and turkey-chicks,
Or pigs that ſuddenly deceaſt
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he gueſt;
Who after prov'd himſelf a witch,
And made a rode for his own breech.
Did not the dev'l appear to Martin
Luther in Germany, for certain?
And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,
But Mart. was too, too politic.
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
At Antwerp, their cathedral church?
Sing catches to the Saints at Maſcon,
And tell them all they came to aſk him?
Appear in divers ſhapes to Kelly,
And ſpeak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?
Meet with the parl'ment's Committee,
At Woodſtock, on a pers'nal treaty?
At Sarum take a Cavalier
I' th' Cauſe's ſervice, priſoner?
As Withers † in immortal rhyme
Has regiſter'd to aftertime.

* William Lilly, the famous aſtrologer of thoſe times, who in his yearly almanacks foretold victories for the Parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did in their ſermons.

† This Withers was a Puritanical officer in the Parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry, as appears from his Poems enumerated by A. Wood.

Do not our great Reformers uſe
This Sidrophel to forebode news;
To write of victories next year,
And caſtles taken yet i' th' air?
Of battles fought at ſea, and ſhips
Sunk two years hence, the laſt eclipſe?
A total o'erthrow giv'n the King
In Cornwall, horſe and foot, next ſpring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whats'e'er the Cloſe Committee would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the Cauſe,
The Moon for fundametal laws?
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare
Againſt the Book of Common-Prayer?
The Scorpion take the Proteſtation,
And Bear engage for Reformation?
Made all the Royal ſtars recant,
Compound, and take the Covenant?
Quoth Hudibras, The caſe is clear
The Saints may 'mploy a Conjurer,
As thou haſt prov'd it by their practice;
No argument like matter of fact is:
And we are beſt of all led to
Men's principles, by what they do.
Then let us ſtraight advance in queſt
Of this profound gymnoſophiſt,
And as the Fates and he adviſe,
Purſue, or wave this enterpriſe.
This ſaid, he turn'd about his ſteed,
And eftſoons on th' adventure rid;
Where leave we him and Ralph awhile,
And to the conj'rer turn our ſtyle,
To let our reader underſtand
What's uſeful of him beforehand.
He had been long t'wards mathematics,
Optics, philoſopy, and ſtatics,
Magic, horoſcopy, aſtrology,
And was old dog at phyſiology;
But as a dog that turns the ſpit
Beſtirs himſelf, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again,
And ſtill he's in the ſelf-ſame place
Where at his ſetting out he was;
So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his nat'ral parts,
Till falling back ſtill, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as thoſe fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but ſmatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His underſtanding ſtill was clear:
Yet none a deeper knowledge boaſted,
Since old Hodge Bacon *, and Bob Groſted †.
Th' intelligible world he knew,
And all men dream on't to be true,
That in this world's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the ſelf-ſame faſhion;
So cut, ſo colour'd, and ſo curl'd,
As thoſe are in th' inferior world.
He'd read Dee's § prefaces before,
The Devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Laſcus ¶ and th' Emperor, would tell ye:
But with the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanack well-willer;
Her ſecrets underſtood ſo clear,
That ſome believ'd he had been there;
Knew when ſhe was in fitteſt mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood:
When for anointing ſcabs or itches,
Or to the bum applying leeches;
When ſows and bitches may be ſpay'd,
And in what ſign beſt cyder's made;
Whether the wane be, or increaſe,
Beſt to ſet garlic, or ſow peaſe;
Who firſt found out the man o' th' moon,
That to th' Ancients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary ſpheres;
Their airy empire, and command,
Their ſev'ral ſtrengths by ſea and land;
What factions they've, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private:
With what deſigns and intereſts
Each party manages conteſts.
He made an inſtrument to know
If the moon ſhine at full or no;
That would, as ſoon as e'er ſhe ſhone, ſtraight,
Whether 'twere day or night demonſtrate;
Tell what her d'ameter to an inch is,
And prove that ſhe's not made of green cheeſe.
It wou'd demonſtrate, that the man in
The moon's a ſea Mediterranean;
And that it is no dog or bitch
That ſtands behind him at his breech,
But a huge Caſpian ſea or lake,
With arms, which men for legs miſtake;
How large a gulf his tail compoſes,
And what a goodly bay his noſe is;
How many German leagues by th' ſcale
Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpoſe to be taken,
Without th' expence of cheeſe or bacon,
With luſtrings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on diſh of meat;
Quote moles and ſpots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face;
Detect loſt maidenheads by ſneezing,
Or breaking wind of dames, or piſſing;

* Roger Bacon, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, lived in the reign of our Edward I.; and for ſome little skill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the fourth story of the Brazen Head fathered upon him by the ignorant Monks of thoſe days.

† Biſhop Groſted was Biſhop of Lincoln, 20th Henry III. *A. D.* 1235.

§ Dee was a Welchman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced Doctor, and afterwards traveled into foreign parts.

¶ Albertus Laſcus, Laſky, or Alaſco Prince Palatine of Poland, concerned with Dee and Kelly.

Cure warts and corns, with application
Of med'cines to th' imagination:
Fright agues into dogs, and ſcare,
With rhymes, the toothach and catarrh;
Chaſe evil ſp'rits away by dint
Of ſickle, horſeſhoe, hollow flint;
Spit fire out of a walnut-ſhell,
Which made the Roman ſlaves rebel;
And fire a mine in China here,
With ſympathetic gunpowder.
He knew whats'ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.
What med'cine 'twas that Paracelſus
Could make a man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd ſlates are beſt to make,
On wat'ry ſurface, duck or drake;
What bowling-ſtones, in running race
Upon a board, have ſwifteſt pace;
Whether a pulſe beat in the black
Liſt of a dappled louſe's back;
If ſyſtole or diaſtole move
Quickeſt when he's in wrath, or love;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;
How many ſcores a flea will jump,
Of his own length from head to rump,
Which Socrates and Chærephon
In vain aſſay'd ſo long agone;
Whether his ſnout a perfect noſe is,
And not an elephant's proboſcis;
How many different ſpecies
Of maggots breed in rotten cheeſe;
And which are next of kin to thoſe
Engender'd in a chandler's noſe;
Or thoſe not ſeen, but underſtood,
That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had, half-ſtarv'd,
That him in place of zany ſerv'd,
Hight Whachum *, bred to daſh and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholeſome law;
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps;
To ſquander paper, and ſpare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, ſome think.
From this, by merited degrees,
He'd to more high advancement riſe,
To be an under-conjurer,
Or journeyman aſtrologer:
His bus'neſs was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle;
To make them to themſelves give anſwers
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry 'ntelligence
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence
And all diſcoveries diſperſe
Among the whole pack of conjurers;
What cut-purſes have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem,
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themſelves and th' art repute,
Draw figures, ſchemes, and horoſcopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' ſhops,
Of thieves aſcendant in the cart,
And find out all by rules of art;
Which way a ſerving man, that's run
With clothes or money away, is gone;
Who pick'd a fob at Holding-forth,
And where a watch, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or ſtolen plate
Reſtor'd at conſcionable rate.
Beſide all this, he ſerv'd his maſter
In quality of poetaſter,
And rhymes appropriate could make
To ev'ry month i' th' almanack;
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel;
When the Exchequer opes and ſhuts,
And ſowgelder with ſafety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate, if they will;
When uſe, and when abſtain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and ſpice.
And as in priſon mean rogues beat
Hemp for the ſervice of the great,
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
T' advance his maſter's fame and gains,
And, like the devil's oracles,
Put into doggrel rhymes his ſpells,
Which over ev'ry month's blank page
I' th' almanack, ſtrange bilks preſage.
He would an elegy compoſe
On maggots ſqueez'd out of his noſe;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His miſtreſs, eating a black pudden;
And when impriſon'd air eſcap'd her,
It puſt him with poetic rapture.
His ſonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long ear'd gueſts,
Like Orpheus look'd among the beaſts;
A carman's horſe could not paſs by,
But ſtood ty'd up to poetry;
No porter's burden paſs'd along,
But ſerv'd for burden to his ſong:
Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thruſt through, nail'd by the ears;
All trades run in as to the ſight
Of monſters to their dear delight
The gallow-tree, when cutting purſe
Breeds bus'neſs for heroic verſe,
Which none does hear but would have hung
T' have been the theme of ſuch a ſong.

Thoſe two together long had liv'd
In manſion prudently contriv'd,
Where neither tree nor houſe could bar
The free detection of a ſtar;
And nigh an ancient obeliſk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fiſk,
On which was written, not in words,
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy ſaws, concerning
The worth of aſtrologic learning:

* Journeyman to Sydrophel, who was one *Tom Jones*, a foolish Welchman. In a key to a poem of Mr Butler's, Whachum is ſaid to be one *Richard Green*, who publiſh'ed a pamphet of about five ſheets of baſe ribaldry, and called, *Hudibras in a Snare*. It was printed about the year 1667.

From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he faſten'd teleſcope,
The ſpectacles with which the ſtars
He reads in ſmalleſt characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night,
Did fly his tarſel of a kite,
The ſtrangeſt long-wing'd hawk that flies,
That, like a bird of Paradiſe,
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
His train was ſix yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a light,
Incloſs'd in lantern made of paper,
That far off like a ſtar did appear:
This Sidrophel by chance eſpy'd,
And with amazement ſtaring wide,
Bleſs us, quoth he, what dreadful wonder
Is that appears in heav'n yonder?
A comet, and without a beard!
Or ſtar that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the ſcroll
Of all thoſe beaſts, and fiſh, and fowl,
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned ſtock the conſtellations;
Nor thoſe that drawn for ſigns have been
To th' houſes where the planets inn.
It muſt be ſupernatural,
Unleſs it be that cannon-ball
That, ſhot i' th' air point blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height
That, learn'd philoſophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again,
But in the airy region yet
Hangs, like the body of Mahomet:
For if it be above the ſhade
That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may, from far,
Appear no bullet, but a ſtar.
This ſaid, he to his engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it till it level'd right
Againſt the glow-worm tail of kite,
Then peeping through, Bleſs us! (quoth he)
It is a planet, now, I ſee;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like tobacco ſtopper,
It ſhould be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear
'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there?
He's got between the Dragon's tail
And farther leg behind o' th' whale;
Pray Heav'n divert the fatal omen,
For 'tis a prodigy not common,
And can no leſs than the world's end,
Or Nature's funeral, portend.
With that he fell again to pry,
Through perſpective, more wiſtfully.
When, by miſchance, the fatal ſtring,
That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
Breaking down fell the ſtar. Well ſhot,
Quoth Whachum, who right wiſely thought
He'ad level'd at a ſtar, and hit it;
But Sidrophel, more ſubtle-witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to ſee a ſtar fall?
It threatens Nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come!
When ſtars do fall, 'tis plain enough
The day of judgment's not far off;
As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick*,
And ſome of us find out by magic:
Then ſince the time we have to live
In this world's ſhorten'd, let us ſtrive
To make our beſt advantage of it,
And pay our loſſes with our profit.
This feat fell out not long before
The Knight, upon the forenam'd ſcore,
In queſt of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in proſpect of the manſion;
Whom he diſcov'ring, turn'd his glaſs,
And found far off 't was Hudibras.
Whachum, (quoth he) look yonder, ſome
To try or uſe our art are come:
The one's the learned Knight; ſeek out,
And pump'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd, with all ſubmiſſ'neſs
T' accoſt 'em, but much more their buſ'neſs:
He held a ſtirrup, while the knight
From leathern Bare-bones did alight;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle.
He gave him firſt the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might ſay:
He aſk'd him whence they came, and whither
Their buſ'neſs lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.
Did you not loſe—Quoth Ralpho, Nay.
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!
Your Knight, quoth Ralpho, is a lover,
And pains intol'rable doth ſuffer;
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights nor lungs, and ſo forth downwards.
What time—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung—
Quoth he, I meant what time o' the day 'tis;
Quoth Ralpho, Between ſeven and eight 'tis;
Why then (quoth Whachum) my ſmall art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
Or great eſtate.—Quoth Ralpho, A jointer,
Which makes him have ſo hot a mind t' her.
Mean-while the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the Wizard ſteps in,
To give him ſuitable reception;
But kept his buſ'neſs at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light
Expounded th' errand of the Knight,
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whiſper in the conj'rer's ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was't,
Quoth he, that I was ſaying laſt,
Before theſe gentlemen arriv'd?
Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,
In oppoſition with Mars,
And no benign friendly ſtars
T' allay the effect, Quoth Wizard, So!
In Virgo? Ha! quoth Whachum, No:
Has Saturn nothing to do in it,
One tenth of's circle to a minute?

* William Sedgwick, a whimſical enthuſiaſt.

'Tis well, quoth he—Sir you'll excuſe
This rudeneſs I am forc'd to uſe;
It is a ſcheme and face of heaven,
As th' aſpects are diſpos'd this even,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd; but now I've done.
Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
Unſeaſonable in coming here
At ſuch a time, to interrupt
Your ſpeculations, which I hop'd
Aſſiſtance from, and come to uſe,
'Tis fit that I aſk your excuſe.
By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,
The ſtars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you ſpake, your buſ'neſs too.
Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
And I ſhall credit whatſoe'er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe'er unlikely or abſurd,
You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And paſſion, without drawing bit;
And now your buſ'neſs is to know
If you ſhall carry her or no.
Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right,
But how the devil you come by't
I can't image; for the ſtars
I'm ſure, can tell no more than a horſe;
Nor can their aſpects (though you pore
Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' oracle of ſieve and ſheers
That turns as certain as the ſpheres:
But if the dev'l's of your counſel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And 'tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.
Quoth Sidrophel, If you ſuppoſe,
Sir Knight, that I am one of thoſe,
I might ſuſpect, and take the alarm,
Your buſ'neſs is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong ſow by the ear;
For I aſſure you for my part,
I only deal by rules of art:
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Concluſions of aſtrology;
But for the devil know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.
Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I underſtand your metonymy;
Your words of ſecond-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The myſtic ſenſe of all your terms,
That are indeed but magic charms
To raiſe the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is downright conjuring;
And in itſelf more warrantable
Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by conſed'racy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her ſphere diſmount
And to their incantation ſtoop;
They ſcorn'd to pore through teleſcope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which ev'ry almanack can tell,
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourſelf—Then friend, I doubt
You go the fartheſt way about:
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piſs in,
And ſtraight reſolves all queſtions by 't,
And ſeldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Roſycruſian way's more ſure
To bring the devil to the lure;
Each of 'em has a ſev'ral gin,
To catch intelligences in.
Some by the noſe, with fumes, trepan 'em,
As Dunſtan did the devil's grannam*;
Others with characters and words
Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds;
And ſome with ſymbols, ſigns, and tricks,
Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
With their own influences will fetch 'em
Down from their orbs, arreſt, and catch 'em;
Make 'em depoſe and anſwer to
All queſtions, e'er they let them go.
Bumbaſtus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pummel of his ſword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of paſt and future mountebanks.
Kelly did all his feats upon†
The devil's looking-glaſs, a ſtone,
Where playing with him at bo-peep,
He ſolv'd all problems ne'er ſo deep.
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philoſopher,
And taught him ſubt'ly to maintain
All other ſciences are vain.
To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelſus, no, nor Behmen;
Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,
But a true dog, that would ſhew tricks
For th' Emperor, and leap o'er ſticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, and yet no devil;

* St. Dunſtan was made Archbiſhop of Canterbury *anno* 961. His ſkill in the liberal arts and ſciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in) gained him firſt the name of a Conjurer, and then of a Saint.

† This Kelly was chief ſeer, or as Lilly calls him, Speculator to Dr. Dee; was born at Worceſter, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chemiſtry, and pretended to have the grand elixir, or philoſopher's ſtone, which Lilly tells us he made, or at leaſt received ready made from a Friar in Germany, on the confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pretended to ſee apparitions in a cryſtal or beryl looking-glaſs (or a round ſtone like a cryſtal.) Alaſco, Palatine of Poland, Pucel a learned Florentine, and Prince Roſemberg of Germany, the Emperour's Viceroy in Bohemia, were long of the ſociety with him and Dr. Dee, and often preſent at their apparitions, as was once the King of Poland himſelf; but Lilly obſerves, that he was ſo wicked that the angels would not appear to him willingly, nor be obedient to him

And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go.
As for the Rosycrois philosophers,
Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,
What they pretend to is no more
Than Trismagistus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,
And Apollonius their master,
To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is't t' us
Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus,
If it be nonesense, false, or mystic,
Or not intelligible, or sophistic.
'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes truth Truth, although Time's daughter.
'Twas he that put her in the pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his sons, just so
He feeds upon his daughters too.
Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,
To be descended of a race
Of ancient kings in a small space,
That we should all opinions hold
Authentic, that we can make old.
Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform deny,
Because you understand not why;
(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric)
For who knows all that knowledge contains,
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their sides, or risings, seat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
Do not the hist'ries of all ages
Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns, in the world's affairs,
Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,
Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacks
And some that have writ almanacks?
The Median Emp'ror dream'd his daughter
Had pist all Asia under water,
And that a vine, spring from her haunches
O'erspread his empire with its branches;
And did not soothsayers expound it,
As after by th' event he found it?
When Cæsar in the senate fell,
Did not the sun eclips'd foretel,
And in resentment of his slaughter,
Look'd pale for almost a year after?
Augustus having, b' oversight,
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day,
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak on trees?
The Roman senate, when within
The city walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,
(Our Synod calls Humiliations)

The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
From doing town or country hurt.
And if an owl have so much pow'r,
Why should not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,
And should see further, and foreknow
More than their augury below?
Though that once serv'd the polity
Of mighty states to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand
By pow'rful Art to understand;
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can speak th' events of our presages.
Have we not lately, in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
And Magellan cou'd never compass?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there?
Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,
That I, without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and descry
Where you tell truth, and where you lie:
For Anaxagoras, long agone,
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,
And held the sun was but a piece
Of redhot iron as big as Greece;
Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one;
And rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.
But what, alas! is it to us,
Wether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?
What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions?
Are sweating lanterns, or screen fans,
Made better there than they're in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that shall sit
The public humour with less wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter shews,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig?
Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunatics?
But if w' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As wind i' th' hypocondres pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent,
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new light and prophecy;

So when your ſpeculations tend
Above their juſt and uſeful end;
Although they promiſe ſtrange and great
Diſcoveries of things far ſet,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And ſavour ſtrongly of the ganzas.
Tell me but what 's the natural cauſe
Why on a ſign no painter draws
The full-moon ever, but the half?
Reſolve that with your Jacob's ſtaff;
Or why wolves raiſe a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when ſhe ſhines in water?
And I ſhall freely give my vote,
You may know ſomething more remote.
At this deep Sidrophel look'd wiſe,
And ſtaring round with owl like eyes,
He put his face into a poſture
Of ſapience, and began to bluſter;
For having three times ſhook his head
To ſtir his wit up, thus he ſaid:
Art has no mortal enemies
Next ignorance, but owls and geeſe;
Thoſe conſecrated geeſe, in orders,
That to the Capitol were warders,
And being then upon patrol,
With noiſe alone beat off the Gaul;
Or thoſe Athenian ſceptic owls,
That will not credit their own ſouls,
Or any ſcience underſtand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand;
But meas'ring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
Thoſe wholeſale critics, that in coffee-
Houſes cry down all philoſophy,
And will not know upon what ground
In Nature we our doctrine found,
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonſtrate it to ſenſe,
As I juſt now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the ſtars only made to light
Robbers, and burglarers by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers ſolacing behind doors,
Of giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches ſimpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors ſnippets?
Or from the pill'ry tips of ears
Of rebel-ſaints and perjurers,
Only to ſtand by, and look on,
But not know what is ſaid or done?
Is there a conſtellation there
That was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern?
Were they not, during all their lives,
Moſt of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not ſtill
In their old practices ſome ſkill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its houſe from earth,
And therefore probably muſt know
What is, and hath been done below,
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Moon, and the Ram?
Did not we hear the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's periwig?
Whoſe liv'ry does the coachman wear?
Or who made Caſſiopeia's chair?
And therefore as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.
Plato deny'd the world can be
Govern'd without geometry,
(For money b'ing the common ſcale
Of things by meaſure, weight and tale;
In all th' affairs of church and ſtate,
'Tis both the balance and the weight)
Then much leſs can it be without
Divine aſtrology made out,
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as heav'n 's above the earth.
Theſe reaſons (quoth the Knight) I grant
Are ſomething more ſignificant
Than any that the learned uſe
Upon this ſubject to produce;
And yet they're far from ſatisfactory,
T' eſtabliſh and keep up your factory.
Th' Egyptians ſay, the ſun has twice
Shifted his ſetting and his riſe;
Twice has he riſen in the weſt,
As many times ſet in the eaſt;
But whether that be true or no,
The devil any of you know.
Some hold the heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up,
And were 't not for their wheeling round,
They'd inſtantly fall to the ground;
As ſage Empedocles of old,
And from him modern authors hold.
Plato believ'd the ſun and moon
Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, ſome Venus ſeat,
Above the ſun himſelf in height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainſt what Copernicus maintain'd,
That in twelve hundred years and odd,
The ſun had left its ancient road,
And nearer to the earth is come
'Bove fifty thouſand miles from home;
Swore 't was a moſt notorious flam,
And he that had ſo little ſhame
To vent ſuch ſopperies abroad,
Deſerv'd to have his rump well claw'd;
Which Monſieur Bodin hearing, ſwore
That he deſerv'd the rod much more,
That durſt upon a truth give doom,
He knew leſs than the Pope of Rome.
Cardan believ'd great ſtates depend
Upon the tip o' the' Bear's tail's end,
That as ſhe whiſk'd it t'wards the ſun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down;
Which others ſay muſt needs be falſe,
Becauſe your true bears have no tails.
Some ſay the Zodiac conſtellations
Have long ſince chang'd their antique ſtations
Above a ſign, and prove the ſame
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;

Affirm'd the Trigons chopp'd and chang'd,
The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd;
Then how can their effects ſtill hold
To be the ſame they were of old?
This, though the art were true, would make
Our modern ſoothſayers miſtake,
And is one cauſe they tell more lies,
In figures and nativities,
Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
In ſo many hundred thouſand years;
Beſide their nonſenſe in tranſlating,
For want of Accidence and Latin,
Like Idus, and Calendæ, Engliſht
The Quarter days, by ſkilful linguiſt;
And yet with canting, ſleight, and cheat,
'Twill ſerve their turn to do the feat;
Make fools believe in their foreſeeing
Of things before they are in being;
To ſwallow gudgeons e'er they 're catch'd,
And, count their chickens e'er they 're hatch'd;
Make them the conſtellations prompt,
And give 'em back their own accompt;
But ſtill the beſt to him that gives
The beſt price for 't, or beſt believes.
Some towns, ſome cities, ſome, for brevity,
Have caſt the verſal world's nativity,
And made the infant-ſtars confeſs,
Like fools or children, what they pleaſe.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;
Some running nags, and fighting-cocks;
Some love, trade, lawſuits, and the pox:
Some take a meaſure of their lives
Of fathers, mothers, huſbands, wives,
Make oppoſition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile;
As if the planet's firſt aſpect
The tender infant did infect
In ſoul and body, and inſtil
All future good and future ill;
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At deſtin'd periods fall a-working,
And break out, like the hidden ſeeds
Of long diſeaſes, into deeds,
In friendſhips, enmities, and ſtrife,
And all th' emergencies of life;
No ſooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diſeaſes, took all phyſic
That cures or kills a man that is ſick;
Marry'd his punctual doſe of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There 's but the twinkling of a ſtar
Between a man of peace and war;
A thief and juſtice, fool and knave,
A huſſing off 'cer and a ſlave;
A crafty lawyer and pickpocket,
A great philoſ'pher and a blockhead;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd phyſician and manſlayer;
As if men from the ſtars did ſuck
Old age, diſeaſes, and ill-luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps and dice,
And draw, with the firſt air they breathe,
Battle and murder, ſudden death.
Are not theſe fine commodities
To be imported from the ſkies,
And vended here among the rabble,
For ſtaple goods and warrantable?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
In th' other world to be reſtored.
Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
You wrong the art, and artiſts too,
Since arguments are loſt on thoſe
That do our principles oppoſe,
I will (although I 've done 't before)
Demonſtrate to your ſenſe once more,
And draw a figure that ſhall tell you
What you, perhaps, forget befell you
By way of horary inſpection,
Which ſome account our worſt erection.
With that he circles draws, and ſquares,
With ciphers, aſtral characters,
Then looks 'em o'er to underſtand 'em,
Although ſet down habnab, at random.
Quoth he, This ſcheme of th' heavens ſet,
Diſcovers how in fight you met,
At Kingſton, with a May-pole idol,
And that y' were bang'd both back and ſide well,
And though you overcame the Bear,
The Dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
Where ſturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop doodle.
Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conj'rer, by your leave;
That paltry ſtory is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch gulls as you.
Not true! quoth he; Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum ſhall juſtify it t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the ſaltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
He ſtole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead,
And what you loſt I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' houſe.
Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
That argument's demonſtrative;
Ralpho, bear witneſs, and go fetch us
A conſtable to ſeize the wretches;
For though they 're both falſe knaves and cheats,
Impoſtors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I 'll make them ſerve for perpendic'lars
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
They 're guilty, by their own confeſſions,
Of felony, and at the Seſſions,
Upon the bench, I will ſo handle 'em,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one
Unanimous opinion;
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now ſhall make it out by proof.
Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out;
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, ſo long on the State's part,

To be expos'd, i' th' end, to suffer
By such a braggadocio huffer.
Huffer, quoth Hudibras, this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister;
Mean-while I 'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away.
But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
Of Hudibras did now erect
A figure worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger that might come on 't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one.
This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,
Behind the door, an iron lance,
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work;
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And stout'ly stood upon his guard;
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
And in right manfully he rusht;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his seacoal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where honour 's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour than deep wounds before.
Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermin:
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my disposc,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or sell, two lives so vile?
I 'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his sword he reaps and plows,
That 's mine, the law of arms allows.
This said in haste, in haste he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
First he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and so detect;
A copperplate, with almanacks
Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers *,
And blank schemes to discover nimmers;
A moon dial, with Napier's bones,
And sev'ral constellation stones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange powers
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade;
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conqu'ror did discompt,
To pay for curing of his rump.
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As Rota-men of politics,
Straight cast about to overreach
Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,
And make him glad, at least, to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the secular prince of darkness
Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass:
And as a fox, with hot pursuit
Chas'd through a warren, casts about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung,
And while the dogs run underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting death)
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms justling in his brain,
As learn'd philosophers give out;
So Sidrophello cast about,
And fell to 's wonted trade again,
To feign himself in earnest slain,
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh; quoth he, Where am I?
Alive, or dead? or which way came I
Through so immense a space so soon?
But now I thought myself i' th' moon,
And that a monster, with huge whiskers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And Whachum by my side had kill'd,
Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose;
Look, there he is, I see him now,
And feel the place I am run through:
And there lies Whachum by my side
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.
Oh oh! with that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoon,
Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath,
And to the life out-acted death,
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer safe
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,
Refus'd to give himself one firk
To carry on the Public Work;

* John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous astrologer in the time of the Civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls *Sarah Shelborn*, a great speculatrix.

Defpis'd our Synod-men like dirt,
And made their diſcipline his ſport:
Divulg'd the ſecrets of their Claſſes,
And their Conventions prov'd high places;
Diſparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,
And ſet at nought their cheeſe and bacon;
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend Parſons to my beard;
For all which ſcandals to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I 'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury if he dare:
He muſt at leaſt hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be ſcann'd,
Who by their ſkill in palmiſtry,
Will quickly read his deſtiny,
And make him glad to read his leſſon,
Or take a turn for 't at the Seſſion,
Unleſs his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I 'm ſure;
For if he 'ſcape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do;
And that will diſengage my Conſcience
Of th' obligation, in his own ſenſe:
I 'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my honour ſatisfaction,
And right the Brethren in the action.
This being reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And conduct he approach'd his ſteed,
And, with activity unwont,
Aſſay'd the lofty beaſt to mount;
Which once achiev'd, he ſpurr'd, his palfry
To get from th' enemy and Ralph free;
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at leaſt three lengths, the wind.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE

OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus.——

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your ſcull,
As often as the moon 's at full,
'Tis not amiſs, e'er ye're giv'n o'er,
To try one deſp'rate med'cine more;
For where your caſe can be no worſe,
The deſp'rat'ſt is the wiſeſt courſe.
Is 't poſſible that you, whoſe ears
Are of the tribe of Iſſachar's,
And might (with equal reaſon) either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
Shou'd yet be deaf againſt a noiſe
So roaring as the public voice?
That ſpeaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry crowd,
As loud as one that ſings his part
T' a wheelbarrow, or turnip-cart,
Or your new nick-nam'd old invention
To cry green Haſtings with an engine;
(As if the vehemence had ſtunn'd,
And torn your drumheads with the ſound)
And 'cauſe your folly's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of uſe,
Perſuade yourſelf there's no ſuch matter,
But that 'tis vaniſh'd out of Nature;
When Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be poſſeſt
With ſo much ignorance and beaſt,
That neither all men's ſcorn and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd ſo often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholſome ſenſe and nurture,
But (like a reprobate) what courſe
Soever us'd, grow worſe and worſe?
Can no transfuſion of the blood
That makes fools cattle, do you good?
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurſe,
To turn 'em into mongrel curs,
Put you into a way, at leaſt,
To make yourſelf a better beaſt?
Can all your critical intrigues,
Of trying ſound from rotten eggs;
Your ſev'ral new-found remedies,
Of curing wounds and ſcabs in trees;
Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
And purging their infected ſaps;
Recovering ſhankers, cryſtallines,
And nodes and blotches in their rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate?
But ſtill it muſt be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due puniſhment;
And, like your whimſy'd chariots, draw
The boys to courſe you without law;
As if the art you have ſo long
Profeſs'd, of making old dogs young,
In you had virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhand too.
Can you that underſtood all books,
By judging only with your looks,

Reſolve all problems with your face,
As others do the B's and A's;
Unriddle all that mankind knows
With ſolid bending of your brows;
All arts and ſciences advance,
With ſcrewing of your countenance,
And with a penetrating eye,
Into th' abſtruſeſt learning pry;
Know more of any trade b' a hint,
Than thoſe that have been bred up in't,
And yet have no art, true or falſe,
To help your own bad naturals?
But ſtill the more you ſtrive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder:
For fools are known by looking wiſe,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cauſe ye 've gain'd o' th' college
A quarter ſhare (at moſt) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent repute,
Y' aſſume a pow'r as abſolute
To judge, and cenſure, and control,
As if you were the ſole Sir Poll,
And faucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to:
You'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone:
No, though ye've purchas'd to your name,
In hiſtory, ſo great a fame;
That now your talent's ſo well known,
For having all belief outgrown,
That ev'ry ſtrange prodigious tale
Is meaſur'd by your German ſcale—
By which the virtuoſi try
The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
Caſt up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'ſt to your account;
That all thoſe ſtories that are laid
Too truly to you, and thoſe made,
Are now ſtill charg'd upon your ſcore,
And leſſer authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that faculty betrays
Thoſe ſooneſt it deſigns to raiſe;
And all your vain renown will ſpoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;
Though he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And put among his wants but ſhame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing's borne
With greater eaſe than public ſcorn,
That all affronts do ſtill give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with their's:
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and braſs,
You muſt not think 't will always paſs;
For all impoſtors, when they're known,
Are paſt their labour, and undone:
And all the beſt that can befal
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as ſoon
As once they're broke looſe from the moon,
And, proof againſt her influence,
Relapſe to e'er ſo little ſenſe,
To turn ſtark fools, and ſubjects fit
For ſport of boys and rabble-wit.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO I.

The Argument.

The Knight and Squire reſolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her,
She treats them with a maſquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made;
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And ſteals him from himſelf by night.

'Tis true no lover has that pow'r
T' enforce a deſperate amour,
As he that has two ſtrings t' his bow,
And burns for love and money too;
For then he's brave and reſolute,
Diſdains to render in his ſuit;
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs or drowns, with half the trouble;
While thoſe who ſillily purſue
The ſimple, downright way and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And ſteer againſt the ſtream their paſſions.
Some forge their miſtreſſes of ſtars,
And when the ladies prove averſe,
And more untoward to be won
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the ſtars for doing
Ill offices, to croſs their wooing,
When only by themſelves they're hind'red,
For truſting thoſe they made her kindred,
And ſtill the harſher and hide-bounder
The damſels prove, become the fonder;
For what mad lover ever dy'd
To gain a ſoft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling ſtreams or hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong int' Elyſium,
Through the windows of a dazzling room
But for ſome croſs ill-natur'd dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the Knight would be no news,
With all mankind ſo much in uſe,
Who therefore took the wiſer courſe,
To make the moſt of his amours,
Reſolv'd to try all ſorts of ways,
As follows in due time and place.
No ſooner was the bloody fight
Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a lover,
As he was always wont to do,
When he 'ad diſcomfited a foe,
And us'd the only antique philters,
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
But now triumphant and victorious,
He held th' achievement was too glorious
For ſuch a conqueror to meddle
With petty conſtable or beadle,

Or fly for refuge to the hoſteſs
Of th' inns of Court and Chancery, Juſtice;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cauſe
To th ordeal trial of the laws,
Where none eſcape, but ſuch as branded
With redhot irons have paſt bare-handed;
And if they cannot read one verſe
I' th' Pſalms, muſt ſing it, and that's worſe.
He, therefore, judging it below him
To tempt a ſhame the devil might owe him,
Reſolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him to the jail,
To anſwer, with his veſſel, all
That might diſaſtrouſly befal,
And thought it now the fitteſt juncture
To give the lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conqueſt o'er the fierce magician;
Deſcribe the manner of the fray,
And ſhew the ſpoils he brought away;
His bloody ſcourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight;
All which might probably ſucceed,
And gain belief he 'ad done the deed:
Which he reſolv'd t' enforce, and ſpare
No pawning of his ſoul to ſwear;
But rather than produce his back,
To ſet his conſcience on the rack;
And in purſuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd and ſcourging,
And all things elſe, upon his part,
Demand deliv'ry of her heart,
Her goods, and chattles, and good graces,
And perſon, up to his embraces.
Thought, he the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into am'rous twitters;
Whoſe ſtubborn bowels ſcorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half-kill'd;
But when their bones were drubb'd ſo ſore,
They durſt not woo one combat more,
The ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.
So Spaniſh heroes, with their lances,
At once wound bulls' and ladies' fancies;
And he acquires the nobleſt ſpouſe
That widows greateſt herds of cows;
Then what muſt I expect to do,
Who've quell'd ſo vaſt a buffalo?
Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's late orders to obey;
Who ſent him for a ſtrong detachment
Of beadles, conſtables, and watchmen,
T' attack the cunning man, for plunder
Committed falſely on his lumber;
When he, who had ſo lately ſack'd
The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of gimcracks, whims, and juggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd;
And when they ſhould, at gaol delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievry,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof:
He thought it deſperate to tarry,
And venture to be acceſſary;
But rather wiſely ſlip his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters,
He call'd to mind th' unjuſt foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beaſt ever did beſide,
Without all poſſible evaſion,
But of the riding diſpenſation:
And therefore much about the hour
The Knight (for reaſons told before)
Reſolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of Juſtice, and an unpack'd jury,
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And ſerve him in the ſelf-ſame trim;
T' acquaint the Lady what he 'ad done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out;
His firm and ſtedfaſt reſolution,
To ſwear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himſelf to carry her;
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-ſaints to repreſent,
Who never fail'd, upon their ſharing
In any proſperous arms-bearing,
To lay themſelves out to ſupplant
Each other couſin-german ſaint.
But e'er the Knight could do his part,
The Squire had got ſo much the ſtart,
He 'ad to the Lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand;
Juſt as he finiſh'd his report,
The Knight alighted in the court,
And having ty'd his beaſt t' a pale,
And taking time for both to ſtale,
He put his band and beard in order,
The ſprucer to accoſt and board her:
And now began t' approach the door,
When ſhe, wh' had ſpy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' informer out of ſight,
And went to entertain the Knight;
With whom encount'ring, after longees
Of humble and ſubmiſſive congees,
And all due ceremonies paid,
He ſtroak'd his beard, and thus he ſaid:

Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the ſhadow of your ſhoe-tie;
And now am come, to bring your ear
A preſent you'll be glad to hear;
At leaſt I hope ſo: the thing's done,
Or may I never ſee the ſun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand;
And that you'd pleaſe to do your part,
As I have done mine, to my ſmart.

With that he ſhrugg'd his ſturdy back,
As if he felt his ſhoulders ake:
But ſhe, who well enough knew what
(Before he ſpoke) he would be at,

Pretended not to apprehend
The myſtery of what he mean'd,
And therefore wiſh'd him to expound
His dark expreſſions leſs profound.
Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've ſuffer'd for your love,
Which (like your votary) to win,
I have not ſpar'd my tatter'd ſkin;
And, for thoſe meritorious laſhes,
To claim your favour and good graces.
Quoth ſhe, I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted ſconce,
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your back to th' good behaviour,
And, for my ſake and ſervice, vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy load,
And what 't would bear t' a ſcruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love;
Which whether you have done or no
Concerns yourſelf, not me, to know;
But if you have, I ſhall confeſs
Y' are honeſter than I could gueſs.
Quoth he, If you ſuſpect my truth,
I cannot prove it but by oath:
And if you make a queſtion on't,
I'll pawn my ſoul that I have don't:
And he that makes his ſoul his ſurety,
I think, does give the beſt ſecur'ty.
Quoth ſhe, Some ſay the ſoul's ſecure
Againſt diſtreſs and forfeiture;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be ſummon'd to appear
In th' other world's illegal here,
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run 't:
For moſt men carry things ſo even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
Without the leaſt offence to either,
They freely deal in all together,
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it;
And when they pawn and damn their ſouls,
They are but priſ'ners on paroles.
For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,
They may b' accountable in all:
For when there is that intercourſe
Between divine and human pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience every where;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed,
It follows nothing binds ſo faſt
As ſouls in pawn and mortgage paſt:
For oaths are th' only teſts and ſeals
Of right and wrong, and true and falſe;
And there's no other way to try
The doubts of law and juſtice by.
Quoth ſhe, What is it you would ſwear?
There's no believing till I hear:
For, 'till they're underſtood, all tales
(Like nonſenſe) are not true nor falſe.
Quoth he, When I reſolv'd t' obey
What you commanded th' other day,
And to perform my exerciſe,
(As ſchools are wont) for your fair eyes,
T' avoid all ſcruples in the caſe,
I went to do 't upon the place;
But as the caſtle is enchanted
By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
With evil ſpirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two,
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and diſarray,
I heard a formidable noiſe,
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
That roar'd far off, Diſpatch, and ſtrip,
I'm ready with th' infernal whip,
That ſhall diveſt thy ribs of ſkin,
To expiate thy ling'ring ſin;
Thou 'aſt broke perfidiouſly thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth,
But ſpared thy renegado back,
Where thou 'adſt ſo great a prize at ſtake,
Which now the Fates have order'd me,
For penance and revenge, to flea,
Unleſs thou preſently make haſte;
Time is, time was; and there it ceaſt.
With which, though ſtartled, I confeſs,
Yet th' horror of the thing was leſs
Than the other diſmal apprehenſion
Of interruption or prevention;
And therefore ſnatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load,
Reſolv'd to ſpare no fleſh and blood,
To make my word and honour good;
Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and ſtrength,
I felt the blows ſtill ply'd as faſt,
As if they 'ad been by lovers plac'd,
In raptures of Platonic laſhing,
And chaſte contemplative bardaſhing;
When facing haſtily about,
To ſtand upon my guard and ſcout,
I found th' infernal cunning man,
And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
With ſcourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters ſtorm'd.
In haſte I ſnatch'd my weapon up,
And gave their helliſh rage a ſtop;
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell,
Courageouſly on Sidrophel,
Who now, transform'd himſelf t' a bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiouſly preſs'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run,
Laid hold on him, but he broke looſe,
And turn'd himſelf into a gooſe,
Div'd under water, in a pond,
To hide himſelf from being found.
In vain I ſought him; but as ſoon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd, with equal haſte and rage,
His under-ſorc'rer to engage;
But bravely ſcorning to defile
My ſword with feeble blood, and vile,
I judg'd it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted ſtick,

With which I furiouſly laid on,
Till in a harſh and doleful tone
It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir;
I am too great a ſufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
But conjur'd int' a worſe caprich,
Who ſends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houſes in the night to haunt,
For opportunities t'improve
Deſigns of thievery or love;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geeſe with powder'd glaſs,
And make it for enchantment paſs;
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
And choke with fumes of Guiney pepper;
Make letchers, and their punks, with dewtry,
Commit fantaſtical advowtry;
Betwitch Hermetic men to run
Stark ſtaring mad with manicon;
Believe mechanic virtuoſi
Can raiſe 'em mountains in Potoſi;
And ſillier than the antic fools,
Take treaſure for a heap of coals;
Seek out for plants with ſignatures,
To quack of univerſal cures;
With figures ground on panes of glaſs,
Make people on their heads to paſs;
And mighty heaps of coin increaſe,
Reflected from a ſingle piece;
To draw in fools, whoſe nat'ral itches
Incline perpetually to witches,
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears;
When leſs delinquents have been ſcourg'd,
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,
Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn.
I pity'd the ſad puniſhment
The wretched caitiff underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for pultrones;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who when they flaſh, and cut to pieces,
Do all with civilleſt addreſſes:
Their horſes never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore ſpar'd his fleſh, and preſt him
About the witch with many a queſt'on.
Quoth he, For many years he drove
A kind of broking trade in love,
Employ'd in all th' intrigues, and truſt,
Of feeble ſpeculative luſt;
Procurer to th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy.
By thoſe the devil had forſook,
As things below him, to provoke;
But b'ing a virtuoſo, able
To ſmatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent moſt adroit,
For any myſtical exploit,
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one;
For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.
But as an elf (the dev'l's valet)
Is not ſo ſlight a thing to get,
For thoſe that do his bus'neſs beſt,
In hell are us'd the ruggedeſt,
Before ſo meriting a perſon
Cou'd get a grant, but in reverſion,
He ſerv'd two' prenticeſhips, and longer,
I' th' myſt'ry of a lady monger.
For (as ſome write) a witch's ghoſt,
As ſoon as from the body loſt,
Becomes a puny imp itſelf,
And is another witch's elf,
He, after ſearching far and near,
At length found one in Lancaſhire,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd:
Since which he 'as play'd a thouſand feats,
And practiſ'd all mechanic cheats;
Transform'd himſelf to th' ugly ſhapes
Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes,
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards, cou'd their ſwitches;
And all with whom he 'as had to do,
Turn'd to as monſtrous figures too;
Witneſs myſelf, whom he has abus'd,
And to this beaſtly ſhape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beans and peaſe
He crams in naſty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me reliſh for deſerts,
And one by one, with ſhame and fear,
Lick up the candy'd provender.
Beſide—But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats he 'ad done,
The Lady ſtopt his full career,
And told him now 't was time to hear.
If half thoſe things (ſaid ſhe) be true,
(They 're all, (quoth he) I ſwear by you)
Why then, ſaid ſhe, that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himſelf to th' pit of hell,
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag,
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In queſt of you came hither poſt,
Within an hour (I 'm ſure) at moſt,
Who told me all you ſwear and ſay,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you ſhou'd carry me or no,
And would have hir'd him and his imps,
To be your matchmakers and pimps,
T' engage the devil on your ſide,
And ſteal (like Proſerpine) your bride;
But he diſdaining to embrace
So filthy a deſign and baſe,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffian;
Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before he 'ad time to mount his guard,
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruiſe and deſp'rate wound;
Swore you had broke and robb'd his houſe,
And ſtole his taliſmanique louſe,

And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid;
His flea, his merpion, and puneſe,
He 'd gotten for his proper eaſe,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th' ab'leſt artiſt of the trade;
Which (he could prove it) ſince he loſt,
He has been eaten up almoſt,
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account;
For which he 'ad got ſufficient warrant
To ſeize the malefactor's errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horſe's tail;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches
To ſerve for pendulums to watches,
Which, modern virtuoſi ſay,
Incline to hanging every way.
Beſide, he ſwore, and ſwore 't was true,
That e'er he went in queſt of you,
He ſet a figure to diſcover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover,
And found it clear that, to betray
Yourſelves and me, you fled this way,
And that he was upon purſuit,
To take you ſomewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that paſs'd before or ſince,
And found that, e'er you came to him,
You 'd been engaging life and limb
About a caſe of tender conſcience,
Where both abounded in your own ſenſe,
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all ſcruples in the caſe,
And prov'd that you might ſwear and own
Whatever 's by the Wicked done,
For which, moſt baſely to requite
The ſervice of his gifts and light,
You ſtrove t' oblige him, by main force,
To ſcourge his ribs inſtead of your's,
But that he ſtood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outſide of his eyes to white;
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't)
He wonder'd how ſhe came to know
What he had done, and meant to do;
Held up his affidavit hand,
As if he'ad been to be arraign'd:
Caſt towards the door a ghaſtly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and ſpoke:
Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one ſingle circumſtance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes ſwallow down
This veſſel, that is all your own;
Or may the heavens fall, and cover
Theſe reliques of your conſtant lover.

You have provided well (quoth ſhe)
(I thank you) for yourſelf and me,
And ſhewn your Preſbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jeſuits;
A moſt compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourſelves, and thoſe
On whom you vainly think t' impoſe.
Why then, (quoth he) may hell ſurpriſe;
That trick (ſaid ſhe) will not paſs twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon you ſleeve;
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright ſwearing;
For if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are viſible as yet,
Enough to ſerve for ſatisfaction
Of niceſt ſcruples in the action;
And if you can produce thoſe knobs,
Although they're but the witch's drubs,
I'll paſs them all upon account,
As if your nat'ral ſelf had don't;
Provided that they paſs th' opinion
Of able juries of old women,
Who us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do ſo for backs.
Madam, (quoth he) your love's a million,
To do is leſs than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
T' obey what you command, and more:
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care,
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds in thoſe that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.
I find (quoth ſhe) my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles;
For ſtill the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end;
But granting now we ſhould agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word
You paſt in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlaſtingly enroll'd;
And if 'tis counted treaſon here
To raze records, 'tis much more there,
Quoth ſhe, There are no bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clapp'd up, in heav'n,
And that's the reaſon, as ſome gueſs,
There is no heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally preſs
Too narrowly, to be at eaſe;
Their bus'neſs there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve:
Love, that's too gen'rous t' abide
To be againſt its nature ty'd;
For where 'tis of itſelf inclin'd,
It breaks looſe when it is confin'd,
And like the ſoul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Diſdains againſt its will to ſtay,
But ſtruggles out, and flies away;

And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman gaolers, when they ſlept,
Chain'd to the priſoners they kept,
Of which the true and faithfull'ſt lover
Gives beſt ſecurity to ſuffer.
Marriage is but a beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul way,
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tir'd;
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,
But ſomething paſt away, and ſold!)
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things elſe as low,
And at the beſt is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the marriage day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the reſt of better or worſe,
Both are but loſers out of purſe:
For when upon their ungot heirs
Th' entail themſelves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or wager laid at ſix and ſev'n?
To paſs themſelves away, and turn
Their children's tenants e'er they're born?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, e'er they are begot;
Or ever ſhall, perhaps, by th' one
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' implicit generation,
And gen'ral club of all the nation;
For which ſhe's fortify'd no leſs
Than all the iſland, with four ſeas;
Extracts the tribute of her dower,
In ready inſolence and power,
And makes him paſs away, to have
And hold, to her, himſelf, her ſlave.
More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to juſtify,
Nor at her proper coſt and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideons ſots were thoſe obedient
Old vaſſals to their ladies regent,
To give the cheats the eldeſt hand
In foul play by the laws o' th' land,
For which ſo many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckell'd:
A law that moſt unjuſtly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,
Without diſtinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality;
Admits no pow'r of revocation,
Nor valuable conſideration,
Nor writ of Error, nor reverſe
Of judgment paſt, for better or worſe;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horſes
Their ſp'ritual judges of divorces,
While nothing elſe but *rem* in *re*
Can ſet the proudeſt wretches free;
A ſlavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As ſpiders never ſeek the fly,
But leave him of himſelf, t' apply;
So men are by themſelves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a nooſe,
They'd break 'em after to break looſe.
As ſome whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themſelves by art.
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
In flaming curtains, to the dead;
And men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the ſport.
Nor do the ladies want excuſe
For all the ſtratagems they uſe,
To gain th' advantage of the ſet,
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
For as the Pythagorean ſoul
Runs through all beaſts, and fiſh, and fowl,
And has a ſmack of ev'ry one,
So love does, and has ever done;
And therefore though 'tis ne'er ſo fond,
Takes ſtrangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that's reverſt,
Whoſe hot fit takes the patient firſt,
That after burns with cold as much
As iron in Greenland does the touch;
Melts in the furnace of deſire,
Like glaſs, that's but the ice of fire;
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover;
For when he's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and coak'd by Miſs or Madam,
The ſmalleſt ſparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery,
And of the loud oaths go, but, while
They're in the very act, recoil;
Hence 'tis ſo few dare take their chance
Without a ſep'rate maintenance;
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Truſt none again till they've made over;
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geeſe they carry,
And e'er they venture o'er a ſtream,
Know how to ſize themſelves and them.
Whence wittieſt ladies always chooſe
To undertake the heavieſt gooſe;
For now the world is grown ſo wary,
That few of either ſex dare marry,
But rather truſt, on tick, t' amours,
The croſs and pile for better or worſe;
A mode that is held honourable
As well as French, and faſhionable;
For when it falls out for the beſt,
Where both are incommoded leaſt,
In ſoul and body two unite
To make up one hermaphrodite,
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a ſhilling.

They've more punctilios and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make 'em in romances;
Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames;
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd wine,
And all their catterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous piques,
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd
By th' yellow mantos of the bride:
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove:
But all the mischief is, the doubt
On whose account they first broke out,
For though Chineses go to bed,
And lie-in in their ladies stead,
And for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more,
Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a clap;
Both lay the child to one another,
But who's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness b ing all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship, only when they're found,
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false wares;
A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art:
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At women by appearances,
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions,
And daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces;
Wear under vizard-masks their talents,
And mother-wits before their gallants;
Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose;
When all the flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready with the bride,
That with her wedding-cloaths undresses
Her complaisance and gentilesses;
Tries all her arts to take upon her
The government, from th' easy owner;
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful right, and turn her slave;
Find all his having and his holding
Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding;
The conjugal petard, that tears,
Down all portcullices of ears.
And makes the volly of one tongue
For all their leathern shields too strong;
When only arm'd with noise and nails,
The female silk worms ride the males,
Transform 'em into rams and goats
Like Syrens, with their charming notes;
Sweet as a screechowl's serenade,
Or those enchanting murmurs made
By th' husband mandrake, and the wife,
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.
Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
Of wanton over-heated brains,
Which ralliers in their wit or drink
Do rather wheedle with than think;
Man was not man in Paradise,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from th' original, his side,
T' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruiting sex;
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd-up paps appears.
His body that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and symmetry exact,
Of which the left and female side
Is to the manly right a bride,
Both join'd together with such art,
That nothing else but death can part.
Those heav'nly attracts of your's, your eyes,
And face, that all the world surprise,
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny;
Those ravishing and charming graces.
Are all made up of two half faces
That, in a mathematic line,
Like those in other heav'ns, join;
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon;
And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowship.
Our noblest senses act by pairs,
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd;
But those that serve the body' alone
Are single and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And close at th' equinoctial fit;
And so are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her signature on matter;
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses
In all the wonders she produces;
And those that take their rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd nor err:
For what secures the civil life,
But pawns of children, and a wife?
That lie, like hostages, at stake,
To pay for all men undertake;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry;
So universal, all mankind
In nothing else is of one mind:

For in what ſtupid age or nation
Was marriage ever out of faſhion?
Unleſs among the Amazons,
Of cloiſter'd Friars and Veſtal nuns,
Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
And looſe exceſſes of the ſex,
Prepoſt'rouſly would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common;
Though men would find ſuch mortal feuds
In ſharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
Than they 're ſupply'd with now by wives;
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beaſts do, of their native growths;
For ſimple wearing of their horns
Will not ſuffice to ſerve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unleſs the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents' ſettlements;
Had been but younger ſons o' th' earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or eſtates of peers,
Could be preſerv'd but by their heirs?
And what ſecurity maintains
Their right and title, but the bans?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greateſt monarchs did not marry,
And with their conſorts conſummate
Their weightieſt intereſts of ſtate?
For all the amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to diſarm?
Make blood and deſolation ceaſe,
And fire and ſword unite in peace,
When all their fierce conteſts for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage?
Nor does the genial bed provide
Leſs for the int'reſts of the bride,
Who elſe had not the leaſt pretence
T' as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant unconfin'd,
And feme-coverts t' all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miſs;
The nymphs of chaſte Diana's train,
The ſame with thoſe in Lewkner's lane,
But for the diff'rence marriage makes
'Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes:
Beſides the joys of peace and birth,
The ſex's paradiſe on earth,
A privilege ſo ſacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield,
But rather than not go before,
Abandon heaven at the door:
And if th' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the ſpouſe,
The reaſon is, becauſe the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life:
Is truſted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful Nature,
Where man brings nothing but the ſtuff
She frames the wondrous faſhric of;
Who therefore, in a ſtrait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly,
And make it ſave her the ſame way
It ſeldom miſſes to betray,
Unleſs both parties wiſely enter
Into the Liturgy indenture.
And though ſome fits of ſmall conteſt
Sometimes fall out among the beſt,
That is no more than ev'ry lover
Does from his hackney lady ſuffer;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (ſometimes) ſerve t' improve:
For as, in running, ev'ry pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermoſt
To get before and win the poſt.
Yet when they 're at their races' ends,
They 're ſtill as kind and conſtant friends,
And, to relieve their wearineſs,
By turns give one another eaſe;
So all thoſe falſe alarms of ſtrife
Between the huſband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of love,
When thoſe who're always kind or coy,
In time muſt either tire or cloy.
Nor are the loudeſt clamours more
Than as they 're reliſh'd ſweet or ſour;
Like muſic that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all amours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as ſmiles, by turns;
And hearts have been as oft' with ſullen
As charming looks ſurpris'd and ſtolen:
Then why ſhould more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For diſcords make the ſweeteſt airs,
And curſes are a kind of pray'rs;
Two ſlight alloys for all thoſe grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd:
For nothing elſe has pow'r to ſettle
Th' intereſts of love perpetual:
An act and deed that makes one heart
Become another's counterpart,
And paſſes fines on faith and love,
Enroll'd and regiſter'd above,
To ſeal the ſlippery knots of vows,
Which nothing elſe but death can looſe.
And what ſecurity's too ſtrong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to paſs
Itſelf away, and all it has,
And, like an anchorite, gives over
This world, for the heav'n of a lover?
I grant (quoth ſhe) there are ſome few
Who take that courſe, and find it true.
But millions, whom the ſame does ſentence
To heav'n by another way, repentance.
Love's arrows are but ſhot at rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to lovers,
And all the weighty conſequents
Depend upon mere blind events

Than gameſters when they play a ſet
With greateſt cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unſight, unſeen.
For what do lovers, when they 're faſt
In one another's arms embrac'd,
But ſtrive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of ſelves,
As ſucking children are by elves?
And if they uſe their perſons ſo,
What will they to their fortunes do?
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecſtaſies and flames.
For when the money's on the book,
And *all my wordly goods*—but ſpoke,
(The formal livery and ſaſine
That puts a lover in poſſeſſion)
To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
The bride a ſlam that 's ſuperſeded;
To that their faith is ſtill made good,
And all the oaths to us they vow'd;
For when we once reſign our pow'rs,
We 'ave nothing left we can call ours;
Our money is now become the Miſs
Of all your lives and ſervices,
And we forſaken and poſtpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which as it made y' at firſt gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors
(As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heireſs yet,
By being born to lordſhips, get?
When, the more lady ſhe 's of manors,
She 's but expos'd to more trepanners,
Pays for their projects and deſigns,
And for her own deſtruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To uſe her as the dev'l does witches,
Who takes it for a ſpecial grace
To be their cully for a ſpace,
That, when the time 's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vaſſals;
So ſhe, hewitch'd by rooks and ſpirits,
Betrays herſelf, and all ſh' inherits;
Is bought and ſold, like ſtolen goods,
By pimps, and matchmakers, and bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And ſteal the thief himſelf away.
Theſe are the everlaſting fruits
Of all your paſſionate loveſuits,
Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies,
To portions and inheritances;
Your loveſick rapture, for fruition
Of dow'ry, jointure, and tuition;
To which you make addreſs and courtſhip,
And with your bodies ſtrive to worſhip,
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too, for the mother's ſake.
For theſe you play at purpoſes,
And love your loves with A's and B's;
For theſe at Beſte and L'Ombre woo,
And play for love and money too;
Strive who ſhall be the ableſt man
At right gallanting of a fan;
And who the moſt genteelly bred
At ſucking of a vizard-bead;
How beſt t' accoſt us in all quarters,
T' our queſtion and command new garters;
And ſolidly diſcourſe upon
All ſorts of dreſſes *pro* and *con:*
For there 's no myſtery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made;
And when you have more debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way poſſible to do 't
But love and oaths, and reſtleſs ſuit,
To us y' apply, to pay the ſcores
Of all your cully'd paſt amours;
Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain;
Which others' influences long ſince
Have charm'd your noſes with, and ſhins;
For which the ſurgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages enchant!
What graces muſt that lady have,
That can from execution ſave!
What charms, that can reverſe extent,
And null decree and exigent!
What magical attracts, and graces,
That can redeem from *Scire facias!*
From bonds and ſtatutes can diſcharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge!
Theſe are the higheſt excellences
Of all your true or falſe pretences;
And you would damn yourſelves, and ſwear
As much t' an hoſteſs dowager,
Grown fat and purſy by retail
Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your flames would ſoon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your deſire,
And, like a candle in the ſocket,
Diſſolve her graces int' your pocket.
By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haſte, with ſuch a powder,
The blows grew louder ſtill and louder;
Which Hudibras, as if they 'd been,
Beſtow'd as freely on his ſkin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the Wizard come to ſearch,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as aſhes, or a clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a paſſage through his ſide,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.

But she who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know I 'm resolved to break no rite
Of hospitality to a stranger,
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand sentinel,
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel:
Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest man turn tail,
And bravely scorn to turn their backs,
Upon the desp'ratest attacks.
At this the Knight grew resolute
As Ironside, or Hardiknute *;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud to sally;
But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' the way,
And lodge an ambush on the floor,
Or fortify'd behind a door,
That, if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.
Mean-while they knock'd against the door,
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what she 'd order'd execute;
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away,
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone;
Till fear, that braver feats performs
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face:
This he courageously invaded,
And, having enter'd, barricado'd;
Ensconc'd himself as formidable
As could be underneath a table,
Where he lay down in ambush close,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
To guard his desp'rate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout,
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd the enemy had storm'd,
And after ent'ring, Sidrophel
Was fall'n upon the guards pellmell;
He therefore sent out all his senses
To bring him in intelligences,
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance;
But those that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy;
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.

* Two famous and valiant princes of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

Mean-while the foe beat up his quarters,
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress;
And as another of the same
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
That in the same cause had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd,
By vent'ring only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
B' a general of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd through a window by th' ears,
So he was serv'd in his redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid;
For when a man is past his sense,
There 's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows,
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The Brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the Saints
Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
For just revenge and punishment,
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free confession;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?—
That which contracts all matches, money.
It was th' enchantment of her riches,
That made m' apply t' your crony witches;
That in return would pay th' expence,
The wear and tear of conscience,
Which I could patched up and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
Didst thou not love her then? speak true.
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
How wouldst thou 've us'd her and her money?
First turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed,
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.
What made thee pick and choose her out
T' employ their forceries about?
That which make gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.

But didſt thou ſcourge thy veſſel thus,
As thou haſt damn'd thyſelf to us?
I ſee you take me for an aſs;
'Tis true, I thought the trick would paſs,
Upon a woman, well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof,
Whoſe humours are not to be won
But when they 're impos'd upon;
For Love approves of all they do
That ſtand for candidates, and woo.
Why didſt thou forge thoſe ſhameful lies
Of bears and witches in diſguiſe?
That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following the leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers:
And we have now no other way
Of paſſing all we do or ſay;
Which, when 't is natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few,
Beſide the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of ſenſe.
Why didſt thou chooſe that curſed ſin,
Hypocriſy, to ſet up in?
Becauſe it is the thriving'ſt calling,
The only Saints' bell that rings all in;
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the eaſieſt to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unleſs th' employ 't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't:
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws empow'r'd to rout,
And awe the greateſt that ſtand out;
Which few hold forth againſt, for fear
Their hands ſhould ſlip, and come too near;
For no ſin elſe, among the Saints,
Is taught ſo tenderly againſt.
What made thee break thy plighted vows?
That which makes others break a houſe,
And hang, and ſcorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.
Quoth he, I ſee you have more tricks
Than all our doting politics,
That are grown old and out of faſhion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation;
That we muſt come to ſchool to you,
To learn your more refin'd and new.
Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You 'll find yourſelf an errant chouſe,
If y' were but at a Meeting-houſe.
'Tis true, (quoth he) we ne'er come there,
Becauſe w' have let 'em out by th' year.
Truly (quoth he) you cann't imagine
What wond'rous things they will engage in;
That as your fellow-fiends in hell
Were angels all before they fell,
So are you like to be again
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.
Quoth he, I am reſolv'd to be
Thy ſcholar in this myſtery;
And therefore firſt deſire to know
Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?—A livelihood.
What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godlineſs?—Great gains.
What 's tender conſcience?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentleſt touch;
But, breaking out, diſpatches more
Than th' epidemical'ſt plague-ſore.
What makes y' encroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?—To be paid.
What 's orthodox and true believing
Againſt a conſcience?—A good living,
What makes rebelling againſt kings
A good old Cauſe?—Adminiſt'rings.
What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a-year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove falſe again!—Two hundred more.
What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—Food and clothes.
What laws and freedom, perſecution?—
B'ing out of power, and contribution.
What makes a church a den of thieves?
A Dean and Chapter, and white ſleeves.
And what would ſerve, if thoſe were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own,
What makes morality a crime,
The moſt notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked, too, cry out againſt?
'Cauſe grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true Saint allows
They ſhall be ſuffer'd to eſpouſe:
For Saints can need no conſcience,
That with morality diſpenſe;
As virtue 's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed;
But why the wicked ſhould do ſo,
We neither know nor care to do.
What 's liberty of conſcience,
I' th' natural and genuine ſenſe?
'Tis to reſtore, with more ſecurity,
Rebellion to its ancient purity;
And Chriſtian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews;
For a large conſcience is all one,
And ſignifies the ſame with none.
It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Though he gave his name to our old Nick)
But was below the leaſt of theſe,
That paſs i' th' world for holineſs.
This ſaid, the Furies and the light
In th' inſtant vaniſh'd out of ſight,
And left him in the dark alone,
With ſtinks of brimſtone and his own.
The Queen of Night, whoſe large command
Rules all the ſea, and half the land,
And over moiſt and crazy brains,
In high ſpringtides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the weſt,
To go to bed and take her reſt;

When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor;
And though he shut his eyes as fast
As if he 'ad been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards,
To make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears, to hearken
If he could hear, too, in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after in a feeble tone,
These trembling words: Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch,
Or thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' blade?
By saunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a Centaur?
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For still thou 'ast had the worst on 't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat:
Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind,
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corps with sleep.
The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this reprimand
Because the character did hit
Point-blank upon his case so fit;
Believ'd it was some drolling spright
That staid upon the guard that night,
And one of those he 'ad seen, and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt;
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on:
This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears
Pellmell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into Purgatory.
(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,
That on my late disasters rallies)
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic minded;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse;
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars,
And hot disputes with conjurers;
And, when thou 'adst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away.
(I see, thought he, this shameless elf
Would fain steal me, too, from myself,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done)
And now, but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.
Thought he, how does the devil know
What 't was that I design'd to do?
His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long since;
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what some treach'rous spy acquaints.
This is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under doorkeeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second hand,
And now would pass for Spirit Po,
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't;
These rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And hastily cry'd out, What art?
A wretch, (quoth he) whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;
Thus far I'm sure thou'rt in the right:
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some paltry, blackguard spright,
Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;
Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes;
Without the raising of which sum
You dare not be so troublesome
To pinch the flatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your bus'ness, good Pug-Robin,
And your diversion dull dry bobbing,
T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash 'em clean in ditches for't;
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.
Sir, (quoth the Voice) ye're no such sophi
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you design to weigh our talents
I' th' standard of your own false balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us ghosts, as well as we do you,
We who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting,
And never left you in contest,
With male or female, man or beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your Squire.
Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th' idlest pug of all your crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token
To your low country Hogen-Mogen,
To whose infernal shores I hope
He'll swing like skippers in a rope:
And if ye've been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true
What th' ill-affected say of you:
Ye've 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
By holding up your cloven paws.
Sir (quoth the Voice) 'tis true, I grant,
We made, and took the Covenant:
But that no more concerns the Cause,
Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which, when they're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillos for't;

And that's the reaſon Covenanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues' at bars.
I ſee (quoth Hudibras) from whence
Theſe ſcandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his ſects',
Thoſe ſpider-ſaints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.
Sir (quoth the Voice) that may as true
And properly be ſaid of you,
Whoſe talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together;
For all the independents do,
Is only what you forc'd 'em to;
You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down,
But muſt have armies rais'd to back
The Goſpel-work you undertake;
As if artillery and edgetools,
Were th' only engines to ſave ſouls:
While he, poor devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a Claſſis, cannot ſentence
To ſtools, or poundage of repentance;
Is ty'd up only to deſign
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine;
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourſelves his betters too.
Hence 'tis poſſeſſions do leſs evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which all the horrid'ſt actions done
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
Becauſe, unleſs they help the elf,
He can do little of himſelf;
And therefore where he 's beſt poſſeſt
Acts moſt againſt his intereſt;
Surpriſes none but thoſe who 've prieſts
To turn him out, and exorciſts,
Supply'd with ſpiritual proviſion,
And magazines of ammunition;
With croſſes, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, roſaries, and pixes;
The tools of working our ſalvation
By mere mechanic operation:
With holy water, like a ſluice,
To overflow all avenues:
But thoſe who 're utterly unarm'd,
T' oppoſe his entrance if he ſtorm'd,
He never offers to ſurpriſe,
Although his falſeſt enemies;
But is content to be their drudge,
And on their errands glad to trudge:
For where are all your forfeitures
Entruſted in ſafe hands' but ours?
Who are but jailors of the holes
And dungeons where you clap up ſouls;
Like underkeepers, turn the keys,
T' your *mittimus anathemas*,
And never bogle to reſtore
The members you deliver o'er
Upon demand, with fairer juſtice,
Than all your covenanting Truſtees;
Unleſs, to puniſh them the worſe,
You put them in the ſecular powers,
And paſs their ſouls, as ſome demiſe
The lame eſtate in mortgage twice:
When to a legal utlegation
You turn your excommunication,
And, for a groat unpaid that 's due,
Diſtrain on ſoul and body too.
Thought he, 't is no mean part of civil
State prudence to cajole the devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When he 'as us in his cloven hoof.
'Tis true, (quoth he) that intercourſe
Has paſs'd between your friends and ours,
That, as you truſt us, in our way,
To raiſe your members, and to lay,
We ſend you others of our own.
Denounc'd to hang themſelves, or drown,
Or, frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a ſtory;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty intereſts of ſtate,
Laid out our ſp'ritual gifts to further
Your great deſigns of rage and murther;
For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,
We only 've made that title good;
And, if it were but in our power,
We ſhould not ſcruple to do more,
And not be half a ſoul behind
Of all Diſſenters of mankind.
Right, (quoth the Voice) and, as I ſcorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all thoſe kind good offices,
I 'll free you out of this diſtreſs,
And ſet you down in ſafety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn draws on,
When 'tis decreed I muſt be gone;
And if I leave you here till day,
You 'll find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find th' enchanted hero out,
And try'd with haſte to lift him up,
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
Unſerviceable with kicks and blows,
Receiv'd from harden'd hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Greſham-carts, with legs for wheels;
But fear, that ſooneſt cures thoſe ſores,
In danger of relapſe to worſe,
Came in t' aſſiſt him with its aid,
And up his ſinking veſſel weigh'd.
No ſooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to diſlodge;
The Spirit hors'd him like a ſack,
Upon the vehicle his back,
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With ſome few rubs againſt the wall;
Where finding out the poſtern lock'd,
And th' avenues as ſtrongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, ſtorm'd the glaſs,
And in a moment gain'd the paſs;
Through which he dragg'd the worſted ſoldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and ſhoulders,
And cautiouſly began to ſcout
To find their fellow-cattle out;

Nor was it half a minute's queſt,
E'er he retriev'd the champion's beaſt,
Ty'd to a pale, inſtead of rack,
But ne'er a ſaddle on his back,
Nor piſtols at the ſaddle bow,
Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to ſtay,
And let the night, too, ſteal away;
But, in a trice, advanc'd the Knight
Upon the bare ridge, holt upright,
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the ſaddle, too, was ſtray'd,
And in the place a lump of ſoap,
On which he ſpeedily leap'd up;
And, turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain;
While Hudibras, with equal haſte,
On both ſides laid about as faſt,
And ſpurr'd, as jockies uſe, to break,
Or padders to ſecure, a neck:
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their Churches turn our rhyme;
To hold forth their declining ſtate,
Which now come near an even rate.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO II.

The Argument.

The Saints engage in fierce conteſts
About their carnal intereſts,
To ſhare their ſacrilegious preys
According to their rates of Grace:
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a ſtorm;
Till, in th' effige of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

The learned write, an inſect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a ſtorm on cows,
And ſtings the founders of his houſe,
From whoſe corrupted fleſh that breed
Of vermine did at firſt proceed.
So, e'er the ſtorm of war broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious ſects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That firſt run all religion down,
And after ev'ry ſwarm its own:
For as the Perſian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their ſons,
That were incapable t' enjoy
That empire any other way;
So Preſbyter begot the other
Upon the Good old Cauſe, his mother,
Then bore them like the Devil's dam,
Whoſe ſon and huſband are the ſame;
And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
Nor int'reſt for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each other's beard;
For when they thriv'd, they never ſadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd,
Like dogs that ſnarl about a bone,
And play together when they've none;
As by their trueſt characters,
Their conſtant actions plainly 'ppears,
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow ſlack;
The Cauſe and Covenant to leſſen,
And Prov'dence to be out of ſeaſon:
For now there was no more to purchaſe
O' th' King's revenue, and the Churches;
But all divided, ſhar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on;
Which forc'd the ſtubborn'ſt for the Cauſe,
To croſs the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them they 'ad gain'd,
By their ſupport might be maintain'd;
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd againſt the Hue-and-cry;
For Preſbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant:
Laid out their apoſtolic functions
On carnal orders and injunctions;

And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On outlawries and *Scire facias;*
At Michael's term had many trial,
Worſe than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thouſands fell, in ſhape of fees,
Into the bottomleſs abyſs,
For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to ſhare their dividends,
And ev'ry partner to poſſeſs
His Church and State joint-purchaſes,
In which the ableſt Saint, and beſt,
Was nam'd in truſt, by all the reſt,
To pay their money, and, inſtead
Of ev'ry Brother, paſs the deed,
He ſtraight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy ſhifts,
And ſettled all the other ſhares
Upon his outward man and 's heirs;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And paſs'd upon his conſcience
By pre-entail of Providence;
Impeach'd the reſt for Reprobates,
That had no titles to eſtates,
But by their ſp'ritual attaints
Degraded from the right of Saints.
This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun
With law and Conſcience to fall on,
And laid about as hot and brainſick
As th' Utter barriſter of Swanſwick;
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with ſand-bags did of old,
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unſanctify'd Truſtees;
Till he who had no more to ſhew
I' th' caſe, receiv'd the overthrow;
Or, both ſides having had the worſt,
They parted as they met at firſt.
Poor Preſbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and caſhier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a reformado Saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To ſtroll and teach from town to town,
And thoſe he had taught up teach down,
And make thoſe uſes ſerve again
Againſt the New-enlighten'd men,
As fit as when at firſt they were
Reveal'd againſt the Cavalier;
Damn Anabaptiſt and Fanatic,
As pat as Popiſh and Prelatic;
And with as little variation,
To ſerve for any ſect i' th' nation.
The Good old Cauſe, which ſome believe
To be the Dev'l that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does ſtill invite
The world to miſchief with New Light,
Had ſtore of money in her purſe,
When he took her for better or worſe,
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.
The Independents (whoſe firſt ſtation
Was in the rear of Reformation,

A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,
That ſerv'd for horſe and foot at once,
And in the ſaddle of one ſteed
The Saracen and Chriſtian rid;
Were free of ev'ry ſpiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder *)
No ſooner got the ſtart, to lurch
Both diſcipline of War and Church,
And Providence enough to run
The chief commanders of them down,
But carry'd on the war againſt
The common enemy o' th' Saints,
And in a while prevail'd ſo far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themſelves as they 'ad before.
For now there was no foe in arms
T' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worſt, themſelves, at home,
Who 'ad compaſs'd all th' pray'd and ſwore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the Nation, Church, and State,
And all things but their laws and hate;
But when they came to treat and tranſact,
And ſhare the ſpoil of all they 'ad ranſackt,
To botch up what they 'ad torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,
They met no ſooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the war had ſpar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but t' aboliſh,
Subvert, extirpate, and demoliſh:
For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin,
As Dutch boors are t' a ſooterkin,
Both parties join'd to do their beſt
To damn the public intereſt,
And herded only in conſults,
To put by one another's bolts;
T' outcant the Babylonian lab'rers,
At all their dialects of jabb'rers,
And tug at both ends of the ſaw,
To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim;
So thoſe who play a game of State,
And only cavil in debate,
Although there's nothing loſt nor won,
The public bus'neſs is undone,
Which ſtill the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the furer way to ruin.
This when the royaliſts perceiv'd,
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the Church and Crown)
Th' united conſtanter, and ſided
The more, the more their foes divided:
For though outnumber'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down,

* The officers and ſoldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached and prayed, as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was fam'd for a preacher, and has a ſermon in print, intituled, *Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conſcientious Exerciſe, held at Sir Peter Temple's in Lincoln's Inn-fields*, upon Rom. xiii. 1.

Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
For loyalty is ſtill the ſame,
Whether it win or loſe the game;
True as the dial to the ſun,
Although it be not ſhin'd upon.
But when theſe Brethren in evil,
Their adverſaries, and the Devil,
Began once more to ſhew them play,
And hopes, at leaſt, to have a day,
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented ſolitudes;
Conven'd at midnight in outhouſes,
T' appoint new riſing rendezvouſes,
And, with a pertinacy 'nmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No ſooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party ſtarted,
And as if Nature, too, in haſte
To furniſh out ſupplies as faſt,
Before her time had turn'd deſtruction
T' a new and numerous production;
No ſooner thoſe were overcome,
But up roſe others in their room,
That, like the Chriſtian faith, increaſt
The more, the more they were ſuppreſt;
Whom neither chains, nor tranſportation,
Proſcription, ſale, or confiſcation,
Nor all the deſperate events
Of former try'd experiments,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling,
Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the right,
From ſtaking life and fortune down
'Gainſt all together for the Crown:
But kept the title of their cauſe
From forfeiture, like claims in laws;
And prov'd no proſp'rous uſurpation
Can ever ſettle on the nation;
Until, in ſpite of force and treaſon;
They put their loy'lty in poſſeſſion;
And, by their conſtancy and faith,
Deſtroy'd the mighty men of Gath.
Toſs'd in a furious hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his reign *,
And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
As mortal men and miſcreants,
To ſounder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,
Who, in a falſe erroneous dream,
Miſtook the New Jeruſalem
Profanely for th' apocryphal
Falſe Heaven at the end o' th' Hall †;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His precious relics to tranſlate:
So Romulus was ſeen before
B' as orthodox a ſenator,
From whoſe divine illumination
He ſtole the Pagan revelation.
Next him his ſon and heir apparent †
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent,
Who firſt laid by the Parliament,
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then ſunk underneath the ſtate,
That rode him above horſeman's weight.
And now the Saints began their reign,
For which they'd yearn'd ſo long in vain,
And felt ſuch bowel-hankerings,
To ſee an empire, all of kings,
Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
Of juſtice, government, and law,
And free t' erect what ſp'ritual cantons
Should be reveal'd, or goſpel Hans-towns,
To edify upon the ruins
Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,
Who for a weathercock hung up
Upon their mother-church's top,
Was made a type by Providence,
Of all their revelations ſince,
And now fulfil by his ſucceſſors,
Who equally miſtook their meaſures;
For when they came to ſhape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From fadging, than th' unſanctify'd,
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove hand to fiſt againſt another,
And ſtill the maddeſt, and moſt crackt,
Were found the buſieſt to tranſact;
For though moſt hands diſpatch apace
And make light work (the proverb ſays),
Yet many different intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects;
And many heads t' obſtruct intrigues,
As ſloweſt inſects have moſt legs.
Some were for ſetting up a king,
But all the reſt for no ſuch thing,
Unleſs King Jeſus §: others tampert
For Fleetwood ||, Deſborough ¶, and Lambert *;
Some of the Rump, and ſome more crafty,
For Agitators, and the Safety ‡;

* At Oliver's death was a moſt furious tempeſt, ſuch as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation.

† After the Reſtoration, Oliver's body was dug up, and his head ſet up at the farther end of Weſtminſter-hall, near which place there is an houſe of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *Heaven*.

† Oliver's eldeſt ſon, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his ſucceſſor, and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector; yet, notwithſtanding, Fleetwood, Deſborough, and their partiſans, managed affairs ſo, that he was obliged to reſign.

§ Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy-men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and ſet up King Jeſus.

|| Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general; he married Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldeſt daughter; was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper houſe: his ſalary ſuppoſed to be 6600 l. a-year.

¶ Deſborough, a yeoman of 60 or 70 l. *per annum*. He married Cromwell's ſiſter, and was made a colonel in raiſing Cromwell to the Protectorſhip; upon which he was made one of his Council, a General at ſea, and Major-general of divers counties of the weſt, and was one of Oliver's upper houſe. His annual income was 3226 l. 13 s. 4 d.

* Lambert was one of the Rump Generals, and principal oppoſer of General Monk in the Reſtoration of King Charles II.

‡ Committee of Safety, a ſet of men who took upon them the government, upon diſplacing the Rump a ſecond time: their number amounted to twenty-three, which, though filled up with men of all parties, (Royaliſts excepted) yet was ſo craftily compoſed, that the balance was ſufficiently ſecured to thoſe of the army faction.

Some for the Gospel, and massacres
Of sp'ritual Affidavit-makers,
That swore to any human regence
Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance;
Yea, though the ablest swearing Saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down th' high places
Of Synods and Provincial Classes,
That us'd to make such hostile inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:
Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' Excise;
And some against th' Egyptian bondage
Of Holydays, and paying Poundage:
Some for the cutting down of Groves,
And rectifying bakers' Loaves,
And some for finding out expedients
Against the slav'ry of Obedience:
Some were for Gospel-ministers,
And some for Redcoat feculars,
As men most fit t' hold forth the Word,
And wield the one and th' other sword:
Some were for carrying on the Work
Against the Pope, and some the Turk:
Some for engaging to suppress
The camisado of Surplices,
The Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward man th' inward;
More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery than Gospel-light:
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a Ring,
With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom
Is marry'd only to a thumb,
(As wise as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig)
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage still:
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of Linseywoolsey in the nation;
And some against all idolising
The Cross in some shopbooks, or baptising:
Others, to make all things recant
The Christian or surname of Saint,
And force all churches, streets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce;
Some 'gainst a third estate of Souls,
And bringing down the price of Coals;
Some for abolishing Black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in;
To abrogate them roots and branches,
While others were for eating Haunches
Of warriors, and now and then,
The flesh of kings and mighty men;
And some for breaking of their Bones
With rods of iron, by secret ones;
For thrashing mountains, and with spells
For hallowing carriers' packs and bells;
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the Wicked fore afeard of.
The quacks of government, (who sate
At th' unregarded helm of state,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness and delusion,

Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And save their wind-pipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worse than all they 'ad 'scap'd in war;
And therefore met in consultation
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the sickly patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the purses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—gain.
'Mong these there was a politician *
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the Whores of Babylon;
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink;
And in his dark pragmatic way
As busy as a child at play.
He 'ad seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one;
Was for 'em, and 'gainst 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall:
For, by trepanning the old to ruin,
He made his int'rest with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd;
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion,
By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of ev'ry state,
And, at a change, ne'er came too late;
Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lath;
By turning wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out, for new:
For when he 'ad happily incurr'd,
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went;
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The public ruin, and his own;
So little did he understand
The desp'rate feats he took in hand,
For when he 'ad got himself a name,
For frauds and tricks he spoil'd his game;
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
To shew his play at fast and loose;
And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
For art and subtlety, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together most profound
At deeds of Darkness under ground;

* This was Sir Anthony-Ashley Cooper, who complied with ev'ry change in those times.

As th' earth is eaſieſt undermin'd,
By vermine impotent and blind.
By all theſe arts and many more
He 'ad practis'd long and much before,
Our ſtate-artificer foreſaw
Which way the world began to draw;
For as old ſinners have all points,
O' th' compaſs in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And, better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons;
So guilty ſinners, in a ſtate,
Can by their crimes prognoſticate,
And in their conſciences feel pain
Some days before a ſhow'r of rain:
He, therefore, wiſely caſt about
All ways he could, t' enſure his throat,
And hither came, t' obſerve and ſmoke
What courſes other riſkers took,
And to the utmoſt do his beſt
To ſave himſelf, and hang the reſt.
To match this Saint, there was another,
As buſy and perverſe a Brother,
An haberdaſher of ſmall wares
In politics and ſtate affairs;
More Jew than Rabbi Achithophel,
And better gifted to rebel;
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'ſpouſe
The Cauſe, aloft upon one houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So ſuddenly addicted ſtill
To's only principle, his will,
That, whatſoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'burn,
Cou'd render half a grain leſs ſtubborn;
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' harangue;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miſs his dear delight, to wrangle;
In which his parts were ſo accompliſht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonpluſt;
But ſtill his tongue ran on, the leſs
Of weight it bore, with greater eaſe;
And, with its everlaſting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
No ſooner could a hint appear,
But up he ſtarted to picqueer,
And made the ſtouteſt yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controverſy;
Not by the force of carnal reaſon,
But indefatigable teaſing;
With vollies of eternal babble,
And clamour more unanſwerable.
For though his topics, frail and weak,
Cou'd ne'er amount above a freak,
He ſtill maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
Againſt the deſp'rateſt aſſaults,
And back'd their feeble want of ſenſe,
With greater heat and confidence;
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they're cudgell'd grow the ſtiffer.
Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated;
For nothing but his intereſt
Could lay his devil of conteſt:
It was his choice, or chance, or curſe,
T' eſpouſe the Cauſe for better or worſe,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And ſoul and body, worſhipp'd it:
But when he found the ſullen trapes
Poſſeſs'd with th' devil, worms, and claps,
The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
Not half ſo full of jadiſh tricks,
Though ſqueamiſh in her outward woman,
As looſe and rampant as Dol Common,
He ſtill reſolv'd to mend the matter,
I' adhere and cleave the obſtinater;
And ſtill the ſkittiſher and looſer
Her freaks appear'd, to ſit the cloſer:
For fools are ſtubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay:
And obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
Theſe two, with others, being met,
And cloſe in conſultation ſet,
After a diſcontented pauſe,
And not without ſufficient cauſe,
The orator we nam'd of late,
Leſs troubled with the pangs of ſtate
Than with his own impatience
To give himſelf firſt audience,
After he had a while look'd wiſe,
At laſt broke ſilence, and the ice.
Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
Our laſt Outgoings brought about,
More than to ſee the characters
Of real jealouſies and fears
Not feign'd, as once, but ſadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead;
Who, 'cauſe the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten ſudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of ſtate-turns,
And revolutions in their corns;
And, ſince our Workings-out are croſt,
Throw up the Cauſe before 'tis loſt.
Was it to run away we meant
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lameſt cripples of the Brothers
Took oaths to run before all others,
But, in their own ſenſe, only ſwore
To ſtrive to run away before,
And now would prove, that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true the Cauſe is in the lurch,
Between a right and mongrel-church;
The Preſbyter and Independent,
That ſtickle which ſhall make an end on't,
As 'twas made out to us the laſt
Expedient,—(I mean Marg'ret's faſt)
When Providence had been ſuborn'd:
What anſwer was to be return'd:
Elſe why ſhould tumults fright us now,
We have ſo many times gone through,
And underſtand as well to tame
As, when they ſerve our turns, t' inflame?

Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble,
Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
With drums, and rattles, like a child,
But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us;
For all our scouring of religion
Began with tumults and sedition;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became strong motives to devotion;
(As carnal seamen in a storm,
Turn pious converts, and reform)
When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
And brown-bills, levy'd in the City,
Made bills to pass the Grand Committee:
When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
Gave chace to rockets and white sleeves,
And made the Church, and State, and Laws,
Submit t' old iron, and the Cause.
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
So might we better now agen,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need;
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us,
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
And close malignant, are detected;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
For pledges to secure our own;
And freely sacrifice their ears
T' appease our jealousies and fears:
And yet for all these providences
W' are offer'd, if we have our senses,
We idly sit like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a discharge:
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
Who, e'er the blow, become mere dolts;
Or fools, besotted with their crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
That neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away;
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand or fall at least together;
No mean nor trivial solaces
To partners in extreme distress,
Who use to lessen their despairs,
By parting them int' equal shares;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit,
Who, when our fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course,
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our last and best defence, despair:
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
By being courageously outbrav'd;
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poisons by themselves expell'd:
And so they might be now agen,
If we were, what we should be, men;
And not so dully desperate,
To side against ourselves with Fate:
As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking Covenants,
And setting up exempts of Saints,
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficace:
For sp'ritual men are too transcendent,
That mount their banks for independent,
To hang, like Mah'met, in the air,
Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or state:
Disdain the pedantry o' th' latter,
And since obedience is better
(The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
Presume the less on't will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals;
But left at large to make their best on,
Without b'ing call'd t' account or quest'on:
Interpret all the spleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the bells;
And bid themselves turn back agen
Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem;
But look so big and overgrown,
They scorn their edifiers to own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions;
Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like charity, on those that want;
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
T' inspire themselves with shorthand notes,
For which they scorn and hate them worse
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders:
For who first bred them up to pray,
And teach the House of Commons' way?
Where had they all their gifted phrases,
But from our Calamies and Cases*?
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Whoe'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
Their Dispensations had been stifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield†,
And, had they not begun the war,
They 'ad ne'er been sainted as they are:
For Saints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
In th' intervals of war and slaughter;

* Calamy and Case were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were among the Independents.

† Adoniram Byfield was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the scribes to the assembly of Divines: and, no doubt, for his great zeal and pains-taking in his office, he had the profit of printing the *Directory*, the copy whereof was sold for 400 l. though, when printed, the price was but three pence.

Abates the ſharpneſs of its edge,
Without the pow'r of ſacrilege:
And though they've tricks to caſt their ſins,
As eaſy' as ſerpents do their ſkins,
That in a while grow out agen,
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And, from the moſt refin'd of Saints,
As nat'rally grow miſcreants
As barnacles turn ſoland geeſe
In th' iſlands of the Orcades,
Their Diſpenſation's but a ticket
For their conforming to the wicked,
With whom the greateſt difference
Lies more in words and ſhew than ſenſe:
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of ſtate;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well;
And if the world has any troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greateſt harm,
Their ſp'ritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the overheated ſots
In fever ſtill, like other goats;
For though the Whore bends heretics
With flames of fire, like crooked ſticks,
Our Schiſmatics ſo vaſtly differ,
Th' hotter they're they grow the ſtiffer;
Still ſetting off their ſp'ritual goods
With fierce and pertinacious feuds:
For Zeal's, a dreadful termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
And Independents to profeſs
The doctrine of dependences;
Turns meek, and ſecret ſneaking ones,
To Rawheads fierce, and Bloody bones;
And, not content with endleſs quarrels
Againſt the Wicked and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themſelves.
For, now the war is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin,
But Saint and Saint to ſpill the blood
Of one another's Brotherhood,
Where neither ſide can lay pretence
To liberty of conſcience,
Or zealous ſuff'ring for the Cauſe,
To gain one groat's worth of applauſe;
For, though endur'd with reſolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to perſecution;
Shall precious Saints, and Secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the fleſh of Brethren,
Inſtead of kings and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themſelves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;
When ſavage bears agree with bears,
Shall ſecret ones lug Saints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?
Shall maſtiffs, by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold,
And Saints, whoſe necks are pawn'd at ſtake,
No notice of the danger take?
But though no pow'r of heav'n or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal,
Who would not gueſs there might be hopes
The fear of gallowſes and ropes,
Before their eyes might reconcile
Their animoſities a while.
At leaſt until they 'ad a clear ſtage,
And equal freedom to engage,
Without the danger of ſurpriſe
By both our common enemies?
This none but we alone could doubt,
Who underſtood their workings-out,
And know 'em both in ſoul and conſcience,
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a noneſenſe
As ſp'ritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
Of miracle can ne'er reſtore.
We whom at firſt they ſet up under
In revelation only' of plunder,
Who ſince have had ſo many trials
Of their encroaching ſelf-denials,
That rook'd upon us with deſign
To out-reform, and undermine;
Took all our int'reſts and commands
Perfid'ouſly, out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive gains allow'd,
And made us ſerve as miniſterial,
Like younger ſons of Father Belial:
And yet for all th' inhuman wrong,
They 'ad done us, and the Cauſe ſo long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The work ſtill, as we had begun;
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the charge of jails,
To find us pill'ries and carts' tails,
Or hangman's wages, which the ſtate
Was forc'd (before them) to be at,
That cut, like tallies to the ſtumps,
Our ears for keeping true accompts,
And burnt our veſſels like a new
Seal'd peck, or buſhel, for b'ing true;
But hand in hand like faithful Brothers.
Held for the Cauſe againſt all others,
Diſdaining equally to yield
One ſyllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men,
Our inward men and conſtant frame
Of ſpirit, ſtill were near the ſame;
And till they firſt began to cant,
And ſprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Againſt the common enemy,
Although 't was ours, and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a Rimmon;
And yet for all this Goſpel union,
And outward ſhew of Church-communion,

They'll ne'er admit us to our shares
Of ruling church or state affairs,
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T' our own conditions of repentance,
But shar'd our dividend o' the Crown
We had so painfully preach'd down,
And forc'd us, though against the grain,
T' have calls to teach it up again;
For 'twas but justice to restore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And, when 'twas held forth in our way,
We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay;
Who, for the right we've done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
And put our vessels in a way,
Once more, to come again in play:
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about,
And that our only suffering
Is able to bring in the King,
What would our actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a share,
At least, in carying on th' affair:
But whether that be so or not,
We've done enough to have it thought,
And that's as good as if we'ad don't,
And easier pass'd upon account:
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as justify'd.
The world is nat'rally averse
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony;
And though it have the pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong;
As women long, when they're with child,
For things extravagant and wild;
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
But seldom any thing that's wholesome;
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles
Turn round upon their ears, the poles,
And what they're confidently told,
By no sense else can be controll'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge in Providence.
For as relapses make diseases
More desp'rate than their first accesses,
If we but get again in power,
Our work is easier than before,
And we more ready and expert
I' th' mystery, to do our part:
We who did rather undertake
The first war to create than make;
And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry't on;
Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,
With plots and projects of our own;
And if we did such feats at first,
What can we, now we're better vers't?
Who have a freer latitude,
Than sinners give themselves, allow'd;
And therefore likeliest to bring in,
On fairest terms, our Discipline;
To which it was reveal'd long since
We were ordain'd by Providence;
When three Saints' ears, our predecessors*,
The Cause's primitive confessors,
B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood
In just so many years of blood,
That, multiply'd by Six, expres't
The perfect number of the Beast,
And prov'd that we must be the men
To bring this Work about again:
And those who laid the first foundation,
Complete the thorough Reformation:
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work but we alone?
What Churches have such able pastors,
And precious, powerful, preaching Masters?
Possess'd with absolute dominions
O'er Brethren's purses and opinions?
And trusted with the double keys
Of heav'n, and their warehouses;
Who, when the Cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what sums they please,
That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
To be dispos'd at their commands:
And daily' increase and multiply,
With Doctrine, Use, and Usury;
Can fetch in parties (as in war,
All other heads of cattle are)
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions,
And share them, from blue ribands, down
To all blue aprons in the Town;
From ladies hurry'd in calleches,
With cornets at their footmen's breeches,
To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
All guts and belly, like a crab.
Our party's great, and better ty'd
With oaths, and trade, than any side;
Has one considerable improvement
To double fortify the Cov'nant;
I mean our Covenant to purchase
Delinquents' titles, and the Church's,
That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
Among ourselves, for current land,
And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions;
Our best reserve for Reformation,
When new Outgoings give occasion;
That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their creed) t' assert;
And, when they've pack'd a Parl'ament,
Will once more try the expedient:
Who can already muster friends
To serve for members to our ends,
That represent no part o' th' nation,
But Fisher's folly congregation;
Are only tools to our intrigues,
And sit like geese to hatch our eggs;
Who, by their precedents of wit,
T' outfast, outloiter, and outsit,
And order matters underhand,
To put all bus'nels to a hand;

* Burton, Pryn, and Bastwick, three notorious rig leaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the I Rebellion.

Lay public bills aſide, for private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the great and neceſſary,
With trifles to conteſt and vary
And make the nation repreſent,
And ſerve for us in Parl'ament;
Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finiſh none,
Unleſs it be the bulls of Lenthal*,
That always paſs'd for fundamental;
Can ſet up grandee againſt grandee,
To ſquander time away, and bandy;
Make Lords and Commoners lay ſieges
To one another's privileges;
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins th' only ſcope
And conſolation of our hope;
Who, though we do not play the game,
Aſſiſt as much by giving aim;
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions, t' act their parts
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A ſeconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a caſting voice comes to,
That turns up trump of *Aye* or *No*;
And, by adjuſting all at the end,
Share every one his dividend.
An art that ſo much ſtudy coſt,
And now's in danger to be loſt
Unleſs our ancient virtuoſis,
That found it out, get in to th' Houſes.
Theſe are the courſes that we took
To carry things by hook or crook¶,
And practis'd down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door.
Beſides, the herds of Boutefeus
We ſet on work without the Houſe,
When ev'ry knight and citizen
Kept legiſlative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence,
From all points of the rabble's ſenſe,
And fill the lobbies of both Houſes
With politic important buzzes;
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack deſigns without the walls;
Examine and draw up all news,
And fit it to our preſent uſe;
Agree upon the plot o' the farce,
And ev'ry one his part rehearſe;
Make Q's of anſwers to waylay
What th' other party's like to ſay;
What repartees, and ſmart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections;

* Mr. Lenthal was Speaker to that Houſe of Commons which begun the Rebellion, murdered the King, becoming then but the Rump, or fag end of a Houſe, and was turned out by Oliver Cromwell: reſtored after Richard was outed, and at laſt diſſolved themſelves at General Monk's command: and as his name was ſet to the ordinance of this Houſe, theſe ordinances are here called the *Bulls of Lenthal* in alluſion to the Pope's bulls, which are humorouſly deſcribed by the author of *A Tale of a Tub*.

¶ Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who diſſented from their ten brethren in the caſe of ſhip-money, when it was argued in the Exchequer; which occaſioned the wags to ſay, that the King carried it by *Hook*, but not by *Crook*.

And who ſhall break the maſter-jeſt,
And what, and how, upon the reſt:
Help pamphlets out, with ſafe editions,
Of proper ſlanders and ſeditions,
And treaſon for a token ſend,
By letter, to a country friend;
Diſperſe lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit
With falſer than a pander's face,
That all its owner does betrays,
Who therefore dares not truſt it, when
He's in his calling to be ſeen;
Diſperſe the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of diſcord forth;
Be ſure to keep up congregations,
In ſpite of laws and proclamations:
For charlatans can do no good,
Until they're mounted in a crowd;
And when they're puniſh'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for't;
As long as confeſſors are ſure
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in perſecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution:
Whence ſome tub holders forth have made
In powd'ring tubs their richeſt trade;
And, while they kept their ſhops in priſon
Have found their prices ſtrangely riſen.
Diſdain to own the leaſt regret
For all the Chriſtian blood we've let
'Twill ſave our credit, and maintain
Our title to do ſo again;
That needs not coſt one dram of ſenſe,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our conſtancy t' our principles,
In time will wear out all things elſe;
Like marble ſtatues, rubb'd in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrims' kiſſes;
While thoſe who turn and wind their oaths,
Have ſwell'd and ſunk, like other froths;
Prevail'd awhile, but 'twas not long
Before from world to world they ſwung;
As they had turn'd from ſide to ſide,
And as the changlings liv'd they dy'd.
This ſaid, th' impatient Stateſmonger
Could now contain himſelf no longer,
Who had not ſpar'd to ſhew his piques
Againſt th' harranguer's politics.
With ſmarting remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After he had adminiſter'd a doſe
Of ſnuff mundungus to his noſe,
And powder'd th' inſide of his ſkull,
Inſtead of th' outward jobbernol,
He ſhook it with a ſcornful look
On th' adverſary, and thus he ſpoke:
In dreſſing a calf's head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep ſo great a diſtance here,
'Tis ſtrange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols
With ſuch inſufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the King
And keeping of him out one thing?

Which none could do, but thoſe that ſwore
'Twas point-blank nonſenſe heretofore;
That to defend was to invade,
And to aſſaſſinate to aid:
Unleſs, becauſe you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt)
No pow'r is able to reſtore
And bring him in, but on your ſcore:
A ſp'ritual doctrine, that conduces
Moſt properly to all your uſes.
'Tis true, a ſcorpion's oil is ſaid
To cure the wounds the vermin made;
And weapons dreſs'd with ſalves reſtore,
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether Pr*byterians have
So much good nature as the ſalve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
Thoſe who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed 'tis pity you ſhould miſs
Th' arrears of all your ſervices,
And, for th' eternal obligation
Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
Be us'd ſo unconſcionably hard,
As not to find a juſt reward
For letting rapine looſe, and murther,
To rage juſt ſo far but no farther,
And ſetting all the land on fire,
To burn t' a ſcantling, but no higher;
For vent'ring to aſſaſſinate,
And cut the throats of Church and State,
And not be allow'd the fitteſt men
To take the charge of both agen:
Eſpecially that have the grace
Of ſelf-denying gifted face;
Who when your projects have miſcarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On thoſe you painfully trepann'd,
And ſprinkled in at ſecond-hand;
As we have been, to ſhare the guilt
Of Chriſtian blood, devoutly ſpilt;
For ſo our ignorance was flamm'd,
To damn ourſelves, t' avoid being damn'd;
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at Backgammon,
And win your necks upon the ſet,
As well as ours, who did but bet,
(For he had drawn your ears before,
And nick'd them on the ſelf-ſame ſcore*)
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had loſt us at foul play,
And brought you down to rook and lie,
And fancy only on the bye;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty poles,
And reſcu'd all your outward traitors
From hanging up, like aligators;
For which ingeniouſly ye've ſhew'd
Your Preſbyterian gratitude;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Thoſe were your motives to divide,
And ſcruple, on the other ſide,
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conſcience and remorſe;
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again;
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
Than maggots are convinc'd to flies;
And therefore all your Lights and Calls
Are but apochryphal and falſe,
To charge us with the conſequences
Of all your native inſolences,
That to your own imperious wills
Laid Law and Goſpel neck and heels;
Corrupted the Old Teſtament*,
To ſerve the New for precedent;
T' amend its errors and defects,
With murder and rebellion texts;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to ſow upon;
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jew
Held Chriſtian doctrine forth, and uſe;
As Mahomet (your chief) began
To mix them in the Alcoran;
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cuſhion;
Stole from the beggars all your tones,
And gifted mortifying groans;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are ſaid to ſee the wind,
Fill'd Bedlam with predeſtination,
And Knightſbridge with illumination;
Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford†.
While women, great with child, miſcarry'd,
For being to Malignants marry'd;
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
Whoſe huſbands were not for the Cauſe;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Becauſe they came not out to battle;
Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz,
And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not eſpouſe the Saints adventures:
Could tranſubſtantiate, metamorphoſe,
And charm whole herds of beaſts, like Orpheus;
Inchant the King's and Church's lands,
T' obey and follow your commands,
And ſettle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill had done of old;
Could turn the Cov'nant, and tranſlate
The Goſpel into ſpoons and plate;
Expound upon all merchants' 'caſhes,
And open th' intricateſt places;
Could catechiſe a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox;
Until the Cauſe become a Demon,
And Pythias the wicked Mammon;

* Alluding to the caſe of Mr. Pryn, who had his ears cropped twice for his ſeditious writings.

* This was done by a fanatical printer in the ſeventh commandment; who printed it, *Thou* ſhalt *commit adultery*, and was fined for it in the Star-chamber, or High-commiſſion Court.

† The Malcontents reported that Lunsford was of ſo brutal an appetite that he would eat children. And, to make this gentleman the more deteſtable, they made horrid pictures of him. Colonel Lunsford, after all, was a perſon of extraordinary ſobriety, induſtry, and courage, and was killed at the taking of Briſto by the King, in 1643.

And yet, in ſpite of all your charms
To conjure Legion up in arms,
And raiſe more devils in the rout,
Then e'er y' were able to caſt out,
Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe fools,
Bred up (you ſay) in your own ſchools,
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit,
By whom you've been ſo oft' trepann'd,
And held forth out of all command;
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on;
Of all your diſpenſations worm'd,
Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all things but the people's hate;
And ſpirited out of th' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments,
By thoſe who lodg'd their gifts and graces
Like better bowlers, in your places:
All which you bore with reſolution,
Charg'd on th' account of perſecution;
And though moſt righteouſly oppreſs'd,
Againſt your wills, ſtill acquieſc'd;
And never humm'd and hah'd Sedition,
Nor ſnuffled Treaſon, nor Miſpriſion:
That is, becauſe you never durſt;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worſt,
Alas, you were no longer able
To raiſe your poſſe of the rabble:
One ſingle redcoat ſentinel
Out charm'd the magic of the ſpell,
And, with his ſquirt fire, could diſperſe
Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verſe.
We knew too well thoſe tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your powers,
Or truſt our ſafeties, or undoings,
To your diſpoſing of Outgoings,
Or to your ord'ring Providence,
One farthing's worth of conſequence.
For had you power to undermine,
Or wit to carry a deſign,
Or correſpondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man,
There's nothing elſe that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to uſe the means;
And therefore wonders like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to reſtore,
That could not keep yourſelves in pow'r:
T' advance the int'reſts of the Crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.
'Tis true you have (for I'd be loath
To wrong ye) done your parts in both,
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your zealous want of ſenſe
And ſanctify'd impertinence,
Your carrying bus'neſs in a huddle,
That forc'd our rulers to new-model,
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out;
To reformado, one and all,
T' your great Creyſado General;
Your greedy flav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r;
That ſpruing the game you were to ſet,
Before ye 'ad time to draw the net:
Your ſpite to ſee the Church's lands
Divided into other hands,
And all your ſacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures;
Your envy to be ſprinkled down,
By under churches in the Town;
And no courſe us'd to ſtop their mouths,
Nor th' Independents' ſpreading growths:
All which conſider'd, 'tis moſt true
None bring him in ſo much as you,
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
Their midnight juntos, and ſeal'd knots;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own raſh politics.
And this way you may claim a ſhare
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair,
Elſe frogs and tods, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns looſe,
And flies and mange, that ſet them free
From taſkmaſters and ſlavery,
Were likelier to do the feat,
In any indiff'rent man's conceit;
For whoe'er heard of Reſtoration,
Until your thorough Reformation?
That is, the King's and Church's lands
Were ſequeſter'd int' other hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to reſtore;
And when the work was carrying on,
Who croſs'd it but yourſelves alone?
As by a world of hints appears,
All plain, and extant, as your ears.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The Iſle of Wight
Will riſe up, if you ſhou'd deny't,
Where Henderſon¶, and th' other Maſſes,
Were ſent to cap texts, and put caſes:
To paſs for deep and learned ſcholars,
Although but paltry Ob and Sollers†:
As if th' unſeaſonable fools
Had been a courſing in the ſchools.
Until they 'ad prov'd the devil author
O' th' Cov'nant, and the Cauſe his daughter:
For when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been ſpilt,
They did not mean he wrought th' effuſion
In perſon, like Sir Pride‖, or Hughſon*,

¶ One of the chief of the Preſbyterian miniſters, employed to endeavour to induce the King to agree to the abolition of Epiſcopacy.

† Probably *Ob and Sollers*, are deſigned as a character of Mr. Henderſon and his fellow diſputants, who are called *Maſſes*, as Mas is an abridgement of Maſter, that is, young maſters in divinity.

‖ Pride was a ſoundſling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in ſecluding the members, in order to the King's trial: which great change was called Colonel Pride's *Purge*. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper houſe. He is called Thomas Lord Pride, in the commiſſion for erecting a High Court of Juſtice, for the trial of Sir Henry Slingſby, Dr. Hewitt &c. Mr. Butler calls him *Sir Pride*, by way of meer upon the manner of his being knighted; for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a fagot ſtick inſtead of a ſword.

* Hughſon was a cobler, went into the army, and was made a colonel.

But only those who first begun
The quarrel were by him set on;
And who could those be but the Saints,
Those Reformation termagants?
But e'er this pass'd the wise debate
Spent so much time, it grew too late;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T' enclose him with his warriors round;
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely sophists out.
Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less
Of nonsense in't, or sottishness;
When from a scoundrel holder-forth,
The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,
Your mighty senators took law,
At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
To Doctrine, Use, and Application.
So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
Th' espousers of your cause and monies,
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid,
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends,
You basely left them, and the Church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shews what utensils y' have been,
To bring the King's concernments in;
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just,
Such as will punctually repay
With double int'rest, and betray.
Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art,
Than those who dully act one part;
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some,
Who change them for the same intrigues
That statesmen use in breaking leagues;
While others in old faiths and troths
Look old, as out-of-fashion'd clothes,
And nastier in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen.
For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes;
And, whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in;
While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,
And, when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.
And so we may, if we've but sense
To use the necessary means,
And not your usual stratagems
On one another, lights and dreams:
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give;
Set up the Covenant on crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before we're sure to prop our own;
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding,
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.
I grant all curses are in vain,
Unless we can get it in again:
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's how.
'Tis true we've money, th' only pow'r
That all mankind falls down before;
Money, that, like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things;
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way,
As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well;
Whose half-starv'd pride, and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice,
T' expose to sale, besides the wages,
Of storing plagues to after ages.
Nor is our money less our own
Than t'was before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in play upon't
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
What pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the arts we us'd before,
In peace and war, and something more,
And by th' unfortunate events
Can mend our next experiments;
For when we're taken into trust,
How easy are the wisest chous't,
Who see but th' outsides of our feats,
And not their secret springs and weights,
And, while they're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please?
How easy is't to serve for agents,
To prosecute our old engagements?
To keep the good old Cause on foot,
And present pow'r from taking root;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots and parties taking arms;
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of side to side
Profess the passionat'st concerns,
For both their interests by turns,
The only way t'improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd)
For if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together;
And therefore have no other means
To stand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty:
To reconcile our late Dissenters,
Our Brethren, though by other venters;
Unite them, and their different maggots,
As long and short sticks are in faggots,

And make them join again as close,
As when they first began t' espouse;
Erect them into separate
New Jewish tribes in Church and State;
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only' among themselves converse,
And all that are not of their mind,
Make enemies to all mankind:
Take all religions in, and stickle
From Conclave down to Coventicle;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the light in being.
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
And spiritual misrule in one sense;
But in another quite contrary,
As Dispensations chance to vary;
And stand for, as the times will bear it,
All contradictions of the Spirit;
Protect their emissaries, empower'd
To preach Sedition and the Word;
And, when they're hamper'd by the laws,
Release the lab'rers for the Cause,
And turn the persecution back
On those that made the first attack,
To keep them equally in awe
From breaking, or maintaining law:
And when they have their fits too soon,
Before the full-tides of the moon,
Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
For sowing faction in and treason;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like hawks, from baiting on their perches:
That when the blessed time shall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to restore
Their own Fifth monarchy once more.
Mean-while be better arm'd to fence
Against revolts of Providence,
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen:
For if success could make us Saints,
Our ruin turn'd us miscreants;
A scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
These are the courses we must run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone,
And not to stand on terms and freaks,
Before we have secur'd our necks.
But do our work as out of sight,
As stars by day, and suns by night;
All licence of the people own,
In opposition to the Crown;
And for the Crown as fiercely side,
The head and body to divide.
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind,
Be sure to spare no public rapine,
On all emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as easy to supplant
Authority as men in want;
As some of us, in trusts, have made
The one hand with the other trade;
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver;
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as sly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects,
T' improve the factory of sects;
The rule of faith in all professions,
And great Diana of th' Ephesians;
Whence turning of religion's made
The means to turn and wind a trade;
And though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a course,
And draw in store of customers,
To thrive the better in commerce:
For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather,
To nab the itches of their sects,
As jades do one another's necks.
Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well
Will serve t' improve a Church, as zeal:
As persecution or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.
Let bus'ness, like ill watches, go
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow;
For things in order are put out
So easy, ease itself will do 't:
But when the feat 's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more easy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.
All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;
But in affairs of less import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Outfawn as much, and outcomply,
And seem as scrupulously just
To bait our hooks for greater trust.
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, though our own;
The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State:
Express the horrid detestation,
And pity the distracted nation;
Tell stories scandalous and false,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says,
Is half in words, and half in face;
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs)
Intrust it under solemn vows
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,
To be retail'd again in whispers,
For th' easy credulous to disperse.
Thus far the statesman—When a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out;
And strait another, all agast
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste,
Who star'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath,
Till, having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits *:

* We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martyn Noell.

That beaſtly rabble—that came down
From all the garrets—in the Town,
And ſtalls, and ſhopboards—in vaſt ſwarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and ruſty arms,
To cry the Cauſe—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Biſhops—out of door.
And new-drawn up—in greater ſhoals,
To roaſt—and broil us on the coals,
And all the Grandees—of our members
Are carbonading on the embres;
Knights, citizens, and burgeſſes—
Hold forth by rumps of pigs and geeſe,
That ſerve for characters—and badges;
To repreſent their perſonages;
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roaſt, and ſcorch, and broil,
And ev'ry repreſentative
Have vow'd to roaſt—and broil alive;
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already ſacrific'd incarnate;
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We're grilly'd all at Temple-bar;
Some, on the ſign-poſt of an ale-houſe,
Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
Made up of rags to perſonate
Reſpective officers of ſtate;
That, henceforth, they may ſtand reputed,
Proſcrib'd in law, and executed,
And, while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready liſted under Dun *.
That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
And tinder-box, of all his fellows;
The activ'ſt member of the five,
As well as the moſt primitive;
Who, for his faithful ſervice then,
Is choſen for a fifth agen †:
(For ſince the State has made a quint
Of Generals, he's liſted in't)
This worthy, as the world will ſay,
Is paid in ſpecie his own way:
For, moulded to the life, in clouts
Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a hazel bavin
A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em;
And to the largeſt bonfire riding,
They've roaſted Cook already', and Pride in;
On whom, in equipage and ſtate,
His ſcarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thankſgivings th' us'd to do,
Each in a tatter'd taliſman,
Like vermine in effigy ſlain.
But what's more dreadful than the reſt)
Thoſe rumps are but the tail o' th' Beaſt,
Set up by Popiſh engineers,
As by the crackers plainly 'ppears;
For none but Jeſuits have a miſſion
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the Church with powder;
Their founder was a blown-up ſoldier.
Theſe ſpiritual pioneers o' th' Whore's,
That have the charge of all her ſtores,
Since firſt they fail'd in their deſigns,
To take in heav'n by ſpringing mines,
And with unanſwerable barrels
Of gunpowder diſpute their quarrels,
Now take a courſe more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up, in th' open ſtreets,
Diſguis'd in rumps, like ſambenites,
More like to ruin and confound,
Than all their doctrines underground.
Nor have they choſen rumps amiſs,
For ſymbols of State-myſteries,
Though ſome ſuppoſe 'twas but to ſhew
How much they ſcorn'd the Saints, the few,
Who, 'cauſe they're waſted to the ſtumps,
Are repreſented beſt by rumps.
But Jeſuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches,
And from the Coptic prieſt Kircherus *,
Found out his myſtic way to jeer us:
For as the Egyptian us'd by bees
T' expreſs their antique Ptolemies,
And by their ſtings, the ſwords they wore,
Held forth authority and pow'r;
Becauſe theſe ſubtle animals
Bear all their int'reſts in their tails,
But when they're once impair'd in that,
Are baniſh'd their well order'd State,
They thought all governments were beſt
By hieroglyphic rumps expreſt.
For as, in bodies natural,
The rump's the fundamental of all,
So in a commonwealth, or realm,
The government is call'd the Helm,
With which, like veſſels under ſail,
They're turn'd and winded by the tail;
The tail, which birds and fiſhes ſteer
Their courſes with through ſea and air,
To whom the rudder of the rump is
The ſame thing with the ſtern and compaſs.
This ſhews how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in Nature jump;
For as a fly, that goes to bed,
Reſts with his tail above his head,
So, in this mongrel ſtate of ours,
The rabble are the ſupreme powers,
That hers'd us on their backs, to ſhew us
A jadiſh trick at laſt, and throw us.
The learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a bone, which they call Luez,
I' th' rump of man, of ſuch a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the laſt great day,
All th' other members ſhall, they ſay,
ſpring out of this, as from a ſeed
All ſorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned ſons of Art,
Oſſiculum juſtly ſtyle that part:

* Dun was the public executioner at that time; and the executioners long after that went by the ſame name.

† Sir Arthur Haſlerig, one of the five members of the Houſe of Commons, was impeached 1641--2.; was governor of Newcaſtle upon Tyne, had the Biſhop of Durham's houſe, park, and manor of Aukland, and 6500*l.* in money given him. He died in the Tower of London Jan. 8, 1661.

* Athanaſius Kircher, a Jeſuit, hath wrote largely on the Egyptian myſtical learning.

Then what can better repreſent,
Than this rump bone, the Parliament,
That after ſev'ral rude ejections,
And as prodigious reſurrections,
With new reverſions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?
But now, alas! they're all expir'd,
And th' Houſe, as well as members, fir'd;
Conſum'd in kennels by the rout
With which they other fires put out;
Condemn'd t' ungoverning diſtreſs;
And paltry, private wretchedneſs;
Worſe than the devil to privation,
Beyond all hopes of reſtoration;
And parted, like the body and ſoul,
From all dominion and controul.
We who could lately, with a look,
Enact, eſtabliſh, or revoke,
Whoſe arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluſter of whoſe huff,
All hats, as in a ſtorm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet;
Had more bent knees than chapel mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats,
Shall now be ſcorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruin's juſt as low as high;
Which might be ſuffer'd, were it all
The horrors that attend our fall:
For ſome of us have ſcores more large
Than heads and quarters can diſcharge;
And others, who, by reſtleſs ſcraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amaſs'd,
Would gladly lay down all at laſt,
And, to be but undone, entail
Their veſſels on perpetual jail,
And bleſs the dev'l to let them farm
Of forfeit ſoul, on no worſe terms.
This ſaid, a near and louder ſhout
Put all th' aſſembly to the rout,
Who now began t' outrun their fear,
As horſes do, from thoſe they bear;
But crowded on with ſo much haſte,
Until they 'ad block'd the paſſage faſt,
And barricado'd it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their ſhoulders ſtrove to ſqueeze,
And rather ſave a crippled piece
Of all their cruſh'd and broken members,
Than have them grilly'd on the embers;
Still preſſing on with heavy packs
Of one another on their backs,
The vanguard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear,
But, borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled ſorely under foot;
Yet nothing prov'd ſo formidable
As th' horrid cook'ry of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
As leſſer pains are by the gout,
Believ'd 'em with a freſh ſupply
Of rally'd force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuſcan running horſe,
Whoſe jockey-rider is all ſpurs.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO III.

The Argument.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night.
He plods to turn his amorous ſuit,
T' a plea in law, and proſecute:
Repairs to counſel, to adviſe
'Bout managing the enterpriſe;
But firſt reſolves to try by letter,
And one more fair addreſs, to get her.

Who would believe what ſtrange bugbears
Mankind creates itſelf, of fears,
That ſpring, like fern, that infect weed,
Equivocally, without ſeed,
And have no poſſible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themſelves,
Than all their nurſeries of elves.
For fear does things ſo like a witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of ſenſes,
To chop and change intelligences;
As Roſicrucian virtuoſis
Can ſee with ears, and hear with noſes;
And, when they neither ſee nor hear,
Have more than both ſupply'd by fear,
That makes them in the dark ſee viſions,
And hag themſelves with apparitions,
And, when their eyes diſcover leaſt;
Diſcern the ſubtleſt objects beſt;
Do things not contrary, alone,
To th' courſe of Nature, but its own,
The courage of the braveſt daunt,
And turn poltroons as valiant:
For men as reſolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;
And when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to ſtand it out,
And thoſe they fled, like lions, rout.
This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies, left *perdue*,
And haunted with detachments, ſent
From Marſhal Legion's regiment*,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and reſcu'd with a cheat,
When nothing but himſelf, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer;
As, by the rules o' th' virtuoſi,
It follows in due form of poeſie.
Diſguis'd in all the maſks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,

* Alluding to Stephen Marſhall's bellowing out treaſon from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the Rebels. He was called the *Geneva Bull*.

At blind man's buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and desp'rate course,
He knew no better than his horse;
And by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled,
He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of speed;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away, his best;
To keep the enemy. and fear,
From equal falling on his rear.
And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer side;
(As seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse,
And when the hackney sails more swift,
Believe they lag, or run adrift)
So, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste;
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the morn began t' appear,
And shift t' another scene his fear,
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.
For Ralpho had no sooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain th' approaching Knight;
And while he gave himself diversion,
T' accommodate his beast and person,
And put his beard into a posture,
At best advantage to accost her,
She order'd th' antimasquerade
(For his reception) aforesaid;
For when the ceremony was done,
The lights put out, the Furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,
The wretched catiff, all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his story to himself,
The Knight mistook him for an elfe;
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralpho's outward man.
And thought, because they oft' agreed
T' appear in one another's stead,
And act the Saint's and Devil's part,
With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? My Squire, or that bold sprite
That took his place and shape to-night?
Some busy independent pug,
Retainer to his synagogue?
Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those
Your bosom friends, as you suppose,
But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
Who 'as dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' mire,
And from th' enchantments of a Widow,
Who 'ad turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;
And, though a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe, where now you are?
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your constant Presbyterian way.
That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger,
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
Pursu'd, and took me prisoner;
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along to find you out.
Where I, in hugger-mugger, hid,
Have noted all they said or did:
And, though they lay to him the pageant,
I did not see him, nor his agent;
Who play'd their forceries out of sight,
T' avoid a fiercer second fight
But didst thou see no devils then?
Not one (quoth he) but carnal men,
A little worse than fiends in hell,
And that she-devil Jezebel,
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision
To see them take your deposition.
What then (quoth Hudibras) was he
That play'd the dev'l to examine me?
A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parson's gown;
Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats;
Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd
The naked truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the rev'rend writer
That to our Churches veil'd his miter;
All which they take in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to underwrite
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone,
To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish fear?
Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,
And frame of sp'rit too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The devil a while, to nick your wit;
The devil, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.
The Knight, who now began to find
They 'ad left the enemy behind,
And saw no further harm remain
But feeble wearinesse and pain,
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
They 'ad gain'd th' advantage of the day,
And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good;
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That partings went to rant and tear,

And give the desperat'st attack
To danger still behind its back:
For having pass'd to recollect,
And on his past success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly,
And when no devil had appear'd,
What else it could be said, he fear'd,
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage;
Toss'd, like a football, back again
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.
Quoth he, It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer rise,
And when I 'ad half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base,
Was better cover'd by the new
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew;
To slight my new acquests, and run,
Victoriously, from battles won;
And, reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost:
To make me put myself to flight,
And, conq'ring, run away by night;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do:
To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage;
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal fight renew;
And, to preserve thy outward man,
Assum'd my place, and led the van.
All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you:
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,
To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse;
Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers:
Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reason to complain;
But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons.
The enemy was reinforc'd,
And we disabled and unhors'd,
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
And no way left but hasty flight,
Which, though as desp'rate in th' attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.
But were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition.
'Tis now unseas'nable and vain,
To think of falling on again:
No martial project to surprise
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As gamesters tear their losing cards.
Beside, our bangs of man and beast
Are fit for nothing now but rest,
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable:
And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem t' amuse our foes,
To make an hon'rable retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat:
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct, in the martial art,
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens by breaking thrive.
And cannons conquer armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil;
Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest;
That spares th expence of time and pains,
And dang rous beating out of brains;
And, in the end, prevails as certain
As those that never trust to fortune;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution;
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If th ancients crown d their bravest men
That only sav'd a citizen,
What victory cou d e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would save but one?
Or fight endanger'd to be lost,
Where all resolve to save the most?
By this means, when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done;
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' th victory;
And sometime, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in Gazettes;
And when, for furious haste, to run,
They durst not stay to fire a gun,
Have done't with bonefires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome;
To set the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame,
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fireworks and with bells:
And, though reduc'd to that extreme
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;
Yet, with religious blasphemy,
By flatterring Heav'n with a lie,
And, for their beating, giving thanks,
They've rais'd recruits and fill'd their banks;
For those who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the fight becomes a chase,
Those win the day that win the race;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights;
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy, wine, and aquavitæ;
And made 'em stoutly overcome
With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum;

ith th' uncontroll'd decrees of Fate
victory neceſſitate;
ith which, although they run or burn,
hey unavoidably return;
r elſe their ſultan populaces
ill ſtrangle all their routed Baſſas.
Quoth Hudibras, I underſtand
hat fights thou mean'ſt at ſea and land,
nd who thoſe were that run away,
nd yet gave out they'd won the day;
lthough the rabble ſouc'd them for't,
'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
is true our modern way of war
grown more politic by far,
ut not ſo reſolute and bold,
or ty'd to honour, as the old.
or now they laugh at giving battle,
nleſs it be to herds of cattle;
r fighting convoys of proviſion,
he whole deſign of the expedition,
nd not with downright blows to rout
he enemy, but eat them out:
s fighting, in all beaſts of prey,
nd eating, are perform'd one way,
o give defiance to their teeth,
nd fight their ſtubborn guts to death;
nd thoſe achieve the high'ſt renown,
hat bring the other ſtomachs down.
here's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
ll dangers are reduc'd to famine,
nd feats of arms to plot, deſign,
urpriſe, and ſtratagem, and mine;
ut have no need nor uſe of courage,
nleſs it be for glory' or forage;
or if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one ſide vent'ring to advance,
nd come uncivilly too near,
re charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear,
nd forc'd, with terrible reſiſtance,
o keep hereafter at a diſtance,
o pick out ground t' encamp upon,
Where ſtore of largeſt rivers run,
hat ſerve, inſtead of peaceful barriers,
o part th' engagements of their warriors;
Where both from ſide to ſide may ſkip,
nd only 'ncounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the ſtouter-hearted,
The certainer they're to be parted,
nd therefore poſt themſelves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs,
nd made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their ſtrict ally.
For 'tis not now who's ſtout and bold?
But who bears hunger beſt, and cold?
nd he's approv'd the moſt deſerving,
Who longeſt can hold out at ſtarving;
nd he that routs moſt pigs and cows,
The formidableſt man of proweſs.
So th' Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the Britiſh ſea,
Took crabs and oyſters priſoners,
nd lobſters, 'ſtead of cuiraſiers;
Engag'd his legions in fierce buſtles,
With periwrinkles, prawns, and muſcles,
nd led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of ſcallops;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car;
But when he went to dine or ſup,
More bravely ate his captives up,
nd left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.
Quoth Ralph, By all that you have ſaid,
nd twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain you cannot now do worſe
Than take this out-of-faſhion'd courſe;
To hope, by ſtratagem, to woo her,
Or waging battle to ſubdue her;
Though ſome have done it in romances,
nd bang'd them into am'rous fancies;
As thoſe who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones;
nd ſtout Rinaldo gain'd his bride
By courting of her back and ſide.
But ſince thoſe times and feats are over,
They are not for a modern lover,
When miſtreſſes are too croſs-grain'd,
By ſuch addreſſes to be gain'd;
nd if they were, would have it out
With many another kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no courſe ſo infeaſible,
As this of force, to win the Jezebel,
To ſtorm her heart by th' antic charms
Of ladies errant, force of arms;
But rather ſtrive by law to win her,
nd try the title you have in her.
Your caſe is clear, you have her word,
nd me to witneſs the accord;
Beſides two more of her retinue
To teſtify what paſs'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or ſeal, or breaking gold,
For which ſo many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,
nd bills upon record been found,
That forc'd the ladies to compound;
nd that, unleſs I miſs the matter,
Is all the buſ'neſs you look after.
Beſides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than thoſe in war,
In which the law does execution,
With leſs diſorder and confuſion;
Has more of honour in't, ſome hold,
Not like the new way, but the old,
When thoſe the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather,
nd winged arrows kill'd as dead,
nd more than bullets now of lead:
So all their combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen:
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figure;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms,
nd whatſoe'er's achiev'd in fight,
Determines which is wrong or right
For whether you prevail or loſe,
All muſt be try'd there in the cloſe;

And therefore 'tis not wiſe to ſhun
What you muſt truſt to e'er ye've done.
The law, that ſettles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the moſt perfidious lover,
A lady, that's as falſe, recover;
And if it judge upon your ſide,
Will ſoon extend her for your bride,
And put her perſon, goods, or lands,
Or which you like beſt, int' your hands.
For law's the wiſdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ableſt ſages,
Who, though their bus'neſs at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
They never manage the conteſt
T' impair their public intereſt,
Or by their controverſies leſſen
The dignity of their profeſſion:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our commonwealth, the Cauſe, and ſide;
And though we're all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the ſlighteſt ſingle-fangle,
While lawyers have more ſober ſenſe,
Than t' argue at their own expence,
To make the beſt advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiſs;
And out of foreign controverſies,
By aiding both ſides, fill their purſes;
But have no int'reſt in the cauſe
For which th' engage, and wage the laws,
Nor further proſpect than their pay,
Whether they loſe or win the day.
And though th' abounded in all ages,
With ſundry learned clerks and ſages;
Though all their bus'neſs be diſpute,
Which way they canvals ev'ry ſuit,
They've no diſputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert,
While all profeſſions elſe are found
With nothing but diſputes t' abound:
Divines of all ſorts, and phyſicians,
Philoſophers, mathematicians;
The Galeniſt and Paracelſtan *,
Condemn the way each other deals in;
Anatomiſts diſſect and mangle,
To cut themſelves out work to wrangle;
Aſtrologers diſpute their dreams,
That in their ſleeps they talk of ſchemes;
And heralds ſtickle who got who,
So many hundred years ago.
But lawyers are too wiſe a nation
T' expoſe their trade to diſputation,
Or make the buſy rabble judges
Of all their ſecret piques and grudges;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profeſſion 's ſure to pay.

Beſide, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats,
When in all other ſciences
They ſwarm like inſects, and increaſe.
For what bigot durſt ever draw,
By inward Light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An anſwer to a Declaration!
For thoſe that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and anſwers, and replies,
They 'll write a love letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to anſwer ye,
And ſoon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.
The Knight, who us'd with tricks and ſhifts
To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better ſeem his own,
(All plagiaries conſtant courſe
Of ſinking, when they take a purſe)
Reſolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by diſguiſe;
And, after ſtubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by tranſition, fall upon
The reſolution as his own.
Quoth he, This gambol thou adviſeſt
Is, of all others, the unwiſeſt?
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There 's nothing ſillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing 's certain but th' expenſe;
To act againſt myſelf, and traverſe
My ſuit and title to her favours;
And if ſhe ſhould, which Heav'n forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,
What after-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at ſtake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is ſillier than a ſottiſh chouſe,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his houſe,
Applies himſelf to cunning men,
To help him to his goods agen;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play;
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain; by fair means, worſe;
But worſt of all to give her over,
Till ſhe's as deſp'rate to recover;
For bad games are thrown up too ſoon,
Until they 're never to be won;
But ſince I have no other courſe,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worſe,
He that complies againſt his will,
Is of his own opinion ſtill,
Which he may adhere to, yet diſown,
For reaſons to himſelf beſt known;
But 't is not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel reſolves to ſue;

* Galen was born in the year 130, and lived to the year 200. Paracelſus was born the latter end of the 15th, and lived almoſt to the middle of the 16th century.

Whom I muſt anſwer, or begin,
Inevitably firſt with him;
For I 've receiv'd advertiſement,
By times enough, of his intent;
And knowing he that firſt complains
Th' advantage of the bus'neſs gains;
For courts of juſtice underſtand
The plaintiff to be eldeſt hand;
Who what he pleaſes may aver,
The other nothing till he ſwear;
A freely' admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place;
And, for his bringing cuſtom in,
Has all advantages to win;
I who reſolve to overſee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counſel, to adviſe
Which way t' encounter or ſurpriſe,
And, after long conſideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occaſion,
Moſt apt for what I have to do,
As counſellor, and juſtice too.
And truly ſo, no doubt he was,
A lawyer fit for ſuch a caſe,
An old dull ſot, who told the clock,
For many years, at Bridewell-dock,
At Weſtminſter, and Hicks's-hall,
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;
Where in all governments and times,
He'd been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring juſtice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage,
Cart-loads of bawds to priſon ſent,
And b'ing behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a truſty pimp and crony
To Puddle-dock, for want of money:
Engag'd the conſtable to ſeize,
All thoſe that wou'd not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though ſometimes commoners, or lords,
And kept 'em priſoners of courſe,
For being ſober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free
Or bind 'em over for his fee.
Made monſters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practiſe in their ways?
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a ſhare
With the headborough and ſcavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' ſtreets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel and the king's highway,
For being unmoleſted, pay;
Let but the ſtocks, and whipping poſt,
And cage to thoſe that gave him moſt;
Impoſ'd a taſk on bakers' ears,
And, for falſe weights, on chandelers;
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and conſtant friend
To all that regularly' offend;
As reſidentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive ſtol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful myſteries,
And pay church duties and his fees:
But was implacable and awkward
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.
To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counſel in his law-affairs,
And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money plac'd, for ſhew,
Like neſt-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his falſe opinion pay;
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his caſe;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteouſly ſtrain'd;
And, to aſſure him 't was not that
He look'd for', bid him put on 's hat.
Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well,
And now he brags to 've beaten me
Better, and better ſtill, quoth he;
And vows to ſtick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me—Beſt of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.
When he 's confeſs'd he ſtole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cauſe that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.
Now, Whether I ſhould beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me?—I underſtand.
Or bring my action of converſion
And trover for my goods!—Ah, whoreſon.
Or, if 't is better to endite,
And bring him to his trial?—Right.
Prevent what he deſigns to do,
And ſwear for th' ſtate againſt him?—True.
Or whether he that is defendant,
In this caſe, has the better end on 't;
Who, putting in a new croſs-bill,
May traverſe the action?—Better ſtill.
Then there 's a lady too.—Aye, marry.
That 's eaſily prov'd acceſſary;
A widow, who, by ſolemn vows
Contracted to me, for my ſpouſe,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforeſaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the dev'l of hell,
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an aſſault with ſ ends and men
Upon my body—Good agen.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And falſe imprifonment, all night.
Mean-while they robb'd me, and my horſe
And ſtole my ſaddle—Worſe and worſe.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miſcarriage.
Sir, (quoth the lawyer) not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame
The proudeſt man alive to claim:
For if they 've us'd you as you ſay,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;

I wou'd it were my caſe, I 'd give
More than I 'll ſay, or you 'll believe :
I wou'd ſo trounce her, and her purſe,
I'd make her kneel for better or worſe :
For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by deſtiny ſo clear.
That you as ſure may pick and chooſe,
As croſs I win, and pile you loſe :
And if I durſt, I wou'd advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any caſe I 've known ;
But we that practice dare not own :
The law ſeverely contrabands
Our taking bus'neſs off men's hands ;
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainſt our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To ſtick a pin in, left of either ;
For which ſome do the ſummer-ſault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault ;
But you may ſwear at any rate,
Things not in nature, for th' ſtate ;
For in all courts of juſtice here
A witneſs is not ſaid to ſwear,
But make oath, that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms,
I thank you (quoth the Knight) for that,
Becauſe 't is to my purpoſe pat—
For Juſtice, though ſhe 's painted blind,
Is to the weaker ſide inclin'd,
Like Charity ; elſe right and wrong
Cou'd never hold it out ſo long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a ſleight,
Convey men's intereſt, and right,
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
As eaſily as *Hocus Pocus* ;
Plays faſt and looſe, makes men obnoxious ;
And clear again like *hiccius doctius*.
Then, whether, you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what ſhe has,
And let all other matters paſs,
The bus'neſs to the law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon ;
And you can want no witneſſes,
To ſwear to any thing you pleaſe,
That hardly gets their mere expence
By th' labour of their conſciences,
Or letting out, to hire, their ears
To affidavit cuſtomers,
At inconſiderable values,
To ſerve for jurymen, or tales.
Although retained in th' hardeſt matters
Of truſtees and adminiſtrators.
For that (quoth he) let me alone ;
We 've ſtore of ſuch, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
Th' ableſt of conſcience-ſtretchers,
That 's well, (quoth he) but I ſhould gueſs,
By weighing all advantages,
Your ſureſt way is firſt to pitch
On Bongey for a water-witch * :
And when ye 've hang'd the conjurer,
Ye 've time enough to deal with her.
In th' int'rim ſpare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the bans ;
Ply her with loveletters and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains t' inveigle and ſurpriſe
Her heedleſs anſwers and replies ;
And if ſhe miſs the mouſe-trap lines,
They 'll ſerve for other by deſigns ;
And make an artiſt underſtand
To copy out her ſeal, or hand ;
Or find void places in the paper
To ſteal in ſomething to entrap her :
Till with her wordly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, ſhe has endow'd ye :
Retain all ſorts of witneſſes,
That ply i' th' temples, under trees,
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Poſts,
About the croſs-legg'd knights, their hoſts ;
Or wait for cuſtomers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-Inn ;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And Affidavit-men ne'er fail
T' expoſe to ſale all ſorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only neceſſary tools,
Beſides the Goſpel, and their ſouls ;
And when ye 're furniſhed with all purveys,
I ſhall be ready at your ſervice.
I would not give (quoth Hudibras)
A ſtraw to underſtand a caſe,
Without the admirable ſkill
To wind and manage it at will ;
To veer, and tack, and ſteer a cauſe,
Againſt the weathergage of laws,
And ring the changes upon caſes,
As plain as noſes upon faces,
As you have well inſtructed me,
For which you 've earn'd (here 't is) your fee.
I long to practiſe your advice,
And try the ſubtle artifice ;
To bait a letter, as you bid,
As, not long after, thus he did ;
For, having pump'd up all his wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY,

I who was once as great as Cæſar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar ;
And from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exerciſe in battle,
By you turn'd out to graſs with cattle :
For ſince I am deny'd acceſs
To all my earthly happineſs,
Am fall'n from the paradiſe
Of your good graces, and fair eyes ;

* Bongey was a Franciſcan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's.

Loſt to the world, and you, I 'm ſent
To everlaſting baniſhment,
Where all the hopes I had to 've won
Your heart, b'ing daſh'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not ſo ſevere
To paſs your doom before you hear,
You 'd find, upon my juſt defence,
How much ye 've wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd 't is true;
But not, becauſe it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, though delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you 'd have it thought;
To undergo the loſs of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
For there 's a difference in the caſe,
Between the noble and the baſe;
Who always are obſerv'd to 've done 't
Upon as different an account;
The one for great and weighty cauſe,
To ſalve, in honour, ugly flaws;
For none are like to do it ſooner,
Than thoſe who 're niceſt of their honour:
The other, for baſe gain and pay,
Forſwear and perjure by the day,
And make th' expoſing and retailing
Their ſouls, and conſciences, a calling.
It is no ſcandal nor aſperſion,
Upon a great and noble perſon,
To ſay he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old-faſhion'd trick to keep his word,
Though 'tis perfidiouſneſs and ſhame,
In meaner men, to do the ſame:
For to be able to forget,
Is found more uſeful to the great
Than gout, or deafneſs, or bad eyes,
To make 'em paſs for wondrous wiſe.
But though the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not juſt, that does exempt
The guilty, and puniſh the innocent;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungoverned tongue;
And, when one member is forſworn,
Another to be cropp'd or torn.
And if you ſhou'd, as you deſign,
By courſe of law, recover mine,
You 're like, if you conſider right,
To gain but little honour by 't.
For he that for his lady's ſake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at ſtake,
Does not ſo much deſerve her favour.
As he that pawns his ſoul to have her.
This ye 've acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now diſdain to own;
But ſentence what you rather ought
T' eſteem good ſervice than a fault.
Beſides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal ſenſe the words infer;
But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage;
And where the ſenſe by cuſtom's checkt,
Are found void and of none effect;
For no man takes or keeps a vow,
But juſt as he ſees others do;
Nor are th' oblig'd to be ſo brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as beſt-temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So trueſt oaths are ſtill moſt tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore ſhould they not b' allow'd
In love a greater latitude?
For as the law of arms approves
All ways to conqueſt, ſo ſhou'd love's;
And not be ty'd to true or falſe,
But make that juſteſt that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty love,
Submits its great prerogative
To any other power alive?
Shall Love that to no crown gives place,
Become the ſubject of a caſe?
The fundamental law of Nature
Be overrul'd by thoſe made after?
Commit the cenſure of its cauſe
To any, but its own great laws?
Love that 's the world's preſervative,
That keeps all ſouls of things alive;
Controls the mighty pow'r of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of nature that reſtores
As faſt as Time and Death devours;
To whoſe free gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heav'n too:
For love 's the only trade that 's driv'n,
The intereſt of ſtate in heav'n,
Which nothing but the ſoul of man
Is capable to entertain;
For what can earth produce, but love,
To repreſent the joys above?
Or who but lovers can converſe,
Like angels, by the eye-diſcourſe?
Addreſs, and compliment by viſion,
Make love, and court by intuition?
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce
As thoſe celeſtial miniſters?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to ſo great an end?
Or Heav'n itſelf a ſin reſent,
That for its own ſupply was meant?
That merits, in a kind miſtake,
A pardon for the offence's ſake?
Or if it did not, but the cauſe
Were left to th' injury of laws.
What tyranny can diſapprove
There ſhould be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no ſenſe of love or hate,
That have no paſſion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on criminals as ſtrict;
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn,

Then, since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well meant fault;
For why should he who made address
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return
But insolence, affronts and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his design?
He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder?
And after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary scourging;
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd by goblins in the night;
Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude invasion of his beard;
And when your sex was foully scandal'd,
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by despicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And, after all, to be debarr'd
So much as standing on his guard;
When horses being spurr'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
Or why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites;
That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nursing babies that lie in,
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows,
Against your stratagems t' oppose,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes:
As pirates all false colours wear,
T' entrap th' unwary mariner;
So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrow'd flags of white and red;
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raise more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' less subtle books:
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard;
Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
Those to adore 'em they disdain;
And only draw 'em into clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.
A lover is, the more he 's brave,
T' his mistress but the more a slave,
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands,
Which he 's obliged t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust or just.
Then when he is compell'd by her
T' adventures he would else forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command;
And when necessity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore when the mighty pow'rs
Of Love, our great ally, and your's,
Join'd forces not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood,
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will,
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are those scandals I confess,
Against my will and interest,
More than is daily done, of course,
By all men, when they 're under force:
Whence some, upon the rack confess
What th' hangman and their prompters please;
But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure
To hear or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under:
And therefore when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on th' adventure went;
All mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse.
For what romance can shew a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not steer a nearer course,
To fall aboard in his amours?
And what at first was held a crime,
Has turn'd to hon'rable in time.
To what a height did Infant Rome,
By ravishing of women come?
When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd,
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd;
Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
Nor play'd the masquerade to woo:
Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents,
Nor juggled about settlements;
Did need no license, nor no priest,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,
Nor lawyers, to join land and money
In the holy state of matrimony,
Before they settled hands and hearts,
Till alimony or death departs;
Nor wou'd endure to stay until
Th' had got the very bride's good will,
But took a wife and shorter course
To win the ladies, downright force;
And justly made 'em prisoners then,
As they have, often since, us men,
With acting plays and dancing jigs,
The luckiest of all Love's intrigues;
And when they had them at their pleasure,
They talk'd of love and flames at leisure;
For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deserves, for ev'ry minute, more
Than half a year of love before;

For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that beſt way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
By ſuit, or treaty, to be won;
And ſuch as all poſterity
Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.
For women firſt were made for men,
Not men for them. It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own;
And therefore men have pow'r to chooſe,
But they no charter to refuſe.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what courſe
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirecteſt way,
'Tis no injuſtice nor foul play;
And that you ought to take that courſe,
As we take you, for better or worſe,
And gratefully ſubmit to thoſe
Who you, before another, choſe,
For why ſhou'd every ſavage beaſt
Exceed his great Lord's intereſt?
Have freer pow'r than he, in Grace
And Nature, o'er the creature has?
Becauſe the laws he ſince has made
Have cut off all the pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the abſolute dominion
That Nature gave him over women;
When all his power will not extend
One law of Nature to ſuſpend;
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt clauſe, is to repel.
This, if men rightly underſtood
Their privilege, they wou'd make good,
And not, like ſots, permit their wives
T' encroach on their prerogatives;
For which ſin they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in ſlavery:
And this ſome precious gifted Teachers,
Unrev'rently reputed Leachers,
And diſobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make ye ſuffer as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault:
But I forget myſelf, and rove
Beyond th' inſtructions of my love.
Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 'tis too much at once to ſhew
Exceſs of love and temper too;
All I have ſaid that 's bad and true,
Was never meant to aim at you,
Who have ſo ſovereign a control
O'er that poor ſlave of your's, my ſoul,
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd loſs of heav'n too;
Both with an equal pow'r poſſeſt,
To render all that ſerve you bleſt;
But none like him, who 's deſtin'd either
To have or loſe you both together;
And if you 'll but this fault releaſe,
(For ſo it muſt be, ſince you pleaſe)
I 'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I ſwore,
And expiate, upon my ſkin,
Th' arrears in full of all my ſin;
For 'tis but juſt that I ſhould pay
Th' accruing penance for delay,
Which ſhall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love.
The Knight, peruſing this Epiſtle,
Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whiſtle,
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applauſe, t' himſelf, twice over;
Subſcrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble diſtance, to his wit,
And dated it with wond'rous art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;
Then ſeal'd it with his coat of love,
A ſmoking faggot—and above,
Upon a ſcroll—I burn, and weep,
And near it—For her Ladyſhip,
Of all her ſex moſt excellent,
Theſe to her gentle hands preſent;
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With leſſons how t' obſerve and eye her.
She firſt conſidered which was better,
To ſend it back, or burn the letter:
But gueſſing that it might import,
Though nothing elſe, at leaſt her ſport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a ſmile and leering flout;
Reſolv'd to anſwer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what ſhe deſign'd.

THE LADY'S ANSWER

TO THE KNIGHT.

That you're a beaſt, and turn'd to graſs,
Is no ſtrange news, nor ever was,
At leaſt to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pond replevin you,
When both your ſword and ſpurs were won
In combat by an Amazon;
That ſword that did, like Fate, determine
Th' inevitable death of vermine,
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trulla was, in ſingle fight,
Diſarm'd and wreſted from its Knight,
Your heels degraded of your ſpurs,
And in the ſtocks cloſe priſoners,
Where ſtill they 'ad lain, in baſe reſtraint,
If I, in pity' of your complaint,
Had not, on hon'rable conditions,
Releas'd them from the worſt of priſons;
And what return that favour met
You cannot (though you wou'd) forget;
When, being free, you ſtrove t' evade
The oaths you had in priſon made;
Forſwore yourſelf, and firſt deny'd it,
But after own'd, and juſtify'd it,
And when ye 'ad falſely broke one vow,
Abſolv'd yourſelf by breaking two:

For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for pardon at our feet,
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears,
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due,
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only course;
We have no title nor pretence
To body, soul or conscience,
But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware.
These are the motives which, t' induce,
Or fright us into love, you use;
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between soliciting and ranting;
Like sturdy beggars, that entreat
For charity at once, and threat.
But since you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war between two enemies,
Or forfeitures, which ev'ry lover,
That would but sue for, might recover,
It is not hard to understand
The myst'ry of this bold demand,
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.
'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds, that inspire
And set your am'rous hearts on fire;
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads
Which on our lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear, like Indian Dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames,
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock
'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with,
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects.
Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,
The periwigs you make us wear,
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wildfire in your breasts.
These lovetricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their mystic cabals, and jargons;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous,
O' th' charms and graces of my house;
What ecstacy and scorching flame,
Burns for my money in my name;
What, from th' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle, takes its fire;
What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.
These are th' attacks which most men fall
Enamour'd, at first sight, withal,
To these they' address with serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Ye've suffer'd for their loves in vain,
I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
To have, and t hold, and to enjoy;
That, all your oaths and labour lost,
They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love,
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of mankind study 't as an art;
For love shou'd, like a deodand,
Still fall to th' owner of the land;
And, where there's substance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and sound,
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of airy virtue, wit and graces,
Which is of such thin subtlety,
It steals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again as nice a way.
But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces but by these;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty' invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philtre love commands?
This is the way all parents prove
In managing their children's love,
That force them t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were burying of the dead;
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have,
And, when the settlement's in force;
Take all the rest for better or worse;
For money has a pow'r above
The stars, and fate, to manage love,
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tip'd with gold.
And though some say the parents' claims
To make love in their children's names,
Who, many times, at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride,
Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,
And woo and contract in their names,
And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em,
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money,
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do 't for worse than nothing;
And when they're at their own disposc,
With greater disadvantage choose.
All this is right; but, for the course
You take to do 't, by fraud or force,
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than fetters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.

Marriage, at beſt, is but a vow,
Which all men either break, or bow;
Then what will thoſe forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woo?
Such as beforehand ſwear and lie,
For earneſt to their treachery,
And, rather than a crime confeſs,
With greater ſtrive to make it leſs:
Like thieves, who, after ſentence paſt,
Maintain their inn'cence to the laſt;
And when their crimes were made appear,
As plain as witneſſes can ſwear,
Yet when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lie.
Nor are the virtues you confeſs'd
T' your ghoſtly father, as you gueſs'd,
So ſlight as to be juſtify'd,
By being as ſhamefully deny'd;
As if you thought your word would paſs,
Point-blank, on both ſides of a caſe;
Or credit were not to be loſt
B' a brave Knight-errant of the Poſt,
That eats perfidiouſly his word,
And ſwears his ears through a two-inch board;
Can own the ſame thing, and diſown,
And perjure booty *pro* and *con*;
Can make the Goſpel ſerve his turn,
And help him out, to be forefworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiſt,
To be betray'd and ſold, like Chriſt.
Theſe are the virtues in whoſe name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In Grace and Nature, o'er all women;
Of whom no leſs will ſatisfy,
Than all the ſex, your tyranny:
Although you'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern ſuch a numerous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you;
For if you all were Solomons,
And wiſe and great as he was once,
You'll find they're able to ſubdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done,
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to uſe the ſlight;
For when we find ye 're ſtill more taken
With falſe attracts of our own making,
Swear that's a roſe, and that's a ſtone,
Like ſots, to us that laid it on,
And what we did but ſlightly prime,
Moſt ignorantly daub in rhyme,
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences;
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces,
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own falſe jewels counterfeit;
For by the practice of thoſe arts
We gain a greater ſhare of hearts;
And thoſe deſerve in reaſon moſt,
That greateſt pains and ſtudy coſt:
For great perfections are, like heav'n,
Too rich a preſent to be giv'n.
Nor are thoſe maſter-ſtrokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty,
Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,
The ſimple natural excel.
How fair and ſweet the planted roſe
Beyond the wild in hedges grows!
For, without art, the nobleſt ſeeds
Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds:
How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis ground,
And poliſh'd, looks a diamond?
Though Paradiſe were e'er ſo fair,
It was not kept ſo without care.
The whole world, without art and dreſs,
Wou'd be but one great wilderneſs;
And mankind but a ſavage herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd:
This does but rough-hew and deſign,
Leaves Art to poliſh and refine.
Though women firſt were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:
For when (outwitted by his wife)
Man firſt turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd,
How ſoon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet,
To us alone you are in debt.
And where 's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural No-voice?
Since all the privilege you boaſt,
And falſely uſurp'd, or vainly loſt,
Is now our right, to whoſe creation
You owe your happy reſtoration.
And if we had not weighty cauſe
To not appear, in making laws,
We cou'd in ſpite of all your tricks,
And ſhallow formal politics,
Force you our managements t' obey,
As we to yours (in ſhew) give way.
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly ſtrive
T' advance your high prerogative,
You baſely, after all your braves,
Submit and own yourſelves our ſlaves;
And 'cauſe we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our int'reſts own,
Like ſots, ſuppoſe we have no ſhares
In ord'ring you, and your affairs,
When all your empire and command
You have from us, at ſecond-hand;
As if a pilot that appears
To ſit ſtill only, while he ſteers,
And does not make a noiſe and ſtir,
Like ev'ry common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card, nor ſtar,
And did not guide the man of war:
Nor we, becauſe we don't appear
In Councils, do not govern there;
While, like the mighty Preſter John *,
Whoſe perſon none dares look upon,
But is preſerv'd in cloſe diſguiſe,
From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes,

* Preſter John, an abſolute Prince, Emperor of Abyſſinia, or Ethiopia.

W' enjoy as large a pow'r, unſeen,
To govern him, as he does men;
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make emp'rors at our feet fall down;
Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim;
Who, though a ſpinſter, yet was able
To ſerve France for a Grand Conſtable.
We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges, and the Cauſe;
Preſcribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainſt which the world has no defence,
But our more pow'rful eloquence.
We manage things of greateſt weight
In all the world's affairs of ſtate;
Are miniſters of war and peace,
That ſway all nations how we pleaſe.
We rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heav'nly vehicles
O' th' ſpirits in all Conventicles;
By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off ſo well,
Nor bears that price, as what we fell.
We rule in ev'ry public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magiſtrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man of war ſtrike ſail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of ſtate,
Untimely rais'd, or magiſtrate,
That 's haughty and imperious?
He 's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cauſe to do 't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
We are your guardians, that increaſe,
Or waſte your fortunes how we pleaſe;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.
'Tis we that can diſpoſe, alone,
Whether your heirs ſhall be your own,
To whoſe integrity you muſt,
In ſpite of all your caution, truſt;
And 'leſs you fly beyond the ſeas,
Can fit you with what heirs we pleaſe;
And force you t' own them though begotten
By French valets, or Iriſh footmen,
Nor can the rigorouſeſt courſe
Prevail, unleſs to make us worſe;
Who ſtill the harſher we are us'd,
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd,
And ſcorn t' abate, for any ills,
The leaſt punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits t' apply
Arts born with us, for remedy,
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For, when ye 've try'd all ſorts of ways,
What fools do we make of you in plays?
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the ſword,
To fight our battles in our ſteads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
Encounter, in deſpite of Nature,
And fight, at once, with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and ſtorms, and ſeas,
Our pride and vanity t' appeaſe;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and beſt thoughts;
To do your exerciſe for honour,
And have your brains beat out the ſooner;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known;
And ſtill appear the more induſtrious,
The more your projects are prepoſt'rous;
To ſquare the circle of the arts,
And run ſtark mad to ſhew your parts;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we ſee cauſe;
Be our ſolicitors and agents,
And ſtand for us in all engagements.
And theſe are all the mighty pow'rs
You vainly boaſt to cry down ours,
And what in real value 's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting.
Becauſe yourſelves are terrify'd,
And ſtoop to one another's pride,
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd, and ſubmit:
By your example, loſe that right
In treaties which we gain'd in fight;
And terrify'd into an awe,
Paſ on ourſelves a Salique law;
Or, as ſome nations uſe, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race:
Let men uſurp th' unjuſt dominion,
As if they were the better women.

GENUINE REMAINS.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON*.

A LEARN'D ſociety of late,
The glory of a foreign ſtate,
Agreed, upon a ſummer's night,
To ſearch the Moon by her own light;
To take an invent'ry of all
Her real eſtate, and perſonal;
And make an accurate ſurvey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland, where
The fly ſurveyors ſtole a ſhire:
T' obſerve her country how 'twas planted,
With what ſh' abounded moſt, or wanted;
And make the proper'ſt obſervations
For ſettling of new plantations,
If the Society ſhou'd incline
T' attempt ſo glorious a deſign.
This was the purpoſe of their meeting,
For which they choſe a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the ſcale
With which they heav'n itſelf aſſail,
Was mounted full againſt the Moon,
And all ſtood ready to fall on,
Impatient who ſhould have the honour
To plant an enſign firſt upon her.
When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoſo then in chief,
Approv'd the moſt profound, and wiſe,
To ſolve impoſſibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glaſs his judging eye,
Cry'd, Strange!—then reinforc'd his ſight
Againſt the Moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow
As if he meant to gaze her through:
When all the reſt began t' admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not underſtand,
Cry'd out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.
Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the ſun ſhines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,
(In which at once they fortify
Againſt the ſun and th' enemy)
Which they count towns and cities there,
Becauſe their people's civiller
Than thoſe rude peaſants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly enrag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both ſides ſlain,
As by the glaſs 'tis clear and plain.
Look quickly then, that every one
May ſee the fight before 'tis done.
With that a great philoſopher,
Admir'd, and famous, far and near,
As one of ſingular invention,
But univerſal comprehenſion,
Apply'd one eye, and half a noſe,
Unto the optic engine cloſe:
For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publiſh in a book,
That men, whoſe nat'ral eyes are out,
May, by more pow'rful art, be brought,

* This Poem was intended by the Author for a ſatire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at leaſt, ran too much at that time into the virtuoſi taſte, and a whimſical fondneſs for ſurpriſing and wonderful ſtories in natural hiſtory.

To see with th' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again?
And if they chanc'd to fail of those,
To make an optic of a nose,
As clearly' it may, by those that wear
But spectacles, be made appear,
By which both senses being united,
Does render them much better sighted.
This great man, having fixt both sights
To view the formidable fights,
Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,
The battle 's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a sally
Upon the stubborn enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.
These silly ranting Privolvans,
Have ev'ry summer their campaigns,
And, muster, like the warlike sons
Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,
As numerous as soland geese
I' th' islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a stand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the long'd-for winter 's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,
And vap'ring of their victories,
From th' old Arcadians they 're believ'd
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd,
And when her orb was new created,
To people her were thence translated:
For as th' Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life, but fiddling,
They still retain the antique course
And custom of their ancestors,
And always sing and fiddle to
Things of the greatest weight they do.
While thus the learn'd man entertains
Th' assembly with the Privolvans,
Another, of as great renown,
And solid judgment, in the Moon,
That understood her various soils,
And which produc'd best genet-moyles,
And in the register of fame
Had enter'd his long-living name,
After he had por'd long and hard
I' th' engine, gave a start, and star'd—
Quoth he, A stranger sight appears
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres;
A wonder more unparallell'd,
Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An Elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose,
And with the horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a fright:
Look quickly, lest the sight of us
Shou'd cause the startled beast t' emboss.
It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
From which we boldly may infer,
The Moon is much the fruitfuller.
And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
Against the Romans in the field,
It may an argument be held
(Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of Greece)
To prove what this illustrious person
Has made so noble a discourse on,
And amply satisfy'd us all
Of th' Privolvans' original.
That Elephants are in the Moon,
Though we had now discovered none,
Is easily made manifest,
Since, from the greatest to the least,
All other stars and constellations
Have cattle of all sorts of nations,
And heav'n, like a Tartar's hoard,
With great and num'rous droves is stor'd;
And if the Moon produce by Nature,
A people of so vast a stature,
'Tis consequent she shou'd bring forth
Far greater beasts, too, than the earth,
(As by the best accounts appears
Of all our great'st discoverers)
And that those monstrous creatures there
Are not such rarities as here.
Mean-while the rest had had a sight,
Of all particulars o' th' fight,
And ev'ry man, with equal care,
Perus'd of th' Elephant his share,
Proud of his int'rest in the glory
Of so miraculous a story;
When one, who for his excellence
In height'ning words and shad'wing sense,
And magnifying all he writ
With curious microscopic wit,
Was magnify'd himself no less
In home and foreign colleges,
Began, transported with the twang
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue.
Most excellent and virtuous Friends,
This great discov'ry makes amends
For all our unsuccessful pains,
And lost expence of time and brains:
For, by this sole phænomenon,
We 've gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
With all the planets that stand out;
To carry this most virtuous war
Home to the door of ev'ry star,
And plant th' artillery of our tubes
Against their proudest magnitudes:
To stretch our victories beyond
Th' extent of planetary ground,
And fix our engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fix'd stars' vast dimensions,
(Which Archimede, so long ago,
Durst not presume to wish to do)
And prove if they are other suns,
As some have held opinions,
Or windows in the empyreum,
From whence those bright effluvias come
Like flames of fire (as others guess)
That shine i' th' mouths of furnaces.

Nor is this all we have achiev'd,
But more, henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our beſt deſigns,
Becauſe they 're ours, believ'd ill ſigns.
T' outthrow, and ſtretch, and to enlarge,
Shall now no more be laid to our charge;
Nor ſhall our ableſt virtuoſis
Prove arguments for coffeehouſes;
Nor thoſe devices, that are laid
Too truly on us, nor thoſe made
Hereafter, gain belief among
Our ſtricteſt judges, right or wrong;
Nor ſhall our paſt misfortunes more
Be charg'd upon the ancient ſcore;
No more our making old dogs young
Make men ſuſpect us ſtill i' th' wrong;
Nor new invented chariots draw
The boys to courſe us without law;
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurſe,
To turn 'em into mongrel curs,
Make them ſuſpect our ſculls are brittle,
And hold too much wit, or too little;
Nor ſhall our ſpeculations, whether
An elder-ſtick will ſave the leather
Of ſchoolboys' breeches from the rod,
Make all we do appear as odd.
This one diſcovery's enough
To take all former ſcandals off—
But ſince the world's incredulous
Of all our ſcrutinies, and us,
And with a prejudice prevents
Our beſt and worſt experiments,
(As if they' were deſtin'd to miſcarry,
In conſort try'd, or ſolitary)
And ſince it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur agen,
Let us as cautiouſly contrive
To draw an exact Narrative
Of what we ev'ry one can ſwear
Our eyes themſelves have ſeen appear,
That, when we publiſh the Account,
We all may take our oaths upon 't.
This ſaid, they all with one conſent
Agreed to draw up th' Inſtrument,
And, for the gen'ral ſatisfaction,
To print it in the next Tranſaction,
But whilſt the chiefs were drawing up
This ſtrange Memoir o' th' teleſcope,
One, peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant advance,
And from the weſt ſide of the Moon
To th' caſt was in a moment gone.
This b'ing related, gave a ſtop
To what the reſt were drawing up;
And ev'ry man, amaz'd anew
How it cou'd poſſibly be true,
That any beaſt ſhould run a race
So monſtrous, in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
Reſolv'd, howe'er to make it good,
At leaſt as poſſible as he cou'd,
And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than queſtion what he 'ad ſeen with them.
While all were thus reſolv'd, a man
Of great renown there thus began—

'Tis ſtrange, I grant! but who can ſay
What cannot be, what can, and may?
Eſpecially' at ſo hugely vaſt
A diſtance as this wonder 's plac'd,
Where the leaſt error of the ſight
May ſhew things falſe, but never right;
Nor can we try them, ſo far off,
By any ſublunary proof:
For who can ſay that Nature there
Has the ſame laws ſhe goes by here?
Nor is it like ſhe has infus'd,
In ev'ry ſpecies there produc'd,
The ſame efforts ſhe does confer
Upon the ſame productions here,
Since thoſe with us, of ſev'ral nations,
Have ſuch prodigious variations,
And ſhe affects ſo much to uſe
Variety in all ſhe does.
Hence may b' inferr'd that, though I grant
We 've ſeen i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may differ ſo
From thoſe upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, and force, and ſpeed,
As being of a diff'rent breed,
That though our own are but ſlow-pac'd,
Theirs there may fly, or run as faſt,
And yet be Elephants no leſs
Than thoſe of Indian pedigrees.
This ſaid, another of great worth,
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,
Look'd wiſe, then ſaid— All this is true,
And learnedly obſerv'd by you;
But there 's another reaſon for 't,
That falls but very little ſhort
Of mathematic demonſtration,
Upon an accurate calculation,
And that is—as the earth and moon
Do both move contrary upon
Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be
But ſo prodigiouſly faſt,
That vaſter ſpaces may be paſt
In leſs time than the beaſt has gone,
Though he 'd no motion of his own,
Which we can take no meaſure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim t' a nobler inference,
And make this great phænomenon
(Were there no other) ſerve alone
To clear the grand hypotheſis
Of th' motion of the earth from this.
With this they all were ſatisfy'd,
As men are wont o' th' bias'd ſide,
Applauded the profound diſpute,
And grew more gay and reſolute,
By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out;
And, to complete their Narrative,
Agreed t' inſert this ſtrange retrieve.
But while they were diverted all
With wording the Memorial,
The footboys, for diverſion too,
As having nothing elſe to do,

Seeing the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosis for their pleasure:
Began to gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on had done,
With monkeys' ingenuity,
That love to practise what they see;
When one, whose turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the engine creep,
And, viewing well, discover'd more
Than all the learn'd had done before.
Quoth he, A little thing is slunk
Into the long stargazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so nigh,
I have him just against mine eye.
This being overheard by one
Who was not so far overgrown
In any virtuous speculation,
To judge with mere imagination,
Immediately he made a guess
At solving all appearances,
A way far more significant
Than all their hints of th' Elephant,
And found, upon a second view,
His own hypothesis most true;
For he had scarce apply'd his eye
To th' engine, but immediately
He found a Mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between
The two glass windows in restraint,
Was swell'd into an Elephant,
And prov'd the virtuous occasion
Of all this learned dissertation:
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they say, and bore
A silly mouse, this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.
Mean-while the rest in consultation
Had penn'd the wonderful Narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and wit,
T' attest the truth of what they 'ad writ,
When this accurs'd phænomenon
Confounded all they 'd said or done:
For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
But they 'all were in a tumult strait,
More furiously enrag'd by far,
Than those that in the Moon made war,
To find so admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed to have seen 't,
And were engag'd to make it out,
Obstructed with a paltry doubt:
When one, whose task was to determine,
And solve th' appearances of vermine,
Who 'ad made profound discoveries
In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice,
(Though not so curious, 'tis true,
As many a wise rat-catcher knew)
After he had with signs made way
For something great he had to say;
This disquisition
Is, half of it, in my discission;
For though the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs of right to all the rest,
The Mouse, b'ing but a vermine, none
Has title to but I alone;
And therefore hope I may be heard,
In my own province, with regard.
It is no wonder we 're cry'd down,
And made the talk of all the Town,
That rants and swears, for all our great
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
If ev'ry one have leave to doubt.
When some great secret 's half made out;
And 'cause perhaps it is not true,
Obruct, and ruin all we do.
As no great act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with truth alone,
If nothing else but truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what we do:
For Truth is too reserv'd, and nice,
T' appear in mix'd societies;
Delights in solit'ry abodes,
And never shews herself in crowds:
A sullen little thing, below
All matters of pretence and shew;
That deal in novelty, and change,
Not of things true but rare and strange,
To treat the world with what is fit,
And proper to its nat'ral wit;
The world, that never sets esteem
On what things are, but what they seem,
And if they be not strange and new,
They 're ne'er the better for b'ing true.
For what has mankind gain'd by knowing
His little truth, but his undoing,
Which wisely was by Nature hidden,
And only for his good forbidden?
And therefore with great prudence does
The world still strive to keep it close;
For if all secret truths were known,
Who wou'd not be once more undone?
For truth has always danger in 't,
And here, perhaps, may cross some hint
We 've already agreed upon,
And vainly frustrate all we 've done,
Only to make new work for stubs,
And all the academic clubs,
How much, then, ought we have a care
That no man know above his share,
Nor dare to understand, henceforth,
More than his contribution 's worth;
That those who 've purchas'd of the college
A share, or half a share, of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Shou'd not b' admitted to dispute,
Nor any man pretend to know
More than his dividend comes to?
For partners have been always known
To cheat their public int'rest prone;
And if we do not look to ours,
'Tis sure to run the self-same course.
This said, the whole assembly' allow'd
The doctrine to be right and good,
And, from the truth of what they 'ad heard,
Resolv'd to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their turn to vouch,
And either find, or make it such:
That 'twas more noble to create
Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,

Than with vexatious pains and doubt
To find, or think t' have found, her out.
This b'ing reſolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Mouſe, and Moon;
But ſtill the narrower they pry'd,
The more they were unſatisfy'd,
In no one thing they ſaw agreeing,
As if they 'ad ſev'ral faiths of ſeeing.
Some ſwore, upon a ſecond view,
That all they 'ad ſeen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One ſyllable of th' Elephant;
Avow'd his ſnout could be no Mouſe's,
But a true Elephant's proboſcis.
Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour,
And knew not whether to eſpouſe
The cauſe of th' Elephant or Mouſe.
Some held no way ſo orthodox
To try it, as the ballot-box
And, like the nation's patriots,
To find, or make, the truth by votes:
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
T' unmount the tube, and open it,
And for their private ſatisfaction,
To re-examine the Tranſaction,
And after explicate the reſt,
As they ſhould find cauſe for the beſt.
To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole aſſembly gave conſent;
But e'er the tube was half let down,
It clear'd the firſt phænomenon;
For, at the end, prodigious ſwarms
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all paſt muſter, by miſchance,
Both for the Sub- and Privolvans.
This b'ing diſcover'd, put them all
Into a freſh and fiercer brawl,
Aſham'd that men ſo grave and wiſe
Shou'd be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble inſects' ſwarms
For mighty troops of men at arms;
As vain as thoſe who, when the Moon
Bright in a cryſtal river ſhone,
Threw caſting nets, as ſubtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' water.
But when they had unſcrew'd the glaſs,
To find out where th' impoſtor was,
And ſaw the Mouſe, that, by miſhap,
Had made the teleſcope a trap,
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,
To be ſo openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this diſcovery alone,
That thoſe who greedily purſue
Things wonderful, inſtead of true,
That in their ſpeculations chooſe
To make diſcoveries ſtrange news,
And nat'ral hiſt'ry a Gazette
Of tales ſtupendous and far-fet;
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they pleaſe,
In vain ſtrive Nature to ſuborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with ſcorn.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE *.

A VIRTUOUS, learned ſociety of late,
The pride and glory of a foreign ſtate,
Made an agreement, on a ſummer's night,
To ſearch the Moon at full by her own light;
To take a perfect invent'ry of all
Her real fortunes, or her perſonal,
And make a geometrical ſurvey
Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
As accurate as that of Ireland, where
The fly ſurveyor's ſaid t' have ſunk a ſhire:
T' obſerve her country's climate, how it was planted,
And what ſhe moſt abounded with, or wanted;
And draw maps of her prop'reſt ſituations
For ſettling and erecting new plantations,
If ever the Society ſhou'd incline
T' attempt ſo great and glorious a deſign:
" A taſk in vain, unleſs the German Kepler†
" Had found out a diſcovery to people her,
" And ſtock her country with inhabitants
" Of military men and Elephants:
" For th' Ancients only took her for a piece
" Of redhot iron as big as Peloponneſe,

* After the Author had finiſhed this ſtory in ſhort verſe, he took it into his head to attempt it in long, with ſome variations.

† This and the following verſes, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing compoſition; and are diſtinguiſhed, as well as the reſt of the ſame kind, by being printed in inverted commas.

" Till he appear'd; for which, ſome write, ſhe ſent
" Upon his tribe as ſtrange a puniſhment."
This was the only purpoſe of their meeting,
For which they choſe a time and place moſt fitting,
When, at the full, her equal ſhares of light
And influence were at their greateſt height.
And now the lofty teleſcope, the ſcale,
By which they venture heav'n itſelf t' aſſail,
Was rais'd, and planted full againſt the Moon,
And all the reſt ſtood ready to fall on,
Impatient who ſhould bear away the honour
To plant an enſign, firſt of all, upon her.
When one, who for his ſolid deep belief
Was choſen virtuoſo then in chief,
Had been approv'd the moſt profound and wiſe
At ſolving all impoſſibilities,
With gravity advancing, to apply
To th' optic glaſs his penetrating eye,
Cry'd out, O ſtrange! then reinforc'd his ſight
Againſt the Moon with all his art and might,
And bent the muſcles of his penſive brow,
As if he meant to ſtare and gaze her through
While all the reſt began as much to admire
And like a powder train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with dull amazement beforehand,
At what they wou'd, but cou'd not underſtand,
And grew impatient to diſcover what
The matter was they ſo much wonder'd at.
Quoth he, Th' old inhabitants o' the Moon,
Who, when the ſun ſhines hotteſt about noon,
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they uſe to fortify
Againſt the ſunbeams and the enemy,
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,
Becauſe the inhabitants are civiller
Than thoſe rude country peaſants that are found,
Like mountaineers to live on the upper ground,
Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are
Perpetually in ſtate of open war.
And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both ſides kill'd and ſlain,
As by the teleſcope 'tis clear and plain.
Look in it quickly then, that ev'ry one
May ſee his ſhare before the battle's done.
At this a famous great philoſopher,
Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near
As one of wondrous ſingular invention,
And equal univerſal comprehenſion,
" By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon,
" For all the world to learn, and uſe in bargain,
" An univerſal canting idiom,
" To underſtand the ſwinging pendulum,
" And to communicate, in all deſigns,
" With th' Eaſtern virtuoſi Mandarines,"
Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a noſe,
To th' end and centre of the engine cloſe:
For he had very lately undertook
To vindicate, and publiſh in a book,
That men, whoſe native eyes are blind, or out,
May by more admirable art be brought
To ſee with empty holes, as well and plain
As if their eyes had been put in again.

This great man, therefore, having fix'd his ſight,
T' obſerve the bloody formidable fight,
Conſider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,
'Tis true, the battle's deſperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
And from their trenches valiantly ſally,
To fall upon the ſtubborn enemy,
Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.
Theſe paltry domineering Privolvans
Have, ev'ry ſummer-ſeaſon, their campaigns,
And muſter, like the military ſons
Of Rawhead and victorious Bloodybones,
As great and numerous as ſolan geeſe
I' th' ſummer-iſlands of the Orcades,
Courageouſly to make a dreadful ſtand,
And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come,
nd then diſband, and march in triumph home,
And ſpend the reſt of all the year in lies,
And vap'ring of their unknown victories.
From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd
To be, before the Moon herſelf, deriv'd;
And, when her orb was firſt of all created,
To be from thence, to people her, tranſlated:
For a- thoſe people had been long reputed,
Of all the Peloponneſians the moſt ſtupid,
Whom nothing in the world cou'd ever bring
T' endure the civil life but fiddling,
They ever ſince retain the antique courſe,
And native frenzy of their anceſtors,
And always uſe to ſing and fiddle to
Things of the moſt important weight they do.
While thus the virtuoſo entertains
The whole aſſembly with the Privolvans,
" Another ſophiſt, but of leſs renown,
" Though longer obſervation of the Moon,"
That underſtood the diff'rence of her ſoils,
And which produc'd the faireſt genet-moyles,
" But for an unpaid weekly ſhilling's penſion
" Had ſin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention,"
Who, after poring tedious and hard
In th' optic engine, gave a ſtart and ſtar'd,
And thus began.—A ſtranger ſight appears
Than ever yet was ſeen in all the ſpheres;
A greater wonder, more unparallell'd
Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld;
mighty Elephant from one of thoſe
Two fighting armies is at length broke looſe,
And with the deſp'rate horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright:
Look quickly, leaſt the only ſight of us
Shou'd cauſe the ſtartled creature to emboſs.
It is a large one, and appears more great
Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet;
From which we confidently may infer,
The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.
And ſince, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Thoſe living caſtles firſt of all, 'tis thought,
Againſt the Roman army in the field,
It may a valid argument be held,
(The fame Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of antique Greece)
To vindicate what this illuſtrious perſon
Has made ſo learn'd and noble a diſcourſe on,

And given us ample satisfaction all
Of th' ancient Privolvans' original,
That Elephants are really in the Moon,
Although our fortune had discover'd none,
Is easily made plain and manifest,
Since from the greatest orbs, down to the least,
All other globes of stars and constellations
Have cattle in 'em of all sorts and nations,
And heav'n, like a northern Tartar's hoard,
With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd:
And if the Moon can but produce by Nature
A people of so large and vast a stature,
'Tis more than probable she shou'd bring forth
A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth;
As by the best accounts we have, appears
Of all our credibleſt discoverers,
And that those vast and monstrous creatures there
Are not such far-fet rarities as here.
Mean-while th' assembly now had had a sight
Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight,
And ev'ry man, with diligence and care,
Perus'd and view'd of th' Elephant his share;
Proud of his equal int'rest in the glory
Of so stupendous and renown'd a story,
When one, who for his fame and excellence
In height'ning of words and shadowing sense,
And magnifying all he ever writ,
With delicate and microscopic wit,
Had long been magnify'd himself no less
In foreign and domestic colleges,
Began at last (transported with the twang
Of his own elocution) thus t' harangue.
Most virtuous and incomparable Friends,
This great discov'ry fully makes amends
For all our former unsuccessful pains,
And lost expences of our time and brains;
For by this admirable phænomenon,
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a pass t' engage and hold dispute
With all the other planets that stand out,
And carry on this brave and virtuous war
Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,
And plant th' artill'ry of our optic tubes
Against the proudest of their magnitudes;
To stretch our future victories beyond
The uttermost of planetary ground,
And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns
Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,
To prove if they are other suns or not,
As some philosopers have wisely thought,
Or only windows in the empyreum,
Through which those bright effluvias use to come
Which Archimede, so many years ago,
Durst never venture but to wish to know.
Nor is this all that we have now achiev'd,
But greater things!—henceforth to be believ'd;
And have no more our best or worst designs,
Because they're ours, suspected for ill signs,
T' outthrow, and magnify, and to enlarge,
Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge;
Nor shall our best and ableſt virtuosis
Prove arguments again for coffee-houses;
" Nor little stories gain belief among
" Our criticallest judges, right or wrong:"
Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw
The boys to course us in 'em without law;
" Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,
" Or sowing sawdust furnish nurseries:
" No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)
" With butter only harden'd in the sun;
" Or men that use to whistle loud enough
" To be heard by others plainly five miles off,
" Cause all the rest, we own and have avow'd,
" To be believ'd as desperately loud."
Nor shall our future speculations, whether
An elder-stick will render all the leather
Of schoolboys' breeches proof against the rod,
Make all we undertake appear as odd.
This one discovery will prove enough
To take all past and future scandals off:
But since the world is so incredulous
Of all our usual scrutinies, and us,
And with a constant prejudice prevents
Our best as well as worst experiments,
As if they were all destin'd to miscarry,
As well in concert try'd as solitary;
And that th' assembly is uncertain when
Such great discov'ries will occur agen,
'Tis reas'nable we shou'd, at least, contrive
To draw up as exact a Narrative
Of that which ev'ry man of us can swear
Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,
That when 'tis fit to publish the Account,
We all may take our sev'ral oaths upon 't,
This said, the whole assembly gave consent
To drawing up th' authentic Instrument,
And for the nation's gen'ral satisfaction,
To print and own it in their next Transaction:
But while their ableſt men were drawing up
The wonderful Memoir o' th' telescope,
A member peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant begin t' advance,
That from the west-by-north side of the Moon
To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone.
This b'ing related, gave a sudden stop
To all their grandees had been drawing up,
And ev'ry person was amaz'd anew,
How such a strange surprisal should be true,
Or any beast perform so great a race,
So swift and rapid, in so short a space,
Resolv'd, as suddenly, to make it good,
Or render all as fairly as they cou'd,
And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,
Than question what they had beheld with them.
While ev'ry one was thus resolv'd, a man
Of great esteem and credit thus began.
'Tis strange, I grant! but who, alas! can say
What cannot be, or justly can, and may?
Especially at so hugely wide and vast
A distance as this miracle is plac'd,
Where the least error of the glass, or sight,
May render things amiss, but never right?
Nor can we try them, when they're so far off,
By any equal sublunary proof;
For who can justify that Nature there
Is ty'd to the same laws she acts by here?
Nor is it probable she has infus'd
Int' ev'ry species in the Moon produc'd,

The ſame efforts ſhe uſes to confer
Upon the very ſame productions here,
Since thoſe upon the earth, of ſev'ral nations,
Are found t' have ſuch prodigious variations,
And ſhe affects ſo conſtantly to uſe
Variety in ev'ry thing ſhe does.
From hence may be inferr'd that, though I grant
We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may chance to differ ſo,
From thoſe with us upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, as well as force and ſpeed,
As being of a diff'rent kind and breed,
That though 'tis true our own are but ſlow-pac'd,
Theirs there, perhaps, may fly or run as faſt,
And yet be very Elephants, no leſs
Than thoſe deriv'd from Indian families.
This ſaid, another member of great worth,
Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,
" In which the mannerly and modeſt author
" Quotes the Right Worſhipful his elder brother,"
Look'd wiſe a while, then ſaid—All this is true,
And very learnedly obſerv'd by you;
But there's another nobler reaſon for't,
That, rightly' obſerv'd, will fall but little ſhort
Of ſolid mathematic demonſtration,
Upon a full and perfect calculation;
And that is only this—As th' earth and moon
Do conſtantly move contrary upon
Their ſev'ral axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot fail to be
So violent, and naturally faſt,
That larger diſtances may well be paſt
In leſs time than the Elephant has gone,
Although he had no motion of his own,
Which we on earth can take no meaſure of,
As you have made it evident by proof.
This granted, we may confidently hence
Claim title to another inference,
And make this wonderful phænomenon
(Were there no other) ſerve our turn alone
To vindicate the grand hypotheſis,
And prove the motion of the earth from this.
This ſaid, th' aſſembly now was ſatisfy'd,
As men are ſoon upon the bias'd ſide;
With great applauſe receiv'd th' admir'd diſpute,
And grew more gay, and briſk, and reſolute,
By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt,
Than if th' occaſion never had fall'n out,
Reſolving to complete their Narrative,
And punctually inſert this ſtrange retrieve.
But while their grandees were diverted all
With nicely wording the Memorial,
The footboys, for their own diverſion, too,
As having nothing, now, at all to do.
And when they ſaw the teleſcope at leiſure,
Turn'd virtuoſis, only for their pleaſure,
" With drills' and monkey's ingenuity,
" That take delight to practiſe all they ſee,"
Began to ſtare and gaze upon the Moon,
As thoſe they waited on before had done:
When one, whoſe turn it was by chance to peep,
Saw ſomething in the lofty engine creep,
And, viewing carefully, diſcover'd more
Than all their maſters hit upon before.
Quoth he, O ſtrange! a little thing is ſlunk
On th' inſide of the long ſtargazing trunk,
And now is gotten down ſo low and nigh,
I have him here directly 'gainſt mine eye.
This chancing to be overheard by one
Who was not yet ſo hugely overgrown
In any philoſophic obſervation,
As to conclude with mere imagination,
And yet he made immediately a gueſs
At fully ſolving all appearances,
A plainer way, and more ſignificant
Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant,
And quickly found, upon a ſecond view,
His own conjecture, probably, moſt true;
For he no ſooner had apply'd his eye
To the optic engine, but immediately
He found a ſmall field mouſe was gotten in
The hollow teleſcope, and ſhut between
The two glaſs-windows, cloſely in reſtraint,
Was magnify'd into an Elephant,
And prov'd the happy virtuous occaſion
Of all this deep and learned diſſertation.
And as a mighty mountain heretofore,
Is ſaid t' have been begot with child, and bore
A ſilly mouſe, this captive mouſe, as ſtrange,
Produc'd another mountain in exchange.
Mean-while the grandees, long in conſultation,
Had finiſh'd the miraculous Narration,
And ſet their hands, and ſeals, and ſenſe, and wit,
T' atteſt and vouch the truth of all they 'ad writ,
When this unfortunate phænomenon
Confounded all they had declar'd and done:
For 'twas no ſooner told and hinted at,
But all the reſt were in a tumult ſtrait,
More hot and furiouſly enrag'd by far,
Than both the hoſts that in the Moon made war,
To find ſo rare and admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed and ſworn t' have ſeen 't,
And had engag'd themſelves to make it out,
Obſtructed with a wretched paltry doubt.
When one, whoſe only taſk was to determine
And ſolve the worſt appearances of vermine,
Who oft' had made profound diſcoveries
In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,
(Though not ſo curious and exact, 'tis true,
As many an exquiſite rat-catcher knew)
After he had a while with ſigus made way
For ſomething pertinent he had to ſay,
At laſt prevail'd—Quoth he, This diſquiſition
Is, the one half of it, in my diſciſſion;
For though 'tis true the Elephant, as beaſt,
Belongs, of nat'ral right to all the reſt,
The Mouſe, that's but a paltry vermine, none
Can claim a title to but I alone;
And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,
In my own province, freely, with regard.
It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,
And made the table talk of all the Town,
That rants and vapours ſtill, for all our great
Deſigns and projects, we've done nothing yet,
If ev'ry one have liberty to doubt,
When ſome great ſecret's more than half made out
Becauſe, perhaps, it will not hold out true,
And put a ſtop to all w' attempt to do.

As no great action ever has been done,
Nor ever's like to be, by truth alone,
If nothing elſe but only truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do;
" For Truth is always too reſerv'd and chaſte,
" T' endure to be by all the Town embrac'd;
" A ſolitary anchorite, that dwells
" Retir'd from all the world, in obſcure cells,"
Diſdains all great aſſemblies, and defies
The preſs and crowd of mix'd ſocieties,
That uſe to deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but great, and rare, and ſtrange,
To entertain the world with what is fit
And proper for its genius and its wit;
The world that's never found to ſet eſteem
On what things are, but what they appear and ſeem;
And if they are not wonderful and new,
They're ne'er the better for their being true.
" For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
" Of wantonneſs and luxury o' th' mind,
" A greedineſs and gluttony o' the brain,
" That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,
" And grows more deſp'rate, like the worſt diſeaſes,
" Upon the nobler part (the mind) it ſeizes?"
And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
His little truths, unleſs his own undoing,
That prudently by nature had been hidden,
And, only for his greater good, forbidden?
And therefore with as great diſcretion does
The world endeavour ſtill to keep it cloſe;
For if the ſecrets of all truths were known,
Who wou'd not, once more, be as much undone?
For truth is never without danger in't
As here it has depriv'd us of a hint,
The whole aſſembly had agreed upon,
And utterly defeated all we 'ad done,
" By giving footboys leave to interpoſe,
" And diſappoint whatever we propoſe;"
For nothing but to cut out work for ſtubs,
And all the buſy academic clubs,
" For which they have deſerv'd to run the riſks
" Of elder-ſticks, and penitential friſks.
How much, then, ought we have a ſpecial care
That none preſume to know above his ſhare,
Nor take upon him t' underſtand, henceforth
More than his weekly contribution's worth,
That all thoſe that have purchas'd of the college,
A half, or but a quarter ſhare, of knowledge,
And brought none in themſelves, but ſpent repute
Shou'd never be admitted to diſpute,
Nor any member undertake to know
More than his equal dividend comes to?
For partners have perpetually been known
T' impoſe upon their public int'reſt prone;
And if we have not greater care of ours,
It will be ſure to run the ſelf-ſame courſe.
This ſaid, the whole Society allow'd
The doctrine to be orthodox and good, [heard,
And from th' apparent truth of what they had
Reſolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their intereſts to vouch,
And either find it out, or make it ſuch:
That 'twas more admirable to create
Inventions, like truth, out of ſtrong conceit,
Than with vexatious ſtudy, pains, and doubt,
To find, or but ſuppoſe t' have found, it out.
This b'ing reſolv'd, th' aſſembly, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon;
But ſtill the more and curiouſer they pry'd
They but became the more unſatisfy'd,
In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,
As if they 'ad diff'rent principles of ſeeing.
Some boldly ſwore, upon a ſecond view,
That all they had beheld before was true,
And damn'd themſelves they never would recant
One ſyllable they had ſeen of th' Elephant;
Avow'd his ſhape and ſnout could be no Mouſe's,
But a true nat'ral Elephant's proboſcis.
Others began to doubt as much, and waver,
Uncertain which to diſallow or favour;
" Until they had as many croſs reſolves,
" As Iriſhmen that have been turn'd to wolves,"
And grew diſtracted, whether to eſpouſe
The party of the Elephant or Mouſe.
Some held there was no way ſo orthodox,
As to refer it to the ballot-box,
And, like ſome other nation's patriots,
To find it out, or make the truth, by votes:
Others were of opinion 'twas more fit
T' unmount the teleſcope, and open it,
And, for their own, and all men's ſatisfaction,
To ſearch and re-examine the tranſaction,
And afterwards to explicate the reſt,
As they ſhou'd ſee occaſion for the beſt.
To this, at length, as th' only expedient,
The whole aſſembly freely gave conſent;
But e'er the optic tube was half let down,
Their own eyes clear'd the firſt phænomenon:
For at the upper end, prodigious ſwarms
Of buſy flies, and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all paſt muſter in the glaſs by chance,
For both the Pri- and the Subvolvans.
This b'ing diſcover'd, once more put them all
Into a worſe and deſperater brawl.
Surpris'd with ſhame, that men ſo grave and wiſe
Shou'd be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies,
And to miſtake the feeble inſects' ſwarms
For ſquadrons and reſerves of men in arms:
As politic as thoſe who, when the Moon
As bright and glorious in a river ſhone,
Threw caſting-nets with equal cunning at her,
To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.
But when, at laſt, they had unſcrew'd the glaſs,
To find out where the fly impoſtor was,
And ſaw 'twas but a Mouſe*, that by miſhap
Had catch'd himſelf, and them, in th' optic trap.

* Butler to compliment his Mouſe for affording him an opportunity of indulging his ſatirical turn, and diſplaying his wit upon this occaſion, has to the end of this Poem ſubjoined the following epigrammatical note:

A Mouſe, whoſe martial valour has ſo long
Ago been try'd, and by old Homer ſung,
And purchas'd him more everlaſting glory
Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,
Though he appears unequal matcht, I grant,
In bulk and ſtature by the Elephant,
Yet frequently has been obſerv'd in battle
To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,
When having boldly enter'd the redoubt,
And ſtorm'd the dreadful outwork of his ſnout,
The little vermine, like an errant-knight,
Has ſlain the huge gigantic beaſt in fight.

Amaz'd, with ſhame confounded, and afflicted
To find themſelves ſo openly convicted,
Immediately made haſte to get them gone,
With none but this diſcovery alone.
That learned men, who greedily purſue
Things that are rather wonderful than true,
And in their niceſt ſpeculations, chooſe
To make their own diſcoveries ſtrange news,
And nat'ral hiſtory rather a Gazette
Of rarities ſtupendous and far fet;
Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
That are not ſtrongly vaſt and overgrown,
And ſtrive to explicate appearances,
Not as they're probable, but as they pleaſe,
In vain endeavour Nature to ſuborn,
And, for their pains, are juſtly paid with ſcorn.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON,

A FRAGMENT.

A LEARNED man, whom once a week
A hundred virtuoſis ſeek,
And like an oracle apply to,
T' aſk queſtions, and admire, and lie to,
Who entertain'd them all of courſe,
(As men take wives for better or worſe)
And paſt them all for men of parts,
Though ſome but ſceptics in their hearts;
For when they're caſt into a lump,
Their talents equally muſt jump;
As metals mixt, the rich and baſe
Do both at equal values paſs.
With theſe the ord'nary debate
Was after news, and things of ſtate,
Which way the dreadful comet went,
In ſixty-four, and what it meant?
What nations yet are to bewail
The operation of its tail?
Or whether France or Holland yet,
Or Germany, be in its debt?
What wars and plagues in Chriſtendom
Have happen'd ſince, and what to come?
What kings are dead, how many queens
And princeſſes are poiſon'd ſince?
And who ſhall next of all by turn
Make courts wear black, and tradeſmen mourn?
What parties next of foot, or horſe,
Will rout, or routed be, of courſe?
What German marches and retreats,
Will furniſh the next month's Gazettes?
What peſtilent contagion next,
And what part of the world infects?
What dreadful meteor, and where,
Shall in the heav'ns next appear?
And when again ſhall lay embargo
Upon the Admiral, the good ſhip Argo?
Why currents turn in ſeas of ice
Some thrice a-day, and ſome but twice?
And why the tides at night and noon,
Court, like Caligula, the Moon?
What is the nat'ral cauſe why fiſh,
That always drink, do never piſs?
Or whether in their home, the deep,
By night or day they ever ſleep?
If graſs be green, or ſnow be white,
But only as they take the light?
Whether poſſeſſions of the devil,
Or mere temptations, do moſt evil?
What is't that makes all fountains ſtill
Within the earth to run up hill,
But on the outſide down again,
As if the' attempt had been in vain?
Or what's the ſtrange magnetic cauſe
The ſteel or loadſtone's drawn or draws?
The ſtar the needle, which the ſtone
Has only been but touch'd upon?
Whether the Northſtar's influence
With both does hold intelligence?
(For redhot iron, held t'wards the pole,
Turns of itſelf to 't when 'tis cool:)
Or whether male and female ſcrews
In th' iron and ſtone th' effect produce?
What makes the body of the ſun,
That ſuch a rapid courſe does run,
To draw no tail behind through th' air,
As comets do when they appear,
Which other planets cannot do,
Becauſe they do not burn, but glow?
Whether the moon be ſea or land,
Or charcoal, or a quench'd fire-brand;
Or if the dark holes that appear
Are only pores, not cities there?
Whether the atmoſphere turn round,
And keep a juſt pace with the ground,
Or loiter lazily behind,
And clog the air with guſts of wind?
Or whether crefcents in the wane,
(For ſo an author has it plain)
Do burn quite out, or wear away
Their ſnuffs upon the edge of day?

Whether the ſea increaſe or waſte,
And, if it do, how long 'twill laſt?
Or if the ſun approaches near
The earth, how ſoon it will be there?
These were their learned ſpeculations,
And all their conſtant occupations,
To meaſure wind and weigh the air,
And turn a circle to a ſquare;
To make a powder of the ſun,
By which all doctors ſhou'd b' undone;
To find the northweſt paſſage out,
Although the fartheſt way about;
If chemiſts from a roſe's aſhes
Can raiſe the roſe itſelf in glaſſes?
Whether the line of incidence
Riſe from the object or the ſenſe?
To ſtew th' elixir in a bath
Of hope, credulity, and faith;
To explicate, by ſubtle hints,
The grain of diamonds and flints,
And in the braying of an aſs
Find out the treble and the baſs;
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapaſon low.

REPARTEES*

BETWEEN

CAT AND PUSS,

AT A CATERWAULING.

In the modern heroic way.

It was about the middle age of night,
When half the earth ſtood in the other's light,
And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
Gave weary'd Nature a reſtorative,
When Puſs, wrapt warm in his own native furs,
Dreamt ſoundly of as ſoft and warm amours,
Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles;
And ſporting on delightful faggot-piles;
Of bolting out of buſhes in the dark,
As ladies uſe at midnight in the Park;
Or ſeeking in tall garrets an alcove,
For aſſignations in th' affairs of love.
At once his paſſion was both falſe and true,
And the more falſe, the more in earneſt grew.
He fancy'd that he heard thoſe am'rous charms
That us'd to ſummon him to ſoft alarms,
To which he always brought an equal flame,
To fight a rival, or to court a dame;
And as in dreams love's raptures are more taking
Than all their actual engagements waking,
His am'rous paſſion grew to that extreme,
His dream itſelf awak'd him from his dream.
'Thought he, What place is this? or whither art
Thou vaniſh'd from me, Miſtreſs of my heart?
But now I had her in this very place,
Here, faſt impriſond in my glad embrace,
And, while my joys beyond themſelves were rapt,
I know not how, nor whither, thou 'rt eſcap'd,
Stay, and I'll follow thee—With that he leapt
Up from the lazy couch on which he ſlept,
And, wing'd with paſſion, through his known purlieu,
Swift as an arrow from a bow he flew,
Nor ſtopt, until his fire had him convey'd
Where many an aſſignation he 'ad enjoy'd;
Where finding, what he fought, a mutual flame,
That long had ſtay'd and call'd before he came,
Impatient of delay, without one word,
To loſe no further time, he fell aboard,
But grip'd ſo hard, he wounded what he lov'd,
While ſhe, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd.
C. Forbear, foul raviſher, this rude addreſs;
Can'ſt thou at once both injure and careſs?
P. Thou haſt bewitch'd me with thy pow'rful charms,
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.
C. He that does love would ſet his heart atilt,
E'er one drop of his lady's ſhould be ſpilt.
P. Your wounds are but without, and mine within:
You wound my heart, and I but prick your ſkin;
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
You blame th' effect of which you are the cauſe.
C. How could my guiltleſs eyes your heart invade,
Had it not firſt been by your own betray'd?
Hence 'tis my greateſt crime has only been
(Not in mine eyes, but your's) in being ſeen.
P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.
C. That's worſe than making cruelty a ſport.

* This poem is a ſatirical banter upon thoſe heroic plays which were ſo much in vogue at the time our Author lived.

P. Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight;
That sets it off to a more noble height.
C. He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his pain.
P. Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past.
C. But grows intolerable if it last.
P. Love is too full of honour to regard
What it enjoys, but suffers as reward.
What knight durst ever own a lover's name,
That had not been half-murder'd by his flame?
Or lady, that had never lain at stake,
To death, or force of rivals for his sake?
C. When love does meet with injury and pain,
Disdain's the only med'cine for disdain.
P At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,
In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you.
C. Prepost'rous way of pleasure and of love,
That, contrary to its own end, would move!
'Tis rather hate, that covets to destroy;
Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.
P. Enjoying and destroying are all one,
As flames destroy that which they feed upon.
C. He never lov'd at any gen'rous rate,
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate.
As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make
The thirst more violent it pretends to slake,
So should fruition do the lovers' fire,
Instead of lessening, inflame desire.
P. What greater proof that passion does transport,
When what I would die for I'm forc'd to hurt?
C. Death among lovers is a thing despis'd,
And far below a sullen humour priz'd,
That is more scorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,
When they are crost'd in love, or fall at odds:
But since you understand not what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.
P Passion begins indifferent to prove,
When love considers any thing but love.
C. The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,
And, though they pierce it, never hurt the skin;
They leave no marks behind them, where they fly,
Though through the tend'rest part of all, the eye;
But your sharp claws have left enough to shew
How tender I have been, how cruel you.
P. Pleasure is pain, for when it is enjoy'd,
All it could wish for was but to b' allay'd.
C. Force is a rugged way of making love.
P What you like best you always disapprove.
C. He that will wrong his love will not be nice,
T' excuse the wrong he does to wrong her twice.
P. Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.
C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.
P. When you mistake that for an injury
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I.
C. You do not feel yourself the pain you give;
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,
But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,
That can be cruel where you own a flame.
P. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me;
For while you stifle and inflame desire,
You burn, and starve me in the self-same fire.
C. It is not I, but you that do the hurt,
Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for't:
As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt sun and sun,
Make others pay for what themselves have done.

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

Upon his incomparable Poem of the

BRITISH PRINCES*.

SIR,

You have oblig'd the British nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard
Than brass or marble to their fame have rear'd:
For as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improv'd your own:
For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,
Or they have acted at a nobler height.
You of their ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Describ'd their customs and their rites anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew;
Unriddled their dark oracles as well
As those themselves that made them could foretel;
For as the Britons long have hop'd in vain,
Arthur could come to govern them again,
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in this poem plac'd him on his throne,
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,
To raise the dead, and give new life to men;
Make rival princes meet in arms and love,
Whom distant ages did so far remove:

* Most of the celebrated wits in Charles II's reign addressed this gentleman, in a bantering way, upon his poem called *The British Princes*, and, among the rest, Butler.

For as eternity has neither paſt
Nor future, (authors ſay) nor firſt, nor laſt,
But is all inſtant, your eternal Muſe
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why ſhould you, whoſe miracle of art
Can life at pleaſure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-buſy'd head
T' obſerve what time they liv'd in, or were dead?
For ſince you have ſuch arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or ſtoop to things ſo pitifully lewd,
As uſe to take the vulgar latitude.
There's no man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not ſome proportion with your wit;
As light can no way but by light appear,
He muſt bring ſenſe that underſtands it here.

A PALINODE

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD ESQ.

Upon his incomparable Poem of the

BRITISH PRINCES.

It is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muſe
Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, ſues;
For having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to aſk forgiveneſs, and ſubmit;
Is ſorry for her faults, and, while I write,
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white:
But ſuch is her belief in your juſt candour,
She hopes you will not ſo miſunderſtand her,
To wreſt her harmleſs meaning to the ſenſe
Of ſilly emulation or offence.
No; your ſufficient wit does ſtill declare
Itſelf too amply, they are mad that dare
So vain and ſenſeleſs a preſumption own,
To yoke your vaſt parts in compariſon:
And yet you might have thought upon a way
T' inſtruct us how you'd have us to obey,
And not command our praiſes, and then blame
All that's too great or little for your fame:
For who could chooſe but err, without ſome trick
To take your elevation to a nick?
As he that was deſir'd, upon occaſion,
To make the Mayor of London an oration,
Deſir'd his Lordſhip's favour, that he might
Take meaſure of his mouth, to fit it right;
So, had you ſent a ſcantling of your wit,
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit;
But 'tis not juſt t' impoſe, and then cry down
All that's unequal to your huge renown;
For he that writes below your vaſt deſert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art.
Praiſe, like a robe of ſtate, ſhould not fit cloſe
To th' perſon 'tis made for, but wide and looſe;
Derives its comelineſs from b'ing unfit,
And ſuch have been our praiſes of your wit,
Which is ſo extraordinary, no height
Of fancy but your own can do it right:
Witneſs thoſe glorious poems you have writ
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And thoſe ſtupendous diſcoveries
You've lately made of wonders in the ſkies;
For who, but from yourſelf, did ever hear
The ſphere of atoms was the atmoſphere?
Who ever ſhut thoſe ſtragglers in a room,
Or put a circle about *vacuum?*
What ſhould confine thoſe undetermin'd crowds,
And yet extend no further than the clouds?
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A ſign and an aſcendant were all one,
Or how 'tis poſſible the moon ſhould ſhroud
Her face, to peep at Mars behind a cloud,
Since clouds below are ſo far diſtant plac'd,
They cannot hinder her from b'ing bareſac'd?
Who ever did a language ſo enrich,
To ſcorn all little particles of ſpeech?
For though they make the ſenſe clear, yet they're
To be a ſcurvy hindrance to the ſound; [found
Therefore you wiſely ſcorn your ſtyle to humble,
Or for the ſenſe's ſake to wave the rumble,
Had Homer known this art, he 'ad ne'er been faid
To uſe ſo many particles in vain,
That to no purpoſe ſerve, but (as he haps
To want a ſyllable) to fill up gaps.
You juſtly coin new verbs, to pay for thoſe
Which in conſtruction you o'erſee and loſe;
And by this art do Priſcian no wrong
When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
Theſe are your own diſcoveries, which none
But ſuch a Muſe as your's could hit upon,

That can, in ſpite of laws of art, or rules,
Make things more intricate than all the ſchools:
For what have laws of art to do with you,
More than the laws with honeſt men and true?
He that's a prince in poetry ſhould ſtrive
To cry 'em down by his prerogative,
And not ſubmit to that which has no force
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.
Your poems will endure to be *well* try'd
I' th' fire, like gold, and come forth purify'd;
Can only to eternity pretend,
For they were never writ to any end.
All other books bear an uncertain rate,
But thoſe you write are always ſold by weight;
Each word and ſyllable brought to the ſcale,
And valu'd to a ſcruple in the ſale.
For when the paper's charg'd with your rich wit,
'Tis for all purpoſes and uſes fit,
Has an abſterſive virtue to make clean
Whatever nature made in man obſcene.
Boys find, b' experiment, no paper-kite,
Without your verſe, can make a noble flight.
It keeps our ſpice and aromatics ſweet;
In Paris they perfume their rooms with it:
For burning but one leaf of your's, they ſay,
Drives all their ſtinks and naſtineſs away.
Cooks keep their pies from burning with your wit,
Their pigs and geeſe from ſcorching on the ſpit;
And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worſe,
When ars'nick's only wrapp'd up in the verſe.
Theſe are the great performances that raiſe
Your mighty parts above all reach of praiſe,
And give us only leave t' admire your worth,
For no man, but yourſelf, can ſet it forth,
Whoſe wondrous pow'r ſo generally known,
Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

A PANEGYRIC

UPON

SIR JOHN DENHAM'S

RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS.

Sir, you've outliv'd ſo deſperate a fit
As none could do but an immortal wit;
Had your's been leſs, all helps had been in vain,
And thrown away, though on a leſs ſick brain;
But you were ſo far from receiving hurt,
You grew improv'd, and much the better for't.
As when th' Arabian bird does ſacrifice,
And burn himſelf in his own country's ſpice,
A maggot firſt breeds in his pregnant urn,
Which after does to a young phœnix turn:
So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
Did life renew'd, and vig'rous youth acquire;
And with ſo much advantage, ſome have gueſt,
Your afterwit is like to be your beſt,
And now expect far greater matters of ye
Than the bought Cooper's Hill, or borrow'd Sophy;
Such as your Tully lately dreſs'd in verſe,
Like thoſe he made himſelf, or not much worſe;
And Seneca's dry ſand, unmix'd with lime,
Such as you cheat the King with, botch'd in rhyme.
Nor were your morals leſs improv'd, all pride,
And native inſolence, quite laid aſide:
And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont
All, that they durſt with ſafety, to affront.
No China cupboard rudely overthrown,
Nor Lady tipp'd, by b'ing accoſted, down;
No poet jeer'd, for ſcribbling amiſs,
With verſes forty times more lewd than his:
Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,
And hold it out, where you had built a ſconce;
Nor furiouſly laid orangewench aboard,
For aſking what in fruit and love you 'ad ſcor'd;
But all civility and complaiſance,
More than you ever us'd before or ſince.
Beſide, you never over-reach'd the King
One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
Nor brought in falſe account, with little tricks
Of paſſing broken rubbiſh for whole bricks;
Falſe muſtering of workmen by the day,
Deduction out of wages, and dead pay
For thoſe that never liv'd; all which did come,
By thrifty management, to no ſmall ſum.
You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worſe,
Nor repair'd others, to repair your purſe,
As you were wont, till all you built appear'd
Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd:
For had the ſtones (like his) charm'd by your verſe,
Built up themſelves, they could not have done worſe:
And ſure, when firſt you ventur'd to ſurvey,
You did deſign to do't no other way.
All this was done before thoſe days began
In which you were a wife and happy man:

For who e'er liv'd in ſuch a paradiſe,
Until freſh ſtraw and darkneſs op'd your eyes?
Who ever greater treaſure could command,
Had nobler palaces and richer land,
Than you had then, who could raiſe ſums as vaſt
As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waſte,
Or all thoſe practis'd upon public money?
For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.
For ever are you bound to curſe thoſe quacks
That undertook to cure your happy cracks;
For though no art can ever make them ſound,
The tamp'ring coſt you threeſcore thouſand pound.
How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and loſt,
Yet been no more undone by being chouſt,
Nor forc'd upon the King's account to lay
All that, in ſerving him, you loſt at play?
For nothing but your brain was ever found
To ſuffer ſequeſtration, and compound.
Yet you've an impoſition laid on brick,
For all you then laid out at Beaſt or Gleek;
And when you've rais'd a ſum, ſtrait let it fly,
By underſtanding low, and vent'ring high;
Until you have reduc'd it down to tick,
And then recruit again from lime and brick.

UPON CRITICS

WHO JUDGE OF

MODERN PLAYS

PRECISELY BY THE RULES OF THE ANCIENTS.

Who ever will regard poetic fury,
When it is once found Idiot by a jury,
And ev'ry pert and arbitrary fool
Can all poetic licence over-rule;
Aſſume a barb'rous tyranny to handle
The Muſes worſe than Oſtrogoth and Vandal;
Make 'em ſubmit to verdict and report,
And ſtand or fall to th' orders of the court?
Much leſs be ſentenc'd by the arbitrary
Proceedings of witleſs plagiary,
That forges old records and ordinances
Againſt the right and property of fancies,
More falſe and nice than weighing of the weather
To th' hundredth atom of the lighteſt feather,
Or meaſuring of air upon Parnaſſus,
With cylinders of Torricellian glaſſes;
Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,
Back to its antique theatre, a cart,
And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads
Of rev'rend choruſes and epiſodes;
Reform and regulate a puppet play,
According to the true and ancient way,
That not an actor ſhall preſume to ſqueak,
Unleſs he have a licence for't in Greek;
Nor Whittington henceforward ſell his cat in
Plain vulgar Engliſh, without mewing Latin:
No pudding ſhall be ſuffer'd to be witty,
Unleſs it be in order to raiſe pity;
Nor devil in the puppet play b' allow'd
To roar and ſpit fire, but to fright the crowd,
Unleſs ſome god or demon chanc'd t' have pique
Againſt an ancient family of Greeks;
That other men may tremble, and take warning,
How ſuch a fatal progeny they're born in;
For none but ſuch for tragedy are fitted,
That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd;
And only thoſe held proper to deter,
Who 've had the ill luck againſt their wills to err
Whence only ſuch as are of middling ſizes,
Between morality and venial vices,
Are qualify'd to be deſtroy'd by Fate,
For other mortals to take warning at.
As if the antique laws of Tragedy
Did with our own municipal agree,
And ſerv'd, like cobwebs, but t' enſnare the weak,
And give diverſion to the great to break;
To make a leſs delinquent to be brought
To anſwer for a greater perſon's fault,
And ſuffer all the worſt the worſt approver
Can, to excuſe and ſave himſelf, diſcover.
No longer ſhall Dramatics be confin'd
To draw true images of all mankind;
To puniſh in effigy criminals,
Reprieve the innocent, and hang the falſe;
But a clublaw to execute and kill,
For nothing, whomſoe'er they pleaſe, at will,
To terrify ſpectators from committing
The crimes they did, and ſuffer'd for unwitting.
Theſe are the reformations of the Stage,
Like other reformations of the age,

On purpoſe to deſtroy all wit and ſenſe,
As th' other did all law and conſcience;
No better than the laws of Britiſh plays,
Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howell's days,
Who made a general council regulate
Men's catching women by the—you know what,
And ſet in the rubric at what time
It ſhould be counted legal, when a crime,
Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a ſin,
And on what days it went out or came in.
An Engliſh poet ſhould be try'd b' his peers,
And not by pedants and philoſophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to be of a jury;
Beſides the moſt intolerable wrong
To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
Or Tales falſer than Euripides;
When not an Engliſh native dares appear
To be a witneſs for the priſoner;
When all the laws they uſe t' arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,
Were made b' a foreign lawyer, and his pupil,
To put an end to all poetic ſcruples,
And by th' advice of virtuoſi Tuſcans,
Determin'd all the doubts of ſocks and buſkins;
Gave judgment on all paſt and future plays,
As is apparent by Speroni's caſe,
Which Lope Vega firſt began to ſteal,
And after him the French filou Corneille;
And ſince our Engliſh plagiaries nim,
And ſteal their fat-ſet criticiſms from him,
And by an action falſely laid of Trover,
The lumber for their proper goods recover;
Enough to furniſh all the lewd impeachers
Of witty Beaumont's poetry, and Fletchers,
Who for a few miſpriſions of wit,
Are charg'd by thoſe who ten times worſe commit;
And for misjudging ſome unhappy ſcenes,
Are cenſur'd for 't with more unlucky ſenſe;
When all their worſt miſcarriages delight,
And pleaſe more than the beſt that pedants write.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

Acted before the

DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Sir, while ſo many nations ſtrive to pay
The tribute of their glories to this day,
That gave them earneſt of ſo great a ſum
Of glory (from your future acts) to come,
And which you have diſcharg'd at ſuch a rate,
That all ſucceeding times muſt celebrate,
We, that ſubſiſt by your bright influence,
And have no life but what we own from thence,
Come humbly to preſent you, our own way,
With all we have, (beſide our hearts) a play.
But as devouteſt men can pay no more
To deities than what they gave before,
We bring you only what your great commands
Did reſcue for us from engroſſing hands,
That would have taken out adminiſtration
Of all departed poets' goods i' the nation;
Or, like to lords of manors, ſeiz'd all plays
That come within their reach, as wefts and ſtrays,
And claim'd a forfeiture of all paſt wit,
But that your juſtice put a ſtop to it.
'Twas well for us, who elſe muſt have been glad
T' admit of all who now write new and bad;
For ſtill the wickeder ſome authors write,
Others to write worſe are encourag'd by 't;
And though thoſe fierce inquiſitors of wit,
The critics, ſpare no fleſh that ever writ,
But juſt as toothdraw'rs find, among the rout,
Their own teeth work in pulling others out,
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by't.
Small poetry, like other hereſies,
By being perſecuted multiplies;
But here they're like to fail of all pretence;
For he that writ this play is dead long ſince,
And not within their power; for bears are ſaid
To ſpare thoſe that lie ſtill and ſeem but dead.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME. TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,
No leſs than to your royal Lord, to you;
And while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,
You have, what's greater than them all, his heart.
That heart that, when it was his country's guard,
The fury of two elements outdar'd,
And made a ſtubborn haughty enemy
The terror of his dreadful conduct fly;
And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms
Appear no leſs victorious than his arms,
For which you oft' have triumph'd on this day,
And many more to come Heav'n grant you may.
But as great princes uſe, in ſolemn times
Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,
If we have ſinn'd without an ill intent,
And done below what really we meant,
We humbly aſk your pardon for't, and pray
You would forgive, in honour of the day.

UPON PHILIP NYE'S *

THANKSGIVING BEARD.

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,
That Nature orders for no other place;
The fringe and taſſel of a countenance,
That hides his perſon from another man's,
And, like the Roman habits of their youth,
Is never worn until his perfect growth;
A privilege no other creature has,
To wear a nat'ral maſk upon his face,
That ſhifts its likeneſs ev'ry day he wears,
To fit ſome other perſons' characters,
And by its own mythology implies,
That men were born to live in ſome diſguiſe.
This ſatisfy'd a rev'rend man, that clear'd
His diſagreeing conſcience by his Beard.
He 'ad been preferr'd i' th' army, when the church
Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch;
When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,
Were turn'd to officers of horſe, and zealots,
From whom he held the moſt pluralities
Of contributions, donatives, and ſal'ries;
Was held the chiefeſt of thoſe ſp'ritual trumpets,
That ſounded charges to their fierceſt combats,
But in the deſperateſt of defeats
Had never blown as opportune retreats,
Until the Synod order'd his departure
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
To ſit among 'em, as he had been choſen,
And paſs or null things at his own diſpoſing;
Could clap up ſouls in limbo with a vote,
And for their fees diſcharge and let them out,
Which made ſome grandees bribe him with the
Of holding forth upon Thankſgiving-days, [place
Whither the Members, two and two abreaſt,
March'd to take in the ſpoils of all—the feaſt,
But by the way repeated the oh-hones
Of his wild Iriſh and chromatic tones:
His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,
He practis'd only t' animate the Cauſe,
With which the Siſters were ſo prepoſſeſt,
They could remember nothing of the reſt.
He thought upon it, and reſolv'd to put
His Beard into as wonderful a cut,
And, for the further ſervice of the women,
T' abate the rigidneſs of his opinion;

* Philip Nye was educated at Oxford, firſt in Braſennoſe College, and afterwards in Magd. Hall, where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the firſt tincture of ſedition and diſguſt to our eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but ſoon left England to go and reſide in Holland, where he was not very likely to leſſen thoſe prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Preſbyterian, and a zealous ſtickler for the Parliament, and was thought conſiderable enough, in his way, to be ſent by his party, into Scotland, to encourage and ſpirit up the cauſe of the Covenant, in defence of which he writ ſeveral pamphlets. When the Independents, however, began to have the aſcendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a ſtrenuous preacher on that ſide; and in this ſituation he was when he fell under the laſh of Butler's ſatire.

And, but a day before, had been to find
The ableſt virtuoſo of the kind,
With whom he long and ſeriouſly conferr'd
On all intrigues that might concern his Beard;
By whoſe advice he ſat for a deſign
In little drawn, exactly to a line,
That if the creature chance to have occaſion
To undergo a thorough reformation,
It might be borne conveniently about,
And by the meaneſt artiſt copy'd out.
This done, he ſent a journeyman ſectary
He 'ad brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,
To find out one that had the greateſt practice,
To prune and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,
And ſet their moſt confus'd diſorders right,
Not by a new deſign, but newer light,
Who us'd to ſhave the grandees of their ſticklers,
And crop the worthies of their Coventiclers;
To whom he ſhew'd his new-invented draught
And told him how 'twas to be copy'd out.
Quoth he, 'Tis but a falſe and counterfeit,
And ſcandalous device of human wit,
That's abs'lutely forbidden in the Scripture,
To make of any carnal thing the picture.
Quoth th' other ſaint, You muſt leave that to us
T' agree what's lawful, or what ſcandalous,
For 'till it is determin'd by our vote,
'Tis either lawful, ſcandalous or not,
Which, ſince we have not yet agreed upon,
Is left indiff'rent to avoid or own.
Quoth he, My conſcience never ſhall agree
To do it, till I know what 'tis to be;
For though I uſe it in a lawful time,
What if it after ſhould be made a crime?
'Tis true we fought for liberty of conſcience,
'Gainſt human conſtitutions, in our own ſenſe,
Which I'm reſolv'd perpetually t' avow,
And make it lawful whatſoe'er we do;
Then do your office with your greateſt ſkill,
And let th' event befall us how it will.
This ſaid, the nice barbarian took his tools,
To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles;
Talk'd on us pertinently as he ſnipt
A hundred times for ev'ry hair he clipt;
Until the Beard at length began t' appear,
And reſume its antique character,
Grew more and more itſelf, that art might ſtrive,
And ſtand in competition with the life;
For ſome have doubted if 't were made of ſnips
Of fables, glew'd and fitted to his lips,
And ſet in ſuch an artificial frame,
As if it had been wrought in filograin,
More ſubtly fill'd and poliſh'd than the gin
That Vulcan caught himſelf a cuckold in;
That Lacheſis, that ſpins the threads of Fate,
Could not have drawn it out more delicate.
But b'ing deſign'd and drawn ſo regular,
T' a ſcrupulous punctilio of a hair,
Who could imagine that it ſhould be portal
To ſelfiſh, inward-unconforming mortal?
And yet it was, and did abominate
The leaſt compliance in the Church or State,
And from itſelf did equally diſſent,
As from religion and the government*.

* There are found among Butler's manuſcripts ſeveral other little ſketches upon the ſame ſubject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought paſſable.

This rev'rend brother, like a goat
Did wear a tail upon his throat,
'The fringe and taſſel of a face,
That gives it a becoming grace,
But ſet in ſuch a curious frame,
As if 't were wrought in filograin,
And cut ſo ev'n, as if 't had been
Drawn with a pen upon his chin.
No topiary hedge of quickſet,
Was e'er ſo neatly cut, or thick ſet,
That made beholders more admire,
Than China-plate that's made of wire;
But being wrought ſo regular
In ev'ry part, and ev'ry hair,
Who would believe it ſhou'd be portal
'To unconforming inward mortal?
And yet it was, and did diſſent
No leſs from its own government,
'Than from the Church's, and deteſt
'That which it held forth and profeſt;
Did equally abominate
Conformity in Church and State;
And, like an hypocritic brother,
Profeſs'd one thing, and did another,
As all things, where they're moſt profeſt,
Are found to be regarded leaſt.

SATIRE

UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

Who would believe that wicked earth,
Where nature only brings us forth
To be ſound guilty and forgiv'n,
Shou'd be a nurſery for Heav'n,
When all we can expect to do
Will not pay half the debt we owe,
And yet more deſperately dare,
As if that wretched trifle were
Too much for the eternal Pow'rs,
Our great and mighty creditors,
Not only ſlight what they enjoin,
But pay it in adult'rate coin?
We only in their mercy truſt,
To be more wicked and unjuſt;
All our devotions, vows, and pray'rs,
Are our own intereſt, not theirs;
Our off'rings, when we come t' adore,
But begging preſents to get more;
The pureſt bus'neſs of our zeal
Is but to err, by meaning well,
And make that meaning do more harm
Than our worſt deeds, that are leſs warm;
For the moſt wretched and perverſe
Does not believe himſelf he errs.
Our holieſt actions have been
Th' effects of wickedneſs and ſin:
Religious houſes made compounders
For th' horrid actions of the founders;
Steeples that totter'd in the air,
By letchers ſinn'd into repair;
As if he had retain'd no ſign
Nor character of the divine
And heav'nly part of human nature,
But only the coarſe earthly matter.
Our univerſal inclination
Tends to the worſt of our creation,
As if the ſtars conſpir'd t' imprint,
In our whole ſpecies, by inſtinct,
A fatal brand and ſignature
Of nothing elſe but the impure.
The beſt of all our actions tend
To the prepoſterouſeſt end,
And, like to mongrels, we're inclin'd
To take moſt to th' ignobler kind;
Of our beſt half orignal;
Hence 'tis we've no regard at all
Or monſters, that have always leaſt
Of the human parent, not the beaſt.
But, when they differ, ſtill aſſert
The int'reſt of th' ignobler part;
Spend all the time we have upon
The vain caprices of the one,
But grudge to ſpare one hour, to know
What to the better part we owe.
As in all compound ſubſtances,
The greater ſtill devours the leſs;
So, being born and bred up near,
Our earthly groſs relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler place
Of all our high paternal race,
We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,
As modern Grecians are, and worſe,
To their brave nobler anceſtors.
Yet as no barb'rouſneſs beſide
Is half ſo barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder inſolence
Than that which has the leaſt pretence,
We are ſo wretched to profeſs
A glory in our wretchedneſs;
To vapour ſillily and rant
Of our own miſery and want,
And grow vainglorious on a ſcore
We ought much rather to deplore,
Who, the firſt moment of our lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves;
And our great'ſt grace is not to know
When we ſhall pay 'em back, nor how,
Begotten with a vain caprich,
And live as vainly to that pitch.
Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleaſures but fantaſtical;
Diſeaſes of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard.
Our nobleſt piles, and ſtatelieſt rooms,
Are but out-houſes to our tombs;
Cities, though e'er ſo great and brave,
But mere warehouſes to the grave.
Our brav'ry's but a vain diſguiſe,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedneſs is deckt;
Yet makes us ſwell with pride and boaſt,
As if we 'ad gain'd by being loſt.
All this is nothing to the evils
Which men, and their confed'rate devils
Inflict, to aggravate the curſe
On their own hated kind much worſe,
As if by nature they 'ad been ſerv'd
More gently than their fate deſerv'd,
Take pains (in juſtice) to invent,
And ſtudy their own puniſhment;
That, as their crimes ſhou'd greater grow,
So might their own inflictions too.

Hence bloody wars at firſt began,
The artificial plague of man.
That from his own invention riſe,
To ſcourge his own iniquities;
That if the heav'ns ſhou'd chance to ſpare
Supplies of conſtant poiſon'd air,
They might not, with unfit delay,
For lingering deſtruction ſtay,
Nor ſeek recruits of death ſo far,
But plague themſelves with blood and war.
And if theſe fail, there is no good
Kind Nature e'er on man beſtow'd,
But he can eaſily divert
To his own miſery and hurt;
Make that which Heav'n meant to bleſs
Th' ungrateful world with gentle Peace,
With lux'ry and exceſs, as faſt
As war and deſolation waſte;
Promote mortality, and kill
As faſt as arms, by ſitting ſtill;
Like earthquakes ſlay without a blow,
And only moving, overthrow;
Make law and equity as dear
As plunder and free-quarter were,
And fierce encounters at the bar
Undo as faſt as thoſe in war;
Enrich bawds, whores, and uſurers,
Pimps, ſcriv'ners, ſilenc'd miniſters,
That get eſtates by b'ing undone
For tender conſcience, and have none.
Like thoſe that with their credit drive
A trade, without a ſtock, and thrive;
Advance men in the church and ſtate
For being of the meaneſt rate,
Rais'd for their double guil'd deſerts,
Before integrity and parts;
Produce more grievous complaints
For plenty, than before for wants,
And make a rich and fruitful year
A greater grievance than a dear;
Make jeſts of greater dangers far,
Than thoſe they trembled at in war;
Till, unawares, they've laid a train
To blow the public up again;
Rally with horror, and, in ſport,
Rebellion and deſtruction court,
And make fanatics, in deſpite
Of all their madneſs, reaſon right,
And vouch to all they have foreſhewn,
As other monſters oft' have done,
Although from truth and ſenſe as far,
As all their other maggots are:
For things ſaid falſe, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident.
That wealth that bounteous fortune ſends
As preſents to her deareſt friends,
Is oft' laid out upon a purchaſe
Of two yards long in pariſh churches,
And thoſe too happy men that bought it
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it:
For what does vaſt wealth bring but cheat,
Law, luxury, diſeaſe, and debt;

Pain, pleaſure, diſcontent, and ſport,
An eaſy-troubled life and ſhort *?
But all theſe plagues are nothing near
Thoſe, far more cruel and ſevere,
Unhappy man takes pains to find,
T' inflict himſelf upon his mind:
And out of his own bowels ſpins
A rack and torture for his ſins;
Torments himſelf, in vain, to know
That moſt which he can never do;
And the more ſtrictly 'tis deny'd,
The more he is unſatisfy'd;
Is buſy in finding ſcruples out,
To languiſh in eternal doubt;
Sees ſpectres in the dark, and ghoſts,
And ſtarts, as horſes do at poſts,
And, when his eyes aſſiſt him leaſt,
Diſcerns ſuch ſubtle objects beſt.
On hypothetic dreams and viſions
Grounds everlaſting diſquiſitions,
And raiſes endleſs controverſies
On vulgar theorems and hearſays;
Grows poſitive and confident,
In things ſo far beyond th' extent
Of human ſenſe, he does not know
Whether they be at all or no,
And doubts as much in things that are
As plainly evident and clear;
Diſdains all uſeful ſenſe, and plain,
To apply to th' intricate and vain;
And cracks his brains in plodding on
That which is never to be known.
To poſe himſelf with ſubtleties,
And hold no other knowledge wiſe;
Although the ſubtler all things are,
They 're but to nothing the more near;
And the leſs weight they can ſuſtain,
The more he ſtill lays on in vain,
And hangs his ſoul upon as nice
And ſubtle curioſities,
As one of that vaſt multitude
That on a needle's point have ſtood;
Weighs right and wrong, and true and falſe,
Upon as nice and ſubtle ſcales,
As thoſe that turn upon a plane
With th' hundredth part of half a grain,

* Though this ſatire ſeems fairly tranſcribed for the preſs yet, on a vacancy in the ſheet oppoſite to this line, are found the following verſes, which probably were intended to be added, but as they are not regularly inſerted, it is thought proper to give them by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd ſo deep into
The bowels of the earth below,
For metals, that are found to dwell
Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
And have a magic pow'r to ſway
The greedy ſouls of men that way,
But with their bodies have been lain
To fill thoſe trenches up again;
When bloody battles have been fought
For sharing that which they took out;
For wealth is all things that conduce
To man's deſtruction or his uſe;
A ſtandard both to buy and ſell
All things from heaven down to hell.

And ſtill the ſubtler they move,
The ſooner falſe and uſeleſs prove.
So man, that thinks to force and ſtrain,
Beyond its natural ſphere, his brain,
In vain torments it on the rack,
And, for improving, ſets it back;
Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent;
Is loſt in both, and breaks his blade
Upon the anvil where 'twas made;
For as abortions coſt more pain
Than vig'rous births, ſo all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purpoſes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worſe,
Than thoſe of ſtrong and lively force.

SATIRE

UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II.

'Tis a ſtrange age we 've liv d in, and a lewd,
As e'er the ſun in all his travels view'd;
An age as vile as ever Juſtice urg'd,
Like a fantaſtic letcher to be ſcourg'd;
Nor has it 'ſcap'd, and yet has only learn'd,
The more 'tis plagu'd, to be the leſs concern'd.
Twice have we ſeen two dreadful judgments rage,
Enough to fright the ſtubborn'ſt-hearted age;
The one to mow vaſt crowds of people down,
The other (as then needleſs) half the Town;
And two as mighty miracles reſtore
What both had ruin'd and deſtroy'd before;
In all as unconcern'd as if they 'ad been
But paſtimes for diverſion to be ſeen,
Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curſe,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worſe.
Twice have men turn'd the World (that ſilly blockhead)
The wrong ſide outward, like a juggler's pocket,
Shook out hypocriſy as faſt and looſe
As e'er the dev'l could teach, or ſinners uſe,
And on the other ſide at once put in
As impotent iniquity and ſin,
As ſkulls that have been crack'd are often found
Upon the wrong ſide to receive the wound;
And like tobacco-pipes at one end hit,
To break at th' other ſtill that 's oppoſite;
So men, who one extravagance would ſhun,
Into the contrary extreme have run;
And all the diff'rence is, that as the firſt
Provokes the other freak to prove the worſt,
So, in return, that ſtrives to render leſs
The laſt deluſion, with its own exceſs,
And, like two unſkill'd gameſters, uſe one way,
With bungling t' help out one another's play.
For thoſe who heretofore ſought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their ſouls,
Wore vizards of hypocriſy, to ſteal
And ſlink away in maſquerade to hell,
Now bring their crimes into the open ſun,
For all mankind to gaze their worſt upon,
As cagles try their young againſt his rays,
To prove if they 're of gen'rous breed or baſe;
Call heav'n and earth to witneſs how they 've aim'd,
With all their utmoſt vigour, to be damn'd,
And by their own examples in the view
Of all the world, ſtriv'd to damn others too;
On all occaſions ſought to be as civil
As poſſible they could t' his grace the Devil,
To give him no unneceſſary trouble,
Nor in ſmall matters uſe a friend ſo noble,
But with their conſtant practice done their beſt
T' improve and propagate his intereſt:
For men have now made vice ſo great an art,
The matter of fact 's become the ſlighteſt part;
And the debauched'ſt actions they can do,
Mere trifles to the circumſtance and ſhew.
For 'tis not what they do that 's now the ſin,
But what they lewdly' affect and glory in,
As if prepoſt'rouſly they would profeſs
A forc'd hypocriſy of wickedneſs,
And affectation, that makes good things bad,
Muſt make affected ſhame accurs'd and mad;
For vices for themſelves may find excuſe,
But never for their complement and ſhews;
That if there ever were a myſtery
Of moral ſecular iniquity,
And that the churches may not loſe their due
By being encroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new:
For men are now as ſcrupulous and nice.
And tender-conſcienc'd of low paltry vice,
Diſdain as proudly to be thought to have
To do in any miſchief but the brave,
As the moſt ſcrup'lous zealot of late times
T' appear in any but the horrid'ſt crimes;
Have as preciſe and ſtrict punctilios
Now to appear, as then to make no ſhews,

And ſteer the world by diſagreeing force
Of diff'rent cuſtoms 'gainſt her nat'ral courſe:
So pow'rful 's ill example to encroach,
And Nature, ſpite of all her laws debauch,
Example, that imperious dictator
Of all that 's good or bad to human nature,
By which the world 's corrupted and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be fav'd and ſtudies to be damu'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wiſdom fooliſhneſs, and folly wiſe,
Impoſes on divinity, and ſets
Her ſeal alike on truths and counterfeits;
Alters all characters of virtue' and vice,
And paſſes one for th' other in diſguiſe;
Makes all things, as it pleaſes, underſtood,
The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good;
That ſlily counterchanges wrong and right,
Like white in fields of black, and black in white;
As if the laws of Nature had been made
Of purpoſe only to be diſobey'd;
Or man had loſt his mighty intereſt,
By having been diſtinguiſh'd from a beaſt;
And had no other way but ſin and vice,
To be reſtor'd again to Paradiſe.

How copious is our language lately grown,
To make blaſpheming wit, and a jargon?
And yet how expreſſive and ſignificant,
In *damme*, at once to curſe, and ſwear, and rant?
As if no way expreſs'd men's ſouls ſo well,
As damning of them to the pit of hell;
Nor any aſſev'ration were ſo civil,
As mortgaging ſalvation to the devil;
Or that his name did add a charming grace,
And blaſphemy a purity to our phraſe.
For what can any language more enrich,
Than to pay ſouls for vitiating ſpeech;
When the great'ſt tyrant in the world made thoſe
But lick their words out that abus'd his proſe?

What trivial puniſhments did then protect
To public cenſure a profound reſpect,
When the moſt ſhameful penance, and ſevere,
That could b' inflicted on a Cavalier
For infamous debauch'ry, was no worſe
Than but to be degraded from his horſe,
And have his livery of oats and hay,
Inſtead of cutting ſpurs off, tak'n away?
They held no torture then ſo great as ſhame,
And that to ſlay was leſs than to defame;
For juſt ſo much regard as men expreſs
To th' cenſure of the public, more or leſs,
The fame will be return'd to them again,
In ſhame or reputation, to a grain;
And how perverſe ſoe'er the world appears,
'Tis juſt to all the bad it ſees and hears;
And for that virtue ſtrives to be allow'd
For all the injuries it does the good.

How ſilly were their ſages heretofore,
To fright their heroes with a ſyren whore?
Make 'em believe a water-witch, with charms,
Could ſink their men of war as eaſy' as ſtorms,
And turn their mariners, that heard them ſing,
Into land porpoiſes, and cod, and ling;
To terrify thoſe mighty champions,
As we do children now with Bloodybones;
Until the ſubtleſt of their conjurers
Seal'd up the label to his ſouls his ears,
And ty'd his deafen'd ſailors (while he paſt
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the maſt,
And rather venture drowning than to wrong
The ſea-pugs' chaſte ears with a bawdy ſong:
To b' out of countenance, and, like an aſs,
Not pledge the lady Circe one beer-glaſs;
Unmannerly refuſe her treat and wine,
For fear of being turn'd into a ſwine,
When one of our heroic advent'rers now,
Would drink her down, and turn her int' a ſow.

So ſimple were thoſe times, when a grave ſage
Could with an old wife's tale inſtruct the age,
Teach virtue more fantaſtic ways and nice,
Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice,
Made a dull ſentence, and a moral fable,
Do more than all our holdingsforth are able,
A forc'd obſcure mythology convince,
Beyond our worſt inflictions upon ſins:
When an old pooverb, or an end of verſe,
Could more than all our penal laws coerce,
And keep men honeſter than all our furies;
Of jailors, judges, conſtables, and juries;
Who were converted then with an old ſaying,
Better than all our preaching now, and praying.
What ſops had theſe been, had they liv'd with us,
Where the beſt reaſon 's made ridiculous,
And all the plain and ſober things we ſay,
By raillery are put beſide their play?
For men are grown above all knowledge now,
And what they 're ignorant of diſdain to know;
Engroſs truth (like Fanatics) underhand,
And boldly judge before they underſtand;
The ſelf-ſame courſes equally advance
In ſp'ritual and carnal ignorance.
And, by the ſame degrees of confidence,
Become impregnable againſt all ſenſe;
For as they outgrew ordinances then,
So would they now morality agen,
Though Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,
And both deſcended from one parent, Sin,
And therefore ſeldom have been known to part,
In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,
Yet they have northweſt paſſages to ſteer
A ſhort way to it, without pains or care:
For as implicit faith is far more ſtiff
Than that which underſtands its own belief,
So thoſe that think and do but think they know,
Are far more obſtinate than thoſe that do,
And more averſe than if they 'd ne'er been taught
A wrong way, to a right one to be brought;
Take boldneſs upon credit beforehand,
And grow too poſitive to underſtand;
Believe themſelves as knowing and as famous,
As if their gifts had gotten a *mandamus*,
A bill of ſtore to take up a degree,
With all the learning to it, cuſtom-free,
And look as big for what they bought at Court,
As if they 'ad done their exerciſes for 't.

SATIRE

UPON GAMING.

What fool would trouble Fortune more,
When ſhe has been too kind before;
Or tempt her to take back again
What ſhe had thrown away in vain,
By idly vent'ring her good graces
To be diſpos'd of by ames-aces;
Or ſettling it in truſt to uſes
Out of his pow'r, on trays and deuſes;
To put it to the chance, and try,
I' th' ballot of a box and dye,
Whether his money be his own,
And loſe it, if he be o'erthrown;
As if he were betray'd and ſet
By his own ſtars to ev'ry cheat,
Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate
To throw dice for his own eſtate;
As mutineers, by fatal doom,
Do for their lives upon a drum?
For what leſs influence can produce
So great a monſter as a chouſe,
Or any two-legg'd thing poſſeſs
With ſuch a brutiſh ſottiſhneſs?
Unleſs thoſe tutelary ſtars,
Entruſted by aſtrologers
To have the charge of man, combin'd
To uſe him in the ſelf-ſame kind;
As thoſe that help'd them to the truſt,
Are wont to deal with others juſt.
For to become ſo ſadly dull
And ſtupid, as to fine for gull,
(Not as, in cities, to b' excus'd,
But to be judg'd fit to be us'd)
That whoſoe'er can draw it in
Is ſure inevitably t' win,
And, with a curs'd half-witted fate,
To grow more dully deſperate,
The more 'tis made a common prey,
And cheated ſoppiſhly at play,
Is their condition, Fate betrays
To Folly firſt, and then deſtroys.
For what but miracles can ſerve
So great a madneſs to preſerve,
As his, that ventures goods and chattels
(Where there 's no quarter giv'n) in battles,
And fights with moneybags as bold,
As men with ſandbags did of old;
Puts lands, and tenements, and ſtocks,
Into a paltry juggler's box;
And, like an aldermen of Gotham,
Embarketh in ſo vile a bottom;
Engages blind and ſenſeleſs hap
'Gainſt high, and low, and flur, and knap,
(As Tartars with a man of ſtraw
Encounter lions hand to paw)
With thoſe that never venture more
Than they' ad ſafely' enſur'd before;
Who, when they knock the box, and ſhake,
Do, like the Indian rattleſnake,
But ſtrive to ruin and deſtroy
Thoſe that miſtake it for fair play;
That have their fulhams at command,
Brought up to do their feats at hand;
That underſtand their calls and knocks,
And how to place themſelves i' th' box;
Can tell the oddſes of all games,
And when to anſwer to their names;
And, when he conjures them t' appear,
Like imps are ready ev'ry where;
When to play foul, and when run fair
(Out of deſign) upon the ſquare,
And let the greedy cully win,
Only to draw him further in;
While thoſe with which he idly plays
Have no regard to what he ſays.
Although he jernie and blaſpheme,
When they miſcarry, heav'n and them,
And damn his ſoul, and ſwear, and curſe,
And crucify his Saviour worſe
Than thoſe Jew-troopers that threw out,
When they were raffling for his coat;
Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
And rightly underſtood and fear'd,
And wou'd take heed another time
How to commit ſo bold a crime;
When the poor bones are innocent
Of all he did, or ſaid, or meant,
And have as little ſenſe, almoſt,
As he that damns them when he 'as loſt;
As if he had rely'd upon
Their judgment rather than his own;
And that it were their fault, not his,
That manag'd them himſelf amiſs,
And gave them ill inſtructions how
To run, as he wou'd have them do,
And then condemns them ſillily
For having no more wit than he?

SATIRE

TO A BAD POET.

GREAT famous wit, whoſe rich and eaſy vein,
Free and unus'd to drudgery and pain,
Has all Apollo's treaſure at command,
And how good verſe is coin'd doſt underſtand,
In all Wit's combats maſter of defence,
Tell me, how doſt thou paſs on rhyme and ſenſe?
'Tis ſaid they' apply to thee, and in thy verſe
Do freely range themſelves as volunteers,
And without pain, or pumping for a word,
Place themſelves fitly of their own accord.
I, whom a loud caprich (for ſome great crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
With ſlaviſh obſtinacy vex my brain
To reconcile 'em, but, alas! in vain.
Sometimes I ſet my wits upon the rack,
And, when I would ſay white, the verſe ſays black.
When I would draw a brave man to the life,
It names ſome ſlave that pimps to his own wife,
Or baſe poltroon, that would have ſold his daughter
If he had met with any to have bought her.
When I would praiſe an author, the untoward
Damn'd ſenſe, ſays Virgil, but the rhyme—
In fine, whate'er I ſtrive to bring about,
The contrary (ſpite of my heart) comes out.
Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains miſpent,
I give it over, tir'd, and diſcontent,
And, damning the dull fiend a thouſand times,
By whom I was poſſeſs'd, forſwear all rhymes;
But having curs'd the Muſes, they appear,
'To be reveng'd for 't, e'er I am aware.
Spite of myſelf, I ſtrait take fire agen,
Fall to my taſk with paper, ink, and pen,
And breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
From verſe to verſe expect their aid again.
But if my Muſe or I were ſo diſcreet
T' endure, for rhyme's ſake, one dull epithet,
I might, like others, eaſily command
Words without ſtudy, ready and at hand
In praiſing Chloris, moons, and ſtars, and ſkies.
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes;—
And gold and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colour of her lips and hair;
And mixing ſuns, and flow'rs, and pearl, and ſtones,
Make 'em ſerve all complexions at once.
With theſe fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ,
I could make verſes without art or wit,
And, ſhifting forty times the verb and noun,
With ſtolen impertinence patch up mine own:
But in the choice of words my ſcrup'lous wit
Is fearful to paſs one that is unfit;
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one inſipid phraſe;
And, therefore, when I ſcribble twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
May he be damn'd who firſt found out that curſe,
T' impriſon and confine his thoughts in verſe;
To hang ſo dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reaſon to his rhyme ſubmit.
Without this plague I freely might have ſpent
My happy days with leiſure and content:
Had nothing in the world to do or think,
Like a fat prieſt, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had paſt my time as pleaſantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My ſoul, that 's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition ſtoop,
T' avoid uneaſy greatneſs and reſort,
Or for preferment following the Court.
How happy had I been if, for a curſe,
The Fates had never ſentenc'd me to verſe?
But ever ſince this peremptory vein,
With reſtleſs frenzy, firſt poſſeſs'd my brain,
And that the devil tempted me, in ſpite
Of my own happineſs, to judge and write,
Shut up againſt my will, I waſte my age
In mending this, and blotting out that page,
And grow ſo weary of the ſlaviſh trade,
I envy their condition that write bad.
O happy Scudery! whoſe eaſy quill
Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill;
For though thy works are written in deſpite
Of all good ſenſe, impertinent, and ſlight,
They never have been known to ſtand in need
Of ſtationer to ſell, or ſot to read;
For ſo the rhyme be at the verſe's end,
No matter whither all the reſt does tend.
Unhappy is that man who, ſpite of 's heart,
Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art.
A fop that ſcribbles does it with delight,
Takes no pains to conſider what to write,
But, fond of all the nonſenſe he brings forth,
Is raviſh'd with his own great wit and worth;
While brave and noble writers vainly ſtrive
To ſuch a height of glory to arrive;
But ſtill with all they do unſatisfy'd:
Ne'er pleaſe themſelves, though all the world beſide:
And thoſe whom all mankind admire for wit,
Wiſh for their own ſakes they had never writ.
Thou, then, that feeſt how ill I ſpend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme
And if th' inſtructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach—how ne'er to write again.

SATIRE

ON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH *.

Who wou'd not rather get him gone
Beyond th' intolerableſt zone,
Or ſteer his paſſage through thoſe ſeas
That burn in flames, or thoſe that freeze,
Than ſee one nation go to ſchool,
And learn of another like a fool?
To ſtudy all its tricks and faſhions
With epidemic affectations,
And dare to wear no mode or dreſs
But what they in their wiſdom pleaſe;
As monkies are, by being taught
To put on gloves and ſtockings, caught;
Submit to all that they deviſe,
As if it wore their liveries;
Make ready' and dreſs the imagination,
Not with the clothes, but with the faſhion;
And change it, to fulfil the curſe
Of Adam's fall, for new, though worſe;
To make their breeches fall and riſe
From middle legs to middle thighs,
The tropics between which the hoſe
Move always as the faſhion goes;
Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
And ſometimes flat, like pipkins' lids;
With broad brims, ſometimes like umbrellas,
And ſometimes narrow' as Punchinellos;
In coldeſt weather go unbrac'd,
And cloſe in hot, as if th' were lac'd;
Sometimes with ſleeves and bodies wide,
And ſometimes ſtraiter than a hide:
Wear peruques, and with falſe grey hairs
Diſguiſe the true ones, and their years;
That, when they 're modiſh with the young
The old may ſeem ſo in the throng;
And as ſome pupils have been known,
In time to put their tutors down,
So ours are often found to 've got
More tricks than ever they were taught:
With fly intrigues and artifices
Uſurp their poxes and their vices:
With garnitures upon their ſhoes,
Make good their claim to gouty toes;
By ſudden ſtarts, and ſhrugs, and groans,
Pretend to aches in their bones,
To ſcabs and botches, and lay trains
To prove their running of their reins;
And, leſt they ſhou'd ſeem deſtitute
Of any mange that 's in repute,
And be behind hand with the mode
Will ſwear to cryſtallin and node;

And, that they may not loſe their right,
Make it appear how they came by 't:
Diſdain the country where th' were born,
As baſtards their own mothers ſcorn,
And that which brought them forth contemn,
As it deſerves for bearing them;
Admire whate'er they find abroad,
But nothing here, though e'er ſo good;
Be natives whereſoe'er they come,
And only foreigners at home;
To which th' appear ſo far eſtrang'd,
As if they 'ad been i' th' cradle chang'd,
Or from beyond the ſeas convey'd
By witches—not born here, but laid;
Or by outlandiſh fathers were
Begotten on their mothers here,
And therefore juſtly ſlight that nation
Where they 've ſo mongrel a relation;
And ſeek out other climates, where
They may degen'rate leſs than here;
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
Borne on the wind's wings and their own,
Forſake the countries where they 're hatch'd,
And ſeek out others to be catch'd;
So they more nat'rally may pleaſe
And humour their own geniuſes,
Apply to all things which they ſee
With their own fancies beſt agree;
No matter how ridiculous,
'Tis all one, if it be in uſe;
For nothing can be bad or good,
But as 'tis in or out of mode;
And as the nations are that uſe it,
All ought to practiſe or refuſe it;
T' obſerve their poſtures, move and ſtand,
As they give out the word o'command;
To learn the dulleſt of their whims,
And how to wear their very limbs;
To turn and manage ev'ry part,
Like puppets, by their rules of art;
To ſhrug diſcreetly, act, and tread,
And politicly ſhake the head,
Until the ignorant (that gueſs
At all things by th' appearances)
To ſee how Art and Nature ſtrive,
Believe them really alive,
And that they 're very men, not things
That move by puppet-work and ſprings;
When truly all their fates have been
As well perform'd by motion men,
And the worſt drolls of Punchinelloe
Were much th' ingenioufer fellows;

* The object of this ſatire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French which prevailed in Charles II.'s reign.

For when they 're perfect in their leſſon,
Th' hypotheſis grows out of ſeaſon,
And, all their labour loſt, they 're fain
To learn anew, and begin again;
To talk eternally and loud,
And altogether in a crowd,
No matter what; for in the noiſe
No man minds what another ſays:
T' aſſume a confidence beyond
Mankind, for ſolid and profound.
And ſtill the leſs and leſs they know,
The greater doſe of that allow:
Decry all things; for to be wiſe
Is not to know, but to deſpiſe;
And deep judicious confidence
Has ſtill the odds of wit and ſenſe,
And can pretend a title to
Far greater things than they can do;
T' adorn their Engliſh with French ſcraps,
And give their very language claps;
To jernie rightly and renounce
I' th' pure and moſt approv'd of tones,
And, while they idly think t'enrich,
Adulterate their native ſpeech:
For though to ſmatter ends of Greek
Or Latin be the retoric
Of pedants counted, and vainglorious,
To ſmatter French is meritorious:
And to forget their mother-tongue,
Or purpoſely to ſpeak it wrong,
A hopeful ſign of parts and wit,
And that they improve and benefit:
As thoſe that have been taught amiſs
In lib'ral arts and ſciences,
Muſt all they 'd learnt before in vain
Forget quite, and begin again.

SATIRE

UPON DRUNKENNESS.

'Tis pity wine, which Nature meant
To man in kindneſs to preſent,
And gave him kindly to careſs
And cheriſh his frail happineſs,
Of equal virtue to renew
His weary'd mind and body too,
Shou'd (like the cyder-tree in Eden,
Which only grew to be forbidden)
No ſooner come to be enjoy'd,
But th' owner's fatally deſtroy'd;
And that which ſhe for good deſign'd,
Becomes the ruin of mankind,
That for a little vain exceſs
Runs out of all its happineſs,
And makes the friend of Truth and Love
Their greateſt adverſary prove;
T' abuſe a bleſſing ſhe beſtow'd
So truly eſſentially to his good,
To countervail his penſive cares,
And ſlaviſh drudgery of affairs;
To teach him judgment, wit, and ſenſe,
And, more than all theſe, confidence;
To paſs his times of recreation
In choice and noble converſation,
Catch truth and reaſon unawares,
As men do health in wholeſome airs;
(While fools their converſants poſſeſs
As unawares with ſottiſhneſs)
To gain acceſs a private way
To man's beſt ſenſe, by its own key,
Which painful judgers ſtrive in vain
By any other courſe t' obtain;
To pull off all diſguiſe, and view
Things as they're natural and true;
Diſcover fools and knaves, allow'd
For wiſe and honeſt in the crowd;
With innocent and virtuous ſport
Make ſhort days long, and long nights ſhort,
And mirth, the only antidote
Againſt diſeaſes e'er they're got
To ſave health harmleſs from th' acceſs
Both of the med'cine and diſeaſe;
Or make it help itſelf, ſecure
Againſt the deſperat'ſt fit, the cure.
All theſe ſublime prerogatives
Of happineſs to human lives,
He vainly throws away, and ſlights
For madneſs, noiſe, and bloody fights;
When nothing can decide, but ſwords
And pots, the right or wrong of words,
Like princes' titles; and he's outed
The juſtice of his cauſe that's routed.
No ſooner has a charge been founded
With—*Son of a whore*, and *Damn'd confounded*,
And the bold ſignal giv'n, the *lie*,
But inſtantly the bottles fly,

Where cups and glaſſes are ſmall ſhot,
And cannon-ball a pewter-pot:
That blood, that's hardly in the vein,
Is now remanded back again;
Though ſprung from wine of the ſame piece,
And near akin, within degrees,
Strives to commit aſſaſſinations
On its own natural relations;
And thoſe twin-ſpirits, ſo kind-hearted,
That from their friends ſo lately parted,
No ſooner ſeveral ways are gone,
But by themſelves are ſet upon,
Surpris'd like brother againſt brother,
And put to th' ſword by one another:
So much more fierce are civil wars,
Than thoſe between mere foreigners:
And man himſelf, with wine poſſeſt,
More ſavage than the wildeſt beaſt.
For ſerpents, when they meet to water,
Lay by their poiſon and their nature;
And fierceſt creatures, that repair,
In thirſty deſerts, to their rare
And diſtant rivers' banks, to drink,
In love and cloſe alliance link,
And, from their mixture of ſtrange ſeeds,
Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,
To whom the fiercer unicorn
Begins a large health with his horn;
As cuckolds put their antidotes
When they drink coffee, into th' pots:
While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
Is far more ſavage and untam'd;
Supplies his loſs of wit and ſenſe
With barb'rouſneſs and inſolence;
Believes himſelf, the leſs he's able,
The more heroic and formidable;
Lays by his reaſon in his bowls,
As Turks are ſaid to do their ſouls,
Until it has ſo often been
Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
At length it never can attain
To find the right way back again;
Drinks all his time away, and prunes
The end of 's life as vignerons
Cut ſhort the branches of a vine,
To make it bear more plenty o' wine;
And that which Nature did intend
T' enlarge his life perverts t' its end.
So Noah, when he anchor'd ſafe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the paſſengers he bore
Were on the new world ſet aſhore,
He made it next his chief deſign
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which ſince has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

SATIRE

UPON MARRIAGE

Sure marriages were never ſo well fitted,
As when to matrimony' men were committed,
Like thieves by juſtices, and to a wife
Bound, like to good behaviour, during life:
For then 'twas but a civil contract made
Between two partners that ſet up a trade;
And if both fail'd, there was no conſcience
Nor faith invaded in the ſtricteſt ſenſe;
No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke
When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke
But when they tir'd, like other horned beaſts,
Might have it taken off, and take their reſts,
Without b'ing bound in duty to ſhew cauſe,
Or reckon with divine or human laws.
For ſince, what uſe of matrimony' has been
But to make gallantry a greater ſin?
As if there were no appetite nor guſt,
Below adultery in modiſh luſt;
Or no debauchery were exquiſite,
Until it has attain'd its perfect height.
For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
Not to bear children, but to bear 'em friends,
Whom nothing can oblige at ſuch a rate
As theſe endearing offices of late.
For men are now grown wiſe, and underſtand
How to improve their crimes, as well as land;
And if they've iſſue, make the infants pay
Down for their own begetting on the day,
The charges of the goſſiping diſburſe,
And pay beforehand (e'er they are born) the nurſe;
As he that got a monſter on a cow,
Out of deſign of ſetting up a ſhew.

For why ſhould not the brats for all account,
As well as for the chriſt'ning at the fount,
When thoſe that ſtand for them lay down the rate
O' th' banquet and the prieſt in ſpoons and plate?
The ancient Romans made the ſtate allow
For getting all men's children above two:
Then marry'd men, to propagate the breed,
Had great rewards for what they never did,
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their friends were fain to do;
For ſo they 'ad children, they regarded not
By whom (good men) or how they were begot.
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend,
Was then the civil office of a friend,
And he that made a ſcruple in the caſe
Was held a miſerable wretch and baſe;
For when they 'ad children by 'em, th' honeſt [men
Return'd 'em to their huſbands back agen.
Then for th' encouragment and propagation
Of ſuch a great concernment to the nation,
All people were ſo full of complacence,
And civil duty to the public ſenſe,
They had no name t' expreſs a cuckold then,
But that which ſignify'd all marry'd men;
Nor was the thing accounted a diſgrace,
Unleſs among the dirty populace,
And no man underſtands on what account
Leſs civil nations after hit upon 't;
For to be known a cuckold can be no
Diſhonour but to him that thinks it ſo;
For if he feel no chagrin or remorſe,
His forehead's ſhot free, and he's ne'er the worſe:
For horns (like horny callouſes) are found
To grow on ſculls that have receiv'd a wound
Are crackt, and broken; not at all on thoſe
That are invulnerate and free from blows.
What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
When they were held the worthieſt of men,
The real fathers of the commonwealth,
That planted colonies in Rome itſelf?
When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot
Moſt Romans, was the nobleſt patriot?
For if a brave man, that preſerv'd from death
One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath,
He that more gallantly got three or four,
In reaſon muſt deſerve a great deal more.
Then if thoſe glorious worthies of old Rome,
That civiliz'd the world they'd overcome,
And taught it laws and learning, found this way
The beſt to ſave their empire from decay,
Why ſhould not theſe that borrow all the worth
They have from them not take this leſſon forth,
Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,
By prudent managing of matrimony?
For if 'tis honourable by all confeſt,
Adult'ry muſt be worſhipful at leaſt,
And theſe times great, when private men are come
Up to the height and politic of Rome.
All by-blows were not only freeborn then,
But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men;
Had equal right and privilege with theſe
That claim by title right of the four ſeas:
For being in marriage born, it matters not
After what liturgy they were begot;
And if there be a difference, they have
Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
By b'ing engender'd with more life and force
Than thoſe begotten the dull way of courſe.
The Chineſe place all piety and zeal
In ſerving with their wives the commonweal;
Fix all their hopes of merit and ſalvation
Upon their women's ſupererogation;
With ſolemn vows their wives and daughters bind
Like Eve in Paradiſe, to all mankind;
And thoſe that can produce the moſt gallants,
Are held the preciouſeſt of all the ſaints:
Wear roſaries about their necks, to con
Their exerciſe of devotion on;
That ſerve them for certificates, to ſhew
With what vaſt numbers they have had to do:
Before they're marry'd, make a conſcience
T' omit no duty of incontinence;
And ſhe that has been oft'neſt proſtituted,
Is worthy of the greateſt match reputed.
But when the conq'ring Tartar went about
To root this orthodox religion out,
They ſtood for conſcience, and reſolv'd to die,
Rather than change the ancient purity
Of that religion which their anceſtors
And they had proſper'd in ſo many years;
Vow'd to their gods to ſacrifice their lives,
And die their daughters martyrs and their wives
Before they would commit ſo great a ſin
Againſt the faith they had been bred up in.

SATIRE

UPON PLAGIARIES.

Why shou'd the world be so averse
To plagiary privateers,
That all men's sense and fancy seize,
And make free prize of what they please?
As if, because they huff and swell,
Like pilf'rers, full of what they steal,
Others might equal pow'r assume,
To pay 'em with as hard a doom;
To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,
For breaking in to other's grounds;
Mark 'em with characters and brands,
Like other forgers of men's hands,
And in effigy hang and draw
The poor delinquents by clublaw,
When no indictment justly lies,
But where the theft will bear a price.
For though wit never can be learn'd,
It may b' assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,
And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,
By b'ing transplanted and remov'd,
And as it bears no certain rate,
Nor pays one penny to the state,
With which it turns no more t' account
Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont,
Is neither moveable, nor rent,
Nor chattel, goods, ner tenement,
Nor was it ever pass'd b' entail,
Nor settled upon the heirs-male;
Or if it were, like ill-got land,
Did never fall to a second hand;
So 'tis no more to be engross'd,
Than sunshine or the air enclos'd,
Or to propriety confin'd,
Than th' uncontroll'd and scatter'd wind.
For why should that which Nature meant
To owe its being to its vent,
That has no value of its own,
But as it is divulg'd and known,
Is perishable and destroy'd,
As long as it lies unenjoy'd,
Be scanted of that lib'ral use,
Which all mankind is free to choose,
And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,
Instead of being dispers'd and spread?
And the more lavish and profuse,
'Tis of the nobler general use;
As riots, though supply'd by stealth,
Are wholesome to the commonwealth,
And men spend freelier what they win
Than what they've freely coming in.
The world's as full of curious wit,
Which those that farther never writ,
As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
And cuckold owns that ne'er begot;
Yet pass as well as if the one
And th' other by-blow were their own.
For why should he that's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that impediment be stopt
To own, and challenge, and adopt,
At least th' expos'd and fatherless
Poor orphans of the pen and press,
Whose parents are obscure or dead,
Or in far countries born and bred?
As none but kings have pow'r to raise
A levy, which the subject pays,
And though they call that tax a loan,
Yet when 'tis gather'd, 'tis their own;
So he that's able to impose
A wit-excise on verse or prose,
And still the abler authors are,
Can make them pay the greater share,
Is prince of poets of his time,
And they his vassals that supply him;
Can judge more justly' of what he takes
Than any of the best he makes,
And more impartially conceive
What's fit to choose, and what to leave.
For men reflect more strictly' upon
The sense of others than their own;
And wit, that's made of wit and slight,
Is richer than the plain downright:
As salt that's made of salt's more fine
Than when it first came from the brine;
And spirits of a nobler nature
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.
Hence mighty Virgil's said of old,
From dung to have extracted gold,
(As many a lout and silly clown
By his instructions since has done)
And grew more lofty by that means,
Than by his livery-oats and beans,
When from his carts and country farms
He rose a mighty man at arms,
To whom th' Heroics ever since
Have sworn allegiance as their prince,
And faithfully have in all times
Observ'd his customs in their rhymes.
'Twas counted learning once, and wit,
To void but what some author writ,
And what men understood by rote,
By as implicit sense to quote:
Then many a magisterial clerk
Was taught, like singing birds, i' th' dark,

And underſtood as much of things
As the ableſt blackbird what it ſings;
And yet was h our'd and renown'd
For grave, and ſolid, and profound.
Then why ſhou'd thoſe who pick and chooſe
The beſt of all the beſt compoſe,
And join it by Moſaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty ſuit,
Not merit as complete repute
As thoſe who with leſs art and pains
Can do it with their native brains,
And make the homeſpun bus'neſs fit
As freely with their mother wit,
Since what by Nature was deny'd
By art and induſtry ſupply'd,
Both which are more our own, and brave
Than all the alms that Nature gave?
For what w' acquire by pains and art
I only due t' our own deſert;
While all th' endowments ſhe confers
Are not ſo much our own as her s,
That, like good fortune, unawares
Fall not t' our virtue, but our ſhares,
And all we can pretend to merit
We do not purchaſe, but inherit.
Thus all the great'ſt inventions, when
They firſt were found out, were ſo mean,
That th' authors of them are unknown,
As little things they ſcorn'd to own;
Until by men of nobler thought
Th' were to their full perfection brought.
This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,
Leaves Art to poliſh and review,
And that a wit at ſecond-hand
Has greateſt int'reſt and command;
For to improve, diſpoſe, and judge,
Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.
Invention's humorous and nice
And never at command applies;
Diſdains t' obey the proudeſt wit,
Unleſs it chance to b' in the fit;
(Like prophecy, that can preſage
Succeſſes of the lateſt age,
Yet is not able to tell when
It next ſhall propheſy agen)
Makes all her ſuitors courſe and wait,
Like a proud miniſter of ſtate,
And, when ſhe's ſerious, in ſome freak,
Extravagant and vain, and weak,
Attend her ſilly lazy pleaſure,
Until ſhe chance to be at leiſure;
When 'tis more eaſy to ſteal wit,
To clip and forge, and counterfeit,
Is both the bus'neſs and delight,
Like hunting ſports, of thoſe that write;
For thievery is but one ſort,
The learned ſay, of hunting ſport.
Hence 'tis that ſome, who ſet up firſt
As raw, and wretched, and unverſt,
And open'd with a ſtock as poor
As a healthy beggar with one ſore;
That never wrote in proſe or verſe,
But pick'd, or cut it, like a purſe,
And at the beſt could but commit
The petty larceny of wit,
To whom to write was to purloin,
And printing but to ſtamp falſe coin;
Yet after long and ſturdy endeavours
Of being painful wit-receivers,
With gath'ring rags and ſcraps of wit,
As paper's made on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
The right — or wrong to be admir'd,
And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd
The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd.
For as a banker can diſpoſe
Of greater ſums he only owes,
Than he who honeſtly is known
To deal in nothing but his own,
So whoſoe'er can take up moſt,
May greateſt fame and credit boaſt.

SATIRE,

IN TWO PARTS,

Upon the Imperfection and Abuſe of

HUMAN LEARNING.

PART I.

It is the nobleſt act of human reaſon
To free itſelf from ſlaviſh prepoſſeſſion,
Aſſume the legal right to diſengage
From all it had contracted under age,
And not its ingenuity and wit
To all it was imbu'd with firſt ſubmit;
Take true or falſe for better or for worſe,
To have or t' hold indifferently of courſe.
For cuſtom, though but uſher of the ſchool
Where Nature breeds the body and the ſoul,
Uſurps a greater pow'r and intereſt
O'er man, the heir of reaſon, than brute beaſt,
That by two different inſtincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred,
And trains him up with rudiments more falſe
Than Nature does her ſtupid animals;
And that's one reaſon why more care's beſtow'd
Upon the body than the ſoul's allow'd,
That is not found to underſtand and know
So ſubtly as the body's found to grow.
Though children, without ſtudy, pains or thought,
Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
Improve their nat'ral talents without care,
And apprehend before they are aware,
Yet as all ſtrangers never leave the tones
They have been us'd of children to pronounce,
So moſt men's reaſon never can outgrow
The diſcipline it firſt receiv'd to know,
But renders words they firſt began to con,
The end of all that's after to be known,
And ſets the help of education back,
Worſe than, without it, man could ever lack;
Who, therefore, finds the artificial'ſt fools
Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle, but the ſchools,
Where error, pedantry, and affectation,
Run them behind hand with their education,
And all alike are taught poetic rage,
While hardly one's fit for it in an age.
No ſooner are the organs of the brain
Quick to receive, and ſtedfaſt to retain
Beſt knowledges, but all's laid out upon
Retrieving of the curſe of Babylon,
To make confounded languages reſtore
A greater drudg'ry than it barr'd before;
And therefore thoſe imported from the Eaſt
Where firſt they were incurr'd, are held the beſt,
Although convey'd in worſe Arabian pothooks
Than gifted tradeſmen ſcratch in ſermon notebooks;
Are really but pains and labour loſt,
And not worth half the drudgery they coſt,
Unleſs, like rarities, as they've been brought
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,
When thoſe who had no other but their own,
Have all ſucceeding eloquence undone;
As men that wink with one eye ſee more true,
And take their aim much better than with two;
For the more languages a man can ſpeak,
His talent has but ſprung the greater leak;
And, for th' induſtry he has ſpent upon't,
Muſt full as much ſome other way diſcount.
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, ſet men's reaſon back,
And turns their wits that ſtrive to underſtand it,
(Like thoſe that write the characters) left-handed;
Yet he that is but able to expreſs
No ſenſe at all in ſeveral languages,
Will paſs for learneder than he that's known
To ſpeak the ſtrongeſt reaſon in his own.
Theſe are the modern arts of education,
With all the learned of mankind in faſhion,
But practis'd only with the rod and whip,
As riding-ſchools inculcate horſemanſhip;
Or Romiſh penitents let out their ſkins,
To bear the penalties of others' ſins,
When letters, at the firſt, were meant for play,
And only us'd to paſs the time away,
When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name
T' expreſs a ſchool and playhouſe but the ſame,
And in their languages, ſo long agone,
To ſtudy or be idle was all one;
For nothing more preſerves men in their wits
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In dreams to ſport, and ramble with all fancies,
And waking, little leſs extravagances,
To reſt and recreation of tir'd thought,
When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,
Of which whoever does not freely take
His conſtant ſhare, is never broad awake,

And when he wants an equal competence
Of both recruits, abates as much of ſenſe.
Nor is their education worſe deſign'd
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:
The greateſt inclinations with the leaſt
Capacities are fatally poſſeſt,
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,
Without an equal competence of brains;
While thoſe ſhe has indulg'd in ſoul and body,
Are moſt averſe to induſtry and ſtudy,
And th' activ'ſt fancies ſhare as looſe alloys,
For want of equal weight to counterpoiſe.
But when thoſe great conveniencies meet,
Of equal judgment, induſtry, and wit,
The one but ſtrives the other to divert,
While Fate and Cuſtom in the feud take part,
And ſcholars by prepoſt'rous overdoing,
And under-judging, all their projects ruin;
Who, though the underſtanding of mankind
Within ſo ſtrait a compaſs is confin'd,
Diſdain the limits Nature ſets to bound
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.
The braveſt ſoldiers ſcorn, until they're got
Cloſe to the enemy, to make a ſhot;
Yet great philoſophers delight to ſtretch
Their talents moſt at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cauſe
That Nature uſes, by their own by-laws;
When 'tis not only' impertinent, but rude
Where ſhe denies admiſſion, to intrude;
And all their induſtry is but to err,
Unleſs they have free quarantine from her;
Whence 'tis the world the leſs has underſtood,
By ſtriving to know more than 'tis allow'd.
For Adam, with the loſs of Paradiſe,
Bought knowledge at too deſperate a price,
And ever ſince that miſerable fate
Learning did never coſt an eaſier rate;
For though the moſt divine and ſov'reign good
That Nature has upon mankind beſtow'd,
Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
To th' intereſt of truth than ignorance,
And therefore never bore ſo high a value
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and ſhallow;
Had academies, ſchools, and colleges,
Endow'd for it's improvement and increaſe;
With pomp and ſhew was introduc'd with maces,
More than a Roman magiſtrate had faſces;
Empower'd with ſtatute, privilege and mandate,
T' aſſume an art, and after underſtand it;
Like bills of ſtore for taking a degree,
With all the learning to it cuſtom-free;
And own profeſſions which they never took
So much delight in as to read one book:
Like princes, had prerogative to give
Convicted malefactors a reprieve;
And having but a little paltry wit
More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,
But ſcorn'd as ſoon as 'twas but underſtood,
As better is a ſpiteful foe to good
And now has nothing left for its ſupport
But what the darkeſt times provided for 't.
Man has a natural deſire to know,
But th' one half is for int'reſt, th' other ſhew:
As ſcriv'ners take more pains to learn the ſlight
Of making knots than all the hands they write:
So all his ſtudy is not to extend
The bounds of knowledge, but ſome vainer end;
T' appear and paſs for learned, though his claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:
For moſt of thoſe that drudge and labour hard,
Furniſh their underſtandings by the yard,
As a French library by the whole is,
So much an ell for quartos and for folios;
To which they are but indexes themſelves,
And underſtand no further than the ſhelves;
But ſmatter with their titles and editions,
And place them in their Claſſical partitions;
When all a ſtudent knows of what he reads
Is not in's own, but under general heads
Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,
But, like a Dutchman's money, i' th' cantore;
Where all he can make of it, at the beſt,
Is hardly three *per cent.* for intereſt;
And whether he will ever get it out
Into his own poſſeſſion is a doubt:
Affects all books of paſt and modern ages,
But reads no further than the title-pages,
Only to con the authors' names by rote,
Or, at the beſt, thoſe of the books they quote
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients,
As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,
And compliment the rabble in the ſtreet,
Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meaneſt by his name,
And by ſo mean contemptible a bribe
Trapann'd the ſuffrages of ev'ry tribe;
So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no ſmall improvement to their own,
And he's eſteem'd the learned'ſt of all others
That has the largeſt catalogue of authors.

FRAGMENTS*

OF AN INTENDED

SECOND PART

OF THE FOREGOING

SATIRE.

Men's talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they're beyond their juſt extent;
As ſmatt'rers prove more arrogant and pert,
The leſs they truly underſtand an art;
And, where they've leaſt capacity to doubt,
Are wont t' appear moſt perempt'ry and ſtout;
While thoſe that know the mathematic lines
Where Nature all the wit of man confines
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
It acts beyond the limits of its ſphere,
Enjoy an abſoluter free command
O'er all they have a right to underſtand,
Than thoſe that falſely venture to encroach
Where Nature has deny'd them all approach;
And ſtill the more they ſtrive to underſtand,
Like great eſtates, run furtheſt behindhand;
Will undertake the univerſe to fathom,
From infinite down to a ſingle atom;
Without a geometric inſtrument,
To take their own capacity's extent;
Can tell as eaſy how the world was made,
As if they had been brought up to the trade,
And whether Chance, Neceſſity, or Matter,
Contriv'd the whole eſtabliſhment of Nature;
When all their wits to underſtand the world
Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,
Or give a rational account why fiſh,
That always uſe to drink, do never piſs.

What mad fanataſtic gambols have been play'd
By th' ancient Greek foreſathers of the trade,
That were not much inferior to the freaks
Of all our lunatic fanatic ſects?
The firſt and beſt philoſopher of Athens
Was crak'd, and ran ſtark-ſtaring mad with patience,
And had no other way to ſhew his wit
But when his wife was in her ſcolding fit;
Was after in the Pagan inquiſition,
And ſuffer'd martyrdom for no religion.

Next him, his ſcholar ſtriving to expel
All poets his poetic commonweal,
Exil'd himſelf, and all his followers,
Notorious poets, only bating verſe.
The Stagyrite, unable to expound
The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd;
So he that put his eyes out, to conſider
And contemplate on nat'ral things the ſteadier,
Did but himſelf for idiot convince,
Though rev'renc'd by the learned ever ſince.
Empedocles, to be eſteem'd a god,
Leapt into Ætna, with his ſandals ſhod,
That b'ing blown out, diſcover'd what an aſs
The great philoſopher and juggler was,
That to his own new deity ſacrific'd,
And was himſelf the victim and the prieſt.
The Cynic coin'd falſe money, and for fear
Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philoſopher;
Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find
One honeſt man i' th' heap of all mankind;
An idle freak he needed not have done
If he had known himſelf to be but one,
With ſwarms of maggots of the ſelf-ſame rate,
The learned of all ages celebrate
Things that are properer for Knightſbridge college,
Than th' authors and originals of knowledge;
More ſottiſh than the two fanatics, trying
To mend the word by laughing, or by crying;
Or he that laugh'd until he choak'd his whiſtle,
To rally on an aſs that eat a thiſtle;
That th' antique ſage, that was gallant t' a gooſe
A fitter miſtreſs could not pick and chooſe,
Whoſe tempers, inclinations, ſenſe, and wit,
Like two indentures, did agree ſo fit.

The ancient ſceptics conſtantly deny'd
What they maintain'd, and thought they juſtify'd;
For when th' affirm'd that nothing's to be known,
They did but what they ſaid before diſown;
And, like Polemics of the Poſt, pronounce
The ſame thing to be true and falſe at once.
These follies had ſuch influence on the rabble,
As to engage them in perpetual ſquabble;

* The *Fragments* were fairly wrote out, and ſeveral times, with ſome little variations, tranſcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form.

Divided Rome and Athens into clans
Of ignorant mechanic partisans;
That, to maintain their own hypotheses,
Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace;
Were often set by officers i' th' stocks
For quarrelling about a paradox?
When pudding-wives were lanch'd in cockqueen
For falling foul on oysterwomen's schools, (stools,
No herb-woman sold cabbages or onions,
But to their gossips of their own opinions,
A Peripatetic cobler scorn'd to soal
A pair of shoes of any other school;
And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
To go an errand of the Cyrenaics;
That us'd t' encounter in athletic lists,
With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,
Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
Of academics, to maintain the truth.
But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic
And Epicureans were the most heroic,
That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
To vindicate the int'rests of their sects,
And still behav'd themselves as resolute
In waging cuffs and bruises as dispute,
Until with wounds and bruises which th' had got,
Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot;
When all their quarrels, rightly understood,
Were but to prove disputes the sov'reign good.

Distinctions, that had been at first design'd
To regulate the errors of the mind,
By b'ing too nicely overstrain'd and vext,
Have made the comment harder than the text,
And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
But break the bones in pieces of a point,
And with impertinent evasions force
The clearest reason from its native course—
That argue things s' uncertain, 'tis no matter
Whether they are, or never were in nature;
And venture to demonstrate, when they've slurr'd,
And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.
For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence;
With blunted foils) engage with blunted sense;
And as they're wont to falsify a blow,
Use nothing else to pass upon the foe,
Or, if they venture further to attack,
Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack;
And, when they find themselves too hardly prest on,
Prevaricate, and change the state o' th' quest'on,
The noblest science of defence and art
In practice now with all that controvert,
And th' only mode of prizes from Bear-garden
Down to the schools, in giving blows or warding.

As old knights-errant in their harness fought
As safe as in a castle or redoubt,
Gave one another desperate attacks,
To storm the counterscapes upon their backs;
So disputants advance, and post their arms,
To storm the works of one another's terms;
Fall foul on some extravagant expression,
But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—
So some polemics use to draw their swords
Against the language only and the words;
As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,
Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases,
Wav'd to assert the murder of a prince,
The author of false Latin to convince;
But laid the merits of the cause aside,
By those that understood them to be try'd;
And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing
More capital than to behead a king,
For which he 'as been admir'd by all the learn'd
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

Judgment is but a curious pair of scales,
That turns with the hundredth part of true or false,
And still the more 'tis us'd is wont t' abate
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,
Until 'ti false, and will not rise, nor fall,
Like those that are less artificial;
And therefore students, in their ways of judging,
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,
And by their over understanding lose
Its active faculty with too much use;
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
Is but the next of all remov'd from none—
It is Opinion governs all mankind,
As wisely as the blind that leads the blind:
For as those surnames are esteem'd the best
That signify in all things else the least,
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion
That have the least of truth and reason in 'em.
Truth would undo the world, if it possest
The meanest of its right and interest;
Is but a tit'lar princess, whose authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done and carry'd in its name,
But most of all where it can lay no claim;
As far from gaiety and complaisance,
As greatness, insolence, and ignorance;
And therefore has surrend'red her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,
That in her right usurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lies—
As no tricks on the rope but those that break,
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the sight, so nothing goes for wit
But nonesense, or the next of all to it:
For nonsense being neither false nor true,
A little wit to any thing may screw;
And, when it has a while been us'd, of course
Will stand as well in virtue, pow'r and force,
And pass for sense t' all purposes as good:
As if it had at first been understood:
For nonsense has the amplest privileges,
And more than all the strongest sense obliges,
That furnishes the schools with terms of art,
The mysteries of science to impart;
Supplies all seminaries with recruits
Of endless controversies and disputes;
For learned nonsense has a deeper sound
Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

For all our learned authors now compile
At charge of nothing but the words and style,
And the most curious critics or the learned
Believe themselves in nothing else concerned;

For as it is the garniture and dreſs
That all things wear in books and languages,
(And all men's qualities are wont t' appear
According to the habits that they wear)
'Tis probable to be the trueſt teſt
Of all the ingenuity o' th' reſt.
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their ſtyles the wit of greateſt clerks;
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
Went to the ſchools of foreign rhetoricians,
To learn the art of patrons, in defence
Of int'reſt and their clients' eloquence;
When conſuls, cenſors, ſenators and prætors,
With great dictators, us'd t' apply to rhetors,
To hear the greater magiſtrate o' th' ſchool
Give ſentence in his haughty chair-curule,
And thoſe who mighty nations overcame,
Were fain to ſay their leſſons, and declame,
Words are but pictures, true or falſe deſign'd,
To draw the lines and features of the mind;
The characters and artificial draughts,
T' expreſs the inward images of thoughts;
And artiſts ſay a picture may be good,
Although the moral be not underſtood;
Whence ſome infer they may admire a ſtyle,
Though all the reſt be e'er ſo mean and vile;
Applaud th' outſides of words, but never mind
With what fantaſtic tawdry they are lin'd.
So orators, enchanted with the twang
Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue;
Whoſe ſcience, like a juggler's box and balls,
Conveys and counterchanges true and falſe;
Caſts miſts before an audience's eyes,
To paſs the one for th' other in diſguiſe;
And, like a morrice dancer dreſs'd with bells,
Only to ſerve for noiſe and nothing elſe,
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendents in a horſe's ear;
For if the language will but bear the teſt,
No matter what becomes of all the reſt;
The ableſt orator, to ſave a word,
Would throw all ſenſe and reaſon overboard.
Hence 'tis that nothing elſe but eloquence
Is ty'd to ſuch a prodigal expence;
That lays out half the wit and ſenſe it uſes
Upon the other half's as vain excuſes;
For all defences and apologies
Are but ſpecifics t' other frauds and lies;
And th' artficial waſh of eloquence
Is daub'd in vain upon the cleareſt ſenſe,
Only to ſtain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perſpicuity,
Whilſt all the beſt and ſob'reſt things he does,
Are when he coughs, or ſpits, or blows his noſe;
Handles no point ſo evident and clear
(Beſides his white gloves) as his handkercher,
Unfolds the niceſt ſcruple ſo diſtinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in 't
Unthriftily, and now he went about
Hence forward to improve and put it out.

The pedants are a mongrel breed, that ſojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern;
And while their ſtudies are between the one
And th' other ſpent, have nothing of their own
Like ſponges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their natures falſe:
For whether 'tis their want of converſation
Inclines them to all ſorts of affectation,
Their ſedentary life and melancholy,
The everlaſting nurſery of folly;
Their poring upon black and white too ſubtly
Has turn'd the inſides of their brains to motley;
Or ſquand'ring of their wits and time upon
Too many things, has made them fit for none;
Their conſtant overſtraining of the mind
Diſtorts the brain, as horſes break their wind;
Or rude confuſions of the things they read
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
Until they have their conſtant wanes, and fulls,
And changes, in the inſides of their ſkulls;
Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
Has render'd them for all things elſe unfit;
But never bring the world and books together,
And therefore never rightly judge of either;
Whence multitudes of reverend men and critics
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
And by th' immoderate exceſs of ſtudy
Have found the ſickly head t' outgrow the body,
For pedantry is but a corn or wart,
Bred in the ſkin of judgment, ſenſe, and art,
A ſtupify'd excreſcence, like a wen,
Fed by the pecant humours of learn'd men,
That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor'd intellects
But from the over-curious and vain
Diſtempers of an artificial brain—
So he that once ſtood for the learned'ſt man,
Had read out little Britain and Duck Lane,
Worn out his reaſon, and reduc'd his body
And brain to nothing with perpetual ſtudy;
Kept tutors of all ſorts, and virtuoſis,
To read all authors to him with their gloſſes,
And made his lacques, when he walk'd, bear folios
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and ſcholias,
To be read to him every way the wind
Should chance to ſit before him or behind;
Had read out all th' imaginary duels
That had been fought by conſonants and vowels;
Had crackt his ſkull, to find out proper places
To lay up all memoirs of things in caſes;
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,
To play with packs of ſciences and arts,
That ſerve t' improve a feeble gameſter's ſtudy,
That ventures at grammatic beaſt or noddy;
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
That come in dry fats o'er from Francfort fairs,
Whoſe authors uſe t' articulate their ſurnames
With ſcraps of Greek more learned than the Germans;
Was wont to ſcatter books in ev'ry room,
Where they might beſt be ſeen by all that come,
And lay a train that nat'rally ſhould force
What he deſign'd, as if it fell of courſe;
And all this with a worſe ſucceſs than Cardan,
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain;
When lighting on a philoſophic ſpell,
Of which he never knew one ſyllable,
Preſto, begone, h' unriddled all he read,
As if he had to nothing elſe been bred.

UPON AN

HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

THERE 's nothing so absurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,
But if it lay the least pretence
To piety and godliness,
Or tender-hearted conscience,
And zeal for gospel-truths professs,
Does sacred instantly commence,
And all that dare but question it, are strait
Pronounc'd th' uncircumcis'd and reprobate;
As malefactors, that escape and fly
Into a sanctuary for defence,
Must not be brought to justice thence,
Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high,
And he that dares presume to do 't,
Is sentenc'd and delivered up
To Satan, that engag'd him to 't,
For vent'ring wickedly to put a stop
To his immunities and free affairs,
Or meddle saucily with theirs
That are employ'd by him, while he and they
Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

II.

And as the Pagans heretofore
Did their own handyworks adore,
And made their stone and timber deities,
Their temples and their altars, of one piece,
The same outgoings seem t' inspire
Our modern selfwill'd Edifier,
That out of things as far from sense, and more,
Contrives new light and revelation,
The creatures of th' imagination,
To worship and fall down before,
Of which his crack'd delusions draw
As monstrous images and rude,
As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,
Or madman in a vision saw;
Mistakes the feeble impotence
And vain delusions of his mind,
For sp'ritual gifts and offerings
Which Heav'n, to present him, brings;
And still the further 'tis from sense,
Believes it is the more refin'd,
And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

III.

But as all tricks whose principles
Are false, prove false in all things else,
The dull and heavy hypocrite
Is but in pension with his conscience,
That pays him for maintaining it
With zealous rage and impudence,
And as the one grows obstinate,
So does the other rich and fat;
Disposes of his gifts and dispensations
Like spiritual foundations,
Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd
To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind,
But still diverts them to as bad, or worse,
Than others are by unjust governors;
For like our modern publicans
He still puts out all dues
He owes to Heav'n to the dev'l to use,
And makes his godly interest great gains;
Takes all the Brethren (to recruit
The spirit in him) contribute,
And, to repair and edify his spent
And broken winded outward man, present
For painful holdingforth against the government.

IV.

The subtle spider never spins
But on dark days his slimy gins;
Nor does our engineer much care to plant
His spiritual machines,
Unless among the weak and ignorant,
Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,
The vain, the factious, and the slight,
That in their zeal are most extravagant;
For trouts are tickled best in muddy water;
And still the muddier he finds their brains,
The more he 's sought and follow'd after,
And greater ministrations gains;
For talking idly is admir'd,
And speaking nonsense held inspir'd;
And still the flatter and more dull
His gifts appear, is held more pow'rful;
For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of sharp and subtle edges;

And dulleſt nonſenſe has been found,
By ſome to be the ſolid'ſt and the moſt profound.

v.

A great Apoſtle once was ſaid
With too much learning to be mad;
But our great ſaint becomes diſtract,
And only with too little crackt;
Cries moral truths and human learning down,
And will endure no reaſon but his own:
For 'tis a drudgery and taſk
Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,
To anſwer all men can object or aſk;
But to be found impregnable,
And with a ſturdy forehead to hold out,
In ſpite of ſhame or reaſon reſolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute:
As he that can draw blood, they ſay,
From witches, takes their magic pow'r away,
So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,
Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace:
For while he holds that nothing is ſo damn'd
And ſhameful as to be aſham'd,
He never can be attack'd,
But will come off; for Confidence, well back'd,
Among the weak and prepoſſeſſ'd,
Hasoften Truth with all her kingly pow'r oppreſs'd.

vi.

It is the nature of late zeal,
'Twill not be ſubject, nor rebel,
Nor left at large, nor be reſtrain'd,
But where there 's ſomething to be gain'd;
And that by b'ing once reveal'd, defies
The law, with all its penalties,
And is convinc'd no pale
O' th' church can be ſo ſacred as a jail:
For as the Indians' priſons are their mines,
So he has found are all reſtraints
To thriving and free-conſcienc'd Saints;
For the ſame thing enriches that confines;
And like to Lully, when he was in hold,
He turns his baſer metals into gold;
Receives returning and retiring fees
For holding forth, and holding of his peace,
And takes a penſion to be advocate
And ſtanding counſel 'gainſt the church and ſtate
For gall'd and tender conſciences;
Commits himſelf to priſon to trepan,
Draw in, and ſpirit all he can;
For birds in cages have a call
To draw the wildeſt into nets,
More prevalent and natural
Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

vii.

His ſlipp'ry conſcience has more tricks
Than all the juggling empirics,
And ev'ry one another contradicts;
All laws of heav'n and earth can break,
And ſwallow oaths, and blood, and rapine eaſy,
And yet is ſo infirm and weak,
'Twill not endure the gentleſt check,
But at the ſlighteſt nicety grows queaſy;
Diſdains control, and yet can be
Nowhere, but in a priſon, free;
Can force itſelf, in ſpite of God,
Who makes it free as thought at home,
A ſlave and villain to become,
To ſerve its intereſts abroad;
And though no Phariſee was e'er ſo cunning
At tithing mint and cummin,
No dull idolater was e'er ſo flat
In things of deep and ſolid weight;
Pretends to charity and holineſs,
But is implacable to peace,
And out of tenderneſs grows obſtinate.
And though the zeal of God's houſe ate a prince
And prophet up (he ſays) long ſince,
His croſs-grain'd peremptory zeal
Would eat up God's houſe, and devour it at a meal.

viii.

He does not pray, but proſecute,
As if he went to law, his ſuite;
Summons his Maker to appear
And anſwer what he ſhall prefer;
Returns him back his gift of pray'r,
Not to petition, but declare;
Exhibits croſs complaints
Againſt him for the breach of Covenants,
And all the charters of the Saints;
Pleads guilty to the action, and yet ſtands
Upon high terms and bold demands;
Excepts againſt him and his laws,
And will be judge himſelf in his own cauſe;
And grows more ſaucy and ſevere
Than th' Heath'n emp'ror was to Jupiter,
That us'd to wrangle with him and diſpute,
And ſometimes would ſpeak ſoftly in his ear,
And ſometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
And threaten, if he did not grant his ſuit.

ix.

But when his painful gifts h' employs
In holding forth, the virtue lies
Not in the letter of the ſenſe,
But in the ſpiritual vehemence,
The pow'r and diſpenſation of the voice,
The zealous pangs and agonies,
And heav'nly turnings of the eyes;
The groans with which he piouſly deſtroys,
And drowns the nonſenſe in the noiſe;
And grows ſo loud, as if he meant to force
And take in heav'n by violence;
To fright the Saints into ſalvation,
Or ſcare the dev'l from temptation;
Until he falls ſo low and hoarſe,
No kind of carnal ſenſe
Can be made out of what he means:
But as the ancient Pagans were preciſe
To uſe no ſhort-tail'd beaſt in ſacrifice,
He ſtill conforms to them, and has a care
T' allow the largeſt meaſure to his paltry ware.

x.

The ancient churches, and the beſt,
By their own martyrs' blood increaſt;
But he has found out a new way,
To do it with the blood of thoſe
That dare his church's growth oppoſe,
Or her imperious canons diſobey,
And ſtrives to carry on the Work,
Like a true primitive reforming Turk,

With holy rage, and edifying war,
More safe and pow'rful ways by far,
For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,
Was the first great Reformer, and the chief
Of th' ancient Christian belief,
That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
With revelations, dreams and visions,
And apostolic superstitions,
To be held forth and carry'd on by war;
And his successor was a Presbyter,
With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.

XI.

For as a Turk that is to act some crime
Against his Prophet's holy law
Is wont to bid his foul withdraw,
And leave his body for a time;
So when some horrid action 's to be done,
Our Turkish proselyte puts on
Another spirit, and lays by his own;
And when his overheated brain
Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman,
He 's judg'd inspir'd, and all his frenzies held
To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
The one believes all madmen to be saints,
Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,
And yet in madness all devotion plants,
And where he differs most concurs;
Both equally exact and just
In perjury and breach of trust;
So like in all things, that one Brother
Is but a counterpart of th' other;
And both unanimously damn
And hate (like two that play one game)
Each other for it, while they strive to do the same

XII.

Both equally design to raise
Their churches by the self-same ways;
With war and ruin to assert
Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert;
To preach the gospel with a drum,
And for convincing overcome:
And though in worshipping of God all blood
Was by his own laws disallow'd,
Both hold no holy rites to be so good,
And both to propagate the breed
Of their own Saints one way proceed;
For lust and rapes in war repair as fast
As fury and destruction waste:
Both equally allow all crimes
As lawful means to propagate a sect;
For laws in war can be of no effect,
And license does more good in gospel times.
Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been
The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin;
For when Religion does recede
From her own nature, nothing but a breed
Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed.

UPON MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

'Tis well that equal Heav'n has plac'd
Those joys above that to reward
The just and virtuous are prepar'd,
Beyond their reach, until their pains are past;
Else men would rather venture to possess
By force, than earn their happiness;
And only take the dev'l's advice,
As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,
Though at th' expence of Paradise:
For, as some say, to fight is but a base
Mechanic handywork, and far below
A gen'rous spirit t' undergo;
So 'tis to take the pains to know,
Which some, with only confidence and face,
More easily and ably do;
For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.
Who would not rather make himself a judge,
And boldly usurp the chair,
Than with dull industry and care
Endure to study, think, and drudge,
For that which he much sooner may advance
With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance?

II.

For all men challenge, though in spite
Of Nature and their stars, a right
To censure, judge and know,
Though she can only order who
Shall be, and who shall ne'er be wise:
Then why should those whom she denies
Her favour and good graces too,
Not strive to take opinion by surprise,
And ravish what it were in vain to woo?
For he that desp'rately assumes

The cenſure of all wits and arts,
Though without judgment, ſkill and parts,
Only to ſtartle and amuſe,
And maſk his ignorance (as Indians uſe
With gaudy-colour'd plumes
Their homely nether parts t' adorn)
Can never fail to captive ſome
That will ſubmit to his oraculous doom,
And rev'rence what they ought to ſcorn,
Admire his ſturdy confidence
For ſolid judgment and deep ſenſe;
And credit purchas'd without pains or wit,
Like ſtolen pleaſures, ought to be moſt ſweet.

III.

Two ſelf-admirers, that combine
Againſt the world, may paſs a fine
Upon all judgment, ſcenſe, and wit,
And ſettle it as they think fit
On one another like the choice
Of Perſian princes, by one horſe's voice:
For thoſe fine pageants which ſome raiſe,
Of falſe and diſproportion'd praiſe,
T' enable whom they pleaſe t' appear,
And paſs for what they never were,
In private only b'ing but nam'd,
Their modeſty muſt be aſham'd,
And not endure to hear,
And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd,
And own'd in public every where:
So vain ſome authors are to boaſt
Their want of ingenuity, and club
Their affidavit wits, to dub
Each other but a Knight o' the Poſt,
As falſe as ſuborn'd perjurers,
That vouch a way all right they have to their own ears.

IV.

But when all other courſes fail,
There is one eaſy artifice
That ſeldom has been known to miſs,
To cry all mankind down, and rail:
For he whom all men do contemn,
May be allow'd to rail again at them,
And in his own defence
To outface reaſon, wit and ſenſe,
And all that makes againſt himſelf condemn
To ſnarl at all things right or wrong,
Like a mad dog, that has a worm in his tongue;

Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,
T' its firſt original the devil;
And, like a fierce inquiſitor of wit,
To ſpare no fleſh that ever ſpoke or writ;
Though to perform his taſk as dull
As if he had a loadſtone in his ſkull,
And could produce a greater ſtock
Of maggots than a paſtoral poet's flock.

V.

The feebleſt vermine can deſtroy
As ſure as ſtouteſt beaſts of prey,
And only with their eyes and breath
Infect and poiſon men to death;
But that more impotent buffoon
That makes it both his bus'neſs and his ſport
To rail at all is but a drone
That ſpends his ſting on what he cannot hurt:
Enjoys a kind of letchery in ſpite,
Like o'ergrown ſinners that in whipping take delight;
Invades the reputation of all thoſe
That have, or have it not to loſe;
And if he chance to make a difference,
'Tis always in the wrongeſt ſenſe:
As rooking gameſters never lay
Upon thoſe hands that uſe fair play,
But venture all their bets
Upon the ſlurs and cunning tricks of ableſt cheats.

VI.

Nor does he vex himſelf much leſs
Than all the world beſide,
Falls ſick of other men's exceſs,
Is humbled only at their pride,
And wretched at their happineſs;
Revenges on himſelf the wrong
Which his vain malice and looſe tongue
To thoſe that feel it not have done,
And whips and ſpurs himſelf becauſe he is outgone;
Makes idle characters and tales,
As counterfeit, unlike, and falſe,
As witches' pictures are of wax and clay
To thoſe whom they would in effigy ſlay.
And as the devil, that has no ſhape of his own,
Affects to put the uglieſt on,
And leaves a ſtink behind him when he 's gone;
So he that 's worſe than nothing ſtrives t' appear
I' th' likeneſs of a wolf or bear,
To fright the weak, but when men dare
Encounter with him, ſtinks, and vaniſhes to air.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE

MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE.

'Tis true, to compliment the dead
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call them back again,
Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,
With ſettlements for after-lives:
For all that can be done or ſaid,
Though e'er ſo noble, great and good,
By them is neither heard nor underſtood.
All our fine ſlights and tricks of art,
Firſt to create, and then adore defert,
And thoſe romances which we frame,
To raiſe ourſelves, not them, a name,
In vain are ſtuft with ranting flatteries,
And ſuch as, if they knew, they would deſpiſe.
For as thoſe times the Golden Age we call,
In which there was no gold in uſe at all,
So we plant glory and renown
Where it was ne'er deſerv'd nor known,
But to worſe purpoſe, many times,
To flouriſh o'er nefarious crimes,
And cheat the world, that never ſeems to mind
How good or bad men die, but what they leave behind.

II.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whoſe name
Can never be worn out by Fame,
That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind
A great example to mankind,
That fell a public ſacrifice,
From ruin to preſerve thoſe few
Who, though born falſe, may be made true,
And teach the world to be more juſt and wiſe,
Ought not, like vulgar aſhes, reſt
Unmention'd in his ſilent cheſt,
Not for his own, but public intereſt.
He, like a pious man, ſome years before
Th' arrival of his fatal hour,
Made ev'ry day he had to live
To his laſt minute a preparative;
Taught the wild Arabs on the road
To act in a more genteel mode;
Take prizes more obligingly than thoſe
Who never had been bred *filous*;
And how to hang in a more graceful faſhion
Than e'er was known before to the dull Engliſh nation.

III

In France, the ſtaple of new modes,
Where garbs and miens are current goods,
That ſerves the ruder northern nations
With methods of addreſs and treat,
Preſcribes new garnitures and faſhions,
And how to drink, and how to eat
No out-of-faſhion wine or meat
To underſtand cravats and plumes,
And the moſt modiſh from the old perfumes:
To know the age and pedigrees
Of points of Flanders or Venice;
Caſt their nativities, and, to a day,
Foretell how long they 'll hold, and when decay;
To affect the pureſt negligences
In geſtures, gaits, and miens,
And ſpeak by *repartee-rotines*
Out of the moſt authentic of romances,
And to demonſtrate, with ſubſtantial reaſon,
What ribands, all the year, are in or out of ſeaſon.

IV.

In this great academy of mankind
He had his birth and education,
Where all men are ſo ingeniouſly inclin'd,
They underſtand by imitation,
Improve untaught, before they are aware,
As if they ſuck'd their breeding from the air.
That naturally does diſpenſe
To all a deep and ſolid confidence;
A virtue of that precious uſe,
That he whom bounteous Heav'n endues
But with a moderate ſhare of it,
Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,
In all the deep Hermetic arts;
(For ſo of late the learned call
All tricks, if ſtrange and myſtical.)
He had improv'd his nat'ral parts,
And with his magic rod could found
Where hidden treaſure might be found:
He, like a lord o' th' manor, ſeiz'd upon
Whatever happen'd in his way
As lawful weft and ſtray,
And after, by the cuſtom, kept it as his own.

V.

From theſe firſt rudiments he grew
To nobler feats, and try'd his force

pon whole troops of foot and horſe,
'hom he as bravely did ſubdue;
eclar'd all caravans that go
'pon the king's highway the foe;
lade many deſperate attacks
pon itinerant brigades
f all profeſſions, ranks, and trades,
n carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs;
lade 'em lay down their arms, and yield,
nd, to the ſmalleſt piece, reſtore
ll that by cheating they had gain'd before,
nd after plunder'd all the baggage of the field.
n every bold affair of war
le had the chief command, and led them on;
'or no man is judg'd fit to have the care
)f others' lives, until he 'as made it known
low much he does deſpiſe and ſcorn his own.

VI.

Whole provinces, 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Have by his conqu'ring ſword been won;
And mighty ſums of money laid,
For ranſom, upon every man,
And hoſtages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
Th' exciſe and chimney-publican,
The Jew foreſtaller and enhancer,
To him for all their crimes did anſwer.
He vanquiſh'd the moſt fierce, and fell,
Of all his foes, the Conſtable;
And oft had beat his quarters up,
And routed him and all his troop.
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
That in his own allow'd highway
Does feats of arms as great as his,
And when they' encounter in it wins the day:
Safe in his garriſon, the Court,
Where meaner criminals are ſentenc'd for't,
To this ſtern foe he oft gave quarter,
But as the Scotchman did a Tartar,
That he, in time to come,
Might, in return, from him receive his fatal doom.

VII.

He would have ſtary'd this mighty Town,
And brought its haughty ſpirit down,
Have cut it off from all relief,
And like a wife and valiant chief,
Made many a fierce aſſault
Upon all ammunition carts,
And thoſe that bring up cheeſe, or malt,
Or bacon, from remoter parts;
No convoy e'er ſo ſtrong with food
Durſt venture on the deſp'rate road:
He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,
And the fierce higgler contribution pay;
The ſavage butcher and ſtout drover
Durſt not to him their feeble troops diſcover;
And if he had but kept the field,
In time had made the city yield;
For great to towns, like to crocodiles, are found
I' th' belly apteſt to receive a mortal wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd
In which his ſtars began to frown,
And had in cloſe cabals contriv'd
To pull him from his height of glory down,
And he, by num'rous foes oppreſt,
Was in th' enchanted dungeon caſt,
Secur'd with mighty guards,
Leſt be by force or ſtratagem
Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,
And break through all their locks, and bolts, and wards,
Had both his legs by charms committed
To one another's charge,
That neither might be ſet at large,
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
As jewels of high value are
Kept under locks with greater care
Than thoſe of meaner rates,
So he was in ſtone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

IX.

Thither came ladies from all parts
To offer up cloſe priſoners their hearts,
Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
And made them yield up love and honour too,
But in more brave heroic ways
Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays;
For theſe two ſpiteful foes, who never meet
But full of hot conteſts and piques
About punctilios and mere tricks,
Did all their quarrels to his doom ſubmit,
And, far more generous and free,
In contemplation only of him did agree,
Both fully ſatisfy'd; the one
With thoſe freſh laurels he had won,
And all the brave renowned feats
He had perform'd in arms;
The other with his perſon and his charms:
For juſt as larks are catch'd in nets,
By gazing on a piece of glaſs,
So while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,
And ſmoother poliſh'd face,
Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by ſurpriſe.

X.

Never did bold knight, to relieve
Diſtreſſed dames, ſuch dreadful feats achieve
As feeble damſels, for his ſake,
Wou'd have been proud to undertake;
And, bravely, ambitious to redeem
The world's loſs and their own,
Strove who ſhould have the honour to lay down
And change a life with him;
But finding all their hopes in vain
To move his fix'd determin'd fate,
Their life itſelf began to hate,
As if it were an infamy
To live when he was doom'd to die;
Made loud appeals and moans,
To leſs hard-hearted grates and ſtones;
Came, ſwell'd with ſighs and drown'd in tears,
To yield themſelves his fellow-ſufferers,
And follow'd him, like priſoners of war,
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A BALLAD

UPON

THE PARLIAMENT

WHICH DELIBERATED

ABOUT MAKING OLIVER KING*.

As close as a goose
Sat the Parliament-house
To hatch the royal gull:
After much fiddle-faddle,
The egg prov'd addle,
And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,
Though things do not fadge,
Will serve to be queen of a May-pole:
Two princes of Wales,
For Whitsun-ales,
And her Grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole.

In a robe of cow-hide
Sat yesty Pride,
With his dagger and his sling;
He was the pertinent'st peer
Of all that were there,
T' advise with such a king.

A great philosopher
Had a goose for his lover,
That follow'd him day and night:
If it be a true story,
Or but an allegory,
It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his son,
Both cast into one,
Were meant for a single baron;
But when they came to sit,
There was not wit
Enough in them both to serve for one.

Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add Honeywood;
But when they came to trial,
Each one prov'd a fool,
Yet three knaves in the whole,
And that made up a Pair-royal.

* This Ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title; which he, out of fear of some republican zealots in his party, refused to accept, and contented himself with the power, under the name of *Protector*.

A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS,

Conjectured to be on

OLIVER CROMWELL.

PART I.

Draw near, good people all, draw near,
And hearken to my ditty;
A ſtranger thing
Than this I ſing
Came never to this city.

Had you but ſeen this monſter,
You wou'd not give a farthing
For the loins in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat,
Nor the bears in Paris-garden.

You wou'd defy the pageants
Are borne before the mayor;
The ſtrangeſt ſhape
You e'er did gape
Upon at Bart'lomy fair!

His face is round and decent,
As is your diſh or platter,
On which there grows
A thing like a noſe,
But, indeed, it is no ſuch matter.

On both ſides of th' aforeſaid
Are eyes, but they're not matches,
On which there are
To be ſeen two fair
And large well-grown muſtaches.

Now this with admiration
Does all beholders ſtrike,
That a beard ſhou'd grow
Upon a thing's brow,
Did ye ever ſee the like?

He has no ſcull, 'tis well known
To thouſands of beholders;
Nothing but a ſkin
Does keep his brains in
From running about his ſhoulders.

On both ſides of his noddle
Are ſtraps o' th' very ſame leather;
Ears are imply'd,
But they're mere hide,
Or morſels of tripe, chooſe you whether.

Between theſe two extendeth
A ſlit from ear to ear,
That ev'ry hour
Gapes to devour
The ſowce that grows ſo near.

Beneath a tuft of briſtles,
As rough as a frize-jerkin;
If it had been a beard,
'Twou'd have ſerv'd a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin.

Within a ſet of grinders
Moſt ſharp and keen, corroding
Your iron and braſs
As eaſy as
That you wou'd do a pudding.

But the ſtrangeſt thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail
That uſeth to trail
Upon the ground as he goeth.

A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS.

Conjectured to be on

OLIVER CROMWELL.

PART II.

This monſter was begotten
Upon one of the witches,
B' an imp that came to her,
Like a man, to woo her,
With black doublet and breeches.

When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers ſeveral countries
The hogs and ſwine
Did grunt and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

The winds did blow, the thunder
And lightning loud did rumble;
The dogs did howl,
The hollow tree in th' owl—
'Tis a good horſe that ne'er ſtumbl'd.

As ſoon as he was brought forth,
At the midwife's throat he flew,
And threw the pap
Down in her lap;
They ſay 'tis very true.

And up the walls he clamber'd,
With nails more ſharp and keen;
The prints whereof,
I' th' boards and roof,
Are yet for to be ſeen.

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney
He vaniſh'd, ſeen of none;
For they did wink,
Yet by the ſtink
Knew which way he was gone.

The country round about there
Became like to a wilder-
neſs; for the ſight
Of him did fright
Away, men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue,
And all thoſe parts much harmed,
'Till a wiſe woman, which
Some call a white witch,
Him into a hogſty charmed.

There, when ſhe had him ſhut faſt,
With brimſtone and with nitre,
She ſing'd the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame as a ſpaniel;
For ſhe us'd to ride
On his back aſtride,
Nor did he do her any ill,

But to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been ſhewn
In ev'ry town,
And eke in ev'ry ſhire.

And now, at length, he's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where in Fleet-ſtreet
All thoſe may ſee't
That will not believe my ditty.

God ſave the King and Parliament,
And eke the Prince's Highneſs,
And quickly ſend
The wars an end,
As here my ſong has—*Finis.*

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

All men's intrigues and projects tend,
By several courses, to one end;
To compass, by the prop'rest shews,
Whatever their designs propose;
And that which owns the fair'st pretext
Is often found the indirect'st.
Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint
Much fairer than the real saint,
And knaves appear more just and true
Than honest men, that make less ew:
The dullest idiots in disguise
Appear more knowing than the wise:
Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,
Pass on the rabble for the learn'd;
And cowards, that can damn and rant,
Pass muster for the valiant;
For he that has but impudence
To all things has a just pretence,
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

How various and innumerable
Are those who live upon the rabble?
'Tis they maintain the church and state,
Employ the priest and magistrate;
Bear all the charge of government,
And pay the public fines and rent;
Defray all taxes and excises
And impositions of all prices;
Bear all th' expence of peace and war,
And pay the pulpit and the bar;
Maintain all churches and religions,
And give their pastors exhibitions;
And those who have the greatest flocks
Are primitive and orthodox:
Support all schismatics and sects,
And pay 'em for tormenting texts;
Take all their doctrines off their hands,
And pay 'em in good rents and lands;
Discharge all costly offices,
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
The hangman's wages, and the scores
Of catterpillar bawds and whores;
Discharge all damages and costs,
Of Knights and Squires of the Post;
All statesmen, cutpurses, and padders,
And pay for all their ropes and ladders;

All pettifoggers, and all sorts
Of markets, churches, and of courts;
All sums of money paid or spent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or giv'n
To purchase this world, hell, or heav'n.

Should once the world resolve t' abolish
All that's ridiculous and foolish,
It wou'd have nothing left to do,
T' apply in jest or earnest to,
No bus'ness of importance, play,
Or state, to pass its time away.

The world would be more just, if truth and lies,
And right and wrong did bear an equal price;
But since impostors are so highly rais'd,
And faith and justice equally debas'd,
Few men have tempers for such paltry gains
T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains.

The sottish world without distinction looks
On all that passes on th' account of books;
And when there are two scholars that within
The species only hardly are akin,
The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,
If equally they've loiter'd in a college.

Critics are like a kind of flies that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

As all Fanatics preach, so all men write
Out of the strength of gifts and inward light,
In spite of art; as horses thorough pac'd
Were never taught, and therefore go more fast.

In all mistakes the strict and regular
Are found to be the desp'rat'st ways to err,

And worſt to be avoided, as a wound
Is ſaid to be the harder cur'd that's round;
For error and miſtake the leſs they' appear,
In th' end are found to be the dangerouſer;
As no man minds thoſe clocks that uſe to go
Apparently too over-faſt or ſlow.

The trueſt characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men uſe to bear their noſes higher
Than thoſe that have their eyes and ſight entire.

The metaphyſic's but a puppet motion
That goes with ſcrews, the notion of a notion;
The copy of a copy, and lame draught
Unnaturally taken from a thought:
That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
And turns the eyes like an old crucifix;
That counterchanges whatſo'er it calls
B' another name, and makes it true or falſe;
Turns truth to falſehood, falſehood into truth,
By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'Tis not the art of ſchools to underſtand,
But make things hard, inſtead of b'ing explain'd;
And therefore thoſe are commonly the learn'deſt
That only ſtudy between jeſt and earneſt:
For when the end of learning's to purſue
And trace the ſubtle ſteps of falſe and true,
They ne'er conſider how they're to apply,
But only liſten to the noiſe and cry,
And are ſo much delighted with the chace,
They never mind the taking of their preys.

More proſelytes and converts uſe t' accrue
To falſe perſuaſions than the right and true;
For error and miſtake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right;
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,
But never to be reduc'd to leſs than one.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is for'd for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

The great St. Lewis, king of France,
Fighting againſt Mahometans,
In Egypt, in the holy war,
Was routed and made priſoner;
The Sultan then, into whoſe hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thouſand weight of gold, to free
And ſet them all at liberty.
The king pays down one half o' th' nail,
And for the other offers bail,
The pyx, and in't the euchariſt,
The body of our Saviour Chriſt.
The Turk conſider'd, and allow'd
The King's ſecurity for good;

Such credit had the Chriſtian zeal,
In thoſe days, with an infidel,
That will not paſs for twopence now,
Among themſelves, 'tis grown ſo low.

Those that go up hill uſe to bow
Their bodies forward, and ſtoop low,
To poiſe themſelves, and ſometimes creep,
When the way is difficult and ſteep:
So thoſe at court, that do addreſs
By low ignoble offices,
Can ſtoop at any thing that's baſe,
To wriggle into truſt and grace,
Are like to riſe to greatneſs ſooner
Than thoſe that go by worth and honour.

All acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,
Are meant of ſervices that are forgiv'n,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

Lions are kings of beaſts, and yet their pow'r
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:
Such ſavage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beaſts that do obey.

Nothing's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no intereſt of ſtate,
But ſuch as ſerves a preſent ſtrait,
And to patch up, or ſhift, will cloſe,
Or break alike, with friends or foes;
That runs behind hand, and has ſpent
Its credit to the laſt extent;
And the firſt time 'tis at a loſs,
Has not one true friend nor one croſs.

The Devil was the firſt o' th' name
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the firſt bold undertaker
Of bearing arms againſt his Maker,
And though miſcarrying in th' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Though tumbled from the top of bliſs
Down to the bottomleſs abyſs:
A property which, from their prince,
The family owns ever ſince,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do or ſuffer, like the devil,

The worſt of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm,
But draw their ſwords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.

No ſcared conſcience is ſo fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal;
For Chriſtian charity's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a peſtilent diſeaſe
To Chriſtian charity and peace.

As thiſtles wear the ſofteſt down;
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themſelves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a ſmooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the miſchief that he meant
Does, like a rattleſnake, prevent.

Man is ſupreme lord and maſter
Of his own ruin and diſaſter:
Controls his fate, but nothing leſs
In ordering his own happineſs:
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence
To render it ſecure and certain
Againſt the injuries of Fortune;
And oft', in ſpite of all his wit,
Is loſt with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumſtance,
And mere punctilio, of chance.

Dame Fortune, ſome men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them without their care,
Does all their drudgery and work,
Like Fairies, for them in the dark;
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The naturals by blinder chances;
While others by deſert or wit
Cou'd never make the matter hit,
But ſtill the better they deſerve,
Are but the ableſt thought to ſtarve.

Great wits have only been preferr'd,
In princes' trains to be interr'd,
And, when they coſt them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the laſt;
But while they liv'd were far enough
From all admittances kept off.

As gold, that's proof againſt th' eſſay,
Upon the touchſtone wears away,
And having ſtood the greater teſt,
Is overmaſter'd by the leaſt;
So ſome men having ſtood the hate
And ſpiteful cruelty of Fate,
Tranſported with a falſe careſs
Of unacquainted happineſs,
Loſt to humanity and ſenſe,
Have fall'n as low as inſolence.

Innocence is a defence
For nothing elſe but patience;
'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,
Nor fence againſt the tricks of ſtate;
Nor from th' oppreſſion of the laws
Protect the plain'ſt and juſteſt cauſe;
Nor keep unſpotted a good name
Againſt the obloquies of Fame;
Feeble as patience, and as ſoon,
By being blown up, undone,
As beaſts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worſe.

Who doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or falſe, engage?
And, 'cauſe they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal intereſt,
And free dominion o'er the reſt,
And as one ſhield that fell from heav'n
Was counterfeited by eleven,
The better to ſecure the fate
And laſting empire of a ſtate,
The falſe are num'rous, and the true,
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that underſtand 'em leaſt,
Are ſtill the fierceſt in conteſt;
Unſight, unſeen, eſpouſe a ſide
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their ſouls, and ſwear and lie for,
And at a venture live and die for.

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in's head
Muſt be by a dog glad to be led;
And no beaſts have ſo little in 'em
As that inhuman brute, Opinion:
'Tis an infectious peſtilence,
The tokens upon wit and ſenſe,
That with a venomous contagion
Invades the ſick imagination;
And when it ſeizes any part,
It ſtrikes the poiſon to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match;
And nothing's ſo perverſe in nature
As a profound opiniator.

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere ſots of magiſtrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain:
By this the fool commands the wiſe,
The noble with the baſe complies,
The ſot aſſumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the baſe ſubmit.

A godly man, that has ſerv'd out his time
In holineſs, may ſet up any crime;
As ſcholars, when they've taken their degree
May ſet up any faculty they pleaſe.

Why ſhou'd not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion?

B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as ſuitors in petitions?
And in a congregation pray,
No leſs than Chancery, for pay?

A TEACHER's doctrine, and his proof,
Is all his province, and enough;
But is no more concern'd in uſe,
Than ſhoemakers to wear all ſhoes.

THE ſob'reſt ſaints are more ſtiff-necked
Than th' hotteſt-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will ſerve as well
To propagate a church as zeal;
As perſecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion:
So round white ſtones will ſerve, they ſay,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greateſt ſaints and ſinners have been made
Of proſelytes of one another's trade.

YOUR wiſe and cautious conſciences
Are free to take what courſe they pleaſe;
Have plenary indulgence to diſpoſe,
At pleaſure of the ſtricteſt vows,
And challenge Heav'n, they made 'em to,
To vouch and witneſs what they do;
And when they prove averſe and loath,
Yet for convénience take an oath;
Not only can diſpenſe, but make it
A greater ſin to keep than take it;
Can bind and looſe all ſorts of ſin,
And only keeps the keys within;
Has no ſuperior to controul,
But what itſelf ſets o'er the ſoul;
And when it is enjoin'd t' obey,
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key;
Can walk inviſible, and where,
And when, and how, it will appear;
Can turn itſelf into diſguiſes
Of all ſorts, for all ſorts of vices;
Can tranſubſtantiate, metamorphoſe,
And charm whole herds of beaſts, like Orpheus;
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,
Obey and follow its commands,
And ſettle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill remov'd of old;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith, to new proprietors;
And perjures, to ſecure th' enjoyments
Of public charges and employments:
For true and faithful, good and juſt;
Are but preparatives to truſt;
The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and ſprings.

ALL love, at firſt, like gen'rous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
But when 'tis ſettled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer ſtill the older,
And proves the pleaſanter the colder.

THE motions of the earth or ſun,
(The Lord knows which) that turn or run,
Are both perform'd by fits and ſtarts,
And ſo are thoſe of lovers' hearts,
Which, though they keep no even pace,
Move true and conſtant to one place.

LOVE is too great a happineſs
For wretched mortals to poſſeſs;
For cou'd it hold inviolate
Againſt thoſe cruelties of Fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are ſubject to,
It wou'd become a bliſs too high
For periſhing mortality,
Tranſlate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heav'n but love.

ALL wild but gen'rous creatures live of courſe,
As if they had agreed for better or worſe:
The lion's conſtant to his only miſs,
And never leaves his faithful lioneſs;
And ſhe as chaſte and true to him agen,
As virtuous ladies uſe to be to men.
The docile and ingenuous elephant
T' his own and only female is gallant;
And ſhe as true and conſtant to his bed,
That firſt enjoy'd her ſingle maidenhead;
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,
Are never ſatisfy'd with new amours;
As all poltroons with us delight to range,
And, though but for the worſt of all, to change.

THE ſouls of women are ſo ſmall,
That ſome believe they've none at all;
Or, if they have, like cripples, ſtill
They've but one faculty, the will;
The other two are quite laid by,
To make up one great tyranny;
And though their paſſions have moſt pow'r,
They are, like Turks, but ſlaves the more
To th' abſolute will, that with a breath
Has ſov'reign pow'r of life and death,
And, as its little int'reſts move,
Can turn 'em all to hate or love;
For nothing, in a moment, turn
To frantic love, diſdain, and ſcorn;
And make that love degenerate
T' as great extremity of hate;
And hate again, and ſcorn, and piques,
To flames, and raptures, and lovetricks.

ALL ſorts of vot'ries, that profeſs
To bind themſelves apprentices
To Heav'n, abjure, with ſolemn vows,
Not Cut and Long-tail, but a ſpouſe,

As the' worſt of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

Most virgins marry juſt as nuns
The ſame thing the ſame way renounce;
Before they've wit to underſtand
The bold attempt they take in hand;
Or having ſtaid and loſt their tides,
Are out of ſeaſon grown for brides.

The credit of the marriage bed
Has been ſo looſely huſbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women ſep'rate alimony;
And ladies-errant, for debauching,
Have better terms, and equal caution;
And for their journeywork and pains
The chairwomen clear greater gains.

As wine that with its own weight runs is beſt,
And counted much more noble than the preſt;
So is that poetry whoſe gen'rous ſtrains
Flow without ſervile ſtudy, art, or pains.

Some call it fury, ſome a muſe,
That, as poſſeſſing devils uſe,
Haunts and forſakes a man by fits,
And when he's in, he's out of's wits.

All writers, though of diff'rent fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are diſtreſs'd and diſcontent;
Make ſongs, and ſing t' an inſtrument,
And poets by their ſuff'rings grow;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and diſcontent.

It is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not ſo before;
And thoſe that have writ beſt, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;
Had lov'd their eaſe too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But being for all other trades unfit.
Only t' avoid being idle, ſet up wit.

They that do write in authors' praiſes,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That's not to give, but pay a due:
For praiſe, that's due, does give no more
To worth than what it had before;
But to commend, without deſert,
Requires a maſtery of art,
That ſets a gloſs on what's amiſs,
And writes what ſhou'd be, not what is.

In foreign univerſities,
When a king's born, or weds, or dies,
Straight other ſtudies are laid by,
And all apply to poetry;
Some write in Hebrew, ſome in Greek,
And ſome, more wiſe, in Arabic,
T' avoid the critic, and th' expence
Of difficulter wit and ſenſe:
And ſeem more learnediſh than thoſe
That at a greater charge compoſe.
The doctors lead, the ſtudents follow:
Some call him Mars, and ſome Apollo,
Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
On even terms, of all the gods;
Then Cæſar he's nicknam'd, as duly as
He that in Rome was chriſten'd Julius,
And was addreſs'd too by a crow,
As pertinently long ago;
And with more heroes' names is ſtyl'd,
Than ſaints are clubb'd t' an Auſtrian child:
And as wit goes by colleges,
As well as ſtanding and degrees,
He ſtill writes better than the reſt,
That's of the houſe that's counted beſt.

Far greater numbers have been loſt by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of deſpair
Were ever able to diſpatch by fear.

There's nothing our felicities endears
Like that which falls among our doubts and fears.
And in the miſerableſt of diſtreſs
Improves attempts as deſp'rate with ſucceſs;
Succeſs, that owns and juſtifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deſerts of hemp with laurels;
Or, but miſcarrying in the bold attempt,
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

The people have as much a neg'tive voice
To hinder making war without their choice,
As kings of making laws in parliament,
No money is as good as No aſſent.

When princes idly lead about,
Thoſe of their party follow ſuit,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

What makes all ſubjects diſcontent
Againſt a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At ſubjects' diſobedience,
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reaſon on each ſide?

Authority is a diſeaſe and cure,
Which men can neither want nor well endure,

Dame Juſtice puts her ſword into the ſcales,
With which ſhe 's ſaid to weigh out true and falſe,
With no deſign but, like the antique Gaul,
To get more money from the capital.

All that which law and equity miſcalls
By th' empty idle names of True and Falſe,
Is nothing elſe but maggots blown between
Falſe witneſſes and falſer jurymen.
No court allows thoſe partial interlopers
Of law and equity, two ſingle paupers,
T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
Each other gratis in a ſuit at once:
For one at one time, and upon free coſt, is
Enough to play the knave and fool with juſtice;
And when the one ſide bringeth cuſtom in,
And th' other lays out half th' reckoning,
The devil himſelf will rather chooſe to play
At paltry ſmall game than ſit out, they ſay;
But when at all there 's nothing to be got,
The old wife, Law, and Juſtice, will not trot.

The law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,
Little conſiders right or wrong,
But, like authority', is ſoon ſatisfy'd
When 'tis to judge on its own ſide.

The law can take a purſe in open court,
Whilſt it condemns a leſs delinquent for 't.

Who can deſerve for breaking of the laws
A greater penance than an honeſt cauſe?

All thoſe that do but rob and ſteal enough,
Are puniſhment and court of juſtice proof,
And need not fear nor be concern'd a ſtraw,
In all the idle bugbears of the law,
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other ſufferers of their due.

Old laws have not been ſuffer'd to be pointed,
To leave the ſenſe at large the more diſjointed,
And furniſh lawyers with the greater eaſe,
To turn and wind them any way they pleaſe.
The ſtatute law's their ſcripture, and reports
The ancient rev'rend fathers of their courts,
Records their general councils, and deciſions
Of judges on the bench their ſole traditions,
For which, like Catholics, they 've greater awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,
And ſtrive perpetually to make the ſtandard
Of right between the tenant and the landlord;
And when two caſes at a trial meet,
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, ſuit,
The Court directs the obſtinat'ſt diſpute;
There 's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor perſon, in the caſe.

man of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to thoſe of duller parts,
Than running nags to draw in carts.

Too much or too little wit
Do only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much eaſier than if they 'd none.

As thoſe that are ſtark blind can trace
The neareſt ways from place to place,
And find the right way eaſier out,
Than thoſe that hoodwink'd try'd to do 't;
So tricks of ſtate are manag'd beſt
By thoſe that are ſuſpected leaſt,
And greateſt *fineſſe* brought about
By engines moſt unlike to do 't.

All the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,
That lets his falſe dice freely run,
And truſts them to themſelves alone,
But never lets a true one ſtir
Without ſome ſing'ring trick or ſlur;
And, when the gameſters doubt his play,
Conveys his falſe dice ſafe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
T' endure the torture of the ſearch.

What elſe does hiſtory uſe to tell us,
But tales of ſubjects b'ing rebellious;
The vain perfidiouſneſs of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words;
The ſottiſh pride and inſolence
Of ſtatemen, and their want of ſenſe;
Their treach'ry, that undoes, of cuſtom,
Their ownſelves firſt, next thoſe who truſt 'em?

Because a feeble limb's careſt,
And more indulg'd than all the reſt,
So frail and tender conſciences
Are humour'd to do what they pleaſe;
When that which goes for weak and feeble
Is found the moſt incorrigible,
To outdo all the fiends in hell
With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

As at th' approach of winter all
The leaves of great trees uſe to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With ſtorms and tempeſts when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their freſh green liv'ries all the year;
So when the glorious ſeaſon's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The great'ſt calamities oppreſs
The greateſt ſtill, and ſpare the leſs.

As when a greedy raven ſees
A ſheep entangled by the fleece,
With haſty cruelty he flies
To attack him, and pick out his eyes;
So do thoſe vultures uſe, that keep
Poor pris'ners faſt like ſilly ſheep,
As greedily to prey on all
That in their rav'nous clutches fall:
For thorns and brambles, that came in
To wait upon the curſe for ſin,
And were no part o' th' firſt creation,
But, for revenge, a new plantation,
Are yet the fitt'ſt materials
T' encloſe the earth with living walls:
So jailors, that are moſt accurſt,
Are found moſt fit in being worſt.

There needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
To raiſe infernal ſpirits up but fear,
That makes men pull their horns in like a ſnail,
That 's both a pris'ner to itſelf and jail;
Draws more fantaſtic ſhapes than in the grains
Of knotted wood in ſome men's crazy brains,
When all the cocks they think they ſee, and bulls,
Are only in the inſides of their ſkulls.

The Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,
Does both the earth, and hell, and heav'n own.
Beſide th' imaginary territory,
He lays a title to in Purgatory;
Declares himſelf an abſolute free prince
In his dominions, only over ſins;
But as for heaven, ſince it lies ſo far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his Croſs-keys badge upon a tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:
Yet when he comes to take account, and ſhare
The profits of his proſtituted ware,
He finds his gains increaſe, by ſin and women,
Above his richeſt titular dominion.

A jubilee is but a ſp'ritual fair,
T' expoſe to ſale all ſorts of impious ware
In which his Holineſs buys nothing in,
To ſtock his magazines, but deadly ſin,
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not vendible at other times;
For dealing both for Judas and th' high-prieſt,
He makes a plentifuller trade of Chriſt.

That ſp'ritual pattern of the church, the ark,
In which the ancient world did once embark,
Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,
Although bound through an univerſal ſea;
When all the modern church of Rome's concern
Is nothing elſe but in the helm and ſtern.

In the church of Rome to go to ſhrift,
Is but to put the ſoul on a clean ſhift.

An aſs will with his long ears fray
The flies, that tickle him, away;
But man delights to have ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

All wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are underſtood,
And force Miſtake and Ignorance to own
A better ſenſe than commonly is known.

In little trades more cheats and lying
Are us'd in ſelling than in buying;
But in the great unjuſter dealing
Is us'd in buying than in ſelling.

All ſmatt'rers are more briſk and pert
Than thoſe that underſtand an art;
As little ſparkles ſhine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

Law does not put the leaſt reſtraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't;
Or if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude;
For wholeſome laws preſerve us free,
By ſtinting of our liberty.

The world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Thoſe things to practice that are of no uſe,
And ſtrives to practiſe things of ſpeculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation,
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's courſe againſt the grain.

In all the world there is no vice
Leſs prone t' exceſs than avarice;
It neither cares for food nor clothing:
Nature 's content with little, that with nothing.

In Rome no temple was ſo low
As that of Honour, built to ſhew
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

It is a harder thing for men to rate
Their own parts at an equal eſtimate,
Than caſt up fractions, in th' account of heav'n,
Of time and motion, and adjuſt them even;
For modeſt perſons never had a true
Particular of all that is their due.

Some people's fortunes, like a weſt or ſtray,
Are only gain'd by loſing of their way.

As he that makes his mark is underſtood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good

So he that cannot write one word of ſenſe,
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To ſcribble what he does not underſtand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

Were Tully now alive, he 'd be to ſeek
In all our Latin terms of art and Greek;
Would never underſtand one word of ſenſe
The moſt irrefragable ſchoolman means:
As if the ſchools deſign'd their terms of art
Not to advance a ſcience, but divert;
As Hocus Pocus conjures to amuſe
The rabble from obſerving what he does.

As 'tis a greater myſtery in the art
Of painting to foreſhorten any part
Than draw it out, ſo 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

The man that for his profit 's bought t' obey,
Is only hir'd on liking to betray,
And, when he 's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be ſluggiſh in the work, nor nice.

Opiniators naturally differ
From other men; as wooden legs are ſtiffer
Than thoſe of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way ſoe'er they are deſign'd to go.

Navigation, that withſtood
The mortal fury of the Flood,
And prov'd the only means to ſave
All earthly creatures from the wave,
Has, for it, taught the ſea and wind
To lay a tribute on mankind,
That, by degrees, has ſwallow'd more
Than all it drown'd at once before.

The prince of Syracuſe, whoſe deſtin'd fate
It was to keep a ſchool and rule a ſtate,
Found that his ſceptre never was ſo aw'd,
As when it was tranſlated to a rod:
And that his ſubjects never were ſo obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant:
For to inſtruct is greater than to rule,
And no commands ſo imperious as a ſchool.

As he whoſe deſtiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does loſe his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his ſhare;
So he whom fate at once deſign'd
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemn'd t' a rich diſtreſs,
And ſtarves with nigardly excels.

The univerſal med'cine is a trick,
That Nature never meant to cure the ſick,
Unleſs by death, the ſingular receipt,
To root out all diſeaſes by the great:
For univerſals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor Particulars of Art;
And therefore that French quack that ſet up phyſic,
Call'd his receipt a General ſpecific.
For though in mortal poiſons every one
Is mortal univerſally alone,
Yet nature never made an antidote
To cure 'em all as eaſy as they 're got;
Much leſs, among ſo many variations
Of diff'rent maladies and complications,
Make all the contrarities in Nature
Submit themſelves t' an equal moderator.

A convert's but a fly, that turns about
After his head 's pull'd off to find it out.

All mankind is but a rabble
As ſilly and unreaſonable
As thoſe that, crowding in the ſtreet,
To ſee a ſhew or monſter meet,
Of whom no one is in the right
Yet all fall out about the ſight,
And when they chance t' agree, the choice is
Still in the moſt and worſt of vices;
And all the reaſons that prevail
Are meaſur'd, not by weight, but tale.

As in all great and crowded fairs
Monſters and puppetplays are wares
Which in the leſs will not go off,
Becauſe they have not money enough;
So men in princes' courts will paſs,
That will not in another place.

Logicians uſe to clap a propoſition,
As juſtices do criminals, in priſon,
And in as learn'd authentic nonſenſe writ
The names of all their moods and figures ſit:
For a logician 's one that has been broke
To rid and pace his reaſon by the book,
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

Those get the leaſt that take the greateſt pains,
But moſt of all i' th' drudgery of brains;
A nat'ral ſign of weakneſs, as an ant
Is more laborious than an elephant;
And children are more buſy at their play
Than thoſe that wiſely'ſt paſs their time away.

All the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reaſon firſt found out, nor brains;
But paſs for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by miſtake or overſight.

TRIPLETS

UPON AVARICE.

As miſers their own laws enjoin
To wear no pockets in the mine,
For fear they ſhou'd the ore purloin;

So he that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has ſpar'd,
Is from the uſe of all debarr'd.

And though he can produce more ſpankers
Than all the uſurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers;

And after all his pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

DESCRIPTION

OF HOLLAND.

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,
And when the ſea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but ſpring a leak;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be ſafe, but at the rate they ſtink;
That live as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are caſt away and drown'd;

That dwell in ſhips, like ſwarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;
And when their merchants are blown up and crackt,
Whole towns are caſt away in ſtorms, and wreckt,
That feed, like Cannibals, on other fiſhes,
And ſerve their couſin-germans up in diſhes;
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjuſtly blame
My guiltleſs breaſt,
For vent'ring to diſcloſe a flame
It had ſo long ſuppreſt.

In its own aſhes it deſign'd
For ever to have lain;
But that my ſighs, like blaſts of wind,
Made it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

Do not mine affection ſlight,
'Cauſe my locks with age are white:
Your breaſts have ſnow without, and ſnow within
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are ſeen.

EPIGRAM

ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

The jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipeſtaves, are but hoop'd into a tub,
And in a cloſe confederacy link,
For nothing elſe but only to hold drink.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Containing his

MISCELLANIES, EPISTLES, SONGS, TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Bear me, oh! bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and ſurrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muſes ſport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths ſhall grow
While laſts the mountain, or while Thames ſhall flow.)—
Here his firſt lays majeſtic DENHAM ſung;
There the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.—
Who now ſhall charm the ſhades where Cowley ſtrung
His living harp, and lofty DENHAM ſung?

POPE.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1792.

LIFE OF SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Of the hiſtory of Sir John Denham very little is known. He was born at Dublin in 1615, and was the only ſon of Sir John Denham of Little Horſley in Eſſex, ſome time Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and one of the Lords Juſtices of that kingdom, by Eleanor, daughter of Sir Garret Moore, Baron of Mellefont. In 1617, upon his father's being made one of the Barons of the Exchequer in England, our Author was brought from the place of his nativity, and received his grammatical education in London.

In 1631, being then ſixteen years of age, young Denham was entered a Gentleman Commoner in Trinity College, Oxford.

He reſided three years in the univerſity; and, after going through his academical exerciſes, was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He had afterwards chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and for ſome time proſecuted the Common Law with ſufficient appearance of application, yet from propenſity to gaming, was frequently plundered by gamblers. However, being ſeverely chid by his father, who threatened to diſinherit him if he did not reform, he profeſſed, and perhaps believed, himſelf reclaimed; and, to teſtify the ſincerity of his repentance, wrote and publiſhed an Eſſay upon Gaming, which he preſented to his father, to convince him of his deteſtation of it. Notwithſtanding this, his father dying in 1638, he was ſo imprudent as to ſquander away ſeveral thouſands in gratifying a paſſion which he ſeemingly ſo much deteſted.

He ſeems to have divided his ſtudies between law and poetry; for in 1636 he tranſlated the ſecond book of the Æneid.

In 1641 he publiſhed the Sophy, which was acted at a private houſe in Blackfriars with great applauſe. This ſeems to have given him his firſt claim to public attention.

He was ſoon after pricked for High Sheriff of the county of Surrey, having an eſtate at Egham in that county, and appointed Governor of Farnham Caſtle; but his ſkill in military affairs not being extenſive, he reſigned that charge, and went to King Charles I. then at Oxford, where, in 1643, he publiſhed Cooper's Hill.

This poem had ſuch reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence; a report was ſpread that the performance was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The ſame attempt was made to rob Addiſon of his Cato, and Pope of his Eſſay on Criticiſm.

In 1647 the diſtreſſes of the Royal family required him to engage in more dangerous employments. He was intruſted by the Queen with a meſſage to the King, who was then in the hands of the army; and, by whatever means, ſo far ſoftened the ferocity of Hugh Peters, that, by his interceſſion, admiſſion was procured. Of the King's condeſcenſion he has given an account in the Dedication to his works.

After this he was employed in carrying on the King's correſpondence; and, as he ſays, diſcharged this office with great ſafety to the Royaliſts; and being afterwards diſcovered by the adverſe party's knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, he happily eſcaped.

In April 1648, he conveyed James Duke of York (then under the tuition of Algernon Earl of Northumberland) from London into France, and delivered him to the Queen and Prince of Wales. This year he publiſhed his tranſlation of Cato Major.

He now reſided in France, as one of the followers of the exiled King; and, to divert the melancholy of their condition, was ſometimes enjoined by his maſter to write occaſional verſes.

About this time Mr. Denham was joined with William, afterwards Lord Crofts, in an embaſſy from Charles II. to the King of Poland. Whilſt in Poland he and Lord Crofts procured a contribution of ten thouſand pounds from the Scots who traded in that kingdom.

Mr. Denham returned into England about the year 1652, and what eſtate the civil war and the gameſters had left him being ſold by order of the Parliament, he was kindly entertained by the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton, with whom he continued near twelve months.

At the Reſtoration, he obtained the reward of his loyalty, being made Surveyor of the King's Buildings; and, at the coronation of Charles II. was dignified with the order of the Bath.

After the Reſtoration he wrote the Poem upon Prudence and Juſtice, and other pieces. Being a man of piety, he conſecrated his poetical powers to religion, and made a metrical verſion of the Pſalms of David. In this attempt he failed; but in ſacred poetry few have ſucceeded.

From the indulgence of his royal maſter, joined to public eſteem, there was reaſon to hope our Author might now be happy; but human felicity is ſhort and uncertain: upon ſome diſcontent ariſing from a ſecond marriage, Sir John Denham became diſordered in his underſtanding; but, recovering from that diſorder, he continued in great eſteem for his poetical abilities, not only at court, but with all perſons of taſte and erudition; for he afterwards wrote his excellent poem upon the death of Cowley. Butler lampooned him for his lunacy; but it is not known whether the malignant lines were then made public, nor what provocation incited Butler to do that which no provocation can excuſe.

Sir John Denham died at his office near Whitehall in March 1668, and was interred in Weſtminſter-Abbey, near the tomb of Chaucer, Spenſer, and Cowley.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

AFTER the delivery of your Royal father's perſon into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the Queen-mother that I would find ſome means to get acceſs to him, ſhe was pleaſed to ſend me; and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well inſtructed from the Queen, (his Majeſty having been kept long in the dark) he was pleaſed to diſcourſe very freely with me of the whole ſtate of his affairs. But, Sir, I will not launch into an hiſtory inſtead of an epiſtle. One morning waiting on him at Cauſham, ſmiling upon me, he ſaid he could tell me ſome news of myſelf, which was, that he had ſeen ſome verſes of mine the evening before, (being thoſe to Sir R. Fanſhaw) and aſking me when I made them, I told him two or three years ſince. He was pleaſed to ſay, that having never ſeen them before, he was afraid I had written them ſince my return into England; and though he liked them well, he would adviſe me to write no more; alleging that when men are young, and have little elſe to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more ſerious employments, if they ſtill perſiſted in that courſe, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I ſtood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him; and at his departure from Hampton-Court he was pleaſed to command me to ſtay privately at London, to ſend to him and receive from him all his letters from and to all his correſpondents at home and abroad; and I was furniſhed with nine ſeveral cyphers in order to it; which I truſt I performed with great ſafety to the perſons with whom we correſponded: but about nine months after, being diſcovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, I happily eſcaped, both for myſelf and thoſe that held correſpondence with me. That time was too hot and buſy for ſuch idle ſpeculations: but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your Majeſty in Holland and France, you were pleaſed ſometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our baniſhment, which now and then fell not ſhort of your Majeſty's expectation.

After, when your Majeſty, departing from St. Germains to Jerſey, was pleaſed freely (without my aſking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to ſerve you, I then gave over poetical lines, and made it my buſineſs to draw ſuch others as might be more ſerviceable to your Majeſty, and I hope more laſting. Since that time I never diſobeyed my old maſter's commands till this ſummer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert thoſe melancholy thoughts which the new apparitions of foreign invaſion and domeſtic diſcontent gave us: but theſe clouds being now happily blown over, and our ſun clearly ſhining out again, I have recovered the relapſe, it being ſuſpected that it would have proved the epidemical diſeaſe of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth: yet Socrates, Ariſtotle, and Cato, did the ſame; and Scaliger ſaith, that fragment of Ariſtotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a Dedication, for thoſe epiſtles are commonly greater abſurdities than any that come after: for what author can reaſonably believe, that fixing the great name of ſome eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away cenſure, and that the firſt leaf ſhould be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that ſtand behind it? neither have I any need of ſuch ſhifts, for moſt of the parts of this body have already had your Majeſty's view; and having paſt the teſt of ſo clear and ſharp-ſighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who ſhall preſume to diſſent from your Majeſty will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for thoſe latter parts which have not yet received your Majeſty's favourable aſpect, if they who have ſeen them do not flatter me, (for I dare not truſt my own judgment) they will make it appear that it is not with me as with moſt of mankind, who never forſake their darling vices till their vices forſake them;

and that this divorce was not *frigiditatis causa*, but an act of choice, and not of neceſſity. Therefore, Sir, I ſhall only call it an Humble Petition that your Majeſty will pleaſe to pardon this new amour to my old miſtreſs, and my diſobedience to his commands to whoſe memory I look up with great reverence and devotion: and making a ſerious reflection upon that wiſe advice, it carries much greater weight with it now than when it was given; for when age and experience has ſo ripened man's diſcretion as to make it fit for uſe, either in private or public affairs, nothing blaſts and corrupts the fruit of it ſo much as the empty airy reputation of being *nimis pœta*; and therefore I ſhall take my leave of the Muſes, as two of my predeceſſors did, ſaying,

"Splendidus longum valedico nugis.
"Hic verſus et caetera ludicra po[illegible]."

Your Majeſty's moſt faithful
and loyal ſubject, and moſt
dutiful and devoted ſervant,

JO. DENHAM.

MISCELLANIES.

COOPER'S HILL.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnaſſus, nor did taſte the ſtream
Of Helicon; we therefore may ſuppoſe
Thoſe made not poets, but the poets thoſe,
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muſes and their train reſort,
Parnaſſus ſtands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnaſſus art to me.
Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auſpicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundleſs in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which ſwift as thought contracts the ſpace
That lies between, and firſt ſaiutes the place
Crown'd with that ſacred pile, ſo vaſt, ſo high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or ſky
Uncertain ſeems, and may be thought a proud
Aſpiring mountain, or deſcending cloud;
Paul's, the late theme of ſuch a Muſe *, whoſe flight
Has bravely reach'd and ſoar'd above thy height;
Now ſhalt thou ſtand, though ſword, or time or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conſpire,
Secure, whilſt thee the beſt of poets ſings,
Preſerv'd from ruin by the beſt of kings.
Under his proud ſurvey the City lies,
And like a miſt beneath a hill doth riſe,
Whoſe ſtate and wealth, the bus'neſs and the crowd,
Seems at this diſtance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things eſteems,
No other in effect than what it ſeems;
Where, with like haſte, though ſeveral ways, they run,
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increaſe;
As rivers loſt in ſeas, ſome ſecret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be loſt again,

Oh! happineſs of ſweet retir'd content!
To be at once ſecure and innocent.
Windſor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with ſtrength) above the valley ſwells
Into my eye, and doth itſelf preſent
With ſuch an eaſy and unforc'd aſcent,
That no ſtupend'ous precipice denies
Acceſs, no horror turns away our eyes;
But ſuch a riſe as doth at once invite
A pleaſure and a rev'rence from the ſight:
Thy mighty maſter's emblem, in whoſe face
Sat meekneſs, heighten'd with majeſtic grace;
Such ſeems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the baſis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which ſupports the ſpheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiſer pow'r than Chance;
Mark'd out for ſuch an uſe, as if t'were meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chooſe
Folly or blindneſs only could refuſe.
A crown of ſuch majeſtic towers doth grace
The god's great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her; yet ſhe cannot boaſt,
Among that num'rous and celeſtial hoſt,
More heroes than can Windſor; nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back ſo far, to whom this iſle
Owes the firſt glory of ſo brave a pile,
Whether to Cæſar, Albanact, or Brute,
The Britiſh Arthur, or the Daniſh C'nute;
(Though this of old no leſs conteſt did move
Than when for Homer's birth ſeven cities ſtrove)
(Like him in birth, thou ſhouldſt be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whoſoe'er it was, Nature deſign'd
Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount thoſe ſev'ral kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;

* Mr Waller,

But thee, great Edward! and thy greater ſon *,
(The Lilies which his father wore he won)
And thy Bellona †, who the conſort came
Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king §,
And brought that ſon which did the ſecond § bring;
Then didſt thou found that Order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move:)
Each was a noble cauſe, and nothing leſs
Than the deſign has been the great ſucceſs,
Which foreign kings and emperors eſteem
The ſecond honour to their diadem.
Had thy great Deſtiny but given thee ſkill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from thoſe kings, who then thy captives were,
In after-times ſhould ſpring a royal pair
Who ſhould poſſeſs all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy deſires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reſerves whate'er
The victor hopes for or the vanquiſh'd fear:
That blood which thou and thy great grandſire ſhed,
And all that ſince theſe ſiſter nations bled,
Had been unſpilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he ſpilt had been his own.
When he that patron choſe in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did ſeem
But to foretel and propheſy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at firſt deſign'd;
That bound which to the world's extremeſt ends,
Endleſs itſelf, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need thoſe emblems which we paint,
But is himſelf the ſoldier and the ſaint.
Here ſhould my wonder dwell, and here my praiſe;
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whoſe top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. (May no ſuch ſtorm
Fall on our times, where ruin muſt reform!)
Tell me, my Muſe! what monſtrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Chriſtian king incenſe
To ſuch a rage? Was 't luxury or luſt?
Was he ſo temperate, ſo chaſte, ſo juſt? [more;
Were theſe their crimes? they were his own much
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having ſpent the treaſures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own;
And yet this act, to varniſh o'er the ſhame
Of ſacrilege, muſt bear devotion's name.
No crime ſo bold but would be underſtood
A real, or at leaſt a ſeeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conſcience, is a ſlave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects and ſpoils;
But princes' ſwords are ſharper than their ſtyles:
And thus to th' ages paſt he makes amends,
Their charity deſtroys, their faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell,
And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the ſtork devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known
Betwixt their Frigid and our Torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be reſtleſs in a worſe extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be caſt into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but muſt advance
So far, to make us wiſh for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way
Than led by a falſe guide to err by day?
Who ſees theſe diſmal heaps but would demand
What barbarous invader ſack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This deſolation, but a Chriſtian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our beſt actions and the worſt of theirs;
What does he think our ſacrilege would ſpare,
When ſuch th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, ſhame, and fear,
Thoſe for what's paſt, and this for what's too near,
My eye deſcending from the Hill, ſurveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies ſtrays.
Thames! the moſt lov'd of all the Ocean's ſons,
By his old ſire, to his embraces runs,
Haſting to pay his tribute to the ſea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with thoſe ſtreams he no reſemblance hold,
Whoſe foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and leſs guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but ſurvey his ſhore,
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' enſuing ſpring;
Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a ſtay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a ſudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuſe kings, reſumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations ſpoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows;
Firſt loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his bleſſings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the ſea or wind;
When he, to boaſt or to diſperſe his ſtores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful ſhores,
Viſits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, beſtows it where it wants,
Cities in deſerts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is ſtrange,
While his fair boſom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee! and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer current, 's loſt:
Thy nobler ſtreams ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
To ſhine among the ſtars*, and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to pleaſe
Us for herſelf with ſtrange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no leſs delight
To the wiſe Maker's than beholder's ſight;
Though theſe delights from ſeveral cauſes move,
For ſo our children, thus our friends, we love)
Wiſely ſhe knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of ſounds, from diſcord ſpringe,

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.
† Queen Philippa.
§ The kings of France and Scotland.
* The Forest.

Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
Strives with the gentle [illegible] are, subsists;
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth † gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece, to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
To his [illegible] from thence or from him flies.
With shame remembers, [illegible] forlorn
Of the same herd, himself the same had [illegible]
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight;
But when he sees the eager chace renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood.
So t'wards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag; among th' enraged hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursu'd †, and meant a prey
To lawless Power, here turn'd, and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.

† Narcissus.

† Runny Mead, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.

ON MR. THO. KILLIGREW'S

RETURN FROM VENICE,

AND MR. WILLIAM MURREY'S

FROM SCOTLAND.

I.

Our reſident Tom
From Venice is come;
And hath left the ſtateſman behind him;
Talks at the ſame pitch,
Is as wiſe, is as rich;
And juſt where you left him you find him.

II.

But who ſays he was not
A man of much plot
May repent that falſe accuſation;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays, to attend
The farce of his negotiation.

III.

Before you were told
How Satan * the old
Came here with a beard to his middle;
Though he chang'd face and name,
Old Will was the ſame,
At the noiſe of a can and a fiddle.

* Mr W. Murrey.

IV.

Theſe ſtateſmen, you believe,
Send ſtraight for the ſhrieve,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no wine,
Which is a ſhrewd ſign
That all 's not ſo well as it ſhould be.

V.

Theſe three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of baniſhment, debts, or dying?
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears,
But their angry ſtars ſtill defying.

VI.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor ſobriety ſad;
But of that they are ſeldom in danger:
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague, they 're at home;
The good fellow is no where a ſtranger.

ON MR. ABR. COWLEY'S DEATH,

AND BURIAL AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

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To us diſcovers day from far;
His light thoſe miſts and clouds diſſolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he deſcending to the ſhades,
Darkneſs again the age invades,
Next (like Aurora) Spenſer roſe,
Whoſe purple bluſh the day foreſhews;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inſpires;
By Shakeſpeare's, Johnſon's, Fletcher's, lines,
Our ſtage's luſtre Rome's outſhines.
Theſe poets near our princes ſleep,
And in one grave their manſion keep.
They liv'd to ſee ſo many days,
Till time had blaſted all their bays:
But curſed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the faireſt, ſweeteſt, flower
That in the Muſes' garden grew,
And amongſt wither'd laurels threw!

Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley ſcarce did ripeneſs give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakeſpeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenſer, and in Johnſon, Art
Of ſlower Nature got the ſtart;
But both in him ſo equal are,
None knows which bears the happieſt ſhare.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own:
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben. Johnſon, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman ſtores
Of poets and of orators.
Horace's wit and Virgil's ſtate
He did not ſteal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb but not their clothes did wear.
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jaſon, brought the Golden Fleece:
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a ſtiff gale (as Flaccus * ſings)
The Theban ſwan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies;
To the ſame pitch our ſwan doth riſe.
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are ſtretch'd.
His fancy and his judgment ſuch,
Each to the other ſeem'd too much;
His ſevere judgment (giving law)
His modeſt fancy kept in awe;
As rigid huſbands jealous are
When they believe their wives too fair.
His Engliſh ſtreams ſo pure did flow,
As all that ſaw and taſted know:
But for his Latin vein, ſo clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear †,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear.
Of that great portraiture ſo true
A copy pencil never drew,
My Muſe her ſong had ended here,
But both their Genii ſtraight appear:
Joy and amazement her did ſtrike;
'Two twins ſhe never ſaw ſo like.
'Twas taught by wiſe Pythagoras,
One ſoul might through more bodies paſs:
Seeing ſuch tranſmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a reſemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell
And ſhew the world this parallel:
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books;
Their works chaſte, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verſe
Ruſtic philoſophy rehearſe.
When heroes, gods, or godlike kings,
They praiſe, on their exalted wings
To the celeſtial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious ſpheres keep time.
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour ſhin'd;
Each draw fair characters, yet none
Of theſe they feign'd excels their own.
Both by two gen'rous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd;
Yet having each the ſame deſire,
Both from the buſy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds reſign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their off'ring hath no pow'r:
Nor fire nor Fate their bays ſhall blaſt,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercaſt.

* His Pindarics. † His laſt works.

ON

MR. JOHN FLETCHER's WORKS.

So ſhall we joy, when all whom beaſts and worms
Have turn'd to their own ſubſtances and forms;
Whom earth to earth, or fire bath chang'd to fire,
We ſhall behold more than at firſt entire;
As now we do to ſee all thine thy own
In this my Muſe's reſurrection, [wounds
Whoſe ſcatter'd parts from thy own race more
Hath ſuffer'd than Acteon from his hounds;
Which firſt their brains and then their belly fed
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muſe enrag'd, from her urn,
Like ghoſts of murder'd bodies, does return
T' accuſe the murderers, to right the ſtage,
And undeceive the long-abuſed age,
Which caſts thy praiſe on them to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give droſs to it;
Who not content, like felons, to purloin,
Add treaſon to it, and debaſe the coin.
But whither am I ſtray'd? I need not raiſe
Trophies to thee from other men's diſpraiſe?

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FROM SCOTLAND.

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A man of much plot
May repent that falſe accuſation;
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Six plays, to attend
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Before you were told
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Old Will was the ſame,
At the noiſe of a can and a fiddle.

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Send ſtraight for the ſhrieve,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no wine,
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That all 's not ſo well as it ſhould be.

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Theſe three, when they drink,
How little do they think
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Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he deſcending to the ſhades,
Darkneſs again the age invades,
Next (like Aurora) Spenſer roſe,
Whoſe purple bluſh the day foreſhews;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inſpires;
By Shakeſpeare's, Johnſon's, Fletcher's, lines,
Our ſtage's luſtre Rome's outſhines.
Theſe poets near our princes ſleep,
And in one grave their manſion keep.
They liv'd to ſee ſo many days,
Till time had blaſted all their bays:
But curſed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the faireſt, ſweeteſt, flower
That in the Muſes' garden grew,
And amongſt wither'd laurels threw!

Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser, and in Johnson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own:
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben. Johnson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators.
Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb but not their clothes did wear.
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the Golden Fleece:
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus * sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies;
To the same pitch our swan doth rise.
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd.
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much;
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe;
As rigid husbands jealous are
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know:
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear †,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear.
Of that great portraiture so true
A copy pencil never drew,
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their Genii straight appear:
Joy and amazement her did strike;
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras,
One soul might through more bodies pass:
Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell
And shew the world this parallel:
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books;
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or godlike kings,
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious spheres keep time.
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
Each draw fair characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd excels their own.
Both by two gen'rous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd;
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their off-spring hath no pow'r:
Nor fire nor Fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

* His Pindarics. † His last works.

ON

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So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
Have turn'd to their own substances and forms;
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold more than at first entire;
As now we do to see all thine thy own
In this my Muse's resurrection, [wounds
Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race more
Hath suffer'd than Acteon from his hounds;
Which first their brains and then their belly fed
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muse enrag'd, from her urn,
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, does return
T' accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abused age,
Which casts thy praise on them to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give dross to it;
Who not content, like felons, to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase the coin.
But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise?

Nor is thy fame on leſſer ruins built,
Nor need thy juſter title the foul guilt
Of eaſtern kings, who, to ſecure their reign,
Muſt have their br thers, ſons, and kindred, ſlain.
'Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and ſinking with its weight,
From thence a thouſand leſſer poets ſprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Johnſon, Shakeſpeare, and thyſelf, did fit,
And ſway'd in the triumvirate of wit—
Yet what from Johnſon's oil and ſweat did flow,
Or what more eaſy Nature did beſtow
On Shakeſpeare's gentler Muſe, in thee full grown,
Their graces both appear, yet ſo that none
Can ſay, here Nature ends and Art begins,
But mix'd like th' elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, ſo like, ſo much the ſame,
None this mere Nature, that mere Art can name.
'Twas this the ancients meant: nature and ſkill
Are the two tops of their Parnaſſus' hill.

NATURA NATURATA.

I.

What gives us that fantaſtic fit,
That all our judgment and our wit
To vulgar cuſtom we ſubmit?

II.

Treaſon, theft, murder, and all the reſt
Of that foul legion we ſo deteſt.
Are in their proper names expreſt.

III.

Why is it then thought ſin or ſhame
Thoſe neceſſary parts to name
From whence we went, and whence we came?

IV.

Nature, whate'er ſhe wants, requires;
With love inflaming our deſires,
Finds engines fit to quench thoſe fires:

V.

Death ſhe abhors: yet when men die
We're preſent; but no ſtander-by
Looks on when we that loſs ſupply.

VI

Forbidden wares ſell twice as dear;
Ev'n ſack prohibited laſt year
A moſt abominable rate did bear.

VII.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raiſe, by that device,
Of thoſe commodities the price.

VIII.

Thus reaſon's ſhadows us betray,
By tropes and figures led aſtray,
From Nature, both her guide and way.

FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE;

AGAINST

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

I.

Love! in what poiſon is thy dart
Dipp'd when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know but they who feel the ſmart.

II.

It is not thou but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

III.

Love to our citadel reſorts;
Through thoſe deceitful ſallyports
Our ſentinels betray our forts.

IV.

What ſubtle witchcraft man conſtraine
To change his pleaſure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

v.

May not a priſon, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a ſlave.

vi.

How happy he that loves not lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives
To Fortune who no hoſtage gives.

vii.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneaſy, finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

viii.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth, attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

ix.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife or wanton boy
May all thoſe gen'rous thoughts deſtroy.

x.

Then he lays by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to ſpare.

xi.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight:

xii.

Though ſtill his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone no fear he knew.

xiii

But Death in all her forms appears
From ev'ry thing he ſees and hears
For whom he leads and whom he bears *.

xiv.

Love, making all things elſe his foes,
Like a fierce torrent overflows
Whatever doth his courſe oppoſe.

xv.

This was the cauſe, the poets ſung,
Thy mother from the ſea was ſprung;
But they were mad to make thee young.

xvi.

Her father, not her ſon, art thou:
From our deſires our actions grow;
And from the cauſe th' effect muſt flow.

xvii.

Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandſire of father Adam's crime.

xviii.

Well may'ſt thou keep this world in awe;
Religion, wiſdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

xix.

'Tis he commands the powers above;
Phœbus reſigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder, to the god of Love.

* His father and ſon.

xx.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;
Nor Mars (her champion) his flaming ſhield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

xxi.

He clips Hope's wings, whoſe airy bliſs
Much higher than fruition is,
But leſs than nothing, if it miſs.

xxii.

When matches love alone projects,
The cauſe tranſcending the effects,
That wildfire's quench'd in cold neglects:

xxiii.

Whilſt thoſe conjunctions prove the beſt
Where Love's of blindneſs diſpoſſeſt
By perſpectives of intereſt.

xxiv.

Though Sol'mon with a thouſand wives
To get a wife ſucceſſor ſtrives,
But one (and he a fool) ſurvives.

xxv.

Old Rome of children took no care;
They with their friends their beds did ſhare,
Secure t'adopt a hopeful heir.

xxvi.

Love drowſy days and ſtormy nights
Makes, and breaks friendſhip, whoſe delights
Feed, but not glut, our appetites.

xxvii.

Well-choſen friendſhip, the moſt noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

xxviii.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, avarice, fear, and jealouſy,
Make friendſhip languiſh till it die.

xxix.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themſelves forbear:

xxx.

Yet tim'rous deer and harmleſs ſheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of Nature ceaſe to keep.

xxxi.

Who then can blame the am'rous boy,
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own ſet fire on Troy?

xxxii.

Such is the world's prepoſt'rous fate,
Amongſt all creatures mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

xxxiii.

But Love may beaſts excuſe, for they
Their actions not by reaſon ſway,
But their brute appetites obey.

xxxiv.

But man's that ſavage beaſt, whoſe mind,
From reaſon to ſelf-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

A SPEECH AGAINST PEACE

AT THE

CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of "I went from England."

But will you now to peace incline,
And languiſh in the main deſign,
And leave us in the lurch?
I would not monarchy deſtroy,
But as the only way t' enjoy
The ruin of the church.

Is not the Biſhops' bill deny'd,
And we ſtill threaten'd to be try'd?
You ſee the King embraces
Thoſe counſels he approv'd before;
Nor doth he promiſe, which is more,
That we ſhall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
(For 'tis no ſecret now) the plot
Was Saye's and mine together.
Did I for this return again,
And ſpend a winter there in vain,
Once more t' invite them hither?

Though more our money than our cauſe
Their brotherly aſſiſtance draws,
My labour was not loſt.
At my return I brought you thence
Neceſſity, their ſtrong pretence,
And theſe ſhall quit the coſt.

Did I for this my country bring
To help their knight againſt their king,
And raiſe the firſt ſedition?
Though I the buſ'neſs did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole deſign,
And ſent them their petition.

So many nights ſpent in the City
In that inviſible Committee,
The wheel that governs all:
From thence the change in church and ſtate,
And all the miſchief, bears the date
From Haberdaſhers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to deſpair,
Upon the King to caſt the war,
To make the world abhor him,
Becauſe the rebels us'd his name?
Though we ourſelves can do the ſame,
While both alike were for him.

Then the ſame fire we kindled here
With what was given to quench it there,
And wiſely loſt that nation:
To do as crafty beggars uſe,
To maim themſelves, thereby t' abuſe
The ſimple man's compaſſion.

Have I ſo often paſt between
Windſor and Weſtminſter unſeen,
And did myſelf divide,
To keep his Excellence in awe,
And give the Parliament the law?
For they knew none beſide.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous ignorants to preach,
And did their lungs inſpire;
Gave them their texts, ſhew'd them their parts,
And taught them all their little arts
To fling abroad the fire?

Sometimes to beg, ſometimes to threaten,
And ſay the Cavaliers are beaten,
To ſtroke the people's ears;
Then ſtraight when victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raiſe the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
And now our act, the preacher tells,
To edify the people;
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal uſe
The pulpit and the ſteeple.

And ſhall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again?
And muſt we now give o'er,
And only end where we begun?
In vain this miſchief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where's the neceſſity to fight,
That breaks both law and oath?
They'll ſay they fight not for the cauſe,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
But us againſt them both.

Either the cauſe at firſt was ill,
Or being good, it is ſo ſtill;
And thence they will infer,
That either now or at the firſt
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worſt,
That we ourſelves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go aſunder:
But while the wicked ſtarve, indeed
The ſaints have ready at their need
God's providence and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And gallant villains if we fail.
When to our fame 'tis told,
It will not be our leaſt of praiſe,
Since a new ſtate we could not raiſe
To have deſtroy'd the old.

Then let us ſtay, and fight and vote,
Till London is not worth a groat;
Oh! 'tis a patient beaſt!
When we have gall'd and tir'd the mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
We'll have the ſpoil at leaſt.

TO THE

FIVE MEMBERS OF THE HON. HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE POETS.

After ſo many concurring petitions
From all ages and ſexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to preſent our follies
To Pym, Stroude, Haſlerig, Hampden, and Holles.
Though ſet form of prayer be an abomination,
Set forms of petitions find great approbation;
Therefore as others from th' bottom of their ſouls,
So we from the depth and bottom of our bowels,
According unto the bleſs'd form you have taught us,
We thank you firſt for the ills you have brought us:
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the confidence only to crave it.
Next, in courſe, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege; (like the reſt of our nation)
But 'tis none of yours of which we have ſpoken,
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
Hangs not an ordinance or pow'r legiſlative.
And, firſt, 'tis to ſpeak whatever we pleaſe,
Without fear of a priſon or purſuivants' fees.
Next, that we only may lie by authority;
But in that alſo you have got the priority.
Next, an old cuſtom, our fathers did name it
Poetical Licence, and always did claim it.
By this we have pow'r to change age into youth,
Turn nonſenſe to ſenſe, and falſehood to truth;
In brief, to make good whatſoever is faulty;
This art ſome poet, or the devil, has taught ye:
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both Houſes have made it.
But that truſt above all in poets repoſed,
That kings by them only are made and depoſed:
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing;
But when we undertake depoſing or killing,
They're tyrants and monſters; and yet then the poet
Takes full vengeance on the villains that do it.
And when we reſume a ſceptre or crown,
We are modeſt, and ſeek not to make it our own.
But is't not preſumption to write verſes to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all thoſe pretty knacks you compoſe,
Alas! what are they but poems in proſe?
And between thoſe and ours there's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the
But for lying (the moſt noble part of a poet) [ſenſe.
You have it abundantly, and yourſelves know it;
And though you are modeſt and ſeem to abhor it,
It has done you good ſervice, and thank Hell for it.
Although the old maxim remains ſtill in force,
That a ſanctify'd cauſe muſt have a ſanctify'd courſe,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made;
Nay, even ſo far as undoing will do it,
You have made King Charles himſelf a poet:
But provoke not his Muſe, for all the world knows
Already you have had too much of his proſe.

A WESTERN WONDER.

Do you not know, not a fortnight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Weſtern Wonder?
When a hundred and ten ſlew five thouſand men
With the help of lightning and thunder?

There Hopeton was ſlain again and again,
Or elſe my author did lie; [living,
With a new Thankſgiving for the dead who are
To God and his ſervant Chidleigh.

But now on which ſide was this miracle try'd?
I hope we at laſt are even; [graves
For Sir Ralph and his knaves are riſen from their
To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was lame
Of the gout three months together;
But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running gout,
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For now he outruns his arms and his guns,
And leaves all his money behind him.
But they follow after: unleſs he takes water,
At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath coſt, and Stemford hath loſt,
Goes deep in the Sequeſtrations;
Theſe wounds will not heal with your new great ſeal,
Nor Jepſon's declarations.

Now Peters and Caſe, in your pray'r and grace,
Remember the new Thankſgiving;
Iſaac and his wife, now dig for your life,
Or ſhortly you'll dig for your living.

A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

You heard of that Wonder, of the lightning and thunder,
Which made the lie ſo much the louder: [thunder,
Now liſt to another, that miracle's brother,
Which was done with a firkin of powder.

O what a damp it ſtruck through the camp!
But as for honeſt Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies without beard or eyes,
But at leaſt three heads and a half.

When out came the book which the newſmonger
From the preaching lady's letter, [took
Where, in the firſt place, ſtood the conqueror's face,
Which made it ſhew much the better.

But now, without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Briſtol they ſay you may find him;
Great William the Con. ſo faſt he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the poſt, ſave all that was loſt;
But, alas! we are paſt deceiving
By a trick ſo ſtale, or elſe ſuch a tale
Might amount to a new Thankſgiving.

This made Mr. Caſe with a pitiful face
In the pulpit to fall a-weeping; [eyes,
Though his mouth utter'd lies, truth fell from his
Which kept the Lord Mayor from ſleeping.

Now ſhut up ſhops, and ſpend your laſt drops
For the laws, not your cauſe, you that loathe 'em,
Leſt Eſſex ſhould ſtart, and play the ſecond part
Of the Worſhipful Sir John Hotham.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN SIR JOHN POOLEY AND MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

POOL.

To thee, dear Tom! myſelf addreſſing,
Moſt queremoniouſly confeſſing
That I of late have been compreſſing.

Deſtitute of my wonted gravity,
I perpetrated arts of pravity
In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puiſſance,
For ſome venereal rejouiſſance,
I got (as one may ſay) a nuiſance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, Couſin Pooley,
And in plain Engliſh tell us truly
Why under th' eyes you look ſo bluely?

'Tis not your hard words will avail you;
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you ſpeak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a life monaſtic,
And wore a veſt eccleſiaſtic;
Now in your age you grow fantaſtic.

POOL. Without more preface or formality,
A female of malignant quality
Set fire on label of mortality;

The fæces of which ulceration
Brought o'er the helm a diſtillation
Through th' inſtrument of propagation.

KIL. Then, Couſin, (as I gueſs the matter)
You have been an old fornicator,
And now are ſhot 'twixt wind and water.

Your ſtyle has ſuch an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That ev'n your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once ſo economic,
Quitting the thrifty ſtyle laconic,
Turn prodigal in macaronic.

Yet be of comfort, I ſhall ſend-a
Perſon of knowledge, who can mend-a
Diſaſter in your nether end-a—

Whether it pullen be or ſhanker,
Cordee, and crooked like an anchor;
Your cure too coſts you but a ſpanker.

Or though your piſs be ſharp as razor,
Do but conſer with Dr. Frazer,
He'll make your running nag a pacer.

Nor ſhall you need your ſilver-quick, Sir;
Take Mongo Murray's black elixer,
And in a week it cures your ——, Sir,

But you that are a man of learning,
So read in Virgil, ſo diſcerning,
Methinks t'wards fifty ſhould take warning.

Once in a pit * you did miſcary;
That danger might have made one wary:
This pit is deeper than the quarry.

POOL. Give me no ſuch diſconſolation,
Having now cur'd my inflammation,
To ulcerate my reputation.

Though it may gain the ladies' favour,
Yet it may raiſe an evil favour
Upon all grave and ſtaid behav'our.

And I will rub my mater pia,
To find a rhyme to gonorrhœa,
And put it in my litania.

* Hunting near Paris, he and his horſe fell into a quarry.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING,

PREFACE.

My early miſtreſs, now my ancient Muſe,
That ſtrong Circean liquor ceaſe t' infuſe,
Wherewith thou didſt intoxicate my youth;
Now ſtoop, with diſinchanted wings, to truth.
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough;
Tell (like a tall old oak) how Learning ſhoots
To heav'n her branches, and to hell her roots.

When God from earth form'd Adam in the eaſt,
He his own image on the clay impreſt.
As ſubjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name;
Not from experience, (for the world was new)
He only from their cauſe their natures knew.
Had memory been loſt with innocence,
We had not known the ſentence nor th' offence.
'Twas his chief puniſhment to keep in ſtore
The ſad remembrance what he was before;
And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood arts to Chaldea fell;
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and inſtructor was:
From thence did learning into Egypt paſs.
Moſes in all th' Egyptian arts was ſkill'd,
When heav'nly pow'r that choſen veſſel fill'd;
And we to his high inſpiration owe
That what was done before the flood we know.
From Egypt arts their progreſs made to Greece,
Wrapp'd in the Fable of the Golden Fleece.
Muſæus firſt, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities:
To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the diſtinct faculties of one:
Th' Eternal Cauſe in their immortal lines
Was taught, and poets were the firſt divines.
God Moſes firſt, then David, did inſpire,
To compoſe anthems for his heav'nly quire:
To th' one the ſtyle of Friend he did impart,
On th' other ſtamp the likeneſs of his heart:
And Moſes, in the old original,
Ev'n God the poet of the world doth call.

Next thoſe old Greeks Pythagoras did riſe,
Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd Wiſe.
The divine Plato moral virtue ſhews,
Then his diſciple Ariſtotle roſe,
Who Nature's ſecrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great ſoul our noveliſts impeach:
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While ſects, like locuſts, did deſtroy the ſeeds.
The tree of knowledge, blaſted by diſputes,
Produces ſapleſs leaves inſtead of fruits.
Proud Greece all nations elſe barbarians held,
Boaſting her learning all the world excell'd.
Flying from thence *, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,
Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome.
Then whereſoe'er her conqu'ring Eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility, were ſpread;
And as in this our microcoſm the heart
Heat, ſpirit, motion, gives to ev'ry part,
So Rome's victorious influence did diſperſe
All her own virtues through the univerſe.
Here ſome digreſſion I muſt make, t' accuſe
Thee, my forgetful and ungrateful Muſe!
Couldſt thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,
And not to thy great anceſtor do right?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than thoſe who ſay the ſun hath never ſhin'd:
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want ſight who taught the world to ſee.
They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's ſkull the Muſes' hive,

* Græcia Major.

And from his brain that Helicon diſtil
Whoſe racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old Anacreon, Heſiod, Theocrite,
Muſt we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's ſoul, at laſt from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan ſwain inſpir'd.
When great Auguſtus made war's tempeſts ceaſe,
His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace,
He ſtill in his triumphant chariot ſhines,
By Horace drawn and Virgil's mighty lines.
'Twas certainly myſterious that the name
Of prophets and of poets is the ſame *.
What the Tragedian † wrote, the late ſucceſs
Declares was inſpiration and not gueſs:
As dark a truth that author did unfold
As oracles our prophets e'er foretold:
" At laſt the ocean ſhall unlock the bound §
" Of things, and a new world by Typhis found;
" Then ages far remote ſhall underſtand
" The Iſle of Thule is not the fartheſt land."
Sure God, by theſe diſcov'ries, did deſign
That his clear light thro' all the world ſhould ſhine;
But the obſtruction from that diſcord ſprings
The prince of darkneſs made 'twixt Chriſtian kings:
That peaceful age with happineſs to crown,
From heav'n the Prince of Peace himſelf came down;
Then the true Son of knowledge firſt appear'd,
And the old dark myſterious clouds were clear'd;
The heavy cauſe of th' old accurſed flood
Sunk in the ſacred deluge of his blood.
His paſſion man from his firſt fall redeem'd;
Once more to Paradiſe reſtor'd we ſeem'd;
Satan himſelf was bound, till th' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him looſe again.
Still the old ſting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the ſerpent as he tempted man.
Then hell ſends forth her furies, Av'rice, Pride,
Fraud, Diſcord, Force, Hypocriſy their guide:
Though the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd.
Though the Apoſtles theſe events foretold,
Yet ev'n the ſhepherd did devour the fold:
The fiſher to convert the world began
The pride convincing of vain-glorious man;
But ſoon his followers grew a ſovereign lord,
And Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter's ſword,
Which ſtill maintains for his adopted ſon
Vaſt patrimonies, though himſelf had none;
Wreſting the text to the old giant's ſenſe,
That heav'n once more muſt ſuffer violence.
Then ſubtle doctors ſcriptures made their prize;
Caſuiſts, like cocks, ſtruck out each others' eyes:
Then dark diſtinctions reaſon's light diſguis'd,
And into atoms truth anatomiz'd:
Then Mah'met's Creſcent, by our feuds increaſt,
Blaſted the learn'd remainders of the Eaſt.
That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,
Made Mother Ignorance Devotion's dame;
Then he whom Lucifer's own pride did ſwell,
His faithful emiſſary, roſe from hell
To poſſeſs Peter's chair, that Hildebrand
Whoſe foot on mitres, then on crowns, did ſtand;
And before that exalted idol all
(Whom we call gods on earth) did proſtrate fall.

Then darkneſs Europe's face did overſpread,
From lazy cells, where ſuperſtition bred,
Which, link'd with blind obedience, ſo increas'd,
That the whole world ſome ages they oppreſs'd;
Till thro' thoſe clouds the Sun of knowledge brake,
And Europe from her lethargy did wake;
Then firſt our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
That they their churches' nurſing fathers were.
When Lucifer no longer could advance
His works on the falſe ground of ignorance,
New arts he tries, and new deſigns he lays,
Then his well-ſtudied maſterpiece he plays;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin, he inſpires,
And kindles with infernal flames their fires;
Sends their forerunner (conſcious of th' event)
Printing, his moſt pernicious inſtrument!
Wild controverſy then, which long had ſlept,
Into the preſs from ruin'd cloiſters leapt.
No longer by implicit faith we err,
Whilſt ev'ry man's his own interpreter;
No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
Lay-elders from their ends create their god.
But ſev'n wiſe men the ancient world did know,
We ſcarce know ſev'n who think themſelves not ſo.
When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery diſputes that union have calcin'd;
Almoſt as many minds as men we find;
And when that flame finds combuſtible earth,
Thence *fatuus* fires and meteors take their birth;
Legions of ſects and inſects come in throngs;
To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
Such were the Centaurs, of Ixion's race,
Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;
And ſuch the monſters of Chimæra's kind,
Lions before, and dragons were behind.
Then from the claſhes between popes and kings,
Debate, like ſparks from flints' colliſion, ſprings.
As Jove's loud thunderbolts were forg'd by heat,
The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat:
All the rich mines of Learning ranſack'd are
To furniſh ammunition for this war:
Uncharitable zeal our reaſon whets,
And double edges on our paſſions ſets.
'Tis the moſt certain ſign the world's accurſt,
That the beſt things corrupted are the worſt.
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge hurl'd
Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er the world.
That ſun like this (from which our ſight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, reſumes the light he gave;
And when thick miſts of doubts obſcure his beams,
Our guide is error and our viſions dreams.
'Twas no falſe heraldry when Madneſs drew
Her pedigree from thoſe who too much knew.
Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'ercharg'd, breaks, miſſes, or recoils.
When ſubtle wits have ſpun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile, like Arachne's line.
True piety, without ceſſation toſt
By theories, the practic part is loſt;
And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both ſides the prize will quit;
Then whilſt his foe each gladiator foils,
The Atheiſt looking on enjoys the ſpoils.
Through ſeas of knowledge we our courſe advance,
Diſcovering ſtill new worlds of ignorance;

* Vates. † Seneca. § The propheſy.

And these discov'ries make us all confess
That sublunary science is but guess.
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what seems more is mere opinion:
The standers-by see clearly this event;
All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent.
With their new light our bold inspectors press,
Like Cham, to shew their fathers' nakedness,
By whose example after-ages may
Discover we more naked are than they.
All human wisdom to divine is folly:
This truth the wisest man made melancholy.
Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
But to be sure we are deceiv'd brings grief.
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not so,
Is pleas'd and patient till the truth he know.
Our God, when heav'n and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who should of both participate.
If our lives' motions theirs must imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
When like a bridegroom from the east the sun
Sets forth, he thither whence he came doth run.
Into earth's spongy veins the ocean sinks,
Those rivers to repleniſh which he drinks:
So Learning, which from reason's fountain springs,
Back to the source some secret channel brings.
'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.
"Ut metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit æstas,
" Sic orum Natura, dedit Deus his quoque finem."

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

HENRY LORD HASTINGS, 1650.

Reader, preserve thy peace: those busy eyes
Will weep at their own sad discoveries,
When ev'ry line they add improves thy loss,
'Till, having view'd the whole, they sum a cross,
Such as derides thy passions' best relief,
And scorns the succours of thy easy grief:
Yet lest thy ignorance betray thy name
Of man and pious, read and mourn; the shame
Of an exemption from just sense doth shew
Irrational, beyond excess of woe.
Since reason, then, can privilege a tear,
Manhood, uncensur'd, pay that tribute here
Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains
Dust far more precious than in India's veins:
Within these cold embraces, ravish'd, lies
That which completes the age's tyrannies;
Who weak to such another ill appear,
For what destroys our hope secures our fear.
What sin, unexpiated in this land
Of groans, hath guided so severe a hand?
The late great victim * that your altars knew,
Ye angry gods! might have excus'd this new
Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty light
Of virtue, to inform our steps aright;
By whose example good, condemned, we
Might have run on to kinder destiny.
But as the leader of the herd fell first
A sacrifice, to quench the raging thirst
Of inflam'd vengeance for past crimes; so none
But this white fatted youngling could atone,
By his untimely fate, that impious smoke
That sullied earth, and did Heav'n's pity choke.
Let it suffice for us that we have lost
In him more than the widow'd world can boast
In any lump of her remaining clay.
Fair as the gray-ey'd Morn he was; the day,
Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts
No haste like that of his increasing parts.
Like the meridian beam, his virtue's light
Was seen as full of comfort, and as bright.
Had his noon been as fix'd, as clear—but he,
That only wanted immortality
To make him perfect, now submits to night,
In the black bosom of whose sable spite
He leaves a cloud of flesh behind, and flies,
Refin'd, all ray and glory, to the skies.
Great Saint! shine there in an eternal sphere,
And tell those powers to whom thou now draw'st near,
That by our trembling sense, in Hastings dead,
Their anger and our ugly faults are read,
The short lines of whose life did to our eyes
Their love and majesty epitomize:
Tell them, whose stern decrees impose our laws,
The feasted grave may close her hollow jaws.
Though Sin search Nature, to provide her here
A second entertainment half so dear,
She'll never meet a plenty like this hearse,
Till Time present her with the universe.

* King Charles the First.

EPISTLES.

TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,

Being invited from Calais to Bologne to eat a pig.

I.

All on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian ſloven,
Little Admiral John
To Bologne is gone,
Whom I think they call Old Loven.

II.

Hadſt thou not thy fill of carting †;
Will. Aubrey, Count of Oxon,
When noſe lay in breech,
And breech made a ſpeech,
So often cry'd A pox on?

III.

A knight by land and water
Eſteem'd at ſuch a high rate,
When 'tis told in Kent
In a cart that he went,
They'll ſay now, Hang him, pirate.

IV.

Thou might'ſt have ta'en example
From what thou read'ſt in ſtory,
Being as worthy to ſit
On an ambling tit
As thy predeceſſor Dory.

V.

But, oh! the roof of linen,
Intended for a ſhelter;
But the rain made an aſs
Of tilt and canvaſs,
And the ſnow, which you know is a melter.

VI.

But with thee to invcigle
That tender ſtripling Aſtcot,
Who was ſoak'd to the ſkin
Through drugget ſo thin,
Having neither coat nor waiſtcoat.

VII.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
Defy'd cart ſo baſe,
For thief without grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

VIII.

Nor did he like the omen,
For fear it might be his doom
One day for to ſing,
With gullet in ſtring,
A hymn of Robert Wiſdom.

IX.

But what was all this bus'neſs?
For ſure it was important;
For who rides i' th' wet,
When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a ſport on't.

X.

To a goodly fat ſow's baby,
O John! thou hadſt a malice;
The old driver of ſwine
That day ſure was thine,
Or thou hadſt not quitted Calais.

† We three riding in a cart from Dunkirk to Calais with a fat Dutch woman, who broke wind all along.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but such as cannot write translate:
But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modesty or choice.
While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth stand
Free from the blemish of an artless hand,
Secure of fame, thou justly dost esteem
Less honour to create than to redeem.
Nor ought a genius less than his that writ
Attempt translation; for transplanted wit
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are:
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit but a vital heat.
That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word and line by line,
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame:
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low
Lett'st in thine own to make it rise and flow,
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'st his music to unhappy rhymes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unsinew'd length:
Yet, after all (lest we should think it thine),
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and outfac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their own.
That master's hand which, to the life, can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder stroke express
A vary'd posture or a flatt'ring dress:
He could have made those like who made the rest,
But that he knew his own design was best.

TO THE HON. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON THE BRITISH PRINCES.

What mighty gale hath rais'd a flight so strong?
So high above all vulgar eyes? so long?
One single rapture scarce itself confines
Within the limits of four thousand lines:
And yet I hope to see this noble heat
Continue till it makes the piece complete,
That to the latter age it may descend,
And to the end of time its beams extend.
When poesy joins profit with delight,
Her images should be most exquisite,
Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise;
Therefore the patterns man should imitate
Above the life our masters should create.
Herein if we consult with Greece and Rome,
Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;
Though mighty raptures we in Homer find,
Yet, like himself, his characters were blind:
Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
But his sublimed thoughts to heaven were rais'd.
Who reads the honours which he paid the gods
Would think he had beheld their bless'd abodes;
And that his hero might accomplish'd be,
From divine blood he draws his pedigree.
From that great judge your judgment takes its law,
And by the best original does draw
Bonduca's honour, with those heroes time
Had in oblivion wrapt his saucy crime:
To them and to your nation you are just,
In raising up their glories from the dust;
And to Old England you that right have done,
To shew no story nobler than her own.

SONGS.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER:

Or, a proper New Ballad of certain carnal paſſages betwixt a Quaker and a Colt, at Horſley, near Colcheſter, in Eſſex.

To the tune of "Tom of Bedlam,"

I.

All in the land of Eſſex,
Near Colcheſter the zealous,
On the ſide of a bank
Was play'd ſuch a prank
As would make a ſtone-horſe jealous.

II.

Help Woodcock, Fox, and Naylor,
For Brother Green's a ſtallion:
Now, alas! what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian?

III.

Even to our whole profeſſion
A ſcandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with diſdain
Amongſt the profane
How Brother Green was mounted.

IV.

And in the good time of Chriſtmas,
Which though our ſaints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd Cavalier
Ever play'd ſuch a Chriſtmas gambol?

V.

Had thy fleſh, O Green! been pamper'd
With any cates unhallow'd,
Hadſt thou ſweeten'd thy gums
With pottage of plums
Or profane mine'd pye hadſt ſwallow'd;

VI.

Roll'd up in wanton ſwine's fleſh
The fiend might have crept into thee;
Then fulneſs of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the devil have ſo rid through thee.

VII.

But alas! he had been feaſted
With a ſpiritual collation
By our frugal Mayor,
Who can dine on a prayer,
And ſup on an exhortation,

VIII.

'Twas mere impulſe of ſpirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal:
"Filly Foal," quoth he,
"My bride thou ſhalt be;
"And how this is lawful learn all:

IX.

"For of no reſpect of perſons
"Be due 'mongſt ſons of Adam,
"In a large extent
"Thereby may be meant
"That a mare's as good as a madam."

X.

Then without more ceremony,
Not bonnet vail'd, nor kiſs'd her,
But took her by force,
For better for worſe,
And us'd her like a ſiſter.

XI.

Now when in ſuch a ſaddle
A ſaint will needs be riding
Though we dare not ſay
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be ſome backſliding?

XII.

"No, ſurely," quoth James Naylor,
"'Twas but an inſurrection
"Of the carnal part,
"For a Quaker in heart
"Can never loſe perfection.

XIII.

"For (as our maſters * teach us)
"The intent being well directed,
"Though the devil trepan
"The Adamical man,
"The ſaint ſtands uninfected."

XIV.

But, alas! a Pagan jury
Ne'er judges what's intended;
Then ſay what we can
Brother Green's outward man
I fear will be ſuſpended.

XV.

And our adopted ſiſter
Will find no better quarter:
But when him we inroll
For a ſaint, Filly Foal
Shall paſs herſelf for a martyr.

XVI.

Rome, that ſpiritual Sodom,
No longer is thy debtor,
O Colcheſter! now
Who's Sodom but thou,
Even according to the letter?

* The Jeſuits.

A SONG.

I.

MORPHEUS! the humble god that dwells
In cottages and ſmoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,
And though he fears no prince's frown
Flies from the circle of a crown:

II.

Come, I ſay, thou pow'rful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples ſhake,
Leſt he ſhould ſleep, and never wake.

III.

Nature, (alas!) why art thou ſo
Oblig'd to thy greateſt foe?
Sleep that is thy beſt repaſt,
Yet of death it bears a taſte,
And both are the ſame thing at laſt.

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

PREFACE

TO THE

DESTRUCTION OF TROY, &c.

THERE are ſo few tranſlations which deſerve praiſe, that I ſcarce ever ſaw any which deſerved pardon; thoſe who travel in that kind being for the moſt part ſo unhappy as to rob others without enriching themſelves, pulling down the fame of good authors without raiſing their own: neither hath any author been more hardly dealt withal than this our maſter; and the reaſon is evident, for, what is moſt excellent is moſt inimitable; and if even the worſt authors are yet made worſe by their tranſlators, how impoſſible is it not to do great injury to the beſt? And therefore I have not the vanity to think my copy equal to the original, nor (conſequently) myſelf altogether guiltleſs of what I accuſe others; but if I can do Virgil leſs injury than others have done, it will be in ſome degree to do him right; and, indeed, the hope of doing him more right is the only ſcope of this eſſay, by opening a new way of tranſlating this author to thoſe whom youth, leiſure, and better fortune, make fitter for ſuch undertakings.

I conceive it is a vulgar error, in tranſlating poets, to affect being *fidus interpres*; let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith: but whoſoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, ſo he ſhall never perform what he attempts; for it is not his buſineſs alone to tranſlate language into language, but poeſy into poeſy; and poeſy is of ſo ſubtile a ſpirit, that in the pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new ſpirit be not added in the transfuſion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happineſſes peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words; and whoſoever offers at verbal tranſlation, ſhall have the misfortune of that young traveller who loſt his own language abroad, and brought home no other inſtead of it: for the grace of the Latin will be loſt by being turned into Engliſh words, and the grace of the Engliſh by being turned into the Latin phraſe. And as ſpeech is the apparel of our thoughts, ſo are there certain garbs and modes of ſpeaking, which vary with the times, the faſhion of our clothes being not more ſubject to alteration than that of our ſpeech: and this I think Tacitus meant by that which he calls *ſermonem temporis iſtius auribus accommodatum*; the delight of change being as due to the curioſity of the ear as of the eye; and therefore, if Virgil muſt needs ſpeak Engliſh, it were fit he ſhould ſpeak not only as a man of this nation, but as a man of this age; and if this diſguiſe I have put upon him (I wiſh I could give it a better name) ſit not naturally and eaſily

on ſo grave a perſon, yet it may become him better than that fool's coat wherein the French and Italians have of late preſented him; at leaſt, I hope it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormouſly bigger or leſs than the life; (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow nature, in all his proportions) neither have I any where offered ſuch violence to his ſenſe, as to make it ſeem mine, and not his. Where my expreſſions are not ſo full as his, either our language or my art was defective (but I rather ſuſpect myſelf); but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impreſſions which the often reading of him hath left upon my thoughts; ſo that if they are not his own conceptions, they are at leaſt the reſults of them; and if (being conſcious of making him ſpeak worſe than he did almoſt in every line) I err in endeavouring ſometimes to make him ſpeak better, I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and ſuch an one as may deſerve pardon, if not imitation.

THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY,

AN ESSAY ON THE

SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE firſt book ſpeaks of Æneas's voyage by ſea, and how, being caſt by tempeſt upon the coaſt of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feaſt, deſires him to make the relation of the deſtruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this book.

WHILE all with ſilence and attention wait,
Thus ſpeaks Æneas from the bed of ſtate:
Madam, when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all thoſe ſorrows to my ſenſe reſtore,
Whereof none ſaw ſo much, none ſuffer'd more.
Not the moſt cruel of our conq'ring foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
Repreſs the horror of my thoughts, which fly
The ſad remembrance? Now th' expiring night
And the declining ſtars to reſt invite;
Yet, ſince 'tis your command, what you ſo well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell,
By Fate repell'd, and with repulſes tir'd,
The Greeks, ſo many lives and years expir'd,
A fabric like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return: this Fame
Divulges; then within the beaſt's vaſt womb
The choice and flower of all their troops entomb.
In view the iſle of Tenedos, once high
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie;
(Now but an unſecure and open bay)
Thither, by ſtealth, the Greeks their fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ ſail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd;
All through th' unguarded gates with joy reſort
To ſee the flighted camp, the vacant port.
Here lay Ulyſſes, there Achilles; here
The battles join'd; the Grecian fleet rode there;
But the vaſt pile th' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reaſon in their wonder loſe.
And firſt Thymœtus moves (urg'd by the power
Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower;
But Capys and the graver ſort thought fit
The Greeks' ſuſpected preſent to commit
To ſeas or flames, at leaſt to ſearch and bore
The ſides, and what that ſpace contains t' explore.
The uncertain multitude with both engag'd
Divided ſtands, till from the tower, enrag'd
Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, What deſp'rate frenzy's this, (oh, friends!)
To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a deſign; their gift's but a deceit:
For our deſtruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force. Yet know ye not Ulyſſes' ſhifts?
Their ſwords leſs danger carry than their gifts.
(This ſaid) againſt the horſe's ſide his ſpear
He throws, which trembles with incloſed fear,
Whilſt from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans not his own; and had not Fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had ſtood.
Mean-while a fetter'd priſ'ner to the king
With joyful ſhouts the Dardan ſhepherds bring,

Who to betray us did himſelf betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event ſecur'd,
Or of his death or his deſign aſſur'd!
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the reſt.
Diſarm'd, diſorder'd, caſting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
"What land, what ſea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incenſed Troy a wretched captive ſeeks
To ſacrifice; a fugitive the Greeks."
To pity this complaint our former rage
Converts; we now inquire his parentage;
What of their counſels or affairs he knew?
Then fearleſs he replies, "Great King! to you
All truth I ſhall relate: nor firſt can I
Myſelf to be of Grecian birth deny;
And though my outward ſtate misfortune hath
Depreſs'd thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks purſue,
Accus'd unjuſtly, then unjuſtly ſlew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
And me to his commands did recommend,
While laws and councils did his throne ſupport;
I but a youth, yet ſome eſteem and port
We then did bear, till by Ulyſſes' craft
(Things known I ſpeak) he was of life bereft:
Since in dark ſorrow I my days did ſpend,
Till now, diſdaining his unworthy end,
I could not ſilence my complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wiſh'd return to Greece: from hence his hate,
From thence my crimes, and all my ills, bear date:
Old guilt freſh malice gives, the people's ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the prophet to his party drew.
But why do I theſe thankleſs truths purſue,
Or why defer your rage? on me for all
The Greeks let your revenging fury fall.
Ulyſſes this, th' Atridæ this deſire
At any rate." We ſtraight are ſet on fire
(Unpractis'd in ſuch myſteries) to inquire
The manner and the cauſe, which thus he told,
With geſtures humble, as his tale was bold.
"Oft' have the Greeks (the ſiege deteſting) tir'd
With tedious war, a ſtol'n retreat deſir'd,
And would to Heav'n they 'ad gone; but ſtill diſ-
By ſeas or ſkies, unwillingly they ſtay'd. [may'd
Chiefly when this ſtupendous pile was rais'd
Strange noiſes fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
Diſpatch Eurypylus t' inquire our fates,
Who thus the ſentence of the gods relates;
"A virgin's ſlaughter did the ſtorm appeaſe,
"When firſt t'wards Troy the Grecians took the
"ſeas;
"Their ſafe retreat another Grecian's blood
"Muſt purchaſe." All at this confounded ſtood;
Each thinks himſelf the man, the fear on all
Of what the miſchief but on one can fall:
Then Calchas (by Ulyſſes firſt inſpir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd;
Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
Inſpir'd as he), and did my fate foretell.
Ten days the prophet in ſuſpenſe remain'd,
Would no man's fate pronounce; at laſt conſtrain'd
By Ithacus, he ſolemnly deſign'd
Me for the ſacrifice: the people join'd
In glad conſent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate. The day drew near,
The ſacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths; then I confeſs I found
The means to my eſcape: my bonds I brake,
Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
Amongſt the ſedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their ſails had hoiſt, (if ſo they did.)
And now, alas! no hope remains for me
My home, my father, and my ſons, to ſee,
Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
And puniſh, for my guilt, their innocence.
Thoſe gods who know the truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men, by theſe I beg; redreſs
My cauſeleſs wrongs, and pity ſuch diſtreſs."
And now true pity in exchange he finds
For his falſe tears, his tongue his hands unbinds.
Then ſpake the king, "Be ours, whoe'er thou art
Forget the Greeks. But firſt the truth impart,
Why did they raiſe, or to what uſe intend,
This pile? to a warlike or religious end?"
Skilful in fraud (his native art) his hands
T'ward heav'n he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.
"Ye pure ethereal flames! ye pow'rs ador'd
By mortal men! ye altars, and the ſword
I 'ſcap'd! ye ſacred fillets that involv'd
My deſtin'd head! grant I may ſtand abſolv'd
From all their laws and rites renounce all name
Of faith or love, their ſecret thoughts proclaim,
Only, O Troy! preſerve thy faith to me,
If what I ſhall relate preſerveth thee.
From Pallas' favour all our hopes, and all
Counſels and actions, took original,
Till Diomed (for ſuch attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with Ulyſſes' wit)
Aſſails the ſacred tower; the guards they ſlay,
Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
The fatal image: ſtraight with our ſucceſs
Our hopes fell back; whilſt prodigies expreſs
Her juſt diſdain; her flaming eyes did throw
Flaſhes of lightning; from each part did flow
A briny ſweat; thrice brandiſhing her ſpear,
Her ſtatue from the ground itſelf did rear:
Then that we ſhould our ſacrilege reſtore,
And reconvey their gods from Argos' ſhore,
Calchas perſuades till then we urge in vain
The fate of Troy. To meaſure back the main
They all conſent, but to return again
When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.
Thus Calchas; then inſtead of that, this pile
To Pallas was deſign'd, to reconcile
Th' offended pow'r, and expiate our guilt;
To this vaſt height and monſtrous ſtature built,
Leſt, through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her defence to you.

But if this ſacred gift you diſeſteem,
Then cruel plagues (which Heav'n divert on them!)
Shall fall on Priam's ſtate: but if the horſe
Your walls aſcend, aſſiſted by your force,
A league 'gainſt Greece all Aſia ſhall contract,
Our ſons then ſuff'ring what their ſires would act."
Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
A feigned tear deſtroys us, againſt whom
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years' conflict, nor a thouſand ſail.
This ſeconded by a moſt ſad portent,
Which credit to the firſt impoſture lent,
Laocoon, Neptune's prieſt, upon the day
Devoted to that god, a bull did ſlay;
When two prodigious ſerpents were deſcry'd,
Whoſe circling ſtrokes the ſea's ſmooth face divide:
Above the deep they raiſe their ſcaly creſts,
And ſtem the flood with their erected breaſts;
Their winding tails advance and ſteer their courſe,
And 'gainſt the ſhore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandiſh'd tongues there came
A direful hiſs, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoon they purſue, and firſt entwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender ſons;
Then him, who armed to their reſcue runs,
They ſeiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,
His neck twice compaſſing and twice his waiſt:
Their pois'nous knots he ſtrives to break and tear,
While ſlime and blood his ſacred wreaths beſmear;
Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull
From the altar flies, and from his wounded ſkull
Shakes the huge axe. The conq'ring ſerpents fly
To cruel Pallas' altar, and there lie
Under her feet, within her ſhield's extent.
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was ſent
Juſtly on him who ſtruck the ſacred oak
With his accurſed lance. Then to invoke
The goddeſs, and let in the fatal horſe,
We all conſent.
A ſpacious breach we make, and Troy's proud wall,
Built by the gods, by our own hands doth fall.
Thus all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and ſome the monſter drive
With rolls and levers: thus our works it climbs,
Big with our fate; the youth with ſongs and rhymes,
Some dance, ſome haul the rope; at laſt let down,
It enters with a thund'ring noiſe the town.
Oh, Troy! the ſeat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it ſtruck, as oft' the claſhing ſound
Of arms was heard; yet blinded by the power
Of Fate, we place it in the ſacred tower.
Caſſandra then foretells th' event, but ſhe
Finds no belief (ſuch was the gods' decree.)
The altars with freſh flowers we crown, and waſte
In feaſts that day, which was (alas!) our laſt.
Now by the revolution of the ſkies
Night's ſable ſhadows from the ocean riſe,
Which heav'n and earth, and the Greek frauds in-
The city in ſecure repoſe diſſolv'd, [volv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive ſquadron ſteers
Their ſilent courſe to Ilium's well-known ſhore,
When Sinon (ſav'd by the gods' partial power)
Opens the horſe, and through the unlock'd doors
To the free air the armed freight reſtores.
Ulyſſes, Stheneleus, Tiſander ſlide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;
Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was:
The gates they ſeize; the guards, with ſleep and wine
Oppreſs'd, ſurpriſe, and then their forces join.
'Twas then, when the firſt ſweets of ſleep repair
Our bodies ſpent with toil, our minds with care,
(The gods' beſt gift) when, bath'd in tears and blood,
Before my face lamenting Hector ſtood,
His aſpect ſuch when, ſoil'd with bloody duſt,
Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were thruſt
By his inſulting foe: O how transform'd!
How much unlike that Hector who return'd
Clad in Achilles' ſpoils! when he among
A thouſand ſhips (like Jove) his lightning flung!
His horrid beard and knotted treſſes ſtood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood.
Entranc'd I lay, then (weeping) ſaid, The joy,
The hope and ſtay of thy declining Troy:
What region held thee? whence, ſo much deſir'd,
Art thou reſtor'd to us, conſum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths? But what ſad cauſe confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear thoſe wounds?
Regardleſs of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
"Fly from the flame, O goddeſs-born! our walls
"The Greeks poſſeſs, and Troy confounded falls
"From all her glories; if it might have ſtood
"By any pow'r, by this right hand it ſhould.
"What man could do by me for Troy was done.
"Take here her relics and her gods, to run
"With them thy fate; with them new walls expect,
"Which, toſs'd on ſeas, thou ſhalt at laſt erect:"
Then brings old Veſta from her ſacred quire,
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire.
Mean-while the walls with doubtful cries reſound
From far; (for ſhady coverts did ſurround
My father's houſe) approaching ſtill more near,
The claſh of arms and voice of men we hear.
Rous'd from my bed, I ſpeedily aſcend
The houſes' tops, and liſt'ning there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds' conſpiring force
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents' raging courſe
Bears down th' oppoſing oaks, the fields deſtroys,
And mocks the ploughman's toil, th' unlook'd-for noiſe,
From neighb'ring hills th' amazed ſhepherd hears;
Such my ſurpriſe, and ſuch their rage appears.
Firſt fell thy houſe, Ucalegon! then thine
Deïphobus! Sigæan ſeas did ſhine
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets' dreadful ſound
The louder groans of dying men confound.
Give me my arms, I cry'd, reſolv'd to throw
Myſelf 'mong any that oppos'd the foe:

Rage, anger, and defpair, at once fuggeft,
That of all deaths to die in arms was beft.
The firft I met was Pantheus, Phœbus' prieft,
Who, 'fcaping with his gods and relics, fled,
And t'wards the fhore his little grandchild led.
Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what place
Made good? but, fighing, he replies, "Alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty Illium was;
But the laft period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come; our glory and our power
Incenfed Jove transfers to Grecian hands:
The foe within the burning town commands,
And (like a fmother'd fire) an unfeen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horfe;
Infulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thoufands more than e'er from Argos came
Poffefs the gates, the paffes, and the ftreets,
And thefe the fword o'ertakes, and thofe it meets.
The guard nor fights nor flies; their fate fo near,
At once fufpends their courage and their fear."
Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
Infpir'd, I make my way through fire, through fwords,
Where noifes, tumults, outcries, and alarms,
I heard. Firft Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
We meet, who knew us; (for the moon did fhine)
Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
Their force, and young Chorœbus, Mygdon's fon,
Who by the love of fair Caffandra won,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid;
Unhappy, whom the threats could not diffuade
Of his prophetic fpoufe;
Whom when I faw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I faid, Brave fpirits! (but in vain)
Are you refolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes? The ftate of our affairs
You fee: the gods have left us, by whofe aid
Our empire ftood; nor can the flame be ftay'd:
Then let us fall amidft our foes; This one
Relief the vanquifh'd have, to hope for none.
Then reinforc'd, as in a ftormy night
Wolves, urged by their raging appetite,
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n fo among
Foes, fire, and fwords, t' aflured death we paft;
Darknefs our guide, Defpair our leader was.
Who can relate that ev'ning's woes and fpoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils?
The city, which fo long had flourifh'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the houfes, temples, walls.
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom;
Their hearts at laft the vanquifh'd re-aflume,
And now the victors fall: on all fides fears,
Groans, and pale Death, in all her fhapes appears.
Androgeus firft with his whole troop was caft
Upon us, with civility mifplac'd
Thus greeting us; "You lofe, by your delay
"Your fhare both of the honour and the prey;
"Others the fpoils of burning Troy convey
"Back to thofe fhips which you but now forfake."
We making no return, his fad miftake
Too late he finds; as when an unfeen fnake
A traveller's unwary foot hath preft,
Who trembling ftarts, when the fnake's azure creft,
Swoln with his rifing anger, he efpies,
So from our view furpris'd Androgeus flies:
But here an eafy victory we meet;
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.
Whilft fortune our firft enterprife did aid,
Encourag'd with fucceefs, Chorœbus faid,
"O friends! we now by better Fates are led,
"And the fair path they lead us let us tread.
"Firft change your arms, and their diftinctions bear;
"The fame in foes deceit and virtue are."
Then of his arms Androgeus he diveffs,
His fword, his fhield, he takes, and plumed creffs;
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the reft, all glad
Of the occafion, in freth fpoils are clad.
Thus mix'd with Greeks, as if their fortune ftill
Follow'd their fwords, we fight, purfue, and kill.
Some re-afcend the horfe, and he whofe fides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their fafer guard, their fhips, retire;
But vain 's that hope 'gainft which the gods confpire.
Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Caffandra, from Minerva's fatal fhrine
Dragg'd by the hair, caffing t'wards heav'n, in vain,
Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did ftrain:
Chorœbus at the fpectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidft the foes: we thus engag'd
To fecond him, among the thickeft ran:
Here firft our ruin from our friends began,
Who from the temple's battlements a fhower
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour:
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Caffandra's refcue) us for Trojans flew.
Then from all parts Ulyffes, Ajax then,
And then th' Atridæ, rally all their men;
As winds that meet from fev'ral coafts conteft,
Their prifons being broke, the fouth and weft,
And Eurus on his winged courfers borne,
Triumphing in their fpeed, the woods are torn,
And chafing Nereus with his trident throws
The billows from their bottom; then all thofe
Who in the dark our fury did efcape
Returning, know our borrow'd arms and fhape,
And diff'ring dialect: then their numbers fwell
And grow upon us. Firft Chorœbus fell
Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed
Juft Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends: nor thee, Pantheus! thy piety
Nor conferated mitre from the fame
Ill fate could fave. My country's fun'ral flame,
And Troy's cold afhes, I atteft and call
To witnefs for myfelf, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did and deferv'd no lefs my fate to find.
Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias,
Slowly retire; the one retarded was

By feeble age, the other by a wound.
To court the cry directs us, where we found
Th' assault so hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the rest secure from foes or fear:
The Greeks the gatesapproach'd, their targets cast
Over their heads; some scaling ladders plac'd
Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend,
And with their shields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast
The battlement; on them the Trojans cast
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; such arms as these,
Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient state,
They tumble down; and now against the gate
Of th' inner court their growing force they bring:
Now was our last effort to save the king,
Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not observ'd,
(The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,
When to the aged king her little son
She would present) through this we pass, and run
Up to the highest battlement, from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
A tow'r so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
Stood on the roof, from whence we could descry
All Ilium—both the camps, the Grecian fleet:
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We loosen; which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud;
But others still succeed. Mean-time nor stones
Nor any kind of weapons cease.
Before the gate in gilded armour shone
Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new grown,
Who, fed on pois'nous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Fresh in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,
And lifts his scaly breast against the sun;
With him his father's squire Automedon,
And Periphas, who drove his winged steeds,
Enter the court; whom all the youth succeeds
Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof: Pyrrhus himself among
The foremost with an axe an entrance hews
Through beams of solid oak, then freely views
The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state,
Where Priam and the ancient monarchs sat.
At the first gate an armed guard appears,
But th' inner court with horror, noise, and tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the women's shrieks and cries
The arched vaults re-echo to the skies;
Sad matrons wand'ring through the spacious rooms
Embrace and kiss the posts; then Pyrrhus comes;
Full of his father, neither men nor walls
His force sustain; the torn portcullis falls;
Then from the hinge their strokes the gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot find they force.
Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows,
Above his banks th' opposing dams o'erthrows,
Depopulates the fields, the cattle, sheep,
Shepherds and folds, the foaming surges sweep.
And now between two sad extremes I stood,
Here Pyrrhus and th' Atridæ drunk with blood,
There th' hapless queen amongst an hundred dames,
And Priam quenching from his wounds those flames
Which his own hands had on the altar laid;
Then they the secret cabinets invade
Where stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
Of that great race:-the golden posts, whose tops
Old hostile spoils adorn'd, demolish'd lay,
Or to the foe or to the fire a prey.
Now Priam's fate perhaps you may inquire.
Seeing his empire lost, his Troy on fire,
And his own palace by the Greeks possest,
Arms long disus'd his trembling limbs invest;
Thus on his foes he throws himself alone,
Not for their fate, but to provoke his own.
There stood an altar open to the view
Of heav'n, near which an aged laurel grew,
Whose shady arms the household gods embrac'd,
Before whose feet the queen herself had cast
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As doves whom an approaching tempest drives,
And frights into one flock; but having spy'd
Old Priam clad in youthful arms, she cry'd,
"Alas! my wretched husband! what pretence
"To bear those arms? and in them what defence?
"Such aid such times require not, when again
"If Hector were alive he liv'd in vain:
"Or here we shall a sanctuary find,
"Or as in life we shall in death be join'd."
Then, weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
And on the secret seat the king she plac'd.
Mean-while Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
Through foes and swords, and ranges all the court
And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.
The king (though him so many deaths inclose)
Nor fear nor grief, but indignation shews:
"The gods requite thee, (if within the care
"Of those above th' affairs of mortals are)
"Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
"Had not his parents' eyes his murder seen.
"Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'st to be
"Thy father) so inhuman was to me;
"He blush'd when I the rights of arms implor'd,
"To me my Hector, me to Troy, restor'd."
This said, his feeble arm a jav'lin flung,
Which on the sounding shield, scarce ent'ring, rung.
Then Pyrrhus; "Go a messenger to hell
"Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
"The acts of his degen'rate race." So through
His son's warm blood the trembling king he drew
To th' altar: in his hair one hand he wreaths,
His sword the other in his bosom sheaths.
Thus fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,
With such a signal and peculiar fate,
Under so vast a ruin, not a grave
Nor in such flames a sun'ral fire to have.
He whom such titles swell'd, such pow'r made proud,
To whom the sceptres of all Asia bow'd,
On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
A headless carcase, and a nameless thing!

PASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

Having at large declar'd Jove's embaſſy,
Cyllenius from Æneas ſtraight doth fly;
He, loath to diſobey the gods command,
Nor willing to forſake this pleaſant land,
Aſham'd the kind Eliza to deceive,
But more afraid to take a ſolemn leave,
He many ways his lab'ring thoughts revolves,
But fear o'ercoming ſhame, at laſt reſolves
(Inſtructed by the god of Thieves *) to ſteal
Himſelf away, and his eſcape conceal.
He calls his captains, bids them rig the fleet,
That at the port they privately ſhould meet,
And ſome diſſembled colour to project,
That Dido ſhould not their deſign ſuſpect;
But all in vain he did his plot diſguiſe;
No art a watchful lover can ſurpriſe.
She the firſt motion finds; love though moſt ſure,
Yet always to itſelf ſeems unſecure.
That wicked fame which their firſt love proclaim'd
Foretells the end: the queen with rage inflam'd,
Thus greets him. "Thou diſſembler! wouldſt thou fly
"Out of my arms by ſtealth perfidiouſly?
"Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,
"Nor thee the fate of dying Dido, move?
"And in the depth of winter, in the night,
"Dark as thy black deſigns, to take thy flight,
"To plough the raging ſeas to coaſts unknown,
"The kingdom thou pretend'ſt to not thine own!
"Were Troy reſtor'd thou ſhould miſtruſt a wind
"Falſe as thy vows, and as thy heart unkind.
"Fly'ſt thou from me! By theſe dear drops of brine
"I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
"By our eſpouſals, by our marriage-bed,
"If all my kindeſs aught have merited;
"If ever I ſtood fair in thy eſteem,
"From ruin me and my loſt houſe redeem.
"Cannot my pray'rs a free acceptance find?
"Nor my tears ſoften an obdurate mind?
"My fame of chaſtity, by which the ſkies
"I reach'd before, by thee extinguiſh'd dies.
"Into my borders now Iarbas falls,
"And my revengeful brother ſcales my walls;
"The wild Numidians will advantage take;
"For thee both Tyre and Carthage me forſake.
"Hadſt thou before thy flight but left with me
"A young Æneas, who, reſembling thee,
"Might in my ſight have ſported, I had then
"Not wholly loſt, nor quite deſerted been;
"By thee, no more my huſband, but my gueſt,
"Betray'd to miſchiefs, of which death's the leaſt."
With fixed looks he ſtands, and in his breaſt,
By Jove's command, his ſtruggling care ſuppreſt.
"Great Queen! your favours and deſerts ſo great,
"Though numberleſs, I never ſhall forget;
"No time, until myſelf I have forgot,
"Out of my heart Eliza's name ſhall blot:
"But my unwilling flight the gods enforce,
"And that muſt juſtify our ſad divorce.
"Since I muſt you forſake, would Fate permit
"To my deſires I might my fortune fit,
"Troy to her ancient ſplendour I would raiſe,
"And where I firſt began would end my days.
"But ſince the Lycian Lots and Delphic god
"Have deſtin'd Italy for our abode;
"Since you proud Carthage (fled from Tyre) enjoy,
"Why ſhould not Latium us receive from Troy?
"As for my ſon, my father's angry ghoſt,
"Tells me his hopes by my delays are croſt,
"And mighty Jove's ambaſſador appear'd
"With the ſame meſſage, whom I ſaw and heard;
"We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
"But much the more when all complaints are vain!
"I call to witneſs all the gods, and thy
"Beloved head, the coaſt of Italy
"Againſt my will I ſeek."
While thus he ſpeaks, ſhe rolls her ſparkling eyes,
Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies:
"Thy mother was no goddeſs, nor thy ſtock
"From Dardanus, but in ſome horrid rock,
"Perfidious wretch! rough Caucaſus thee bred,
"And with their milk Hyrcanian tigers fed.
"Diſſimulation I ſhall now forget,
"And my reſerves of rage in order ſet,
"Could all my pray'rs and ſoft entreaties force
"Sighs from his breaſt, or from his look remorſe.
"Where ſhall I firſt complain? can mighty Jove
"Or Juno ſuch impieties approve?
"The juſt Aſtræa ſure is fled to hell,
"Nor more in earth nor heav'n itſelf will dwell.
"Oh, Faith! him on my coaſts by tempeſts caſt,
"Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd:
"His men from famine and his fleet from fire
"I reſcu'd: now the Lycian Lots conſpire
"With Phœbus; now Jove's envoy through the air
"Brings diſmal tidings, as if ſuch low care
"Could reach their thoughts, or their repoſe diſturb!
"Thou art a falſe impoſtor and a *ſourbe*.

Mercury

" Go, go, purſue thy kingdom through the main,
" I hope, if Heav'n her juſtice ſtill retain,
" Thou ſhalt be wreck'd, or caſt upon ſome rock,
" Where thou the name of Dido ſhalt invoke :
" I'll follow thee in fun'ral flames : when dead
" My ghoſt ſhall thee attend at board and bed :
" And when the gods on thee their vengeance ſhew,
" That welcome news ſhall comfort me below."
This ſaying, from his hated ſight ſhe fled,
Conducted by her damſels to her bed :
Yet reſtleſs ſhe aroſe, and looking out,
Beholds the fleet, and hears the ſeamen ſhout
When great Æneas paſs'd before the guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah ! cruel Love ! to what doſt thou enforce
Poor mortal breaſts! again ſhe hath recourſe
To tears and pray'rs, again ſhe feels the ſmart
Of a freſh wound from his tyrannic dart.
That ſhe no ways nor means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her ſiſter ſhe herſelf apply'd :
" Dear ſiſter ! my reſentment had not been
" So moving, if this fate I had foreſeen ;
" Therefore to me this laſt kind office do ;
" Thou haſt ſome int'reſt in our ſcornful foe ;
" He truſts to thee the counſels of his mind,
" Thou his ſoft hours and free acceſs canſt find :
" Tell him I ſent not to the Ilian coaſt
" My fleet to aid the Greeks ; his father's ghoſt
" I never did diſturb : aſk him to lend
" To this the laſt requeſt that I ſhall ſend,
" A gentle ear ; I wiſh that he may find
" A happy paſſage and a proſp'rous wind :
" That contract I not plead which he betray'd,
" Nor that his promis'd conqueſt be delay'd ;
" All that I aſk is but a ſhort reprieve,
" Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve :
" Some pauſe and reſpite only I require,
" Till with my tears I ſhall have quench'd my fire.
" If thy addreſs can but obtain one day
" Or two, my death that ſervice ſhall repay."
Thus ſhe entreats ; ſuch meſſages with tears
Condoling Anne to him, and from him, bears :
But him no pray'rs, no arguments, can move ;
The Fates reſiſt ; his ears are ſtopp'd by Jove.
As when fiercenorthern blaſts from th' Alps deſcend,
From his firm roots with ſtruggling guſts to rend
An aged ſturdy oak, the rattling ſound [ground
Grows loud, with leaves and ſcatter'd arms the
Is overlaid, yet he ſtands fix'd ; as high
As his proud head is rais'd towards the ſky,
So low t'wards hell his roots deſcend. With pray'rs
And tears the hero thus aſſail'd, great cares
He ſmothers in his breaſt, yet keeps his poſt,
All their addreſſes and their labour loſt.
Then ſhe deceives her ſiſter with a ſmile :
" Anne, in the inner court erect a pile ;
" Thereon his arms and once-lov'd portrait lay :
" Thither our fatal-marriage bed convey ;
" All curſed monuments of him with fire
" We muſt aboliſh, (ſo the gods require.")
She gives her credit for no worſe effect
Than from Sichæus' death ſhe did ſuſpect,
And her commands obeys.
Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed,
And o'er the world her bluſhing rays did ſpread.
The queen beheld, as ſoon as day appear'd,
The navy under ſail, the haven clear'd :
Thrice with her hand her naked breaſt ſhe knocks,
And from her forehead tears her golden locks.
" O Jove !" ſhe cry'd, " and ſhall he thus delude
" Me and my realm ? why is he not purſu'd ?
" Arm, arm," ſhe cry'd, " and let our Tyrians board
" With ours his fleet, and carry fire and ſword ;
" Leave nothing unattempted to deſtroy
" That perjur'd race, then let us die with joy.
" What if th' event of war uncertain were ?
" Nor death nor danger can the deſp'rate fear.
" But, oh, too late ! this thing I ſhould have done
" When firſt I plac'd the traitor on my throne.
" Behold the faith of him who ſav'd from fire
" His honour'd houſehold gods ! his aged ſire
" His pious ſhoulders from Troy's flames did bear.
" Why did I not his carcaſe piece-meal tear,
" And caſt it in the ſea ? why not deſtroy
" All his companions, and beloved boy
" Aſcanius ? and his tender limbs have dreſt,
" And made the father on the ſon to feaſt ?
" Thou Sun ! whoſe luſtre all things here below
" Surveys, and Juno ! conſcious of my woe,
" Revengeful Furies ! and Queen Hecate !
" Receive and grant my pray'r ! if he the ſea
" Muſt needs eſcape, and reach th' Auſonian land,
" If Jove decree it, Jove's decree muſt ſtand.
" When landed, may he be with arms oppreſt
" By his rebelling people, be diſtreſt
" By exile from his country, be divorc'd
" From young Aſcanius' ſight, and be enforc'd
" To implore foreign aids, and loſe his friends
" By violent and undeſerved ends !
" When to conditions of unequal peace
" He ſhall ſubmit, then may he not poſſeſs
" Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral
" I' th' ſands, when he before his day ſhall fall !
" And ye, oh Tyrians ! with immortal hate
" Purſue this race ; this ſervice dedicate
" To my deplored aſhes : let there be
" 'Twixt us and them no league nor amity.
" May from my bones a new Achilles riſe
" That ſhall infeſt the Trojan colonies
" With fire, and ſword, and famine, when at length
" Time to our great attempts contributes ſtrength ;
" Our ſeas, our ſhores, our armies, theirs oppoſe,
" And may our children be for ever foes !"
A ghaſtly paleneſs death's approach portends,
Then trembling ſhe the fatal pile aſcends.
Viewing the Trojan relics, ſhe unſheath'd
Æneas' ſword, not for that uſe bequeath'd ;
Then on the guilty bed ſhe gently lays
Herſelf, and ſoftly thus lamenting prays ;
" Dear relics ! whilſt that Gods and Fates give leave,
" Free me from care, and my glad ſoul receive.
" That date which Fortune gave I now muſt end,
" And to the ſhades a noble ghoſt deſcend.
" Sichæus' blood, by his falſe brother ſpilt,
" I have reveng'd, and a proud city built.
" Happy, alas ! too happy, I had liv'd,
" Had not the Trojan on my coaſt arriv'd.
" But ſhall I die without revenge ? yet die
" Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus fly.

" My conſcious foe my fun'ral fire ſhall view
" From ſea, and may that omen him purſue!"
Her fainting hand let fall the ſword beſmear'd
With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd.
Through all the court the fright and clamours riſe,
Which the whole city fills with fears and cries
As loud as if her Carthage or old Tyre
The foe had enter'd, and had ſet on fire.
Amazed Anne with ſpeed aſcends the ſtairs,
And in her arms her dying ſiſter rears:
" Did you for this yourſelf and me beguile?
" For ſuch an end did I erect this pile?
" Did you ſo much deſpiſe me, in this fate
" Myſelf with you not to aſſociate?
" Yourſelf and me, alas! this fatal wound
" The ſenate and the people doth confound.
" I'll waſh her wound with tears, and at her death
" My lips from her's ſhall draw her parting breath."
Then with her veſt the wound ſhe wipes and dries;
Then with her arm the Queen attempts to riſe,
But her ſtrength failing, falls into a ſwoon,
Life's laſt efforts yet ſtriving with her wound:
Thrice on her bed ſhe turns, with wand'ring ſight
Seeking, ſhe groans when ſhe beholds the light.
Then Juno, pitying her diſaſtrous fate,
Sends Iris down her pangs to mitigate.
(Since if we fall before th' appointed day
Nature and death continue long their fray.)
Iris deſcends; " This fatal lock (ſays ſhe)
" To Pluto I bequeath, and ſet thee free;"
Then clipsher hair: cold numbneſs ſtraight bereaves
Her corpſe of ſenſe, and th' air her ſoul receives.

SARPEDON's SPEECH TO GLAUCUS.

IN THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER.

Thus to Glaucus ſpake
Divine Sarpedon, ſince he did not find
Others as great in place as great in mind.
Above the reſt why is our pomp, our pow'r,
Our flocks, our herds, and our poſſeſſions more?
Why all the tributes land and ſea affords,
Heap'd in great chargers, load our ſumptuous boards?
Our cheerful gueſts carouſe the ſparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilſt muſic charms their ears.
Why, as we paſs, do thoſe on Xanthus' ſhore
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?
But that, as well in danger as degree,
We ſtand the firſt; that when our Licians ſee
Our brave examples, they admiring ſay,
Behold our gallant leaders! theſe are they
Deſerve the greatneſs, and unenvy'd ſtand,
Since what they act tranſcends what they command.
Could the declining of this fate (oh, friend!)
Our date to immortality extend?
Or if death fought not them who ſeek not death
Would I advance? or ſhould my vainer breath
With ſuch a glorious folly thee inſpire?
But ſince with Fortune Nature doth conſpire,
Since age, diſeaſe, or ſome leſs noble end,
Though not leſs certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thouſand ways, the nobleſt path we'll tread,
And bravely on till they, or we, or all,
A common ſacrifice to honour fall.

EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL.

Pr'ythee die and ſet me free,
Or elſe be
Kind, and briſk, and gay, like me:
I pretend not to the wife ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the preciſe ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits, or ſharp replies;
If wife thou wilt appear and knowing.
Repartee, repartee
To what I'm doing.

Pr'ythee why the room ſo dark?
Not a ſpark
Left to light me to the mark:
I love daylight and a candle,
And to ſee, and to ſee
As well as handle.

Why ſo many bolts and locks,
Coats and ſmocks,
And thoſe drawers, with a pox?
I could wiſh, could Nature make it,
Nakedneſs, nakedneſs
Itſelf were naked.

But if a miſtreſs I muſt have
Wife and grave,
Let her ſo herſelf behave;
All the day long Suſan civil,
Pap by night, pap by night,
Or ſuch a devil.

CATO MAJOR.

TO THE READER.

I CAN neither call this piece Tully's nor my own, being much altered from the original, not only by the change of the ſtyle, but by addition and ſubtraction. I believe you will be better pleaſed to receive it, as I did, at the firſt ſight; for to me Cicero did not ſo much appear to write as Cato to ſpeak; and, to do right to my author, I believe no character of any perſon was ever better drawn to the life than this. Therefore neither conſider Cicero nor me, but Cato himſelf, who being then raiſed from the dead to ſpeak the language of that age and place, neither the diſtance of place or time makes it leſs poſſible to raiſe him now to ſpeak ours.

Though I dare not compare my copy with the original, yet you will find it mentioned here how much fruits are improved by graffing; and here, by graffing verſe upon proſe, ſome of theſe ſeverer arguments may receive a mild and more pleaſant taſte.

Cato ſays (in another place) of himſelf, that he learned to ſpeak Greek between the ſeventieth and eightieth year of his age; beginning that ſo late, he may not yet be too old to learn Engliſh, being now but between his ſeventeenth and eighteenth hundred year. For theſe reaſons I ſhall leave to this piece no other name than what the author gave it, of Cato Major.

PREFACE.

THAT learned critic, the younger Scaliger, comparing the two great orators, ſays, that nothing can be taken from Demoſthenes, nor added to Tully; and if there be any fault in the laſt, it is the reſumption or dwelling too long upon his arguments: for which reaſon, having intended to tranſlate this piece into proſe, (where tranſlation ought to be ſtrict) finding the matter very proper for verſe, I took the liberty to leave out what was only neceſſary to that age and place, and to take or add what was proper to this preſent age and occaſion, by laying his ſenſe cloſer, and in fewer words, according to the ſtyle and ear of theſe times. The three firſt parts I dedicate to my old friends, to take off thoſe melancholy reflections which the ſenſe of age, infirmity, and death, may give them. The laſt part I think neceſſary for the conviction of thoſe many who believe not, or at leaſt mind not, the immortality of the ſoul, of which the ſcripture ſpeaks only poſitively as a lawgiver, with an *ipſe dixit*; but it may be, they neither believe that, (from which they either make doubts or ſport) nor thoſe whoſe buſineſs it is to interpret it, ſuppoſing they do it only for their own ends: but if a Heathen philoſopher bring ſuch arguments from reaſon, Nature, and ſecond cauſes, which none of our Atheiſtical ſophiſters can confute, if they may ſtand convinced that there is an immortality of the ſoul, I hope they will ſo weigh the conſequences as neither to talk nor live as if there was no ſuch thing.

CATO MAJOR OF OLD AGE.

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO.

THOUGH all the actions of your life are crown'd
With wisdom, nothing makes them more renow'n'd
Than that those years, which others think extreme,
Nor to yourself nor us uneasy seem,
Under which weight most like the old giants groan,
When Ætna on their backs by Jove was thrown.

CATO. What you urge, Scipio, from right reason
All parts of Age seem burthensome to those [flows;
Who virtue's and true wisdom's happiness
Cannot discern; but they who those possess,
In what's impos'd by Nature find no grief,
Of which our age is (next our death) the chief,
Which though all equally desire t' obtain,
Yet when they have obtain'd it, they complain:
Such our constancies and follies are,
We say it steals upon us unaware.
Our want of reas'ning these false measures makes;
Youth runs to Age, as childhood youth o'ertakes.
How much more grievous would our lives appear
To reach th' eighth hundred than the eightieth
Of what in that long space of time hath past [year?
To foolish Age will no remembrance last.
My Age's conduct when you seem t' admire,
(Which that it may deserve I much desire)
'Tis my first rule on Nature, as my guide
Appointed by the gods, I have rely'd;
And Nature, which all acts of life designs,
Not, like ill poets, in the last declines:
But some one part must be the last of all,
Which, like ripe fruits, must either rot or fall;
And this from Nature must be gently borne,
Else her (as giants did the gods) we scorn.

LÆL. But, Sir, 'tis Scipio's and my desire,
Since to long life we gladly would aspire,
That from your grave instructions we might hear
How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

CAT. This I resolv'd before, but now shall do
With great delight, since 'tis requir'd by you.

LÆL. If to yourself it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater joy can move,
That as old travellers the young instruct,
Your long our short experience may conduct.

CAT. 'Tis true, (as the old proverb doth relate)
Equals with equals often congregate.
Two consuls *, (who in years my equals were)
When senators, lamenting I did hear
That Age from them had all their pleasures torn,
And them their former suppliants now scorn.
They what is not to be accus'd accuse;
Not others but themselves their Age abuse;
Else this might me concern, and all my friends,
Whose cheerful Age with honour youth attends,
Joy'd that from pleasure's slav'ry they are free,
And all respects due to their age they see
In its true colours; this complaint appears
The ill effect of manners, not of years;
For on their life no grievous burthen lies
Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wise;
But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind
Not an easy part in life can find.

LÆL. This I believe; yet others may dispute
Their Age (as yours) can never bear such fruit
Of honour, wealth, and pow'r, to make them
Not ev'ry one such happiness can meet. [sweet;

CAT. Some weight your argument, my Lælius,
But not so much as at first sight appears. [bears,
This answer by Themistocles was made,
(When a Seriphian thus did him upbraid,
"You those great honours to your country owe,
"Not to yourself)"—"Had I at Scripho †
"Been born, such honour I had never seen,
"Nor you, if an Athenian you had been."
So Age, cloath'd in indecent poverty,
To the most prudent cannot easy be;
But to a fool the greater his estate
The more uneasy is his Age's weight.

* Caius Salinator, Spurius Albinus.
† An isle to which condemned men were banished.

Age's chief arts and arms are to grow wise,
Virtue to know, and known to exercise:
All just returns to Age then virtue makes,
Nor her in her extremity forsakes.
The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.
(I when a youth) with reverence did look
On Quintus Fabius, who Tarentum took;
Yet in his Age such cheerfulness was seen,
As if his years and mine had equal been:
His gravity was mix'd with gentleness,
Nor had his age made his good humour less:
Then was he well in years, (the same that he
Was consul that of my nativity)
(A stripling then) in his fourth consulate
On him at Capua I in arms did wait.
I five years after at Tarentum wan
The Quæstorship, and then our love began;
And four years after, when I Prætor was,
He pleaded, and the Cincian law § did pass.
With useful diligence he us'd t' engage,
Yet with the temp'rate arts of patient Age
He breaks fierce Hannibal's insulting heats;
Of which exploit thus our friend Ennius treats;
He by delay restor'd the commonwealth,
Nor preferr'd rumour before public health.

§ Against bribes.

The Argument.

When I reflect on Age, I find there are
Four causes, which its misery declare.
1. Because our body's strength it much impairs:
2. That it takes off our minds from great affairs:
3. Next that our sense of pleasures it deprives:
4. Last, that approaching death attends our lives.
Of all these sev'ral causes I'll discourse,
And then of each, in order, weigh the force.

THE FIRST PART.

The old from such affairs is only freed
Which vig'rous youth and strength of body need;
But to more high affairs our Age is lent,
Most properly when heats of youth are spent.
Did Fabius and your father Scipio
(Whose daughter my son married) nothing do?
Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii,
Whose courage, counsel, and authority,
The Roman commonwealth restor'd, did boast,
Nor Appius, with whose strength his sight was lost,
Who, when the Senate was to peace inclin'd
With Pyrrhus, shew'd his reason was not blind.
Whither's our courage and our wisdom come,
When Rome itself conspires the fate of Rome?
The rest with ancient gravity and skill
He spake; (for his oration's extant still)
'Tis seventeen years since he had Consul been
The second time, and there were ten between;
Therefore their argument's of little force,
Who Age from great employments would divorce.
As in a ship some climb the shrouds, t' unfold
The sail, some sweep the deck, some pump the hold,
Whilst he that guides the helm employs his skill,
And gives the law to them by sitting still;
Great actions less from courage, strength, and speed,
Than from wise counsels and commands proceed.
Those arts Age wants not which to Age belong;
Not heat but cold experience makes us strong.
A Consul, Tribune General, I have been,
All sorts of war I have pass'd through and seen;
And now grown old, I seem t' abandon it,
Yet to the senate I prescribe what's fit.
I ev'ry day 'gainst Carthage war proclaim,
(For Rome's destruction hath been long her aim),
Nor shall I cease till I her ruin see,
Which triumph may the gods design for thee;
That Scipio may revenge his grandsire's ghost,
Whose life at Cannæ with great honour lost
Is on record; nor had he weary'd been
With Age, if he an hundred years had seen:

He had not us'd excurſions, ſpears, or darts,
But counſel, order, and ſuch aged arts;
Which if our anceſtors had not retain'd,
The Senate's name our council had not gain'd.
The Spartans to their higheſt magiſtrate
The name of Elder did appropriate:
Therefore his fame for ever ſhall remain,
How gallantly Tarentum he did gain,
With vigilant conduct: when that ſharp reply
He gave to Salinator I ſtood by,
Who to the caſtle fled, the town being loſt,
Yet he to Maximus did vainly boaſt
'Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;
'Tis true, had you not loſt I had not gain'd.
And as much honour on his gown did wait
As on his arms in his fifth conſulate.
When his colleague Carvilius ſtept aſide,
The Tribune of the people would divide
To them the Gallic and the Picene field;
Againſt the Senate's will he will not yield;
When, being angry, boldly he deſcares
Thoſe things were acted under happy ſtars,
From which the commonwealth found good effects,
But otherwiſe they came from bad aſpects.
Many great things of Fabius I could tell,
But his ſon's death did all the reſt excel;
(His gallant ſon, though young, had Conſul been)
His funeral oration I have ſeen
Often; and when on that I turn my eyes,
I all the old philoſophers deſpiſe.
Though he in all the people's eyes ſeem'd great,
Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat;
When feaſting with his private friends at home,
Such counſel, ſuch diſcourſe, from him did come,
Such ſcience in his art of augury,
No Roman ever was more learn'd than he;
Knowledge of all things preſent and to come,
Rememb'ring all the wars of ancient Rome,
Nor only there, but all the world's beſide:
Dying in extreme Age I propheſy'd
That which is come to paſs, and did diſcern
From his ſurvivors I could nothing learn.
This long diſcourſe was but to let you ſee
That his long life could not uneaſy be.
Few like the Fabii or the Scipios are
Takers of cities, conquerors in war:
Yet others to like happy Age arrive,
Who modeſt, quiet, and with virtue live.
Thus Plato writing his philoſophy,
With honour after ninety years did die.
Th' Athenian ſtory writ at ninety-four
By Iſocrates, who yet liv'd five years more;
His maſter Gorgias at the hundredth year
And ſeventh, not his ſtudies did forbear;
And aſk'd why he no ſooner left the ſtage?
Said he ſaw nothing to accuſe Old Age.
None but the fooliſh, who their lives abuſe,
Age of their own miſtakes and crimes accuſe.
All commonwealths (as by records is ſeen)
As by Age preſerv'd, by youth deſtroy'd, have been.
When the tragedian Nævius did demand,
Why did your commonwealth no longer ſtand?
'Twas anſwer'd, that their ſenators were new,
Fooliſh and young, and ſuch as nothing knew.
Nature to youth hot raſhneſs doth diſpenſe
But with cold prudence Age doth recompenſe.
But age, 'tis ſaid, will memory decay;
So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;
Or if by Nature it be dull and ſlow.
Themiſtocles (when ag'd) the names did know
Of all the Athenians; and none grow ſo old
Not to remember where they hid their gold.
From age ſuch art of memory we learn,
To forget nothing which is our concern:
Their intereſt no prieſt nor ſorcerer
Forgets, nor lawyer nor philoſopher:
No underſtanding memory can want
Where wiſdom ſtudious induſtry doth plant.
Nor does it only in the active live,
But in the quiet and contemplative.
When Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)
Was by his ſons before the judges brought,
Becauſe he paid the Muſes ſuch reſpect,
His fortune, wife, and children to neglect;
Almoſt condemn'd, he mov'd the judges thus,
"Hear, but inſtead of me my Oedipus."
The judges hearing with applauſe, at th' end
Freed him, and ſaid, "No fool ſuch lines had penn'd."
What poets and what orators can I
Recount, what princes in philoſophy,
Whoſe conſtant ſtudies with their age did ſtrive?
Nor did they thoſe, though thoſe did them ſurvive.
Old huſbandmen I at Sabinum know,
Who for another year dig, plough, and ſow;
For never any man was yet ſo old
But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.
Cæcilius vainly ſaid, "Each day we ſpend
"Diſcovers ſomething which muſt needs offend."
But ſometimes Age may pleaſant things behold,
And nothing that offends. He ſhould have told
This not to Age, but youth, who oft'ner ſee
What not alone offends, but hurts, than we.
That I in him which he in Age condemn'd,
That us it renders odious and contemn'd.
He knew not virtue if he thought this truth;
For youth delights in Age, and Age in youth.
What to the old can greater pleaſure be
Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to ſee,
When they with rev'rence follow where we lead,
And in ſtraight paths by our directions tread!
And ev'n my converſation here I ſee
As well receiv'd by you as your's by me.
'Tis diſingenuous to accuſe our Age
Of idleneſs, who all our pow'rs engage
In the ſame ſtudies, the ſame courſe to hold,
Nor think our reaſon for new arts too old.
Solon, the ſage, his progreſs never ceas'd,
But ſtill his learning with his days increas'd;
And I with the ſame greedineſs did ſeek,
As water when I thirſt, to ſwallow Greek;
Which I did only learn that I might know
Thoſe great examples which I follow now:
And I have heard that Socrates the Wiſe
Learn'd on the lute for his laſt exerciſe.
Though many of the Ancients did the ſame,
To improve knowledge was my only aim.

THE SECOND PART.

Now into' our ſecond grievance I muſt break,
" That loſs of ſtrength makes underſtanding weak."
I grieve no more my youthful ſtrength to want,
Than, young, that of a bull or elephant;
Then with that force content which Nature gave,
Nor am I now diſpleas'd with what I have.
When the young wreſtlers at their ſport grew warm,
Old Milo wept to ſee his naked arm,
And cry'd 'twas dead. Trifler! thine heart and head,
And all that's in them, (not thy arm) are dead:
This folly ev'ry looker-on derides,
To glory only in thy arms and ſides.
Our gallant anceſtors let fall no tears,
Their ſtrength decreaſing by increaſing years;
But they advanc'd in wiſdom ev'ry hour,
And made the commonwealth advance in pow'r.
But orators may grieve, for in their ſides,
Rather than heads, their faculty abides:
Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,
And ſtill my own ſometimes the Senate hear.
When th' old with ſmooth and gentle voices plead,
They by the ear their well-pleas'd audience lead;
Which if I had not ſtrength enough to do,
I could (my Lælius and my Scipio!)
What's to be done or not be done inſtruct,
And to the maxims of good life conduct.
Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man
Of men) your grandſire, the great African,
Were joyful when the flow'r of noble blood
Crowded their dwellings, and attending ſtood,
Like oracles their counſels to receive,
How in their progreſs they ſhould act and live.
And they whoſe high examples youth obeys
Are not deſpiſed though their ſtrength decays;
And thoſe decays (to ſpeak the naked truth,
Though the defects of Age) were crimes of youth.
Intemp'rate youth (by ſad experience found)
Ends in an Age imperfect and unſound)
Cyrus, though ag'd, (if Xenophon ſay true)
Lucius Mettellus, whom when young I knew)
Who held (after his ſecond conſulate)
Twenty-two years the high pontificate;
Neither of theſe, in body or in mind,
Before their death the leaſt decay did find.
I ſpeak not of myſelf, though none deny
To Age to praiſe their youth the liberty:
Such an unwaſted ſtrength I cannot boaſt,
Yet now my years are eighty-four almoſt:
And though from what it was my ſtrength is far,
Both in the firſt and ſecond Punic war,
Nor at Thermopylæ, under Glabrio,
Nor when I Conſul into Spain did go;
But yet I feel no weakneſs, nor hath length
Of winters quite enervated my ſtrength;
And I my gueſt, my client, or my friend,
Still in the courts of juſtice can defend:
Neither muſt I that proverb's truth allow,
" Who would be ancient muſt be early ſo."
I would be youthful ſtill, and find no need
To appear old till I was ſo indeed.
And yet you ſee my hours not idle are,
Though with your ſtrength I cannot mine compare:
Yet this Centurion's doth yours ſurmount;
Not therefore him the better man I count.
Milo, when ent'ring the Olympic game,
With a huge ox upon his ſhoulder came:
Would you the force of Milo's body find,
Rather than of Pythagoras's mind?
The force which Nature gives with care retain,
But when decay'd 'tis folly to complain.
In Age to wiſh for youth is full as vain
As for a youth to turn a child again.
Simple and certain Nature's ways appear,
As ſhe ſets forth the ſeaſons of the year:
So in all parts of life we find her truth,
Weakneſs to childhood, raſhneſs to our youth;
To elder years to be diſcreet and grave,
Then, to old Age maturity ſhe gave.
(Scipio) you know how Maſſiniſſa bears
His kingly port at more than ninety years;
When marching with his foot he walks till night,
When with his horſe he never will alight;
Though cold or wet, his head is always bare;
So hot, ſo dry, his aged members are.
You ſee how exerciſe and temperance
Ev'n to old years a youthful ſtrength advance.
Our law (becauſe from Age our ſtrength retires)
No duty which belongs to ſtrength requires.
But Age doth many men ſo feeble make,
That they no great deſign can undertake;
Yet that to Age not ſingly is apply'd,
But to all man's infirmities beſide.
That Scipio who adopted you did fall
Into ſuch pains he had no health at all,
Who elſe had equall'd Africanus' parts,
Exceeding him in all the liberal arts.
Why ſhould thoſe errors then imputed be
To Age alone, from which our youth's not free?
Ev'ry diſeaſe of Age we may prevent,
Like thoſe of youth, by being diligent.

When ſick, ſuch moderate exerciſe we uſe,
And diet, as our vital heat renews;
And if our bodies thence refreſhment finds,
Then muſt we alſo exerciſe our minds.
If with continual oil we not ſupply
Our lamp, the light for want of it will die.
Though bodies may be tir'd with exerciſe,
No wearineſs the mind could e'er ſurpriſe.
Cæcilius, the comedian, when of age
He repreſents the follies on the ſtage,
They're credulous, forgetful, diſſolute;
Neither thoſe crimes to Age he doth impute,
But to old men, to whom thoſe crimes belong.
Luſt, petulence, raſhneſs, are in youth more ſtrong
Than Age, and yet young men thoſe vices hate
Who virtuous are, diſcreet, and temperate:
And ſo what we call dotage ſeldom breeds
In bodies but where Nature ſow'd the ſeeds.
There are five daughters and four gallant ſons
In whom the blood of noble Appius runs,
With a moſt num'rous family beſide,
Whom he alone, though old and blind, did guide:
Yet his clear-ſighted mind was ſtill intent,
And to his buſ'neſs, like a bow, ſtood bent:
By children, ſervants, neighbours, ſo eſteem'd,
He not a maſter but a monarch ſeem'd.
All his relations his admirers were;
His ſons paid rev'rence, and his ſervants fear:
The order and the ancient diſcipline
Of Romans did in all his actions ſhine.
Authority kept up old Age ſecures,
Whoſe dignity as long as life endures.
Something of youth I in old Age approve,
But more the marks of Age in youth I love.
Who this obſerves may in his body find
Decrepit Age, but never in his mind.
The ſeven volumes of my own Reports,
Wherein are all the pleadings of our courts;
All noble monuments of Greece are come
Unto my hands, with thoſe of ancient Rome.
The Pontifical and the Civil law
I ſtudy ſtill, and thence orations draw:
And, to confirm my memory, at night
What I hear, ſee, or do, by day, I ſtill recite.
Theſe exerciſes for my thoughts I find;
Theſe labours are the chariots of my mind.
To ſerve my friends the Senate I frequent,
And there what I before digeſted vent;
Which only from my ſtrength of mind proceeds,
Not any outward force of body needs;
Which if I could not do, I ſhould delight
On what I would to ruminate at night.
Who in ſuch practices their mind engage,
Nor fear nor think of their approaching Age,
Which by degrees inviſibly doth creep;
Nor do we ſeem to die, but fall aſleep.

THE THIRD PART.

Now muſt I draw my forces 'gainſt that hoſt
Of pleaſures which i' th' ſea of Age are loſt.
O thou moſt high tranſcendent gift of Age!
Youth from its folly thus to diſengage.
And now receive from me that moſt divine
Oration of that noble Tarentine†,
Which at Tarentum I long ſince did hear,
When I attended the great Fabius there.
Ye Gods! was it man's nature, or his fate,
Betray'd him with ſweet pleaſure's poiſon'd bait?
Which he, with all deſigns of art or pow'r,
Doth with unbridled appetite devour:
And as all poiſons ſeek the nobleſt part,
Pleaſure poſſeſſes firſt the head and heart;
Intoxicating both by them, ſhe finds,
And burns the ſacred temples of our minds.
Furies, which reaſon's divine chains had bound,
(That being broken) all the world confound;
Luſt, Murder, Treaſon, Avarice, and hell
Itſelf broke looſe, in Reaſon's palace dwell:
Truth, Honour, Juſtice, Temperance, are fled,
All her attendants into darkneſs led.

† Archytas, much praiſed by Horace.

But why all this diſcourſe? when pleaſure's rage
Hath conquer'd reaſon, we muſt treat with Age.
Age undermines, and will in time ſurpriſe
Her ſtrongeſt forts, and cut off all ſupplies;
And, join'd in league with ſtrong Neceſſity,
Pleaſure muſt fly, or elſe by famine die.
Flaminius, whom a conſulſhip had grac'd,
(Then Cenſor) from the Senate I diſplac'd:
When he in Gaul, a Conſul, made a feaſt,
A beauteous courtezan did him requeſt
To ſee the cutting off a priſ'ner's head;
This crime I could not leave unpuniſhed,
Since by a private villany he ſtain'd
That public honour which at Rome he gain'd.
Then to our Age (when not to pleaſures bent)
This ſeems an honour, not diſparagement.
We not all pleaſures like the Stoics hate,
But love and ſeek thoſe which are moderate.
(Though divine Plato thus of pleaſures thought,
They us with hooks and baits like fiſhes caught.)
When Quæſtor, to the gods in public halls
I was the firſt who ſet up feſtivals:
Not with high taſtes our appetites did force,
But fill'd with converſation and diſcourſe;

Which feasts Convivial Meetings we did name;
Not like the ancient Greeks, who to their shame
Call'd it a Compotation, not a feast,
Declaring the worst part of it the best.
Those entertainments I did then frequent
Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment:
But now I thank my Age, which gives me ease
From those excesses; yet myself I please
With cheerful talk to entertain my guests,
(Discourses are to Age continual feasts)
The love of meat and wine they recompense,
And cheer the mind as much as those the sense.
I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among
The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young;
Nor 'gainst all pleasures proclaim open war,
To which, in Age, some nat'ral motions are:
And still at my Sabinum I delight
To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.
But we the sense of gust and pleasure want,
Which youth at full possesses; this I grant:
But Age seeks not the things which youth requires,
And no man needs that which he not desires.
When Sophocles was ask'd if he deny'd
Himself the use of pleasures? he reply'd,
"I humbly thank th' immortal gods who me
"From that fierce tyrant's insolence set free."
But they whom pressing appetites constrain
Grieve when they cannot their desires obtain.
Young men the use of pleasure understand,
As of an object new, and near at hand:
Though this stands more remote from Age's sight,
Yet they behold it not without delight:
As ancient soldiers, from their duties eas'd,
With sense of honour and rewards are pleas'd;
So from ambitious hopes and lusts releas'd,
Delighted with itself our Age doth rest.
No part of life's more happy, when with bread
Of ancient knowledge and new learning fed:
All youthful pleasures by degrees must cease,
But those of Age ev'n with our years increase.
We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd,
But free from surfeits our repose is sound.
When old Fabricius to the Samnites went,
Ambassador from Rome to Pyrrhus sent,
He heard a grave philosopher maintain
That all the actions of our life were vain
Which with our sense of pleasure not conspir'd;
Fabricius the philosopher desir'd
That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach,
And to the Samnites the same doctrine preach,
Then of their conquest he should doubt no more,
Whom their own pleasures overcame before.
Now into rustic matters I must fall,
Which pleasure seems to me the chief of all.
Age no impediment to those can give,
Who wisely by the rules of Nature live.
Earth (though our mother) cheerfully obeys
All the commands her race upon her lays;
For whatsoever from our hand she takes,
Greater or less, a vast return she makes.
Nor am I only pleas'd with that resource,
But with her ways, her method, and her force.
The seed her bosom (by the plough made fit)
Receives, where kindly she embraces it,
Which with her genuine warmth diffus'd and spread,
Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,
Then gives it motion, life, and nourishment,
Which from the root thro' nerves and veins are sent;
Straight in a hollow sheath upright it grows,
And, from receiving, doth itself disclose:
Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded spikes
Guard it from birds, as with a stand of pikes.
When of the vine I speak, I seem inspir'd,
And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd:
At Nature's godlike pow'r I stand amaz'd,
Which such vast bodies hath from atoms rais'd.
The kernel of a grape, the fig's small grain,
Can clothe a mountain, and o'ershade a plain:
But thou, dear Vine! forbidd'st me to be long,
Although thy trunk be neither large nor strong;
Nor can thy head (not help'd) itself sublime,
Yet, like a serpent, a tall tree can climb:
Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine
Proves thy support, and all its strength is thine:
Though Nature gave not legs, it gave thee hands,
By which thy prop the proudest cedar stands:
As thou hast hands, so hath thy offspring wings,
And to the highest part of mortal springs.
But lest thou shouldst consume thy wealth in vain,
And starve thyself to feed a num'rous train,
Or like the bee, (sweet as thy blood) disgu'd
To be destroy'd to propagate his kind,
Lest thy redundant and superfluous juice
Should fading leaves instead of fruits produce,
The pruner's hand, with letting blood, must quench
Thy heat, and thy exuberant parts retrench:
Then from the joints of thy prolific stem
A swelling knot is raised, (call'd, a gem)
Whence in short space itself the cluster shews,
And from earth's moisture mix'd with sun-beams
I' th' spring, like youth, it yields an acid taste, [grows.
But summer doth, like Age, the sourness waste;
Then cloath'd with leaves, from heat and cold se-
cure,
Like virgins, sweet and beauteous, when mature.
On fruits, flow'rs, herbs, and plants, I long could
dwell,
At once to please my eye, my taste, my smell.
My walks of trees, all planted by my hand,
Like children of my own begetting stand.
To tell the sev'ral natures of each earth,
What fruits from each most properly take birth;
And with what arts to enrich ev'ry mould,
The dry to moisten, and to warm the cold.
But when we graft, or buds inoculate,
Nature by art we nobly meliorate.
As Orpheus' music wildest beasts did tame,
From the sour crab the sweetest apple came;
The mother to the daughter goes to school,
The species changed, doth her laws o'er-rule.
Nature herself doth from herself depart
(Strange transmigration!) by the pow'r of art.
How little things give law to great! we see
The small bud captivates the greatest tree.
Here ev'n the pow'r divine we imitate,
And seem not to beget, but to create.
Much was I pleas'd with fowls and beasts, the tame
For food and profit, and the wild for game.

Excuſe me, when this pleaſant ſtring I touch,
(For Age of what delights it ſpeaks too much.)
Who twice victorious Pyrrhus conquered,
The Sabines and the Samnites captive led,
Great Curius! his remaining days did ſpend,
And in this happy life his triumphs end.
My farm ſtands near, and when I there retire,
His and that age's temper I admire.
The Samnite's chief, as by his fire he ſat,
With a vaſt ſum of gold on him did wait;
" Return," ſaid he; " your gold I nothing weigh,
" When thoſe who can command it me obey."
This my aſſertion proves he may be old,
And yet not ſordid, who refuſes gold.
In ſummer to ſit ſtill, or walk, I love,
Near a cool fountain, or a ſhady grove.
What can in winter render more delight
Than the high ſun at noon and fire at night?
While our old friends and neighbours feaſt and play,
And with their harmleſs mirth turn night to day,
Unpurchas'd plenty our full tables loads,
And part of what they lent return t' our gods.
That honour and authority which dwells
With Age, all pleaſures of our youth excels.
Obſerve that I that Age have only prais'd
Whoſe pillars were on youth's foundations rais'd,
And that (for which I great applauſe receiv'd)
As a true maxim hath been ſince believ'd.
That moſt unhappy Age great pity needs,
Which to defend itſelf new matter pleads.
Not from gray hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,
But our paſt life, when virtuouſly ſpent,
Muſt to our Age thoſe happy fruits preſent.
Thoſe things to Age moſt honourable are
Which eaſy, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, conſulting, compliment, reſort,
Crowding attendance to and from the court:
And not on Rome alone this honour waits,
But on all civil and well-govern'd ſtates.
Lyſander pleading in his city's praiſe,
From thence his ſtrongeſt argument did raiſe,
That Sparta did with honour Age ſupport,
Paying them juſt reſpect at ſtage and court:
But at proud Athens youth did Age outface,
Nor at the plays would riſe or give them place.
When an Athenian ſtranger of great Age
Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the ſtage,
To him the whole aſſembly roſe, and ran
To place and eaſe this old and reverend man,
Who thus his thanks returns, " Th' Athenians know
" What's to be done; but what they know not do."
Here our great Senate's orders I may quote,
The firſt in Age is ſtill the firſt in vote.
Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command,
In competition with great years may ſtand.
Why ſhould our youth's ſhort tranſient pleaſures dare
With Age's laſting honours to compare? [grows
On the world's ſtage, when our applauſe
For acting here life's tragic comedy, [high,
The lookers-on will ſay we act not well,
Unleſs the laſt the former ſcenes excel.
But Age is froward, uneaſy, ſcrutinous,
Hard to be pleas'd, and parſimonious.
But all thoſe errors from our manners riſe,
Not from our years; yet ſome moroſities
We muſt expect, ſince jealouſy belongs
To Age, of ſcorn, and tender ſenſe of wrongs:
Yet thoſe are mollify'd, or not diſcern'd,
Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:
So the Twins' humours, in our Terence†, are
Unlike, this harſh and rude, that ſmooth and fair.
Our nature here is not unlike our wine;
Some ſorts, when old, continue briſk and fine;
So Age's gravity may ſeem ſevere,
But nothing harſh or bitter ought t' appear.
Of Age's avarice I cannot ſee
What colour, ground, or reaſon, there ſhould be:
Is it not folly when the way we ride
Is ſhort, for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice ſome title youth may own,
To reap in autumn what the ſpring had ſown;
And, with the providence of bees or ants,
Prevent with ſummer's plenty winter's wants:
But Age ſcarce ſows till Death ſtands by to reap,
And to a ſtranger's hand transfers the heap:
Afraid to be ſo once, ſhe's always poor,
And to avoid a miſchief makes it ſure.
Such madneſs as for fear of death to die,
Is to be poor for fear of poverty.

† In his comedy called Adelphi.

THE FOURTH PART.

Now againſt (that which terrifies our Age)
The laſt and greateſt grievance we engage;
To her grim Death appears in all her ſhapes,
The hungry grave for her due tribute gapes.
Fond, fooliſh man! with fear of death ſurpris'd,
Which either ſhould be wiſh'd for or deſpis'd;
This, if our ſouls with bodies death deſtroy;
That, if our ſouls a ſecond life enjoy.
What elſe is to be fear'd, when we ſhall gain
Eternal life, or have no ſenſe of pain?
The youngeſt in the morning are not ſure
That till the night their life they can ſecure;

Their Age ſtands more expos'd to accidents
Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:
Death's force (with terror) againſt Nature ſtrives,
Nor one of many to ripe Age arrives.
From this ill fate the world's diſorders riſe,
For if all men were old they would be wiſe.
Years and experience our forefathers taught,
Them under laws and into cities brought.
Why only ſhould the fear of death belong
To Age, which is as common to the young?
Your hopeful brothers, and my ſon. to you,
Scipio, and me, this maxim makes too true.
But vig'rous youth may his gay thoughts erect
To many years, which Age muſt not expect.
But when he ſees his airy hopes deceiv'd,
With grief he ſays, Who this would have believ'd?
We happier are than they who but deſir'd
To poſſeſs that which we long ſince acquir'd.
What if our age to Neſtor's could extend?
'Tis vain to think that laſting which muſt end;
And when 'tis paſt, not any part remains
Thereof, but the reward which virtue gains.
Days, months, and years, like running waters flow,
Nor what is paſt nor what's to come we know.
Our date, how ſhort ſoe'er, muſt us content.
When a good actor doth his part preſent,
In ev'ry act he our attention draws,
That at the laſt he may find juſt applauſe;
So though but ſhort, yet we muſt learn the art
Of virtue on this ſtage to act our part.
True wiſdom muſt our actions ſo direct,
Not only the laſt plaudit to expect;
Yet grieve no more, though long that part ſhould laſt,
Than huſbandmen becauſe the ſpring is paſt.
The ſpring, like youth, freſh bloſſoms doth produce,
But autumn makes them ripe and fit for uſe:
So Age a mature mellowneſs doth ſet
On the green promiſes of youthful heat.
All things which Nature did ordain are good,
And ſo muſt be receiv'd and underſtood.
Age, like ripe apples, on earth's boſom drops,
While force our youth, like fruits untimely crops:
The ſparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
As when huge ſtreams are pour'd on raging fires;
But Age unforc'd falls by her own conſent,
As coals to aſhes, when the ſpirit's ſpent:
Therefore to death I with ſuch joy reſort,
As ſeamen from a tempeſt to their port:
Yet to that port ourſelves we muſt not force,
Before our pilot, Nature, ſteers our courſe.
Let us the cauſes of our fear condemn,
Then Death at his approach we ſhall contemn.
Though to our heat of youth our Age ſeems cold,
Yet, when reſolv'd, it is more brave and bold.
Thus Solon to Piſiſtratus reply'd.
Demanded on what ſuccour he rely'd
When with ſo few he boldly did engage?
He ſaid he took his courage from his Age.
Then death ſeems welcome, and our nature kind,
When, leaving us a perfect ſenſe and mind,
She (like a workman in his ſcience ſkill'd)
Pulls down with eaſe what her own hand did build.
That art which knew to join all parts in one
Makes the leaſt vi'lent ſeparation.
Yet though our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We muſt not force them till themſelves they break.
Pythagoras bids us in our ſtation ſtand,
Till God, our general, ſhall us diſband.
Wiſe Solon dying, wiſh'd his friends might grieve,
That in their memories he ſtill might live;
Yet wiſer Ennius gave command to all
His friends not to bewail his funeral:
Your tears for ſuch a death in vain you ſpend,
Which ſtraight in immortality ſhall end.
In death if there be any ſenſe of pain,
But a ſhort ſpace to Age it will remain;
On which, without my fears, my wiſhes wait,
But tim'rous youth on this ſhould meditate.
Who for light pleaſure this advice rejects,
Finds little when his thoughts he recollects.
Our death (though not its certain date) we know,
Nor whether it may be this night or no.
How then can they contented live who fear
A danger certain, and none knows how near?
They err who for the fear of death diſpute,
Our gallant actions this miſtake confute.
Thee, Brutus! Rome's firſt martyr I muſt name;
The Curtii bravely div'd the gulf of flame;
Attilius ſacrific'd himſelf, to ſave
That faith which to his barb'rous foes he gave:
With the two Scipios did thy uncle fall,
Rather than fly from conqu'ring Hannibal:
The great Marcellus (who reſtored Rome)
His greateſt foes with honour did entomb.
Their lives how many of our legions threw
Into the breach? whence no return they knew.
Muſt then the wife, the old, the learned, fear
What not the rude, the young, th'unlearn'd, forbear?
Satiety from all things elſe doth come,
Then life muſt to itſelf grow weariſome.
Thoſe trifles wherein children take delight
Grow naufeous to the young man's appetite;
And from thoſe gaities our youth requires
To exerciſe their minds, our Age retires;
And when the laſt delights of Age ſhall die,
Life in itſelf will find ſatiety.
Now you, my friends, my ſenſe of death ſhall hear,
Which I can well deſcribe, for he ſtands near.
Your father, Lælius, and your's, Scipio,
My friends, and men of honour, I did know:
As certainly as we muſt die, they live
That life which juſtly may that name receive:
Till from theſe priſons of our fleſh releas'd,
Our ſouls with heavy burdens lie oppreſs'd;
Which part of man from heav'n falling down.
Earth, in her low abyſs, doth hide and drown,
A place ſo dark to the celeſtial light
And pure eternal fire's quite oppoſite.
The gods through human bodies did diſperſe
An heav'nly ſoul to guide this univerſe,
That man, when he of heav'nly bodies ſaw
The order, might from thence a pattern draw:
Nor this to me did my own dictates ſhew,
But to the old philoſophers I owe.
I heard Pythagoras, and thoſe who came
With him, and from our country took their name
Who never doubted but the beams divine,
Deriv'd from gods, in mortal breaſts did ſhine.

Not from my knowledge did the Ancients hide
What Socrates declar'd the hour he dy'd;
He th' immorality of souls proclaim'd,
(Whom th' oracle of men the wisest nam'd)
Why should we doubt of that whereof our sense
Finds demonstration from experience?
Our minds are here, and there below, above;
Nothing that's mortal can so swiftly move.
Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,
And in an instant all that's past collect.
Reason, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature but immortal can impart.
Man's soul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cause that motion owes;
And therefore that no end can overtake,
Because our minds cannot themselves forsake:
And since the matter of our soul is pure
And simple, which no mixture can endure
Of parts which not among themselves agree,
Therefore it never can divided be;
And Nature shews (without philosophy)
What cannot be divided cannot die.
We ev'n in early infancy discern
Knowledge is born with babes before they learn;
E'er they can speak they find so many ways
To serve their turn, and see more arts than days:
Before their thoughts they plainly can express;
The words and things they know are numberless,
Which Nature only and no art could find,
But what she taught before she call'd to mind.
These to his sons (as Xenophon records)
Of the great Cyrus were the dying words:
"Fear not when I depart; nor therefore mourn)
"I shall be no where, or to nothing turn;
"That soul which gave me life was seen by none,
"Yet by the actions it design'd was known;
"And though its flight no mortal eye shall see,
"Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.
"That soul which can immortal glory give,
"To her own virtues must for ever live.
"Can you believe that man's all-knowing mind
"Can to a mortal body be confin'd?
"Though a soul foolish prison her immure
"On earth, she (when escap'd) is wise and pure.
"Man's body, when dissolv'd, is but the same
"With beasts, and must return from whence it
came;
"But whence into our bodies reason flows,
"None sees it when it comes, or where it goes.
"Nothing resembles death so much as sleep,
"Yet then our minds themselves from slumber keep.
"When from their fleshly bondage they are free,
"Then what divine and future things they see!
"Which makes it most apparent whence they are,
"And what they shall hereafter be declare."
This noble speech the dying Cyrus made.
Me, Scipio, shall no argument persuade
Thy grandsire, and his brother, to whom Fame
Gave, from two conquer'd parts o' th' world, their
name,
Nor thy great grandsire, nor thy father Paul,
Who fell at Cannæ against Hannibal;
Nor I, (for 'tis permitted to the aged
To boast their actions) had so ft' engag'd
In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought
That only Fame our virtuous actions bought:
'Twere better in soft pleasure and repose
Inglorious'ly our peaceful eyes to close:
Some high assurance hath possess'd my mind,
After my death an happier life to find.
Unless our souls from the immortals came,
What end have we to seek immortal fame?
All virtuous spirits some such hope attends,
Therefore the wise his days with pleasure ends.
The foolish and short-sighted die with fear
That they go no where, or they know not where.
The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes,
Before she parts some happy port descries.
My friends, your fathers I shall surely see;
Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
But such as before ours did end their days,
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praise.
This I believe; for were I on my way,
None should persuade me to return or stay.
Should some god tell me that I should be born
And cry again, his offer I would scorn;
Asham'd when I have ended well my race,
To be led back to my first starting place.
And since with life we are more griev'd than joy'd,
We should be either satisty'd or cloy'd,
Yet will I not my length of days deplore,
As many wise and learn'd have done before;
Nor can I think such life in vain is lent,
Which for our country and our friends is spent.
Hence from an inn, not from my home, I pass,
Since Nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,
That peaceful and divine assembly see:
Not only those I nam'd I there shall greet,
But my own gallant virtuous Cato meet.
Nor did I weep when I to ashes turn'd
His belov'd body, who should mine have burn'd.
I in my thoughts beheld his soul ascend,
Where his fix'd hopes our interview attend.
Then cease to wonder that I feel no grief
From Age, which is of my delights the chief.
My hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd,
(That I man's soul immortal have believ'd)
And if I err, no pow'r shall dispossess
My thoughts of that expected happiness.
Though some minute philosophers pretend
That with our days our pains and pleasures end.
If it be so I hold the safer side,
For none of them my error shall deride;
And if hereafter no rewards appear,
Yet virtue hath itself rewarded here.
If those who this opinion have despis'd,
And their whole life to pleasure sacrific'd,
Should feel their error, they, when undeceiv'd,
Too late will wish that me they had believ'd.
If souls no immortality obtain,
'Tis fit our bodies should be out of pain.
The same uneasiness which ev'ry thing
Gives to our nature life must also bring.
Good acts, if long, seem tedious; so is Age,
Acting too long upon this earth, her stage.
Thus much for Age, to which when you arrive,
That joy to you which it gives me 'twill give.

OF PRUDENCE.

PREFACE

TO THE FOLLOWING TRANSLATION.

GOING this laſt ſummer to viſit the Wells, I took an occaſion (by the way) to wait upon an ancient and honourable friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then ſolitary) retirement with the Latin original of this tranſlation, which (being out of print) I had never ſeen before. When I looked upon it, I ſaw that it had formerly paſſed through two learned hands, not without approbation, which were Ben. Johnſon and Sir Kenelm Dighy; but I found it (where I ſhall never find myſelf) in the ſervice of a better maſter, the Earl of Briſtol, of whom I ſhall ſay no more; for I love not to improve the honour of the living by impairing that of the dead; and my own profeſſion hath taught me not to erect new ſuperſtructures upon an old ruin. He was pleaſed to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I liked the entertainment it gave me ſo well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obſolete Engliſh diſguiſe, wherein an Old Monk had clothed it, and to make as becoming a new veſt for it as I could.

The author was a perſon of quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched ſince with the ſiſter of Cardinal Mazarine; he was contemporary to Petrarch and Mantuan, and not long before Torquato Taſſo, which ſhews that the age they lived in was not ſo unlearned as that which preceded or that which followed.

The author wrote upon the four cardinal virtues; but I have tranſlated only the two firſt, not to turn the kindneſs I intended to him into an injury; for the two laſt are little more than repetitions and recitals of the firſt: and (to make a juſt excuſe for him) they could not well be otherwiſe, ſince the two laſt virtues are but deſcendants from the firſt, Prudence being the true mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the child of Juſtice.

WISDOM's firſt progreſs is to take a view
What's decent or indecent, falſe or true.
He 's truly prudent who can ſeparate
Honeſt from vile, and ſtill adhere to that:
Their difference to meaſure and to reach
Reaſon well rectify'd muſt Nature teach;
And theſe high ſcrutinies are ſubjects fit
For man's all-ſearching and inquiring wit:
That ſearch of knowledge did from Adam flow;
Who wants it yet abhors his wants to ſhew.
Wiſdom of what herſelf approves makes choice,
Nor is led captive by the common voice.
Clear-ſighted Reaſon, Wiſdom's judgment leads,
And Senſe, her vaſſal, in her footſteps treads.
That thou to Truth the perfect way may'ſt know,
To thee all her ſpecific forms I'll ſhew.

He that the way to honeſty will learn,
Firſt what's to be avoided muſt diſcern.
Thyſelf from flatt'ring ſelf-conceit defend,
Nor what thou doſt not know to know pretend.
Some ſecrets deep in abſtruſe darkneſs lie;
To ſearch them thou wilt need a piercing eye;
Nor raſhly therefore to ſuch things aſſent,
Which undeceiv'd thou after may'ſt repent:
Study and time in theſe muſt thee inſtruct,
And others' old experience may conduct.
Wiſdom herſelf her ear doth often lend
To counſel offer'd by a faithful friend.
In equal ſcales to doubtful matters lay, [weigh.
Thou may'ſt chooſe ſafely that which moſt doth
'Tis not ſecure this place or that to guard,
If any other entrance ſtand unbarr'd.

He that escapes the serpent's teeth may fail,
If he himself secures not from his tail.
Who saith who could such ill events expect?
With shame on his own counsels doth reflect.
Most in the world doth self-conceit deceive,
Who just and good whate'er they act believe.
To their wills wedded, to their errors slaves,
No man (like them) they think himself behaves.
This stiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reason's lure descend.
Fathers sometimes their children's faults regard
With pleasure, and their crimes with gifts reward.
Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write,
Virgil and Titian (self-admiring) slight;
Then all they do like gold and pearl appears,
And others' actions are but dirt to theirs.
They that so highly think themselves above
All other men, themselves can only love.
Reason and virtue, all that man can boast
O'er other creatures, in those brutes are lost.
Observe (if thee this fatal error touch,
Thou to thyself contributing too much)
Those who are gen'rous, humble, just, and wise,
Who nor their gold nor themselves idolize;
To form thyself by their example learn,
(For many eyes can more than one discern.)
But yet beware of councils when too full,
Number makes long disputes, and graveness dull;
Though their advice be good, their counsel wise,
Yet length still loses opportunities.
Debate destroys dispatch, as fruits we see
Rot when they hang too long upon the tree.
In vain that husbandman his seed doth sow,
If he his crop not in due season mow.
A gen'ral sets his army in array
In vain, unless he fight and win the day.
'Tis virtuous action that must praise bring forth,
Without which slow advice is little worth.
Yet they who give good counsel praise deserve,
Though in the active part they cannot serve.
In action learned counsellors their age,
Profession, or disease, forbids t' engage.
Nor to philosophers is praise deny'd,
Whose wise instructions after-ages guide;
Yet vainly most their age in study spend;
No end of writing books, and to no end:
Beating their brains for strange and hidden things,
Whose knowledge nor delight nor profit brings;
Themselves with doubts both day and night perplex,
Nor gentle reader please, or teach, but vex.
Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.
What need we gaze upon the spangled sky,
Or into matter's hidden causes pry,
To describe ev'ry city, stream, or hill,
I' th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill?
What is't to hear a sophister that pleads,
Who by the ears the deceiv'd audience leads?
If we were wise these things we should not mind,
But more delight in easy matters find.
Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do:
The way (if no digression's made) is even,
And free access, if we but ask, is given.

Then seek to know those things which make us blest,
And having found them, lock them in thy breast:
Inquiring then the way, go on, nor slack,
But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole age in these inquiries waste,
And die like fools before one step they 'ave past.
'Tis strange to know the way and not t'advance;
That knowledge is far worse than ignorance.
The learned teach, but what they teach not do,
And standing still themselves, make others go.
In vain on study time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.
The soldier that philosopher well blam'd
Who long and loudly in the schools declaim'd;
"Tell," said the soldier, "venerable Sir!
"Why all these words, this clamour, and this stir?
"Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day,
"Whilst one says only yea, and t'other nay?"
"Oh," said the Doctor, "we for wisdom toil'd,
"For which none toils too much." The soldier smil'd;
"You're gray and old, and to some pious use
"This mass of treasure you should now reduce:
"But you your store have hoarded in some bank,
"For which th' infernal spirits shall you thank."
Let what thou learnest be by practice shewn;
'Tis said that Wisdom's children make her known.
What's good doth open to the inquirer stand,
And itself offers to th' accepting hand:
All things by order and true measures done;
Wisdom will end as well as she begun.
Let early care thy main concerns secure,
Things of less moment may delays endure.
Men do not for their servants first prepare,
And of their wives and children quit the care;
Yet when we're sick the doctor's fetch'd in haste,
Leaving our great concernment to the last.
When we are well, our hearts are only set
(Which way we care not) to be rich or great.
What shall become of all that we have got?
We only know that us it follows not;
And what a trifle is a moment's breath
Laid in the scale with everlasting death!
What's time, when on eternity we think?
A thousand ages in that sea must sink.
Time's nothing but a word; a million
Is full as far from infinite as one. [pay;
To whom thou much dost owe thou much must
Think on the debt against th' accounting-day.
God, who to thee reason and knowledge lent,
Will ask how these two talents have been spent.
Let not low pleasures thy high reason blind;
He's mad that seeks what no man e'er could find.
Why should we fondly please our sense, wherein
Beasts us exceed, nor feel the stings of sin?
What thoughts man's reason better can become
Than th' expectation of his welcome home?
Lords of the world have but for life their lease,
And that too (if the lessor please) must cease.
Death cancels Nature's bonds, but for our deeds
(That debt first paid) a strict account succeeds.
If here not clear'd, no suretyship can bail
Condemned debtors from th' eternal jail.

Chriſt's blood's our balſam; if that cure us here,
Him, when our Judge, we ſhall not find ſevere;
His yoke is eaſy when by us embrac'd,
But loads and galls, if on our necks 'tis caſt.
Be juſt in all thy actions, and if join'd
With thoſe that are not, never change thy mind.
If aught obſtruct thy courſe, yet ſtand not ſtill,
But wind about, till you have topp'd the hill.
To the ſame end men ſev'ral paths may tread,
As many doors into one temple lead;
And the ſame hand into a fiſt may cloſe,
Which inſtantly a palm expanded ſhews.
Juſtice and faith never forſake the wiſe,
Yet may occaſion put him in diſguiſe;
Not turning like the wind; but if the ſtate
Of things muſt change, he is not obſtinate;
Things paſt and future with the preſent weighs,
Nor credulous of what vain rumour ſays.
Few things by wiſdom are at firſt believ'd;
An eaſy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd:
For many truths have often paſs'd for lies,
And lies as often put on truth's diſguiſe:
As flattery too oft' like friendſhip ſhews,
So them who ſpeak plain truth we think our foes.
No quick reply to dubious queſtions make;
Suſpenſe and caution ſtill prevent miſtake.
When any great deſign thou doſt intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end:
All great concernments muſt delays endure;
Raſhneſs and haſte make all things unſecure;
And if uncertain thy pretenſions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty;
But if to unjuſt things thou doſt pretend,
E'er they begin let thy pretenſions end.
Let thy diſcourſe be ſuch that thou may'ſt give
Profit to others, or from them receive.
Inſtruct the ignorant; to thoſe that live
Under thy care good rules and patterns give:
Nor is't the leaſt of virtues to relieve
Thoſe whom afflictions or oppreſſions grieve.
Commend but ſparingly whom thou doſt love;
But leſs condemn whom thou doſt not approve:
Thy friend, like flatt'ry, too much praiſe doth wrong,
And too ſharp cenſure ſhews an evil tongue:
But let inviolate truth be always dear
To thee; ev'n before friendſhip truth prefer.
Than what thou mean'ſt to give ſtill promiſe leſs:
Hold faſt the pow'r thy promiſe to increaſe.
Look forward what's to come, and back what's paſt,
Thy life will be with praiſe and prudence grac'd:
What loſs or gain may follow thou may'ſt gueſs,
Thou then wilt be ſecure of the ſucceſs:
Yet be not always on affairs intent,
But let thy thoughts be eaſy and unbent:
When our minds' eyes are diſengag'd and free,
They clearer, farther, and diſtinctly ſee;
They quicken ſloth, perplexities untie,
Make roughneſs ſmooth, and hardneſs mollify;
And though our hands from labour are releas'd,
Yet our minds find (ev'n when we ſleep) no reſt.
Search not to find how other men offend,
But by that glaſs thy own offences mend;
Still ſeek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
(So it be learning) or from whence it come.
Of thy own actions others judgments learn;
Often by ſmall great matters we diſcern.
Youth what man's age is like to be doth ſhew;
We may our ends by our beginnings know.
Let none direct thee what to do or ſay,
Till thee thy judgment of the matter ſway.
Let not the pleaſing many thee delight; [right.
Firſt judge if thoſe whom thou doſt pleaſe judge
Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things whoſe knowledge is forbid;
Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn round
Standing, and whence no ſafe deſcent is found.
In vain his nerves and faculties he ſtrains
To riſe, whoſe raiſing unſecure remains.
They whom deſert and favour forwards thruſt,
Are wiſe when they their meaſures can adjuſt.
When well at eaſe, and happy, live content,
And then conſider why that life was lent.
When wealthy, ſhew thy wiſdom not to be
To wealth a ſervant, but make wealth ſerve thee.
Though all alone, yet nothing think or do
Which nor a witneſs nor a judge might know.
The higheſt hill is the moſt ſlipp'ry place,
And Fortune mocks us with a ſmiling face;
And her unſteady hand hath often plac'd
Men in high pow'r, but ſeldom holds them faſt;
Againſt her then her forces Prudence joins,
And to the golden mean herſelf confines.
More in proſperity is reaſon toſt
Than ſhips in ſtorms, their helms and anchors loſt:
Before fair gales not all our ſails we bear,
But with ſide-winds into ſafe harbours ſteer:
More ſhips in calms on a deceitful coaſt,
Or unſeen rocks, than in high ſtorms are loſt.
Who caſts out threats and frowns no man deceives;
Time for reſiſtance and defence he gives;
But flatt'ry ſtill in ſugar'd words betrays,
And poiſon in high-taſted meats conveys:
So Fortune's ſmiles unguarded man ſurpriſe,
But when ſhe frowns, he arms, and her defies.

OF JUSTICE.

'Tis the firſt ſanction Nature gave to man,
Each other to aſſiſt in what they can;
Juſt or unjuſt this law for ever ſtands;
All things are good by law which ſhe commands.
The firſt ſtep, man towards Chriſt muſt juſtly live,
Who to' us himſelf, and all we have, did give.
In vain doth man the name of Juſt expect,
If his devotions he to God neglect.
So muſt we rev'rence God, as firſt to know
Juſtice from him, not from ourſelves, doth flow.
God thoſe accepts who to mankind are friends,
Whoſe Juſtice far as their own pow'r extends;
In that they imitate the Pow'r divine;
The ſun alike on good and bad doth ſhine;
And he that doth no good, although no ill,
Does not the office of the juſt fulfil.
Virtue doth man to virtuous actions ſteer;
'Tis not enough that he ſhould vice forbear:
We live not only for ourſelves to care,
Whilſt they that want it are deny'd their ſhare.
Wiſe Plato ſaid the world wit' men was ſtor'd,
That ſuccour each to other might afford;
Nor are thoſe ſuccours to one ſort confin'd,
But ſev'ral parts to ſev'ral men conſign'd.
He that of his own ſtores no part can give,
May with his counſel or his hands relieve.
If Fortune make thee pow'rful, give defence,
'Gainſt fraud and force, to naked innocence:
And when our Juſtice doth her tributes pay,
Method and order muſt direct the way.
Firſt to our God we muſt with rev'rence bow;
'The ſecond honour to our prince we owe;
Next to wives, parents, children, ſit reſpect,
And to our friends and kindred we direct:
'Then we muſt thoſe who groan beneath the weight
Of age, diſeaſe, or want, commiſerate.
'Mongſt thoſe whom honeſt lives can recommend,
Our Juſtice more compaſſion ſhould extend:
'To ſuch who thee in ſome diſtreſs did aid,
Thy debt of thanks with int'reſt ſhould be paid.
As Heſiod ſings, Spread waters o'er thy field,
And a moſt juſt and glad increaſe 'twill yield.
But yet take heed, leſt doing good to one,
Miſchief and wrong be to another done:
Such moderation with thy bounty join,
'That thou may'ſt nothing give that is not thine:
'That liberality's but caſt away
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay.
And no acceſs to wealth let rapine bring;
Do nothing that's unjuſt to be a king.

Juſtice muſt be from violence exempt,
But fraud's her only object of contempt.
Fraud in the fox, force in the lion dwells,
But Juſtice both from human hearts expels:
But he's the greateſt monſter (without doubt)
Who is a wolf within, a ſheep without.
Nor only ill injurious actions are,
But evil words and ſlanders bear their ſhare.
Truth Juſtice loves, and truth injuſtice fears;
Truth above all things a juſt man reveres.
Though not by oaths we God to witneſs call,
He ſees and hears, and ſtill remembers all;
And yet our atteſtations we may wreſt
Sometimes, to make the truth more manifeſt.
If by a lie a man preſerve his faith,
He pardon, leave, and abſolution hath;
Or if I break my promiſe, which to thee
Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
All things committed to thy truſt conceal,
Nor what's forbid by any means reveal.
Expreſs thyſelf in plain not doubtful words,
That ground for quarrels or diſputes affords.
Unleſs thou find occaſion hold thy tongue;
Thyſelf or others careleſs talk may wrong.
When thou art called into public pow'r,
And when a crowd of ſuitors throng thy door,
Be ſure no great offenders 'ſcape their dooms;
Small praiſe from len'ty and remiſſneſs comes:
Crimes pardon'd, others to thoſe crimes invite,
Whilſt lookers-on ſevere examples fright.
When by a pardon'd murd'rer blood is ſpilt,
The judge that pardon'd hath the greateſt guilt.
Who accuſe rigour make a groſs miſtake;
One criminal pardon'd may an hundred make.
When juſtice on offenders is not done,
Law, government, and commerce, are o'erthrown;
As beſieg'd traitors with the foe conſpire
T' unlock the gates and ſet the town on fire.
Yet leſt the puniſhment th' offence exceed,
Juſtice with weight and meaſure muſt proceed:
Yet when pronouncing ſentence ſeem not glad,
Such ſpectacles, though they are juſt, are ſad;
Though what thou doſt thou ought'ſt not to repent,
Yet human bowels cannot but relent.
Rather than all muſt ſuffer ſome muſt die;
Yet nature muſt condole their miſery:
And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'ſt not theſe condemn and thoſe abſolve.
Juſtice, when equal ſcales ſhe holds, is blind;
Nor cruelty nor mercy change her mind.

When ſome eſcape for that which others die,
Mercy to thoſe to theſe is cruelty.
A fine and ſlender net the ſpider weaves,
Which little and light animals receives;
And if ſhe catch a common bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die;
But if a waſp or hornet ſhe entrap,
They tear her cords, like Samſon, and eſcape:
So like a fly the poor offender dies,
But like the waſp the rich eſcapes and flies.

Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The puniſhment beyond the crime extend,
Or after warning the offence forget;
So God himſelf our failings doth remit.
Expect not more from ſervants than is juſt;
Reward them well if they obſerve their truſt;
Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
Since God and Nature them our brothers made:
If his offence be great, let that ſuffice;
If light forgive; for no man's always wiſe.

AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION

OF A MODERN AUTHOR

UPON THE GAME OF CHESS.

A TABLET ſtood of that abſterſive tree
Where Æthiop's ſwarthy bird did build her neſt,
Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Afric's prudent beaſt.
Two kings like Saul, much taller than the reſt,
Their equal armies draw into the field;
Till one take th' other priſ'ner they conteſt;
Courage and fortune muſt to conduct yield.
This game the Perſian Magi did invent,
The force of Eaſtern wiſdom to expreſs;

From thence to buſy Europeans ſent,
And ſtyl'd by modern Lombards Penſive Cheſs.
Yet ſome that fled from Troy to Rome report,
Penthefilea Priam did oblige;
Her Amazons his Trojans taught this ſport,
To paſs the tedious hours of ten years' ſiege.
There ſhe preſents herſelf, whilſt kings and peers
Look gravely on whilſt fierce Bellona fights;
Yet maiden modeſty her motions ſteers,
Nor rudely ſkips o'er biſhops heads like knights.

CONTENTS.

WORKS OF MILTON.

Page

The Author's Life, - - - - - iii
In Paradisum Amissam summi Poetæ Johannis Milton per Samuelem Barrow, - - 7
On Paradise Lost, by Andrew Marvel, - ib.

PARADISE LOST.

Book I. - - - - - - - 9
Book II. - - - - - - - 16
Book III. - - - - - - - 25
Book IV. - - - - - - - 32
Book V. - - - - - - - 41
Book VI. - - - - - - - 49
Book VII. - - - - - - - 53
Book VIII. - - - - - - - 57
Book IX. - - - - - - - 69
Book X. - - - - - - - 80
Book XI. - - - - - - - 90
Book XII. - - - - - - - 98

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

Book I. - - - - - - - 150
Book II. - - - - - - - 110
Book III. - - - - - - - 115
Book IV. - - - - - - - 119
Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is called Tragedy, - - - - - - 125
Samson Agonistes, - - - - - 127
Comus, a Mask, - - - - - - 143
L'Allegro, - - - - - - 153
Il Penseroso - - - - - - 155
Arcades, - - - - - - - 157
Lycidas, - - - - - - - 159

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

I. Anno ætatis 17. On the death of a fair Infant, dying of a cough, - - - - 161
II. Anno ætatis 19. At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The English part, - - - - - 162
III. On the Morning of Christ's Nativity composed 1629, - - - - - 163
The Hymn, - - - - - - ib.

Page

IV. The Passion, - - - - - 165
V. On Time, - - - - - - - ib.
VI. Upon the Circumcision, - - - 166
VII. At a Solemn Music, - - - - 166
VIII. An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, - - - - - - ib.
IX. Song. On May Morning, - - 167
X. On Shakespeare, - - - - - ib.
XI. On the University Carrier, who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the plague, - ib.
XII. Another on the same, - - - - ib.
XII. Ad Pyrrham. Ode V. - - - - ib.
XIII. The fifth Ode of Horace, Lib. I. - - 168
XIV. On the new forcers of conscience under the Long Parliament, - - - - ib.

SONNETS.

I. To the Nightingale, - - - - 169
II, III, IV, V. Italian Sonnets, - - - ib.
VI. Ditto, - - - - - - - 170
VII. On his being arrived at the age of twenty-three, - - - - - - - ib.
VIII. When the assault was intended to the City, - - - - - - - ib.
IX. To a virtuous young Lady, - - - ib.
X. To the Lady Margaret Ley, - - - ib.
XI. On the detraction which followed on my writing certain treatises, - - - ib.
XII. On the same, - - - - - ib.
XIII. To Mr H. Lawes on his Airs, - 171
XIV. On the religious memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson, my Christian Friend, deceased 16th Dec. 1646, - - - - - ib.
XV. To the Lord General Fairfax, - - ib.
XVI. To the Lord General Cromwell, - - ib.
XVII. To Sir Henry Vane the younger, - ib.
XVIII. On the late Massacre in Piemont, - ib.
XIX. On his Blindness, - - - 172
XX. To Mr. Lawrence, - - - - ib.
XXI. To Cyriac Skinner, - - - - ib.
XXII. To the same, - - - - - ib.
XXIII. On his deceased Wife, - - - ib.

Page

PSALMS.

Pſalm I. Done into verſe 1653, - - 173
Pſalm II. Done Aug. 8. 1652. Terzitto, - ib.
Pſalm III. Aug. 9. 1653. When he fled from Abſalom, - - - - - - - ib.
Pſalm IV. Aug. 10. 1653 - - - - - ib.
Pſalm V. Aug. 12. 1653, - - - - 174
Pſalm VI. Aug. 13. 1653. - - - - - ib.
Pſalm VII. Aug. 14. 1653. Upon the words of Cuſh the Benjamite againſt him, - - - ib.
Pſalm VIII. Aug. 14. 1653, - - - - 175
Nine of the Pſalms done into metre, wherein all but what is in a different character are the very words of the text, tranſlated from the original, - - - - - - - ib.
Pſalm LXXX. - - - - - - - ib.
Pſalm LXXXI. - - - - - - 176
Pſalm LXXXII. - - - - - - - ib.
Pſalm LXXXIII. - - - - - - 177
Pſalm LXXXIV. - - - - - - - ib.
Pſalm LXXXV. - - - - - - 178
Pſalm LXXXVI. - - - - - - - ib.
Pſalm LXXXVII. - - - - - - ib.
Pſalm LXXXVIII. - - - - - - 179
A Paraphraſe on Pſalm CXIV. This and the following were done by the author at fifteen years old, - - - - - - - ib.
Pſalm CXXXVI. - - - - - - - ib.

POEMATA.

De auctore Teſtimonia, - - - 181
Elegiarum liber primus, - - - - 183
Elegia prima, ad Carolum Deodatum, - - ib.
Elegia ſecunda, anno ætatis 17. In obitum praeconis academici Cantabrigienſis, - 184
Elegia tertia, anno ætatis 17. In obitum Praefulis Wintonienſis, - - - - - - ib.
Elegia quarta, anno ætatis 18. Ad Thomam Jubilum præceptorem ſuum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, paſtoris munere fungentem, - - - - - 184
Elegia quinta, anno ætatis 20. In adventum veris, - - - - - - - 185
Elegia ſexta. Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem - - - - - - 187
Elegia ſeptima, anno ætatis 19, - - - - ib.
In proditionem bombardicam, - - 188
In eandem, - - - - - - - ib.
In eandem, - - - - - - - ib.
In eandem, - - - - - - 189
In inventorem bombardæ, - - - - ib.
Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem, - - - ib.
Ad eandem, - - - - - - - ib.
Ad eandem, - - - - - - - ib.
Apologus de Ruſtico et Hero, - - - ib.
Sylvarum Liber, - - - - - - 190
Anno ætatis 16. In obitum Procancellarii medici, - - - - - - - - ib.
In quintum Novembris. Anno ætatis 17, - ib.
Anno ætatis 17. In obitum præſulis Elienſis 192
Naturam non pati ſenium, - - - 193
De idea Platonica quemadmodum Ariſtoteles intellexit, - - - - - - - ib.
Ad Patrem, - - - - - - - - ib.
Pſalm CXIV, - - - - - - 194
Philoſophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et inſontem inter reos forte captum inſcius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευομένος, haec ſubito miſit, - - - - - 195
In effigiei ejus ſculptorem, - - - - ib.
Ad Salſillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem. Scazontes, - - - - - - - ib.
Manſus, - - - - - - - - ib.
Epitaphum Damonis, - - - - 196
Jan. 23, 1646. Ad Joannem Rouſium Oxonienſis Academiæ bibliothecarium, - 198
Ad Chriſtinam Sueconum Reginam, nomine Cromwelli, - - - - - - 199

WORKS OF COWLEY.

THE Author's Life, - - - - 203
The Author's Preface, - - - 205
To the Reader, - - - - - 210
To the Right Honourable and Right Reverend Father in God, John Lord Biſhop of Lincoln, and Dean of Weſtminſter, - - ib.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

To the memory of the incomparable Mr. Cowley, - - - - - - 211
To the memory of the Author, - - 211
On Mr. Cowley's juvenile Poems, and the tranſlation of his Plantarum, - - 212
On the Death of Mr. Abraham Cowley, and his burial in Weſtminſter Abbey, - - 213
On the Death of Mr. Cowley, - - - ib.
On Mr. Abraham Cowley's Death and Burial among the ancient poets, by the Hon. Sir John Denham, - - - - - 214
Elegia dedicatoria, ad illuſtriſſimam academiam Cantabrigienſem, - - - - 215

Page

MISCELLANIES.

Conſtantia and Philetus, - - - 216
To the Right Worſhipful my very loving Maſter, Mr. Lambert Oſbolton, chief maſter of Weſtminſter ſchool, - - - 222
Pyramus and Thiſbe, - - - - ib.
A Dream of Elyſium. - - - 224
On his Majeſty's return out of Scotland, 225
A Song on the ſame, - - - - 226
The Wiſh, - - - - - - ib
A Poetical Revenge, - - - - 227
Upon the Shortneſs of Man's Life, - ib.
On the Queen's repairing Somerſet Houſe, ib.
On his Majeſty's Return out of Scotland, 228
Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's Ship, preſented to the Univerſity Library in Oxford, by John Davis of Deptford, Eſq - - - - - - 229
On the Praiſe of Poetry, - - - ib.
The Motto, - - - - - - ib.
The Chronicle, a Ballad, - - - 230
The Tree of Knowledge. That there is no Knowledge. Againſt the Dogmatiſts, - ib.
The Complaint, - - - - - 231
The Adventures of Five Hours. - - 232
A Tranſlation of Verſes upon the Bleſſed Virgin, written in Latin by the Right Worſhipful Dr A—— - - - ib
On the Uncertainty of Fortune, a Tranſlation, - - - - - - - 233
That a pleaſant Poverty is to be preferred before diſcontented Riches, - - ib.
In commendation of the Time we live in, under the Reign of our Gracious King Charles II. - - - - - - 234
An Anſwer to an Invitation to Cambridge, ib.
An Anſwer to a Copy of Verſes, ſent me to Jerſey, - - - - - - - ib.
Prometheus ill Painted, - - - 235
Friendſhip in Abſence, - - - ib.
Reaſon, the Uſe of it in Divine Matters, ib.
Hymn to Light, - - - - - 236
The Country Mouſe, A Paraphraſe upon Horace. Book II. ſat. 6. - - - 237
Doctiſſimo, graviſſimoque Viro Domino D. Comber, - - - - - - 238
De felici partu Reginæ Mariæ, - - ib.
Ob pacifcrum ſereniſſimi Regis Caroli e Scotia Reditum, - - - - - ib.

EPISTLES.

To the Duke of Buckingham, upon his marriage with the Lord Fairfax his Daughter, 240
To the Ducheſs of Buckingham, - - 241
To his very much honoured Godfather, Mr. A. B. - - - - - ib.
To his Miſtreſs, - - - - - ib.
To a Lady who deſired a Song of Mr. Cowley, he preſented the one here referred to, ib.
To the Lord Falkland for his ſafe Return from the Northern Expedition againſt the Scots, - - - - - - - 242
To the Biſhop of Lincoln upon his enlargement out of the Tower, - - - i

Page

To a Lady who made Poſies for Ring's, 242
o Sir William D'Avenant, upon his two firſt books of Gondibert, finiſhed before his voyage to America, - - 243
To the Royal Society, - - - ib.

ELEGIAC POEMS.

An Elegy on the Death of John Littleton, Eſq. ſon and heir to Sir Thomas Littleton, who was drowned leaping into the water to ſave his younger brother, - 246
On the Death of the Right Honourable Dudley, Lord Carleton, Viſcount Dorcheſter, late Secretary of State, - ib.
On the Death of my loving Friend and Couſin, Mr. Richard Clarke, late of Lincoln's Inn, Gent. - - 247
On the Death of Sir Henry Wotton, - ib.
On the Death of Mr. Jordan, ſecond Maſter at Weſtminſter School, - ib.
On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandyck, the famous painter, - - 248
On the Death of Mr. William Harvey, ib
On the Death of Mr. Craſhaw, - - 249
On the Death of the Earl of Balcarres, 250
On the Death of Mrs. Catharine Philips, 251

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

To the truly worthy and noble Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight, - - - 253
Epilogue ſpoken by Alupis, - ib.
Prologus. Naufragium Joculare, - ib.
Epilogus. Naufragium Joculare, - 254
Prologue to the Guardian, before the Prince, ib.
Epilogue to the Guardian, - - - ib.
Prologue to the Cutter of Coleman-ſtreet, ib.
Epilogue ſpoken by the Cutter, - - ib.
Epilogue at Court, - - - - 255

THE MISTRESS, OR SEVERAL COPIES OF LOVE VERSES.

The Requeſt, - - - - - - 256
The Thraldom, - - - - - ib.
The Given Love, - - - - - 257
The Spring, - - - - - ib.
Written in Juice of Lemon, - - - 258
Inconſtancy, - - - - - ib.
Not Fair, - - - - - - 259
Platonic Love, - - - - - ib.
The Change, - - - - - ib.
Clad all in White, - - - - - ib.
Leaving Me, and then Loving Many, - 260
My Heart diſcovered, - - - - ib.
Anſwer to the Platonics, - - - ib.
The vain Love. Loving one firſt, becauſe ſhe could love nobody, afterwards loving her with deſire, - - - - 261
The Soul, - - - - - ib.
The Paſſions, - - - - - 262
Wiſdom, - - - - - ib.
The Deſpair, - - - - - ib.
The Wiſh, - - - - - 263

	Page
My Diet,	263
The Thief,	ib.
All over Love,	ib.
Love and Life,	264
The Bargain,	ib.
The long Life,	ib.
Counsel,	265
Resolved to be beloved,	ib.
The same,	ib.
The Discovery,	266
Against Fruition,	ib.
Love undiscovered,	ib.
The given Heart,	ib.
The Prophet,	267
The Resolution,	ib.
Called Inconstant,	ib.
The Welcome,	ib.
The Heart fled again,	268
Women's superstition,	ib.
The Soul,	ib.
Echo,	ib.
The rich Rival,	269
Against Hope,	ib.
For Hope,	ib.
Love's Ingratitude,	270
The Frailty,	ib.
Coldness,	ib.
Then like some wealthy Island thou shalt lie, &c.	ib.
Sleep,	271
Beauty,	ib.
The Parting,	ib.
My Picture,	272
The Concealment,	ib.
The Monopoly,	ib.
The Distance,	273
The Increase,	ib.
Love's Visibility,	ib
Looking on, and discoursing with his Mistress,	ib.
Resolved to Love,	ib.
My Fate,	274
The Heart breaking,	ib.
The Usurpation,	ib.
Maidenhead,	275
Impossibilities,	ib.
Silence,	ib.
The Dissembler,	276
The Inconstant,	ib.
The Constant,	ib.
Her Name,	277
Weeping,	ib.
Discreation,	ib.
The Waiting Maid,	278
Counsel,	ib.
The Cure,	ib.
The Separation	ib.
The Tree	ib.
Her Unbelief,	279
The Gazers,	ib.
The Incurable,	ib
Honour,	ib.
The Innocent Ill,	280
Dialogue,	ib.
Verses Lost upon a Wager,	281
Bathing in the River,	ib.
Love given over,	281

ODES.

	Page
Ode. Of Wit,	283
Ode,	ib.
Ode, in Imitation of Horace's Ode, Quis multa gracilis, &c.	284
Ode on Orinda's Poems,	ib.
Ode upon occasion of a Copy of Verses of my Lord Broghill's,	285
Ode. Mr. Cowley's Book presenting itself to the University Library of Oxford,	286
Ode. Sitting and drinking in the Chair made out of the Relic of Sir Francis Drake's Ship,	ib.
Ode upon Dr. Hervey,	287
Ode. Acme and Septimus out of Catullus,	286
Ode, upon his Majesty's Restoration and Return,	ib.
Ode upon Liberty,	292
Christ's Passion, taken out of a Greek Ode written by Mr. Masters of New College, Oxford,	293
Horace, Lib. III. Ode I. Odi profanum, vulgus, &c.	294
A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's third Book, beginning thus: Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea,	ib.

PINDARIC ODES.

	Page
Preface,	296
The Second Olympic Ode of Pindar,	297
The first Nemeæan Ode of Pindar,	299
The Praise of Pindar, in imitation of Horace his second Ode, B. iv.	300
The Resurrection,	301
The Muse,	ib.
To Mr. Hobbes,	302
Destiny,	303
Brutus,	ib.
To Dr Scarborough,	304
Life and Fame,	305
The Ecstacy,	ib.
To the New Year,	306
Life,	307
Chap. xxxiv. of the Prophet Isaiah,	ib.
The Plagues of Egypt,	308

ANACREONTICS.

	Page
I. Love,	313
II. Drinking,	ib.
III. Beauty,	ib.
IV. The Duel,	ib.
V. Age,	314
VI. The Account,	ib.
VII. Gold,	ib.
VIII. The Epicure,	ib.
IX. Another,	ib.
X. The Grashopper,	315
XI. The Swallow,	ib.
Elegy upon Anacreon, who was choaked by a grape-stone. Spoken by the God of Love.	ib.

OF PLANTS.

	Page
The Author's Preface to his first Book,	317
Book I. of Herbs,	320

Page.
Betony, - - - - - - - 320
Maidenhair, or Venushair, - - - 321
Sage, - - - - - - - 322
Baum, - - - - - - - ib.
Scurvygrafs, - - - - - - 323
Dodder, - - - - - - - ib.
Wormwood, - - - - - - 324
Waterlily, - - - - - - 325
Spleenwort, or Miltwafte, - - - ib.
Lettuce, - - - - - - - 326
Upon the fame, - - - - - ib.
Eyebright, - - - - - - ib.
Winter Cherries, - - - - 327
Sundew, or Luftwort, - - - - ib.
Upon the fame, - - - - - 328
Sowbread, - - - - - - ib.
Upon the fame, - - - - - ib.
Upon the fame, - - - - - ib
Upon the fame, - - - - - ib.
Duck's Meat, - - - - - - ib.
Rofemary. Touching the bite of the Tarantula, - - - - - - - 329
Mint, - - - - - - - ib.
Miffeltoe, - - - - - - - 330
Celandine, - - - - - - 331
Upon the fame, - - - - - ib.
Rocket, - - - - - - - ib.
Book II. of Herbs, - - - - 333
Mugwort (the Prefident) begins, - 334
Pennyroyal, - - - - - - ib.
Dittany, - - - - - - - 335
Plantain, or Waybread, - - - 336
The Rofe, - - - - - - - ib.
Laurel, - - - - - - - 337
Birthwort, - - - - - - 338
The Maftic Tree, - - - - 339
Savin, - - - - - - - 340
Mugwort, (the Prefident), - - - 341
Myrrh, - - - - - - - ib.
Book III. of Flowers, - - - - 344
Flora, - - - - - - - ib.
Helleborus Niger, or Chriftmas Flower, - 346
The Violet, - - - - - - 348
Auricula Urfi; Bear's Ear, - - - ib.
The Daffodil; Narciffus, - - - 349
Anemone, or Emonies, - - - ib.
The Imperial Crown, - - - - ib.
The Tulip, - - - - - - 350
Iris; or the Flower de Luce, - - - ib.
Pæonia; the Peony, - - - - 351
The Rofe, - - - - - - - 352
Book IV. of Flowers. - - - - 354
Moly, - - - - - - - 358
Flora, - - - - - - - ib.
White Lily, - - - - - - 359
Poppy, - - - - - - - ib.
Sunflower, - - - - - - 360
Julyflower, - - - - - - 361
Saffron, - - - - - - - ib.
Amaranth; Flower Gentle, - - - 362
Flora, - - - - - - - b.

Page.
Book V. of Trees, - - - - - 363
Pomona, - - - - - - - ib.
Book VI. of Trees, - - - - - 374
Sylva, - - - - - - - ib.

DAVIDEIS.

Book I., - - - - - - - 389
Book II., - - - - - - - 398
Book III., - - - - - - - 406
Book IV., - - - - - - - 416

IMITATIONS.

Martial, Lib. v. Ep. xxi Si tecum, &c. 427
——— Lib ii. Vota tui, &c. - - ib.
——————— Vis fieri liber? &c. - ib.
——————— Quod te nomine? &c. - ib.
——————— Ep. xc. - - - 428
——— Lib. v. Ep. lix. - - - ib.
——— Lib. x Ep. xlvii. Vitam quæ faciunt, &c. - - - - - - ib.
——— Lib x. Ep. xcvi. - - - ib.
Horat. Epodon. Beatus ille qui procul, &c. ib.
A paraphrafe upon the tenth Epiftle of Horace, Book I. Horace to Fufcus Ariftius, 429
Virg. Georg. Lib. ii. O fortunatos nimium, &c. - - - - - - - ib.
Seneca, ex Thyefte, Act ii. Chor. Stet quicunque volet, &c. - - - - - 430
Claudian's Old Man of Verona, - 431

FRAGMENTS.

In the Difcourfe, by way of vifion, concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell, 432
In feveral difcourfes by way of eflays in verfe and profe.—I. of Liberty, - - - 434
II. Of Solitude, - - - - - ib.
III. Of Obfcurity, - - - - 435
IV. Of Agriculture, - - - - ib.
The Country Life, - - - - ib.
V. The Garden, - - - - - 436
VI. Of Greatnefs, - - - - 437
VII. Of Avarice, - - - - - 438
VIII. The dangers of an honeft man in much company, - - - - - 439
IX. The Shortnefs of Life, and Uncertainty of Riches, - - - - - ib.
X. The Danger of Procraftination, - ib.
XI. Of Myfelf, - - - - - ib.
Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris, - - - 440
The Author's Epitaph, upon himfelf yet alive, but withdrawn from the bufy world to a country life; to be fuppofed written on his houfe, - - - - - - - ib.
Latin Epitaph on the Author's Tomb in Weftminfter Abbey, - - - - ib.
The Epitaph, tranfcribed from the Author's Tomb in Weftminfter Abbey, attempted in Engliſh, - - - - - - ib.

THE WORKS OF WALLER.

Page

THE Author's Life, - - - - - 443

MISCELLANIES.

I. Of the Danger his Majeſty (being Prince) eſcaped in the Road at St. Andro. - 447
II. Of his Majeſty's receiving the news of the Duke of Buckingham's Death, - - 448
III. On the taking of Salle, - - - 449
IV. Upon his Majeſty's repairing of St. Paul's, ib.
V. Of the Queen, - - - - - 450
VI. The Apology of Sleep, for not approaching the Lady who can do any thing but ſleep when ſhe pleaſeth, - - - ib.
VII. Puerperium, - - - - - 451
VIII. The Counteſs of Carliſle in Mourning, ib.
IX. In anſwer to one who writ a libel againſt the Counteſs of Carliſle, - - - ib.
X. Of her Chamber, - - - - ib
XI. On my Lady Dorothy Sydney's Picture, 452
XII. At Penſhurſt, - - - - ib.
XIII. Of the Lady who can ſleep when ſhe pleaſes, - - - - - - ib.
XIV. Of the Miſreport of her being Painted, ib.
XV. Of her paſſing through a crowd of people, 453
XVI. The Story of Phœbus and Daphne applied, - - - - - - ib.
XVII. Fabula a Phœbi et Daphnis, - ib
XVIII. At Penſhurſt, - - - - ib.
XIX. On the Friendſhip betwixt Sachariſſa and Amoret, - - - - - 454
XX. A la Malade, - - - - ib.
XXI. Upon the Death of my Lady Rich, ib.
XXII. Of Love, - - - - - - 455
XXIII. For Drinking of Healths, - - ib.
XXIV. On my Lady Iſabella Playing on the Lute, - - - - - - 454
XXV. On Mrs Arden, - - - - 456
XXVI. Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs, - ib
XXVII. Love's Farewel, - - - ib.
XXVIII. From a Child, - - - ib
XXIX. On a Girdle, - - - - ib.
XXX. The Fall, - - - - ib.
XXXI. Of Sylvia, - - - - 457
XXXII. The Bud, - - - - ib.
XXXIII. On the Diſcovery of a Lady's Painting, - - - - - - ib.
XXXIV. Of Loving at firſt Sight, - ib.

Page

XXXV. The Self-Baniſhed, - - 457
XXXVI. Thyrſis, Galatea, - - - 458
XXXVII. On the Head of a Stag, - ib.
XXXVIII. The Miſer's Speech, in a Maſk, ib.
XXXIX. Upon Ben. Johnſon, - - ib.
XL. On Mr. John Fletcher's Plays, - 459
XLI. Verſes to Dr. George Rogers, on his taking the Degree of Doctor in Phyſic at Padua, in the year 1664. - - - ib.
XLII Chloris and Hylas, made to a Sarabband, - - - - - - ib.
XLIII. In anſwer of Sir John Suckling's verſes, ib.
XLIV. An Apology for having loved before, 460
XLV. The Night-Piece, or a Picture drawn in the dark, - - - - - ib.
XLVI. Part of the Fourth Book of Virgil's Æneis, tranſlated, - - - - 561
XLVII. On the Picture of a Fair Youth, taken after he was dead, - - - 462
XLVIII. On a Brede of divers colours, woven by Four Ladies, - - - - ib.
XLIX. Of a war with Spain, and fight at Sea, - - - - - - ib.
L. Upon the Death of the Lord Protector, 463
LI. On St James's Park, as lately improved by his Majeſty, - - - - 464
LII. Of the Invaſion and Defeat of the Turks in the year 1683, - - - - 465
LIII. Of her Majeſty, on New-year's Day 1683, ib.
LIV. Of Tea, commended by her Majeſty, 466
LV. Of her Royal Highneſs, mother to the Prince of Orange; and of her Portrait written by the late Ducheſs of York while ſhe lived with her, - - - - ib.
LVI. Upon her Majeſty's new building at Somerſet Houſe, - - - - ib.
LVII. Of a Tree cut in Paper, - - ib.
LVIII. Of the Lady Mary, Princeſs of Orange, - - - - - - ib.
LIX. Of Engliſh Verſe, - - - 467
LX. Upon the Earl of Roſcommon's tranſlation of Horace, de arte Poetica, and of the uſe of Poetry, - - - - ib.
LXI. Ad Comitem Monumetenſem, de Bentivogiio ſuo, - - - - - 468
LXII. On the Duke of Monmouth's Expedition into Scotland in the ſummer following - - - - - - ib

Page
LXIII. The Triple Combat, - - - 468
LXIV. Of an Elegy made by Mrs. Wharton on the Earl of Rochester, - - - 469
LXV. Upon our late loss of the Duke of Cambridge, - - - - - ib.
LXVI. Instructions to a Painter for the drawing of the posture, and progress of his Majesty's forces at sea, under the command of his Highness Royal; together with the Battle and Victory obtained over the Dutch, June 3. 1665, - - - ib.
LXVII. A Presage of the Ruin of the Turkish Empire, presented to his Majesty King James II. on his Birth-day, - - 472
LXVIII. Verses writ in the Tasso of h r Royal Highness, - - - - - ib.
LXIX. The Battle of the Summer Islands, ib.

EPISTLES.

I. To the King on his Navy, - - 475
II. To the Queen, occasioned upon sight of her Majesty's picture, - - - ib.
III. To the Queen-mother of France upon her landing, - - - - - 476
IV The Country to my Lady of Carlisle, ib.
V. To Phyllis, - - - - - - ib.
VI. To my Lord of Northumberland upon the death of his Lady, - - - 477
VII. To my Lord Admiral. Of his late sickness and recovery, - - - - ib.
VIII. To Van Dyck, - - - - 478
IX To my Lord of Leicester, - - ib.
X. To Mrs. Braghtan, servant to Sachariffa, ib.
XI. To my young Lady Lucy Sidney, 479
XII. To Amoret, - - - - - ib.
XIII. To Amoret, - - - - - ib.
XIV. To Phyllis, - - - - - 480
XV. To my Lord of Falkland, - - ib.
XVI. To a Lady singing a song of his composing, - - - - - - ib.
XVII. To the Mutable Fair, - - ib.
XVIII. To a Lady from whom he received a silver pen, - - - - - 481
XIX. To Chloris, - - - - - ib.
XX. To a Lady in retirement, - - ib.
XXI. To Mr. George Sandys on his translation of some parts of the Bible, - - ib.
XXII. To Mr. William Lawes, who had then newly set a song of mine in the year 1635, - - - - - - - 482
XXIII. To Sir William Davenant upon his two first Books of Gondibert, - - ib.
XXIV. To my worthy friend Mr. Wase, the translator of Gratius, - - - ib.
XXV. To his worthy friend Mr. Evelyn, upon his translation of Lucretius, - 483
XXVI. To his worthy friend Sir Thomas Higgins, upon his translation of the Venetian Triumph, - - - ib.
XXVII. To a Friend. Of the different success of their loves, - - - - ib.
XXVIII. To Zelinda, - - - - 484
XXIX. To my Lady Morton, on New-year's day at the Louvre in Paris, - - 484
XXX. To a Fair Lady, playing with a snake, 485
XXXI. A Panegyric to my Lord Protector, of the present greatness, and joint interest of his Highness, and this nation, - ib.
XXXII. To the King, upon his Majesty's Happy Return, - - - - 487
XXXIII. To the Queen, upon her Majesty's Birth-day, after her happy recovery from a dangerous sickness, - - - 488
XXXIV. To the Duchess of Orleans, when she was taking leave of the Court at Dover, - - - - - - - ib.
XXXV. To a Lady, from whom he received the Copy of the Poem, intituled, Of a Tree cut in Paper, which for many years had been lost, - - - - - - ib.
XXXVI. To Mr. Killigrew, upon his altering his Play, Pandora, from a Tragedy into a Comedy, because not approved on the Stage, - - - - - - - ib.
XXXVII. To a friend of the Author, a person of honour, who lately writ a religious Book, intituled, Historical Applications, and Occasional Meditations upon several subjects, - - - - 489
XXXVIII. To a person of honour, upon his incomparable incomprehensible Poem, intituled the British Princes, - - ib.
XXXIX. To Chloris, - - - ib.
XL. To the King, - - - - ib.
XLI. To the Duchess, when he presented this Book to her Royal Highness, - 490

SONGS.

I. II. III. and IV. - - - - 491
V. Song to Flavia, - - - - 492
VI. VII. and VIII. - - - - ib.
IX. Sung by Mrs. Knight to her Majesty on her Birth-day, - - - - ib.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

I. Prologue for the Lady Actors, spoken before King Charles II., - - - 493
II. Prologue to the Maid's Tragedy, - ib.
III. Epilogue to the Maid's Tragedy, spoken by the King, - - - - - ib.
IV. Epilogue to the Maid's Tragedy. Designed upon the first alteration of the play, when the King only was left alive, 494

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

I. Under a Lady's Picture, - - 495
II. Of a Lady who writ in praise of Mira, ib.
III. To one married to an old man, - ib.
IV An Epigram on a Painted Lady with ill teeth. - - - - - - - ib.
V. Epigram upon the Golden Medal, - ib.
VI Written on a Card that her Majesty tore at Ombre, - - - - ib.

Page

VII. To Mr. Granville (now Lord Lanſdown) on his verſes to King James II. - 495
VIII. Long and Short Life, - - ib.
IX. Tranſlated out of Spaniſh, - - ib.
X. Tranſlated out of French, - - 496
XI. Some verſes of an imperfect copy, deſigned for a friend, on his tranſlation of Ovid's Faſti, - - - - - ib.
XII. On the Statute of King Charles I. at Charing-Croſs, in the year 1674, - ib.
XIII. Pride, - - - - - ib.
XIV Epitaph on Sir George Speke, - ib.
XV. Epitaph on Colonel Charles Cavendiſh, ib.
XVI. Epitaph on the Lady Sedley, - 497
XVII. Epitaph to be written under the Latin inſcription upon the tomb of the only ſon of the Lord Andover, - - ib.
XVIII. Epitaph unfiniſhed, - - - 497

DIVINE POEMS.

Of Divine Love, a Poem in ſix cantos, 498
Of the Fear of God, in two cantos, - 502
Of Divine Poeſy, two cantos, occaſioned upon ſight of the fifty-third Chapter of Iſaiah turned into verſe by Mrs. Wharton, - - - - - - - 504
On the Paraphraſe on the Lord's Prayer, written by Mrs. Wharton, - - 505
Some reflections of his upon the ſeveral Petitions in the ſame Prayer, - - ib.
On the foregoing Divine Poems, - - 506

WORKS OF BUTLER.

Page

THE Author's Life, - - - - 509

HUDIBRAS.

Part I. Canto I. - - - - - 511
——Canto II. - - - - - 520
——Canto III. - - - - - 530
Part II. Canto I. - - - - - 542
——Canto II - - - - - 550
——Canto III. - - - - - 558
An Heroic Epiſtle of Hudibras to Sidrophel, - - - - - - 569
Part III. Canto I. - - - - - 571
——Canto II. - - - - - 585
——Canto III. - - - - 600
An Heroical Epiſtle of Hudibras to his Lady, - - - - - - 606
The Lady's Anſwer to the Knight, - 609

GENUINE REMAINS.

The Elephant in the Moon, - - - 613
The Elephant in the Moon, in long verſe, 617
The Elephant in the Moon, a Fragment, 622
Repartees between Cat and Puſs at a Caterwauling, in the modern heroic way, - 623
To the Honourable Edward Howard, Eſq; upon his incomparable Poem of the Britiſh Princes, - - - - - - - 624
Palinode to the Honourable Edward Howard, Eſq. upon his incomparable Poem of the Britiſh Princes, - - 625
A Panegyric upon Sir John Denham's recovery from his madneſs, - - - 626
Upon Critics who judge of modern Plays preciſely by the rules of the Ancients. 627

Page

Prologue to the Queen of Arragon, acted before the Duke of York, upon his Birthday. - - - - 628
Epilogue to the ſame. To the Ducheſs, - 629
Upon Philip Nye's thankſgiving Beard, - ib.
Satire upon the weakneſs and miſery of Man. - - - - - - 631
Satire upon the licentious age of Charles II. 633
Satire upon Gaming, - - - - 635
Satire to a bad Poet, - - - - 636
Satire on our ridiculous imitation of the French, - - - - - - 637
Satire upon Drunkenneſs, - - - 638
Satire upon Marriage, - - - - 639
Satire upon Plagiaries, - - - - 641
Satire, in two Parts, upon the Imperfection and Abuſe of Human Learning, - - 643
Fragments of an intended ſecond Part of the foregoing Satire, - - - - 645
Upon an Hypocritical Nonconformiſt. A Pindaric Ode, - - - - - 648
Upon Modern Critics. A Pindaric Ode - 650
To the happy Memory of the moſt Renowned Du-Val. A Pindaric Ode, - - 652
A Ballad upon the Parliament which deliberated about making Oliver King, - 654
A Ballad in two Parts, conjectured to be on Oliver Cromwell. Part I. - - - 655
——————— Part II. - - - 656
Miſcellaneous Thoughts, - - - 657
Triplets upon Avarice, - - - - 665
Deſcription of Holland, - - - - ib.
To his Miſtreſs, - - - - - ib.
To the Same, - - - - 666
Epigram on a Club of ots. - - - ib.

WORKS OF DENHAM.

	Page
The Author's Life,	669
To the King,	671
MISCELLANIES.	
Cooper's Hill,	673
On the Earl of Strafford's trial and death,	676
On my Lord Crofts, &c.	677
On Mr. Tho. Killigrew's return from Venice, &c.	678
On Mr. Abr. Cowley's death. &c.	ib.
On Mr. John Fletcher's works,	679
Natura Naturata,	680
Friendſhip and Single Life, &c.	ib.
A Speech againſt Peace at the Cloſe Committee,	682
The humble Petition of the Poets,	683
A Weſtern Wonder,	684
A Second Weſtern Wonder,	ib.
A Dialogue between Pooley and Killigrew,	685
The Progreſs of Learning,	686
Elegy on the Death of Lord Haſtings,	688
EPISTLES.	
To Sir John Mennis, &c.	689
To Sir Richard Fanſhaw, &c.	690
To the Hon. Edward Howard, &c.	ib.
SONGS.	
News from Colcheſter. A Ballad,	691
A Song,	692
TRANSLATIONS, &c.	
Preface to the Deſtruction of Troy,	693
The Deſtruction of Troy, from Virgil, Book II.	695
The Paſſion of Dido for Æneas,	700
Sarpedon's Speech to Glaucus, from Homer, Book XII.	702
Epigram, from Marſhal,	ib.
To the Reader of Cato Major,	703
Preface to Ditto,	ib.
Cato Major of Old Age.—Cato, Scipio, Lælius,	704
Part I.	705
Part II.	707
Part III.	708
Part IV.	710
Of Prudence. The Preface,	713
Of Prudence,	ib.
Of Juſtice,	716
Imitation of a modern Author upon Cheſs,	717

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.